This Gonna Be Good

by GStarshine

Summary

At the very end Harriet goes back to the very beginning to right the wrongs and protect the ones she loves.

My Time Travel and Avengers crossover fic. This will be updated weekly, hopefully Thursday but you know how that's been going. lol

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Beginning at the End

Harri stared out over the sea of bodies before her, numb down to her very soul. Friends stared up at her from dull eyes, their blood just beginning to congeal. Enemy soldiers were scattered among her allies; broken and defeated, dying simply because they foolishly followed betrayers and manipulators.

Harri wept for them all.

She wept for her good friends and staunch allies. She wept for the misinformed who went out believing lies. She wept for the innocent that were caught in the crossfire.

She wept for her family. Her crazy brothers who had taken her in, taught her to fight, and fought for her in turn. Her scary sisters who had taught her to embrace her feminine side, who taught her the subtle arts, and who never once questioned her. Her strange yet wonderful uncles who had taken defending her honor to slightly embarrassing degrees and protected her ‘til their dying breaths. Her many friends who all shared her joys and sorrows, her happiness and pain, and who stood firm at her back as she went into battle.

Most of all though she wept for her soulmates and her child. Her child who had been taken from her mere moments after he was born, killed by the traitors. And her wonderful mates, who had held her and made her feel safe for the first time since she was a baby. Who had loved her through her both her bad and good times. Who had shared her anger and laughter in turn. Who had left their own family when they betrayed her. Who accepted her family as their own. And who had been taken from her by the enemy just yesterday in an effort to break her.

As her emotional pain left her as tears, her body swayed. Blood loss and the overwhelming ache of her broken soul was finally taking its toll. She dropped her wand and hit her knees next to the broken form of one of her sisters, fingers brushing against the bloodied blonde locks. She could feel death approaching her and smiled, she was going to be with her boys and the rest of her family. She couldn't wait.

As the darkness drew closer she allowed herself a few moments to wonder and wish. Wonder what would have happened if she had caught the manipulations earlier. What could have happened if she truly embraced her Slytherin side? If she had more time to right wrongs. But all she could do was make feeble wishes that could never be fulfilled. She wished she could have had more time with her family. Wished she had caught on to the traitors earlier. Wished that she could have protected her soulmates as well as they had protected her.
Feeling the cool peace of death washing over her she barely took notice of her own icy power growing inside her chest. It raged against her injuries and the broken soul bond, stretching and pulling in a last ditch effort to grant her wishes. Still, she pushed what little awareness she had of it back as she looked up to see the great manipulator and the two biggest traitors approaching to watch with sick glee as she died.

"My dear girl. It is high time for you to give in and reunite with your family." said a deceptively kind voice.

Harri glared weakly up at the great manipulator as her inner ice phoenix screeched in rage and her magic gave another violent surge. "Go to hell old man!" She snarled, her magic gave one last surge and icy blackness overtook her.
A sharp banging drew Harri into consciousness, "Get up girl! Now! I expect breakfast in twenty minutes!" Came an unpleasant nagging voice that Harri could have sworn she left behind eight years ago. She heard a deadbolt retract close by followed by another bang, "Up!" Came a final order.

Harri huffed and sat up, "Figures I'd go to hell." She muttered, "Damn Potter luck. Won't even let me have a peaceful afterlife." A cursory glance around her personal hell revealed she was indeed in her cupboard under the stairs of #4 Privet Drive. With a resigned sigh she slipped out of her cupboard and walked to the kitchen to begin breakfast, hoping the appeasement of the Dursley shaped demons would lessen their torment until she could figure a way to her happily ever afterlife with her family.

Just as she was through cooking Harri heard the demons pounding down the stairs and clambering into the dining room. "Girl our food better be ready!" Came a shout from the Vernon/Whale shaped demon.

Harri rolled her eyes before plating all the food, "Of course Uncle." She said in monotone, sweeping into the dining room with all the food balanced on her arms.

Just as she began putting everything down the Petunia/Horse shaped demon screeched. "What have you done?!

Harri blinked at her in surprise, "Um, made breakfast?" She said a little uncertainly.

"No, what have you done to yourself!" Petunia screeched, looking horrified as her eyes swept over Harri.

Vernon chose that moment to butt in, "I won’t allow any more freakishness in this house! Go get rid of that freaky stuff! I will not allow your need for your freaky outside to match your freakish inside to sully this family even more!" Harri blinked again in confusion before Vernon pushed away from the table and grabbed her arm in a bruising grip. He dragged her through the house and up the stairs, not bothering to keep her from hitting the stair’s railings or the wall. He tossed her into the bathroom, "Fix yourself or you won’t like the consequences!" He snapped before slamming the door.

Harri frowned and carefully got to her feet to look into the bathroom mirror. She froze at the sight of herself. The last time she had seen herself in a mirror, the morning of the final battle, despite the dark
circles under her eyes and her scar-riddled form she had been a twenty-five-year-old beauty. She had had curves and lithe and powerful muscles from her training and the war, her wild black hair had been cut in a short bob, and most importantly she had been about two feet taller.

"Why am I short again?!" She hissed, staring at her changed form. She was only slightly bigger than she had been when she had escaped the Dursleys the first time. Her curves were nonexistent and the muscle she had worked so hard to build up was gone. Her hair had grown out to the middle of her back and it was there that held what had most likely freaked out the Dursleys the most. She had several streaks of bluish white going through her hair now and in several places, she had what appeared to be feathers, hidden only slightly by her thick hair. "Well, that’s different." She muttered, tugging a feather out from her hair, seeing that it was rooted to her head like it was hair itself. Harri stopped as she felt a tugging from her ice phoenix that meant the unusual animagus wanted to talk. Quickly she sat down and dove into her mindscape.

When she and her mates had completed the first animagus transformation, the one that directly reflected one's inner animal, Harri had been slightly disappointed. Oh she loved running around as Godiva, her ocelot form, but she wanted to fly under her own power. Thus she had begun the much harder second animagus transformation, the one that people could choose the outcome of if they concentrated hard enough. Harri, of course, hadn't really cared as long as she could fly, so through all the required meditation she had focused on wanting to fly and the feeling of flying on her broom and in her dreams.

It was a huge surprise of course when her form turned out to be an ice phoenix. Her mates thought it was a combination of her wish to fly, her love of winter, and her admiration of Fawkes. She thought it was her bad luck finally breaking even; after all, she got to fly and got sweet ice powers out of the deal. Her view was further supported by the fact that the already strange animagus was much more vocal than Godiva. Whereas the little wildcat only gave impressions of feelings based on its instincts, the ice phoenix liked to talk and give her advice. It was reassuring and annoying in turn.

Looking around her mindscape, which currently looked like the common room of Avengers tower, she found her ice phoenix perched on the main couch in front of the large flat screen TV. "Glacia? What is it? I didn't think I would still have access to you once we died."

The sleek bird ruffled its light blue feathers making the white tips shimmer as it gave an agitated squawk, "We aren't dead!" Glacia snapped. "How could you think that?"

Harri put her hands on her hips, "Last thing I remember was Dumbles taunting us as we died! We were way too injured with both the physical and soul wounds to heal! Then I wake up and I'm back with the fucking Dursleys! Since Loki killed them when he found out how they treated me I think it was pretty safe for me to go ahead and assume we're in hell!"
One of Glacia's wings snapped forward and whacked Harri in the face making her back up and splutter. "We aren't in hell and we certainly aren't dead!" She turned her beak up haughtily, "I gathered up all our remaining power and brought us into the past."

Harri looked at Glacia with wide eyes, "We can do that?" She finally sputtered.

Glacia huffed and shook her tail, "I can do that. If you didn't have me you really would have died."

Harri just stared at her ice phoenix more, "How?" She rasped, then she crossed her arms over her chest, "Why? We could have been with our mates and child!"

"It’s what you wished for!" Glacia snapped, "Now we can right the wrongs that have been done to us and protect our mates! Avenge our hatchling! Save our flock mates!" By this time the phoenix’s wings were spread in agitation and she was exuding cold, her coal eyes glaring at Harri.

Harri simply blinked then a wicked grin stole over her face, "We can can't we?" Her green eyes glowed in anticipation as she rubbed her hands together like the cliché villain a few of her brothers sometimes teased that she was, "Oh this is going to be good."

Glacia let out a huff and turned her back on Harri, "So glad you’re excited." She drawled sarcastically.

Harri sighed softly and reached out to carefully preen Glacia's feathers, "I'm sorry G. I wasn't thinking and when I made those wishes I wasn't even aware that it was an option. I'm very grateful that you brought us back so we could protect everyone."

Glacia looked over at her with one eye before ruffling her feathers and giving a short nod, "You're welcome."

Harri smiled at her, "Alright then. Now I guess I should ask the standard time travel questions. How did we come back?"

"I forced our first burning day early. Usually, the surge of magic that accompanies that would condense us into an egg but since the rest of our magic was already going crazy I managed to use it to force us into the time stream and send us back to a time before Hogwarts when you were close to death. I dropped our renewing energy into your old body and here we are." Glacia said.
Harri hummed, "I guess that would explain the evening out in height and my body not looking like I was starved. My scars disappeared as well."

Glacia nodded, "The burning would have taken away all of your scars anyway, but the rest is correct. The energy could only make us grow a little bit without our body coming back deformed. The rest of the renewing energy fixed the damage the muggles did. It also aged us a bit; so technically we are the same age, physically, as our mates."

"And the hair and feathers?" Harri questioned.

Glacia ruffled her wings, "That is because I forced the burn while you were in your human form. I don't know if it's permanent or if it will just last until our next burning. We aren't exactly common."

Harri snorted, "Understatement." She sighed, "Alright, can we really change things? I don't want to end up disappearing or something."

Glacia shook her head, "We merged with your old body. The other timeline doesn't exist anymore. We can change whatever we like."

Harri nodded in understanding, "Alright." She sighed, "Tony would punch me for such a cliché line but....when are we?"

Glacia snickered, "That is a cliché line." Harri rolled her eyes. "We merged with your old body about a week before your first letter arrives."

Harri nodded, "Okay. Anything else I should know?"

"When we merged we used so much power healing and completing the integration we didn't have enough left to break the binds Dumbles put on your younger self, you also still have to get the horcrux removed. So while you may be able to do some wandless magic before you get our wand it won’t be near to the level as before as most of our magic is on lockdown. As soon as you get the binds off though we will have access both to our core from before and the still growing core of your younger self."
Harri raised an eyebrow with a smirk, "Did we just become even more badass?"

Glacia let out a pleased sound, "Hell yeah." Her eyes lit with mischief, "We also still have the remnants of our mates' power cores tied to our soul so when we mate with them in this timeline they'll get a power boost too."

Harri let out a cackle reminiscent of Bellatrix Lestrange, "They won't stand a chance this time!"
A week later Harri woke up in a good mood. Despite having to deal with the Dursleys again and the constant slow leech of the glamours on her already bound magic, she was looking forward to this second chance. She had managed to swipe a journal from Dudley's discarded present pile and, using her now mastered occlumency, she went over all her memories and outlined all the events of the next seven or so years before starting to write out plans, a list of things to research, and a to-do list. Today though she knew her Hogwarts letter was going to be in the mail.

She got out of her cupboard before Petunia could pound on her door and started up breakfast. She went about the chore happily, thinking of the first plan she would be able to enact as soon as the letter arrived and her fat useless cousin went out for the day. She ignored the snide comments from the elder Dursleys and simply set out the perfectly made breakfast before sweeping out into the hall to retrieve the mail that was just slipping through the slot.

She picked it up and just managed to send her letter into her cupboard with a flick of her wrist as Dudley came stomping by, shoving her into a wall. Harri shook it off, not allowing the pig to ruin her good mood, she set the mail next to Vernon's plate and went into the kitchen to do the dishes. All the while she kept an ear out for Dudley’s announcement that he was leaving to go meet his friends.

It wasn't until a good half hour later that Dudley left whilst Vernon and Petunia were still in the dining room. Sensing her chance, Harri let her glamours fall and with a small wave wrapped the table in secrecy and containment wards, thankful that she had mastered wandless warding that didn’t take up too much power in the war. She quickly dried her hands and walked out into the hall to retrieve her letter. She opened it and read until she heard a squawk and an enraged shout of "Get in here freak!"

Harri sauntered into the room and channeled her older sister Natasha as she settled into a hard emotionless stance at the head of the table. "You called." She said in monotone.

"You little freak!" Vernon snarled, "What did I say about your appearance? And what the hell have you done to us? You stop this freakishness right now!"

The room went cold in an instant and Harri felt Glacia shift in her mind in anticipation, "I will not
stop anything. What I have done and will do is nothing less than you deserve, you vile man."

"Now see here!" Petunia began.

"Do be quiet." Harri interrupted, "I won’t release you until you shut up and pay attention."

"Why you filthy little....."

Harri waved her hand and ice covered Vernon's mouth in the next instant. "I said quiet Uncle." Harri snapped, her eyes hard, "You will be quiet and listen or I will allow that ice to cover your nose, cutting off your air until you pass out, then I will wake you up and we will begin again. Understand?" Her eyes never wavered from them, taking immense pleasure in the fact that both had paled and were staring at her with fear filled eyes. They both nodded slowly.

"Excellent." Harri said before tossing the letter on the table. "I'm sure your both aware of what this is and how it is that I produced the ice and kept you in place." Harri settled into her lecturer mode and began a slow ambling pace. "You would call it 'freakiness', the correct term of course is magic." She smirked at them, "As you can see I am well aware of what you have kept from me, about both my parents and my true nature. What you may not know is that I am also aware of why you have kept me in this house despite all of your bitching about how you should have drowned me or left me on the doorstep or dropped me off at some orphanage. I am aware that you aren't doing it out of Christian duty or the kindness of your hearts, you are in fact doing it because you are greedy, sadistic, entitled assholes."

Vernon tried to scream something behind his mask but froze when he felt the ice creep into one nostril, Harri gave him a condescending smile. "I thought we had an understanding dear Uncle." Terror filled his eyes and she smiled again, "Good boy." She cooed, she tapped her chin thoughtfully, "Where was I? Oh yes, greedy, sadistic, entitled assholes. I know you are getting paid to keep me here and treat me as you do. I know that instead of being decent human beings you agreed to treat an innocent child as such. Oh yes, I know all of that." Her eyes flashed with power and the feathers in her hair ruffled, "Now time for you to learn some things."

She drew herself up and brought a graceful hand to her chest, "I am Harriet Rose Potter but the people of my world know me better as the-girl-who-lived, the savior of the wizarding world, the chosen one. What even they don't know is that I am also the heir to several Ladyships. This gives me a lot of power in both the magical and mundane communities."

"Why am I telling you all this you ask? Well, this letter marks the end of my time with you for this year as I will lodge either in one of my many estates or at one of the hotels in the magical alley. I will
have to stop in for a month next year however that will be the last I have to do with you. You, however, will continue to pretend I stay here during the summer until my seventeenth birthday." She smiled sweetly at her relatives who both had apparently recovered from their fear enough to sneer at her. "Of course you won’t comply without reason. So I guess I must persuade you."

Harri's sweet smile turned into a demonic smirk, "The money you are being paid with is from my accounts. Even if you yourselves were not aware of that fact, I am well within my rights to stop all payments and claim the total amount you took all at once. Since I'm sure that you currently don't have near that amount, I could legally seize all of your possessions to sell and make up the rest of the amount. Which would put you two and your precious Duddikins out on the streets." Both adults had gone deathly pale, "There is also the matter of your treatment of me. An heir to several wealthy houses. I am well aware that when it has been reported in the past it has been covered up, however that has been with the regular police. I will take my case to the aurors, who are not as easily waylaid. Which would mean that more of my kind, would storm this place and drag you out in cuffs. Which would ruin your so far spotless reputations with the neighbors." Harri eyed the muggles carefully, "I'm sure you understand your predicament now correct?"

"I-if we do-don't prete-end you still li-ive with us u-until y-our sevente-eenth birthday you-ll ru-uin us." Petunia stuttered.

Harri smiled brightly, "So glad you understand." She put an innocent look on her face, "I really don't think I'm asking much. All you'll need to do is turn people away should they come asking for me and the rest of the time you'll finally be rid of me. In turn I'll allow you to keep your ill-gotten funds and your reputation. Do we have a deal?" Petunia was quick to nod her head in agreement but Vernon held out, Harri narrowed her eyes at Vernon which made the ice over his mouth tighten. "Dear uncle, there is no way out of this. Even if you were to do something foolish like clear your accounts and run we freaks have ways to find you. Ways that even fake I.D.s and falsified records can't beat. You also cannot simply tell the one who ordered my treatment about this either." she concentrated magic in her hand and used it to knock physically on the wards which rippled around them as visible domes, "These are secrecy wards. If you attempt to tell anyone, intentionally or unintentionally, they will cause you a great deal of pain until you either do the right thing and stop talking or you pass out."

Harri gave a dry laugh at the sight of Vernon's fear, "So again, do we have a deal?" Vernon nodded resignedly, Harri picked up her letter and smiled, "Very well. I need only write a reply for this then I will not see you again until next year." She snapped her fingers, at once the ice broke and the wards fell. She swept over to the kitchen counter, pulled out the blank sheet of paper provided in the letter, and quickly penned her acceptance. She rolled it up and held it out the kitchen window for it to be taken by a swooping owl.

As she turned around she found Petunia standing in the kitchen, looking at her uncertainly. "Yes?" Harri prompted.
"Are you really in line for Ladyships?" Petunia asked with a small voice.

Harri smirked, "Yes, several. My father, who you classified as a deadbeat was Lord Potter-Gryffindor. My godfather, who named me his heir, is Lord Black. I am heir to Slytherin house by conquest and I am heir to the house our family originally descended before it produced squibs and was thought to be died out which is the LeFay house." She smirked at Petunia's stricken expression and stalked closer, "Just think, if you had been a decent human being and treated me as family should be treated I would have had no problem sharing all of my wealth with you. You would have lived like the Queen herself. But of course you couldn’t stand anything freaky." Harri taunted before slipping past the shaken woman, grabbing her journal from her cupboard, slipping on her glamours, and leaving the house.

As she walked she felt Glacia and Godiva making happy and excited sounds as they walked away from their past and looked to the future. A future that they would change for the good of their family.
Chapter Summary

To Gringotts we go!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Harri strode into Gringotts, head held high, and went straight for the head desk. Standing there she cleared her throat softly to get the attention of the goblin at the desk; when he looked down at her, she smiled but made sure not to show her teeth. "Greetings, may the gold be flowing in your favor today. May I speak with someone regarding my accounts?"

The goblin raised an eyebrow but returned, "And may your enemies be trembling before you this day. Certainly, you may. Name please?"

"Harriet Rose Potter." She said easily.

The goblin nodded, penned down her name, and hopped from the desk, "This way Miss. Potter. Griphook will see you."

Harri nodded and followed without question, she had hoped she’d get the same goblin who had helped her find all of the manipulations the first time around. If she remembered correct, the actual Potter manager was in league with Dumbles, so he would need to go. She would appoint Griphook as she had last time, he had done wonderfully with her accounts and had torn into those who wronged her with a vengeance. Also, it would be a nice boost up the ladder for him. At the moment he was a regular clerk, a goblin who began accounts and checked inheritances before taking the heirs to the actual account managers, just to keep frauds and greedy people from wasting the higher goblins time with illegitimate tasks and business. When she gave him over management of all her accounts he would get a huge status boost not to mention a large influx of gold.

She shook herself from her thoughts as she was led into a room and gestured into a chair before Griphook and his large, messy desk. Harri bowed her head to the other goblin, "Thank you, may your gold ever flow."

Again the goblin looked surprised but he bowed at the waist, "And may your enemies fall before your blade." He answered before leaving.
Harri smiled brightly, looking back at Griphook who had watched the exchange with interest, "Greetings Clerk Griphook. May the gold be flowing in your favor today."

"May your enemies tremble before you this day." Griphook said with a smile, "How may I help you?"

Harri smiled, "I have quite a story to tell you and by the end we will both come out much better for it but I think for now it would be best to start with the three standard tests. Just to get that going and out of the way."

Griphook smiled, "Right to business. I like that." He began pulling out the three potions vials and three special bits of parchment. "Will you need a dagger?" He asked, holding out the first vial.

"Thank you but no." Harri replied, she formed a bit of ice on the tip of her finger and slashed a finger on the other hand before dismissing the ice and accepting the first vial. She put three drops in it and went for the next one while Griphook blended the potion. They did that for all three before Griphook poured out the vials one by one onto the papers.

"That should take about five minutes. Shall we begin something else while we wait?" Griphook asked.

"Yes of course. Let's begin with the goblin currently managing the Potter account. I believe him, for several reasons, to be working with Albus Dumbledore to steal from me both Galleons and priceless family artifacts from my accounts illegally." Harri said, channeling Pepper and the lessons she had gotten from Griphook himself. "I wish to look into my holdings to find irrefutable proof and then appoint another more responsible goblin as manager over the entirety of my accounts."

Griphook’s eyes were wide at this point, disbelief clear on his face. "What reasons can you give to allow me to look for the proof in our files?"

"Albus Dumbledore is currently in possession of at least three of my family’s artifacts that he shouldn’t be, even as my self-proclaimed magical guardian, and that he only would have had access to through the Potter manager here at Gringotts. He also had both my parent’s wills sealed which can only be done in very severe circumstances with the approval of the account manager in charge of executing the will. Finally, several times a month money is being taken from my accounts and sent to several people who have no contact with me currently let alone my approval to receive said money." Harri listed.
Griphook nodded, "Very well, I will send an inquiry while we look over the test results." He wrote on a piece of parchment, folded it quickly, and it disappeared in the next moment. Griphook took the first parchment, "This one will tell us exactly who you are." He looked over the results and frowned, "Miss Potter are you aware of why this is showing you have three ages?"

Glacia pushed information to the forefront of Harri's mind, "I will need to explain the full story later but the short version is that I came back in time, merged with and replaced my younger self while she was at a point close to death, and, through magic, aged my younger self during the merging process." She smiled at the stunned goblin, "Can I have the ages so I can confirm each?"

"10, 13, and 25." Griphook rasped.

Harri nodded, "I am technically ten, when I merged I advanced my age to thirteen, and before I went back in time I was twenty-five."

Griphook shook off his shock and continued over the paper, "Everything else seems in order, though I do wish to ask why your father is not here. Are you here to pursue problems against him as well?"

Harri froze, "My father died ten years ago." She said stiffly.

Griphook shook his head and passed her the paper, "Not according to this." Harri looked stiffly down at the paper in her shaking hands. Right there next to Father it read 'James Charlus Potter' and next to that, in parentheses, it read 'Alive'. Harri let the paper drop back to the desk shakily where Griphook retrieved it. "May I assume from your reaction that you were unaware your father was alive?"

"You may." Harri said shakily, "When I did these tests the first time it was right after my sixth year and it read 'Deceased'." Harri frowned and gripped her fists tighter, "Another manipulation I have been subjected to it seems." She looked up at Griphook with her magic dancing in her eyes, "I fear we must hurry along business then. It seems I must rescue my father and I won’t be able to do so until we correct the issues on the third parchment."

Griphook nodded seriously, "Seeing as how you seem to know the contents of your inheritance parchment shall I file it so we can move on to the more pressing matter at the moment?"

"Please." Harri said shakily.
"Very well." He rolled up the second parchment and pulled the third, "It seems as if you have a block on over half of your magical core, including your ability to change into your animagi. You also seem to be under several strong, dark, and specific compulsions as well as a multitude of potions that seem to have several different purposes, the most problematic being a love potion keyed to a Ronald Weasley and a soul bond suppression potion designed to keep you from finding your soulmate. Lastly there seems to be a horcrux residing inside your forehead. Are you aware of these?"

"I am. I used to much magic healing myself when I merged to break them on my own." She gave Griphook a weak smile, "I would be most grateful if you could have the goblin healers take care of this for me."

Griphook raised an eyebrow, "You would trust goblins over your own healers?"

Harri chuckled, "You have yet to steer me wrong and the only goblin I have ever held any anger toward is the current Potter manager who, the last time I discovered the deception, was working toward line theft willingly for Dumbledore and the promise of galleons."

"I see." Griphook said, "I can set up the ritual within in the hour. Shall we do anything else before we finish for the day so you may rescue your father?"

Harri smiled and nodded, "I, Harriet Rose Potter, intended heir of houses Potter, Black, Gryffindor, Slytherin, and LeFay, being of sound mind and sound body, do ask Magic to accept my degree. I dismiss the current Potter account manager from his station, may he be punished justly if he is proven guilty of the crimes in question. I appoint clerk Griphook to the station of Potter account manager, including all accounts I am set to rightfully inherit. So mote it be."

Griphook's eyes were so wide at the end that they looked like they could pop out of his head; they all most did when, with a whoosh and a faint glow, Magic accepted Harri's decree's. Griphook's mouth opened and closed like a fish for several seconds before he righted himself and stood, offering his hand, "Thank you for your trust Miss Potter. I shall do my best to manage your accounts for the betterment of your family."

Harri shook his hand, "I trust you will Griphook. As I said, you have not let me down yet."

Griphook's eyes widened again, this time in understanding, "May I ask to hear the full story some time Miss Potter?"
"Of course. I will fill you in as soon as I can. Your help to plan out a better future would be much appreciated." Harri said, drawing her hand back. "Maybe once I have the trustworthy Marauders safe I can invite you to Potter Manor for dinner so I might tell you four at once."

"I would be honored." Griphook said.

Harri smiled, "Excellent."

Griphook took out a bright red sheet of parchment and wrote on it before sending it off. "Now that I am your manager I have a bit more power in the bank, so I requested the emergency ritual chamber. We should have it rather quickly. Will you need a portkey to get to Potter Manor?"

"No I will call in one of the Potter elves. Even without my ring, they will recognize me as a Potter and take me directly to the manor." Harri said, "Would you allow them access to my trust vault while I'm taking care of my father? I will need a more appropriate wardrobe sooner rather than later. After the dinner at the manor I will come back in to formally claim my heirship of the currently dormant houses."

"I can set up a Gringotts card with direct access to your trust vault which you can have your elves use to get your wardrobe. And actually, after we finish today I will begin taking stock of everything. I can verify your ability to claim with the second parchment and then bring the necessary rings to dinner." Griphook said.

"That would be wonderful Griphook. Thank you." Harri said, sighing in relief.

"Of course." Griphook said, a paper dropped on his desk out of nowhere. "The ritual room is ready. Is there anything else you need to discuss urgently?"

“Yes, I will need you to do a full recall of all the keys connected with my accounts. We can always reissue them to people who truly have claim to them but I don’t want to take any chances.” Harri said.

“I’ll make note of it.” Griphook said, scribbling on a sheet of parchment.
"Finally, the parchment talked about the bind on my soul bond. Is there a way for Dumbledore to find my soulmates because of that?" Harri asked worriedly.

Griphook shook his head, "No, it would have just made it harder for you to find your mates and bond with them. Magical peoples have been attempting to create a foolproof way to find soulmates for years and none have ever worked. Your mates are safe." Harri let out a huge breath and smiled gratefully at Griphook who returned it, "Now, let us get those binds off you so you can attend to your father."

Chapter End Notes

Yup, James is alive! Lily is not, so don't get your hopes up. Before you ask, they were not soulmates, they fell in love outside of that.
Harri shifted in place on the hill, her claws sifting through the dirt easily, her tail lashing from side to side. Looking down on the small minimally warded cottage she took a moment to revel in the feel of her unbound magic. It was singing with anticipation; plans were finally in motion.

After the ritual and receiving her bank card and current balance from Griphook she had only stopped long enough to pick up Hedwig from the owl emporium before calling a Potter elf and going to the manor. The elves had all been ecstatic to have her finally come home; as it turned out she had been there as a little baby before the ill-advised move to Godric's Hollow a couple months before the attack. She had greeted them all before filling them in on what she needed. She had the rooms the Marauders used to stay in cleaned and refreshed as well as a set of rooms for herself in the family wing; sent a house elf with her card, measurements, and a list to get all she would need for school and home; then she had the others split between giving a general spruce up of the property and fixing a big meal for the three males that were coming home tonight. When she was through giving the elves orders she had sent off Hedwig to gather Remus with a letter spelled as a portkey that would bring him directly to his room, where he would be locked in until she could go explain things to him.

After that and a quick lunch she had used a powerful blood scrying spell and found her father, who appeared to be fine, though doused in a large bunch of potions to keep him calm, confused, and obedient. So Harri took the time to use the Potter Manor potions lab and brew a cleanser as well as a batch of pain relief potion and several batches of nutrient potions for all three of the men. That done, she had ordered a house elf to bottle all of the potions and then use her card to gather the needed ingredients for her to brew a full month’s dosage of the recovery potion given to those with long term exposure to dementors.

Finally done with prep, Harri had turned into Glacia and used her special flames to flame right outside the property her father was being held in. She had quickly changed to Godiva and now here she was, around three o’clock, studying her target from afar. Originally the lack of intensive wards had made her suspicious but she quickly took into account that no one would be looking for a dead man anyway and concluded that whoever had hidden her father (she was going to take a wild guess...
and say Dumbledore) hadn't wanted to waste power unnecessarily. Studying the wards, she had found only three; a muggle repellent, a containment keyed to a conscious James Potter, and a house elf repellent, which had most likely been the reason the manor elves knew Harri's father was alive but couldn't go to him, they would need to be specifically called to make it past that ward.

Feeling the alarm she had put around Moony's room chime in her head, Harri stalked silently down the hill and slipped through the wards carefully so they wouldn’t alert anyone. Finding the open window she had seen during her scouting earlier, she quickly jumped on the ledge and down into what appeared to be a kitchen. She slunk under the kitchen island and listened for voices or movement, her magic spread around her to feel for anyone other than her father.

Finding only one signature in the house, she darted through the cottage and into what appeared to be a little bedroom. She peered carefully onto the bed and was greeted by the sight of her father sleeping fitfully. She jumped up onto the bed carefully and padded over to her dad. She did a quick sweep for injuries that the scry may have missed before nodding to herself. Seamlessly, she shifted straight from Godiva to Glacia before fluttering onto her father’s chest, waking him up in the process.

His warm brown eyes, dulled by the potions, showed only confusion as he looked up at her, "Blue...bird...wah?" was all he managed. Holding in a snicker and sending a mental apology, Harri swung her thick phoenix skull down hard onto her father’s temple. The hit knocked him out, so she gathered her freezing flames carefully and flashed them both back to the manor where she dropped her father on the family room couch.

Harri flew off of her father and changed back next to the couch, "Plimpy! Trew!" She called, immediately the two house elves appeared with a pop. The second Plimpy saw the man on the couch she ran to him and started sobbing, Harri smiled at her father’s personal house elf kindly. "As you can see I have retrieved my father. Plimpy I need you to draw me a bit of blood so I can make a simple golem to take his place so the one who held him won’t come after him yet. Then you can take him to his room and take care of him, make sure he gets the cleanser and then the pain killer just before he wakes up. Please keep him in his room until I can explain things to Remus."

"Thank you Young Lady Harri." Plimpy sobbed, "Plimpy be taking good care of her Master Prongs."

Harri nodded before looking at Trew, "I need you to bring me two pieces of wood from the pile quickly."

"Yes Miss Harri." Trew said, popping back only seconds later with two pieces of firewood. Harri set her magic to work on both pieces, etching in the runes quickly as she accepted the blood from Plimpy. She took one piece of wood and handed it to Trew, "I have a very important task for you. I need you to go to Azkaban and find Sirius Black. You'll need to knock him out, take a bit of blood,
then put it on this symbol to activate it," she said tapping a symbol carved on the wood carefully, "After that, leave the fake there and bring Sirius to his room here. Make sure you aren't seen. Understand?"

"Yes Miss Harri." Trew said, popping away.

Harri put her father’s blood onto the activation rune and watched as it turned into a replica of her father’s current weak form. She quickly changed to Glacia, flamed the golem back to the cottage and on the bed before heading once again to Potter Manor. Changing back and calling an elf for a tray of tea, she quickly carried it up the stairs and through the halls to Remus’ room.

She could hear him pacing and muttering darkly under his breath through the door, Harri rolled her eyes and used her toe to knock on the door. "Remus, I'm coming in. I promise I didn't bring you here to hurt you so please don't hex me." It was silent so, moving the tray slightly, she nudged the door open. She quickly stepped back with a yelp as a stunner flew at her, "Damn it Moony! What if I had spilled the tea?!" She held out her hand around the door and quickly summoned Remus' wand, she set it on the tray and continued inside. She placed the tray on the table in front of the fireplace that faced a small grouping of chairs before turning around and looking at the shocked werewolf before her.

"Who are you?" He questioned with a frown.

Harri huffed, "Smell me."

Remus took a step back as his eyes widened, "What?! I don't..."

Harri rolled her eyes, pulled her hair behind her shoulder and bared her neck, "Smell me Moony. You may not believe me otherwise."

Remus stepped forward cautiously, eyeing her like she might attack, before finally giving in and drawing her scent in. Sorting past the smell of cat and something that smelt like winter, Moony found another scent, a familiar one. Something that smelled of his alpha and his alpha's mate. Eyes widening, Remus stepped back and looked down at the young girl, "Harriet?" He rasped.

Harri's eyes got a bit watery and she smiled up at her uncle, who she was so very happy to see alive. The last time she had seen him was the Battle of Hogwarts, when he had been taking down Greyback. "It's me Uncle Moony." She couldn't help herself, she lunged forward and wrapped her
arms around him, her face buried in his chest.

Surprised and overwhelmed, Remus went with his instincts. He hugged the little girl tightly and inhaled her scent, for once letting Moony howl inside, ecstatic to have a member of his pack back. "I'm so glad your safe cub." He pulled back a little and looked her over, "What happened? How are you here? Last time I heard, Dumbledore had you at the Dursleys."

Harri pulled away fully and wiped her eyes, "All in good time Uncle Moony, first I need your help with the others."

Remus shifted uncertainly, "Cub, I'd love to help but the full moon is tonight and I won't be the best to be around."

Harri gave a small laugh, "Moony will have most of the pack back in time for the full moon tonight."

Remus frowned, "Pup, what..."

Harri grinned, grabbed Remus's hand, and drug him from the room, forgetting the tea in her excitement. She pulled him along until they reach her dad's door, which Remus recognized, if the pained whine was anything to go by. She knocked and Plimpy opened the door, smiling up at Harri, "Young Lady Harri! Master's Mister Moony! Come in! Master just waking up."

"But that's James'...." Remus started uncertainly before they heard a groan from within.

"Ah hell that aches." Came a moan, Remus's eyes went wide and he rushed into the room just as Harri stepped aside with a small smile. She wanted to greet her father as well but she wasn't certain if he would recognize her, even with her glamours on, and she didn't want to scare him or get hexed. As she stepped quietly into the room and took in the scene before her she was truly happy she let Moony go first. Now she had blackmail material. The wolf had pounced on James and was sobbing into his chest, big wet gross sobs.

Harri was positive that she should only see a touching moment and leave it at that but she wouldn't be what Sirius had once called the 'heir to Marauder glory' if she didn't at least tease them about it at a later date. James had wrapped his arms around Remus and was rubbing his back, "Hey, what's wrong Moony? What happened?"
"Everyone thought you were dead for the past ten years." Harri said, drawing her father’s attention to her, "You weren’t though. You were held under the influence of potions by who I assume was Dumbledore."

James was staring at her with wonder filled eyes, "Harriet?" His voice started to crack, "My little girl?"

Harri gave him a weak smile, her eyes starting to tear up again, and she nodded, "Hi, Daddy." She said quietly, rubbing her arm awkwardly.

James scrambled from the bed with one last squeeze around Moony's shoulders and launched himself at his daughter. Harri sagged, feeling the arms of her father around her for the first time in her memory. They both sank to their knees. "My little girl." He murmured, squeezing her tight, "My little princess. I'm so glad you're okay." Harri burrowed into her father, feeling safe in his arms like she usually only felt safe in her mates. Oh that wasn't to say that before she hadn't felt safe with her uncles and adoptive siblings but only her mates had made her feel truly protected when she was especially vulnerable. James pulled back to take in his daughter's now tear stained face carefully before he gave her a small smile and hugged her again.

Harri broke from her Dad's arms a few minutes later and wiped her eyes with a shaky laugh, "You better go hug Moony again before he hyperventilates." She said with a watery smile.

James looked over to the bed to see that Remus was indeed starting to hyperventilate from the heavy crying. James stood up and pulled Harri with him, not wanting to let her go, to sit on either side of Remus. Harri curled into the werewolf's side as James wrapped his arms around his friend again. Hari let Glacia sing from within, the calming and reassuring song radiating from her soul calming the two men down.

A while later, as they sat, still cuddled together, Trew popped up wringing his hands nervously. Harri looked at the little elf from her spot with Moony, "What is it Trew?"

Trew tugged his ears, "Trew is sorry Miss Harri. So sorry. Dogman woke up and panicked. Trew tried to calm him or catch him but Dogman got out and is escaping."

"Crap!" Harri hissed, getting up and righting her rumpled clothes.

"Dogman?" Remus questioned, "You mean Sirius?" He looked at Harriet, "Did you break Sirius out
"Of course! I couldn’t very well leave him there!" Harri shouted as she ran out.

James and Remus followed quickly, "Why was Sirius in Azkaban?!" James asked as they broke into a sprint in an attempt to keep up.

"He gave away the secret! He betrayed you!" Remus snarled.

"No! We changed the keeper! It was Peter!" James snapped, making Remus look at him in shock. He shook out of it and both focused on the form of Harriet running full tilt toward the rail of the balcony that overlooked the entrance hall. "Harriet no!" James screamed in terror as he saw his daughter jump over the railing, but both he and Remus stopped at the railing to stare in shock as they saw Harri change into a beautiful ice blue bird.

They watched in stunned silence as the bird shot toward a running Sirius, swooped around him and hit him full force in the chest with outstretched talons. Sirius flew onto his back with a whoosh, looking up at the big bird with wide eyes, "What?!" He exclaimed in shock, staring at the bird who seemed to be snickering at him. With a growl he changed into Padfoot and rolled over, effectively squashing the bird who let out a squawk. Padfoot growled at the bird, his hackles raised, and his muscles tensed. He went silent though as the bird shifted seamlessly into what appeared to be a small leopard with too large paws and rounded ears, the cat hissed at him in warning.

"Padfoot don’t you dare attack my daughter!" James yelled, finally getting over his shock and charging down the stairs, intending to get between them. Padfoot was simply staring at James with a jaw dropped look which was hilarious on his dog form. Harriet changed back just to snicker at it, even as her Dad drew her behind him. James scowled down at his friend, "You change back right now Padfoot! I won’t have you attacking Harriet! No matter how panicked you are!" James scolded, wagging a finger at the grim.

Padfoot changed back to Sirius who slumped on the floor, still staring up in disbelief. "James?"
The next day Harriet woke up cuddled between the three Marauders in a pile of pillows on the back porch. As she leaned back into the form of Padfoot, her father, who had decided to change back before they slept, tightened his arm protectively around her waist. Remus, who had changed back when the moon went down, was on the other side of Padfoot his arm slung over the grim and his fingers latched lightly onto her tank top. Relaxing in the puppy pile Harri reviewed the day before and began to plan the rest of her day.

Yesterday after another crying fest and Remus apologizing to Sirius for believing he had betrayed James they had all turned to her for the answers. She had shut that down quickly, explaining that it was a long story and claiming that they had already gone through emotional upheavals today as well as the fact that they had a full moon to stay up for later. They reluctantly agreed but made her promise to tell them tomorrow. Agreeing to that, they had moved to the dining hall for a large, late dinner. Harriet made sure all three men got nutrient potions, having glared at them until they drank them. After dinner Harri had sent Griphook a letter asking him over for lunch instead of dinner as the story was very long. Later there had been a small spat when she had followed them outside for the full moon, they had wanted her to stay inside and stay safe. Harri had simply rolled her eyes and pointed out that she already had an animagus form to run with them and if for some reason they really did find danger her secondary form was the most equipped to handle it as the rest of them were out of shape. That had got her a bit of pouting but they eventually agreed. They had run and played all night before coming back around five to pile together and sleep.

Casting a quick tempus, Harri found that it was ten in the morning. Giving a quiet curse, she changed into Godiva and slipped from the pile. She watched for a second to make sure that the others weren’t disturbed before she ran into the Manor and up to her room. She quickly showered and dressed in her new robes, before twisting her hair up into a bun and making her way down to the kitchens. Half way there, Hedwig swept down to perch on her shoulder mid-step. Harri took the letter and nodded, reading Griphook’s acceptance and his promise to arrive at half past noon. Once in the kitchens Harri was greeted by the house elves, she informed them of the company coming over for lunch and warned that he may end up staying until dinner before grabbing a quick breakfast and leaving for the labs.

Seeing that it was eleven, Harri decided that she had just enough time to brew the dementor recovery potion. “Who knew I would be spending so much time in the labs.” Harri huffed as she brewed, singing to herself as she went. She added buying herself new electronics and warding them to work
around and be charged by magic to her list, she could really use some tunes to brew to.

Just as she was bottling the potion up and setting the vials down in the carrying case, the lab door burst open and three panicked Marauders charged in. “There you are!” James exclaimed, “Do you know how scared we were? We woke up and you were gone! No note! Nothing!”

Harriet raised an eyebrow at them, “You were sleeping. I let you sleep.” She cast a quick tempus and saw that it was a quarter ‘til noon. “I was about to come wake you anyway.”

“What are you even doing?” Remus asked, “You were up with us the whole night. You should have slept too.”

Harri rolled her eyes, “I don’t sleep much more than five hours, six on occasion but even then that’s rare. You want me to sleep more than that I have to be injured in some way, shape, or form.” She plucked one potion free from the box before closing the lid, “As for what I’m doing.” She walked over to them with the case and held out the vial to Sirius, “I just finished brewing the potion that will help Padfoot with the lingering dementor effects.”

Sirius took the vial carefully as they all stared at her, “That’s a really advanced potion.” Remus murmured.

Harri nodded and gave Sirius the case, “So don’t waste my work. Take them every twenty-four hours until their gone and you should be right as rain.”

“Best godkid ever.” Sirius sniffed.

Hari snorted but gave a small grin, “Also I need you all to clean up and be presentable. I called one other person to hear the story, he will be here for lunch in about forty-five minutes.”

“Um, escaped convict here.” Sirius said, “Remember that?”

Harriet waved that off as she left the labs with them scrambling behind her, “Griphook won’t say anything. Client confidentiality clauses. Plus, no one knows either of you are free. I made simple golems and left them in your places, in the next couple days they will wither away and die and the world will think your dead.” She stopped at the stairs and pointed up them, ignoring the three bewildered expressions. “Go clean up.” Her eyes twinkled mischievously, “If you do as I ask I will
bring you the rat.

“Peter is still alive?” They all growled.

Harri nodded, “Yes, but everyone thinks he’s dead. He’s hiding in his rat form. If you go get cleaned up for company, I will bring him to you. The world already thinks he’s dead, he won’t be too missed.”

“Deal!” Sirius said happily, sprinting up the stairs with his potions clutched in his arms.

Harriet raised a questioning eyebrow at her father and Remus who quickly climbed the steps too. “Aren’t we the ones who are supposed to be taking care of her and bribing her for good behavior?” James grumbled as he disappeared in his room, Remus merely laughed.

Thirty minutes later found the three Marauders bathed, shaved, and dressed up, standing in the receiving parlor impatiently. Harriet swept in a couple minutes later in a nice Gryffindor red knee length dress that had a gold belt around her hips and wearing a nice red set of low heels. Her hair was a bit more tamed as well and she had a hair band in place to keep her hair from her eyes. In one hand she held a small brown leather journal and in the other she held a small cage that had a rat in it.

Harri smiled as she took in the cleaned up men, “Excellent.” She set the rat cage on the table, “As promised.”

The three instantly surrounded cage and looked at the cowering rat, they knew that form all too well and could see the fear in the rat’s eyes as it took in their faces. “Hello there Peter.” Sirius growled.

“How wonderful to see you again.” Remus said in a low voice, Moony showing through.

James chuckled as Peter panicked and began searching for a way out, “No way out of this one traitor.” He grinned, baring his teeth, “We’ll have to play with you later.” Peter passed out in fright. James rolled his eyes and called for Plimpy, when the house elf appeared he handed her the cage, “This rat is Peter Pettigrew. He was the one who betrayed us to Voldemort. Please make sure he won’t escape. We will be talking to him later. He’ll only need enough food to keep him alive.”

Plimpy bowed, “Yes Master. I make sure nasty rat be stayin’ put.” She disappeared in the next instant.
“Well that should be fun.” Harri said dryly.

James blushed in slight embarrassment before clearing his throat, “So who is this Griphook coming over? He sounds goblin.”

Harriet sank into a chair by the floo and settled her hands on her lap, “He is a goblin. He is the new manager for the Potter accounts as well as all the other accounts I am set to inherit.”

James frowned, “What happened to our old one?”

“He was stealing from us and sealed your and mom’s wills without due cause. I replaced him with a more trustworthy goblin.” She brushed imaginary lint off of her dress, “I understand why he didn’t execute yours now but he didn’t execute mom’s which I know clearly states that I was not to, under any circumstances, be sent to live with the Dursleys but that is what happened.”

“What?!” James shouted, “You lived with Petunia and that whale she calls a husband?!”

Harri giggled at her dad, “I called him a whale too.” she nodded, “Yes, I lived with them and their little pig of a son. I’ll get into the details when Griphook is here but the highlights are they hate magic and attempted to beat it out of me. They told me all my life that you and mom were killed in a drunk driving incident. They told me that you were a jobless deadbeat who corrupted mom.” She got a dreamy look in her eye, “Boy did I love rubbing your title in their faces when I left. It was almost as satisfying as ruining them is sure to be.”

James was torn between outrage, worry, and a healthy bit of amusement at his daughter’s last statement. “Don’t think this talk is over.” James warned as the floo flared to life.

Harriet smiled as she stood, “Of course not dad.” She turned and greeted the Goblin who came from the flames.

Griphook stepped forward and shook her hand, “Greetings Heir Potter, may the gold be flowing in your favor today.”

“And may your enemies tremble before you this day.” Harriet returned with a close lipped smile. She
swept her hand toward the three Marauders who were looking at the exchange in surprise, “May I introduce you to my father Lord James Potter who you recently took over accounts for, Lord Sirius Black who you also have taken over for, and Remus Lupin one of my Professors from before.” Remus looked slightly confused at his introduction but relaxed when she mouthed ‘later’ and shared greetings with Griphook.

Just as they began to move toward the dining room, the floo flared to life again. Everyone tensed in anticipation but Harriet relaxed seconds later as a familiar blond form popped from the flames. “Luna!” she called happily as she embraced her adoptive sister, “I wondered if you would show at some point. Did that Nargles fill you in?”

“Oh yes sister dear.” Luna said in her usual dreamy tone, “The Nargles have been filling me in on some very interesting stories all this week.” She looked over to the males who were watching her curiously, "Harriet there seems to be a quite large Wrackspurt infestation."

Harri nodded seriously, "Yes, I thought there might be. We were about to eat lunch while I clear those buggers out. Would you like to join us?" The blonde nodded, Harri smiled, "Everyone this is Luna Lovegood, heir to the house of Lovegood and my sister in everything but blood. Luna this is my father, my godfather, my uncle, and my account manager." Luna bowed to each male in turn, surprising them when she greeted them with their full titles.

With that, they moved into the dining room and sat at the large table, with the Marauders sitting on one side and Harriet sitting in the other, between Luna and Griphook. Lunch appeared and Harri waited until everyone had what they wanted on their plates before beginning.

"I guess I should start with my Dursley years, they're easiest to explain." Harriet said, "After the attack that night Hagrid showed up and took me away, he drove me to Privet Drive where he handed me off to Dumbledore, who in turn left me on the Dursley's doorstep. When Petunia found me in the morning she read the letter that made the next ten years of my life utter hell." Her eyes got a little glassy, "I never found out exactly what the letter said because the source I found out from was in less than perfect condition when I performed the slightly less than legal legilimens on the muggle. I did get the gist of it however, they were being paid monthly to keep me ignorant of the wizarding world and to beat and mistreat me until I was a perfect little victim in need of a hero who I would surely look up to and be loyal to for saving me.” She spat the last part, her gaze so far off that she didn't see the Marauders horrified and murderous looks; to her left Griphook was looking grim. It wasn't until Luna put a hand on her shoulder that she shook herself slightly and continued, "I was kept in a cupboard under the stairs and treated no better than a Malfoy elf. When my accidental magic sprung up the beatings were so bad I was close to death. The last one happened when I accidentally made the glass in a zoo exhibit disappear when Dudley wouldn't stop taunting a snake, I ended up setting the snake free and trapping Dudley in the habitat when the glass reappeared. The beating after that one was particularly bad as I put their precious Duddikins in danger. I was so very close to death after that one. That's where this gets a bit complicated."
Harriet finally looked up to see the three men’s faces and gave them a small smile, "Calm down. I'm not going back to them, I was until I was of age to be emancipated but after my age results I'm sure Griphook and I can rewrite the family scripts to allow my soul age to be taken into account. Plus, right now I've terrified them into doing my bidding. Once it’s safer, I'll put the rest of my revenge in motion."

"I don't know whether to be worried that you obviously seem mostly over your treatment or proud that you are thinking with such a Marauder mentality." James said weakly.

Harri laughed, "Let's go with the second. The first will be explained." James nodded, "Anyway, as I was saying. After the last beating is where things get complicated. I'm sure your wondering how I could have been kept ignorant of the wizarding world and be this young yet already have multiple animagus forms, can brew like a master, use legilimency, and have a good handle on wandless magic. It’s because technically I'm twenty-five. Fourteen years in the future I was in a battle; everyone was dead, my friends and adoptive family were all dead around me, my soulmates had been killed the day before, my son had been killed three years before that, I didn't have anything left to live for. I had accepted I was going to die but, not knowing it was an option or even possible, I wished I had seen the manipulations earlier and had been able to protect my mates and family better. My secondary animagus, my ice phoenix, Glacia forced our first burning day and used all of the extra power to send us back in time to a point when our body was already weak so we could merge together. Which happened to be a week ago after the last beating." She looked around so see everyone wearing bewildered expressions, except Luna who was nodding like she had heard all this before. "Which of course leads us to now. Where I am about to tell you all about the last time I lived the next fourteen years."

Chapter End Notes

There will still be an update this Thursday! This is just an extra update I'm doing for my birthday!
My Story

Chapter Summary

The last time Harriet lived the next fourteen years.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! This chapter is SUPER long, this is only because I didn't want to split up the retelling for several chapters, wanted to get the changes to you, as well as not totally bore you. All that resulted in a fourteen page chapter so....wow.

Questions(unspoken or otherwise) that popped up in the comments:

Twins will show up the first time in CH. 11!

We will not abandon the Marauders during the school year!

Yes she's a bit OC however she went through two wars (three depending on if you count the one she ended as a baby) and her mates and child were killed not that long ago from her perspective and she also spent a good chunk of time with the Avengers so.... OCness.

Jarvis shows up in chapter 9. We check in with Tony, Clint, and Bruce in chapter 13. Harri officially meets Tony in chapter 16. Harri saves Loki in chapter 25. So just hang in there, it is a cross over so they will be in here it will just take a bit. I'm still writing about four chapters ahead of you guys so rest assured the Thursday update will happen every time!

"Which of course leads us to now. Where I am about to tell you all about the last time I lived the next fourteen years."

"What?!" James exclaimed, his mouth hanging open unattractively.

Harriet snickered at her father, "Its expressions like that, that makes me question why mum ever agreed to marry you."

That seemed to break the others out of their shock and Remus and Sirius both started laughing. James shook himself and gave her a halfhearted glare, "This is serious!"
"No, he's Sirius." Luna butted in, pointing at where Padfoot was now howling with laughter. James was fighting his own laughter but attempting to keep it together so he could get answers.

Harri gave her dad an innocent look, "What? I wouldn't be what Sirius once called the Heir to Marauder Glory if I didn't at least tease you about it." James finally gave in and grinned at her, she returned a smile, "Besides, the story already has a lot of bummer moments. No reason to make it more so with this constant shadow over everything."

"You're alright pup!" Sirius exclaimed as he and Remus finally calmed down.

Harriet gave a mocking half bow from her seat, "Alright, onto the main event shall we? Now the first time through I was ridiculously trusting, so much so that I didn't even suspect things were wrong until my fifth year and didn't even go to Gringotts to get the full work up done until after my sixth, so I will be adding bits about the manipulations I found out about later as we go." Harri said, pulling out her journal, "I went over everything with my occlumency after I came back so this should be accurate but keep in mind this was fourteen years ago for me."

She quickly found the page she needed and nodded, "Alright, originally the Dursleys kept my Hogwarts letter from me. Every single one that came they burned or put in the trash. It wasn't until my eleventh birthday that I finally got it; they had moved us out to some shack on the sea when Hagrid showed up to deliver my letter, knocking down the door, bending Vernon's gun, and giving Dudley a pig tail in the process. After that, Hagrid took me to Diagon Alley for the first time. He took me to Gringotts where I saw my trust vault for the first time and where he oh so discretely removed the Philosophers Stone from another vault. Later I found out that Dumbledore had manipulated the Flamels to give up the stone to him so he could use it as bait and then destroyed it without their permission. Anyway, I went shopping, met the Malfoys which I could probably have lived without, got my owl Hedwig as my first gift in ten years, and then was shuffled back to the Dursleys to wait for school time."

Harri flipped the page, "Alright, Kings Cross. Another bit of manipulation. I didn't know how to get onto the platform, instead of detailing that in my letter like it was for the rest of the muggle-raised and muggle-borns I was left hanging. That being the case I was ready to believe that a clearly all wizard family would barrel through the mundane part of Kings Cross, screaming about muggles and a platform said muggles clearly didn't know about and a whole slew of other things from the magical world, completely ignoring the statute of secrecy that even I was aware after one trip to Diagon. That's how I met the Weasleys, a light family so far up Dumbledore's arse they can't see the sun. Except for three of them of course." She said with a small smile.

"On the train I was waylaid by one of the family from before claiming there were no other free compartments. Ronald Weasley, who was the first of the traitors I met." She frowned, "Although I
guess you have to be true friends for it to be considered a traitorous act. He was one of the ones being paid from my accounts to befriend me, he was also the one who they keyed the love potion into. I met the second paid friend on that ride as well, a little know-it-all muggle-born who fancied herself better than anyone and everyone.” Harriet's face softened, "Only good thing about that ride was I met my mates for the first time. I didn't know who they were to me at the time, the bind on my soul bond kept it from me but we got on instantly." She looked up at her father, "You'll like them, I promise. Fred and George Weasley, they are magical twins born on April Fool's Day. They took up your pranking mantle when they went to Hogwarts, they even have Wormtail's copy of the map, the one Flich confiscated." She looked to Sirius and Remus as well, "They idolize the Marauders. When I officially introduced you guys last time they started following you around like little lost puppies."

Sirius grinned, "A couple of fans huh?"

James smiled, "Nabbed yourself some pranksters did you? I approve. Are they redheads? Potters love redheads."

Harriet laughed, "You bet their redheads."

"That's my girl." James crowed.

Harriet blushed before going back to her book, "I was sorted into Gryffindor of course." She continued, leaving out the bit about the hat wanting her in Slytherin for now.

"Of course you were!" Sirius exclaimed, "You're a Marauder!"

Harriet rolled her eyes, "Anyway, so I don't make first year too long, I'll skip to the important parts. Snape was an arse to me because of how you all treated him, during my first broom riding lesson I took to the air like a duck to water leading to me being appointed the youngest seeker in Hogwarts history," this made all three of the men grin proudly, "I fought a mountain troll that was let into the school, then had my first game which we won but only after I caught the ball in my mouth after my broom was hexed."

"In your mouth?" Sirius interrupted with a snicker.

Harriet crossed her arms over her chest, "Yes, in my mouth. After the hex broke it put too much power into my dive and I caught up to the snitch right before I hit the ground. Hence almost swallowing it." She sniffed delicately, like she was offended, "No matter how unconventional, I
always get my snitch. I’ve only lost once and that was because dementors were surrounding me and I fell off my broom."

"When where you around dementors?" Remus asked worriedly.

"Third year." Harri said, waving him off, "We're still on first. So, after that the next big thing that happened was Christmas break, the Weasley children stayed in the castle for the holidays, the official reasoning being that their parents were going to visit their brother Charlie in Romania though I’m not sure if that was the truth or they just wanted Ron to stay close to me. Again the only highlights of the holiday were my mates who made sure to eat all of our meals together over the holidays. On Christmas, Dumbledore gifted me your invisibility cloak which he had illegally."

Griphook nodded here and interjected, "It was recorded as being taken from the main artifact vault almost three years ago. Even if Dumbledore was legally Miss Potter's magical guardian, which he is not, he should not have had access to the lower vaults."

Harri nodded, "We found pretty much the same last time. If I remember correctly, right now he also has our family pensive and a couple Potter grimoires. We'll need to shore up the security and the family scripts because he continues to take heirlooms for his own personal use."

"I'll make note." Griphook said with a nod.

Harri inclined her head to him, "Alright, after I got the cloak, I did what any curious child did and explored after hours."

"Any child." Remus snorted softly, "She's been a Marauder from the very beginning."

Harriet drew herself up proudly, "Of course. What did you expect? I'm my father’s daughter." James grinned while Remus moaned something that sounded suspiciously like 'not two of them'. "Back to it. I was exploring and stumbled across the Mirror of Erised, which shows you your deepest desire. I saw you and mum, since my deepest desire has always been and continues to be having a family." James' smile turned a bit sad, "I drug Ron to it the next day and the idiot apparently saw some fane whores wet dream." She pointedly ignored Sirius's sniggers. "Disgusted, I left him there and came back later just to see you and mum. Dumbledore found me and said the usual cryptic bull before telling me the mirror was moving. Loose lipped Hagrid let slip it was something of Flamel's hidden on the third floor. I and the traitors figured out it was the Philosophers Stone. We thought Snape was the one trying to steal it but it turned out it was the DADA professor who was in fact being possessed by Voldemort. There was a confrontation which I won of course, when I woke up in the infirmary the Headmaster was there with his normal run around routine. I begged not to be sent back
to the Dursleys and was denied, thus ending my first year."

Harriet shifted the last of her food on her plate, "Second year, where to begin? Ah, let’s start with the crazy house elf who caused the Dursleys to lock me in a room for the remainder of my holidays. He came to warn me about a plot his master was cooking up that would put me in danger at Hogwarts, despite the warning I refused to stay at that house the entire year. Hoping to get me expelled, he levitated a cake to drop on the Dursley’s guests which apparently set off the Ministry trace; they were convinced that I had done intentional magic despite the underage magic laws. That left me to be locked in a room where my lovely mates ended up rescuing me like some fairy tale damsel in distress. Vernon had bared the window and was only feeding me once a day through a cat flap in the door. My twins stole their dads flying car, broke the entire window to get the bars off, and we flew off to the Burrow."

Remus chuckled, "I'm liking these two more and more."

Harriet laughed lightly, "I hoped you all would." She flipped through her notes to get back on track, "The next day we went to Diagon Alley for school supplies. I got waylaid by some famous prick who, in addition to being a fraud, was a loud mouth attention whore. He figured our fame together would be worth the front page and used that opportunity to announce he was the new DADA professor. After that we all ran into the Malfoys, again, something I could live without. Lucius slipped a diary into Ginny Weasley's bag which ended up being the first horcrux of Tom Riddle."

"Woah," James said, "Back up. What is a horcrux? Who is Tom Riddle."

"Tom Marvolo Riddle is the real name of Lord Voldemort." Harriet said, "A horcrux is a bit of dark magic that splits one’s soul into pieces and holds them in an object. As long as someone has a horcrux they can’t die. Voldemort made seven. Well technically he made six, he put one in me by mistake." Seeing the horror on their faces she reassured them, "Don't worry. I already got rid of it this time around."

"Thank Merlin!" James breathed.

Harri smiled, "Anyway, no one noticed the diary. When we went to get on the train the crazy house elf managed to lock me out. Luckily my mates were with me, Ron had gone on ahead. We stole the flying car again and flew to Hogwarts. We almost had a problem when the flight generator started to give out but my mates are geniuses and managed to fix it. We hid the car in the Forbidden Forest and continued on," she looked slightly smug, "We got away with it. Which I wasn't so sure we would have, but the twins used a strong switching spell to send the car back to the Burrow and bring us a little wrench."
"Anyway, nothing really exciting happened until dueling club where I found out that speaking parseltongue wasn't common." Harri said.

"You're a parselmouth?" Remus said skeptically.

Harriet nodded, "Yes, I got it as a result of the horcrux and kept it after its gone. It's quite useful, most snakes will obey the first speaker they come across. They make excellent spies and can be persuaded to help with pranks, they have quite a sense of humor." She snickered at their disbelieving looks, "Anyway, since I could speak parseltongue everyone thought I was the heir to Slytherin, which I am but not for the reasons they assumed. I'm heir by conquest, not by blood." She clarified, seeing the confused faces.

"Moving on. Mrs. Norris turned up petrified with a message on the wall saying that the Chamber of Secrets had been opened again. I and the traitors began looking for the heir to Slytherin, we even made up polyjuice and snuck into the Slytherin dorm to interrogate mini Malfoy. Several students and nearly headless Nick got petrified. When the know it all traitor was petrified we figured out the monster in the Chamber was a Basilisk. After another message appeared saying that a student had been taken down to the Chamber and would die, I and Ron forced our fraud DADA teacher down into the chamber ahead of us. The idiot attempted to obliviate us with a broken wand which ended up backfiring, erasing all of his memory and collapsing the tunnel. I continued on alone as Ron was conveniently on the other side of the cave in. I faced a sixteen-year-old Tom Riddle, battled and killed a Basilisk with the help of Fawkes and the sorting hat which gave me the sword of Gryffindor, was bitten by the snake in the process but was cried on by Fawkes to heal me. Before that though I took the fang that had been lodged in my shoulder and stabbed the diary with it, effectively destroying the horcrux." Harriet sped through, ignoring the worried faces across from her. "When I killed the horcrux I saved Ginny Weasley, who had been possessed and controlled by the diary. When I met to explain things to Dumbledore he spouted some bull about Fawkes coming because I showed him loyalty and me being able to pull the sword from the hat because I am a true Gryffindor. The first part is complete shit, Fawkes came to me the same reason the sword did, I am the heir of Gryffindor through Dad. Despite what he likes to have people think, Fawkes is not Dumbledore's familiar. He is in fact tied to the Gryffindor line and was charged long ago with the task of watching over the school by Godric. The only reason he listens to Dumbledore is because the man messed with the bond that allowed Fawkes to communicate with heirs." Harri looked around as everyone took in that information, "Anyway, I tricked Lord Malfoy into freeing his crazy elf and so ended my second year."

Looking around Harriet saw that everyone was finished, "We might be more comfortable continuing in the den." They all agreed and trooped into the den. Luna and Harriet settling on a love seat with Luna's head in Harri's lap, the Marauders took a longer couch, and Griphook settled in an armchair by the fire.

"Anybody else wanting to go hunt down those horcruxes so they won’t do damage this time around?" Sirius muttered darkly to his friends, both nodded.
Harriet smiled, "I know where most of them are currently, but we have to move and plan carefully so Dumbledore doesn't catch on and begin to make erratic decisions I can't plan for. Understand?"

Sirius let out a low whine, "Yes, but I'm not feeling the best knowing we can't do even a little."

Harriet studied him before nodding, "Call Kreacher."

Sirius frowned, "That pest? Why?"

"Do you want to take care of a horcrux or what?" Harriet asked.

Sirius frowned but called for the elf, the grizzled elf appeared, "Nasty Master be callin' Kreacher?"

"Kreacher this is my Goddaughter, she is also my heir so treat her well. She wanted to speak to you."

Sirius said.

Kreacher turned to Harri, "Nasty Master's heir be needin' Kreacher?"

Harriet nodded seriously, "I am aware that you currently have an unfulfilled order Kreacher."

She stated smoothly, "What do you have to say for yourself?"

Kreacher's eyes widened and he began to tremble, "Kreacher is sorry! He be tryin' everything! Nothin' work!"

Harriet raised her nose into the air, "I don't know. Maybe you weren't loyal enough to Master Regulus to fulfill his last order."

"No!" Kreacher moaned, tugging his ears, "Kreacher loved his Master Regulus! Nothin' work! Kreacher be tryin' burnin', breakin', stabbin'! Nothin' work!"

Harriet softened her face, "Alright Kreacher, I believe you now. If I help you with Master Regulus'
last order will you try to be a bit nicer to me and Sirius?"

Kreacher nodded with wide eyes, "You be helpin' Kreacher with Master Regulus last order he be bein' the best elf!"

"Alright. Go get it and I will destroy it." Harriet said.

"Yes Young Miss!" Kreacher said, disappearing.

"How the hell?" Sirius asked, looking at Harriet in amazement, she gave him a secretive smile.

“Remus can I borrow your wand?” Harri asked. Remus silently handed her his wand, eyes wide.

Kreacher popped back in a second later holding a locket, "Here Young Miss!"

Harriet took it and smiled, "Thank you Kreacher. Stand over here so you don't get hurt." The elf scrambled to the side of the couch and watched as Harri cast a containment bubble around the locket and let it raise into the air before she hissed, *Open!* Instantly the locket opened and with a screech, black smoke burst out. Harriet flicked Remus’ wand and cast, "Feindfyre!" A small snake of the cursed flames flew from the end of the wand, it encased the black smoke and with one last rising screech it was destroyed. Forcing the wild fire out, Harriet held out her hand for the crumpled locket. Once she had inspected it she handed it to Kreacher, "Its done. You have completed Master Regulus' last order."

"Thank you Young Miss!" Kreacher cried, "Can Kreacher be doin' anything for you?"

"No but you can begin putting Grimmauld Place back to rights. Could you imagine what Mistress Walburga would say if she saw the state it’s in?" Harriet asked, widening her eyes in mock horror.

Kreacher squeaked in fright and bowed low, "Kreacher be starting right away! Just call if you be needin' Kreacher!" He bowed again to Harriet before doing a shorter bow to Sirius and disappearing.

"You certainly know how to get your way don't you Miss Potter." Griphook chuckled as the three Marauders stared at her in shock.
"Who me?" Harriet said, giving the goblin an innocent look. The goblin shook his head with a smile. Harri turned to the three on the couch, "You want to hear the rest of the story or listen to me explain what just happened?" They looked torn so Harri rolled her eyes, "Story now, questions later." She said firmly as she handed Remus back his wand.

"New characters!" Luna cooed.

Harri brightened, "Yes! New characters! See my third year marked the return of the notorious criminal Sirius Black!" Luna made an exaggerated 'ooo' of excitement as Sirius perked up.

"Notorious is right." Remus muttered as James laughed.

Harri grinned, "Our tale begins after my second year where I was once again with the Dursleys. They had Vernon's horrid sister, the beluga whale also known as Marge, over for several weeks much to our hero’s misery. After the beluga whale made several horrid comments about our hero’s mother, our hero inflated the whale in a bit of accidental magic and made her float away. Knowing the vile Vernon would beat her, our hero ran away!" She smiled, "Not very heroic but no one’s perfect. Anyway, when she stopped to come up with a plan on a park bench she found a mysterious black dog was watching her from across the road. It was rather stalkerish." Harri teased with a grin at Sirius, "Before our hero could confront the foul beast the Knight Bus almost ran her over in an attempt to rescue her. She was whisked away."

"While staying at the Leaky Cauldron our hero was warned that the feared criminal Sirius Black had escaped Azkaban and was thought to be coming after her. Taking that into account our hero still returned to Hogwarts. On the train our hero and the traitors were talking about the breakout and why it was thought the escapee was after her. About that time a dementor attacked the train, targeting the hero. Before the dementor could suck her soul from her, she was saved by the Good Wolf." She said with a smile at Remus, "It turned out that the Good Wolf was the new DADA professor."

"After that, nothing really show-stopping happened until Halloween. Because of the escapee our hero was banned from going to Hogsmeade, however her mates finally revealed to her a mysterious map. With that and her cloak they helped her sneak down to Hogsmeade." Harriet gave a small smile, "She later found out that they considered that their first date."

"You were a third year!" James protested.

"They're my soulmates." Harriet deadpanned, "Be grateful it was third year. Depending on how you
define a date one could argue that first year when we spent all our holiday meals together were
dates." James deflated a bit at that. "Anyway, when our hero and her mates snuck back in they found
the crazed criminal had been in the castle and tried to break into the Gryffindor rooms. He had
destroyed the fat lady's painting. Everyone was forced to sleep in the great hall while the castle was
searched. The next big thing that happened was our Heroes only failed quidditch game. Despite the
storm she noticed her stalker dog in the stands at the start of the game and then while she was
looking for the snitch she was surrounded on all sides by Dementors. Their effects made her fall off
of her broom and plummet fifty feet, resulting in two other great atrocities. The first being that bloody
Hufflepuff won." The Marauders looked scandalized and even Luna was pulling a face. "The
second was that our Heroes beloved broom was destroyed when the storm threw it into the
Whomping Willow." Harriet gave a sad sniff, while James looked sympathetic.

"Anyway, after that our Hero and her mates snuck out together for another Hogsmeade weekend.
With some spying they found the new information that the Azkaban escapee was in fact the Hero's
Godfather, which drove the Hero to speak about that with the Good Wolf." Harriet skimmed down the
page, "Next big event was Christmas. The Hero's stalker sent her a new broom, which was
temporarily confiscated when the know-it-all traitor told McGonagall that they didn't know who it
was from. Soon after the Good Wolf taught our Hero the Patronus Charm."

"What's your patronus?" James asked curiously.

Harriet smirked, "Prongs." James puffed up his chest proudly. "Moving on. The Escapee attacked
Ron which made our Hero and the traitors begin to think something was off about the story they
were told. Eventually our Heroes stalker dog, who was course the notorious Sirius Black, drug Ron
off under the Willow and the Hero and the know-it-all traitor went after him and that was when the
truth was revealed. Sirius hadn't been going for our Hero or Ron he had been after Scabbers who
was Ron's pet rat, who was actually Pettigrew who had been hiding out as the Weasley's pet for the
previous twelve years. Soon the Good Wolf showed up and reunited with Sirius, Pettigrew was
forced out of his rat form, Snape showed up and our Hero knocked him out, which was mostly on
accident," James smirked, "the rest decided to take the rat to the castle so Sirius could be freed.
Unfortunately, before they could get there the Good Wolf was turned under the light of the moon.
Sirius turned back into our Heroes stalker dog and attempted to draw him away but was waylaid by
the dementors who had been on school grounds all year to find him. A howl drew the Good
Werewolf away, our Hero ran after her stalker dog, the rat escaped, and the traitors were taken back
to the castle by Snape. In the meantime, our Hero and Sirius were surrounded by dementors, too
many for the Hero who had not yet completed her Patronus to drive off. A Patronus appeared but too
late and they both ended up passed out."

"Who cast the Patronus?" James interrupted, "And who managed to draw Moony away?"

Harriet huffed, "I'm getting to that."
"And would you stop callin' me a stalker dog?" Sirius pouted.

"No." Harri said bluntly, "You were watching me from some bushes through half that year, that's pretty stalkerish." Remus snickered and Sirius pouted harder. Harriet rolled her eyes, "Anyway, our Hero woke up in the infirmary, of course worried about her wayward stalker Godfather who she had learned was innocent. She found out he was being held in preparation to be kissed. With the help of the know-it-all traitor who conveniently had a time turner, they went back in time to save Sirius. They stole a hippogriff slated for execution due to mini Malfoy's dramatics, drew Moony away with a howl, the Hero cast a full-fledged Patronus in a moment of panic to save herself and her Godfather, then they flew on the hippogriff to the tower Sirius was being held in, our Hero broke him out of the cell, and he flew off on the Hippogriff into his new life as an escaped convict."

"A life of adventure." Luna sighed.

Harriet snickered, "More like an extended camping trip."

"Why did he run though? Surely if he was innocent he could have demanded a trial as Lord Black or you could have as his heir." Griphook said, "In fact why didn't he get a trial in the first place?"

"Everyone just assumed I was guilty." Sirius answered, "It was a time of war. Many went to Azkaban without a trial."

"As for why I didn't say anything." Harri said, "I was unaware at the time both that I was his heir and what I could do with that. Even if I had I'm sure that Dumbledore would have found a way to block it as he did the first time. He rushed the sentencing through to get Sirius out of the way." She gave a bitter smile, "After all, if he was free there would be absolutely nothing he could have done about Sirius taking me. I would have grown up with full knowledge of the magical world, been rebellious and hard to control, and willing to question what was said to me. He couldn't have his weapon anything other than downtrodden and submissive." Griphook grumbled his understanding.

Harriet nodded, "Alright, I'm going to really take fourth year down to the basics. The important part doesn't happen until the end of the year anyway. The year started off with my mates inviting me to join their family at the World Cup, there was a Death Eater attack after the game. On the way to school I found out that the Triwizard Tournament had been started up again."

"Why do I get a bad feeling about that?" James grumbled.
Harriet laughed, "Because I'm pretty sure I got my shitty luck from you. Remus used to say that it was the bipolar Potter Luck attracting all this weird stuff to me." Remus nodded in agreement and James gave her a sympathetic look. "Anyway, so of course I was entered despite being under the age restriction they had put up for safety. The contract was apparently unbreakable so I had to compete or lose my magic. The traitors abandoned me but my mates stuck by my side. That's really when I started to lose trust in them, I wasn't aware I was being played at the time but I did know that true friends weren't supposed to abandon you. In the end it brought me closer to my mates." She gave a soft smile, "Anyway, the first task was to get past a nesting dragon to retrieve an egg, I was paired with a Hungarian Horntail and kicked butt as usual. After that the traitors came crawling back, I think Dumbles scolded them or something. The next big thing was the Yule Ball which was fun, Fred and George asked me together and McGonagall made a point to say that only one could go with me so they spent the night switching out, trying to trick me into confusing them."

Harriet flipped through a couple pages before nodding, "Alright, after Christmas was the second task. They took George and hid him in Black Lake for me to rescue. I came back with him first but also managed to save the Beabuton Champion's person as well. When George and I found Fred afterward and I explained that they took what I would miss the most for me to save. Fred spent the next several hours pouting and George bragging until Madeye, our DADA professor for the year, overheard and told the twins that the goblet had chosen both of them as my people to save but the rules were clear that a champion could only save one so McGonagall had chosen between the two of them." Harriet laughed softly at them memory of her mates being extra cuddly after that, they had drug her off to one of the secret alcoves and they had cuddled her between them for several hours. She very carefully didn't mention that to her father.

"The third task was a maze full of dangerous creatures. I fought my way through and managed to come to the Triwizard Cup at the same time as the other Hogwarts champion. Wanting to be fair as well as get back to the entrance so my wounds could be treated I offered to grab the Cup at the same time as him so we shared the victory. The Cup didn't take us to the entrance though, it took us to a graveyard." Harriet's eyes glazed over a bit and her voice changed, "Wormtail was there. He killed Cedric, the other champion, and then managed to get me trapped by a large angel headstone. He proceeded to go through the ritual that resurrected Voldemort fully; cutting off his hand, stealing a bone from Voldemort's father, and taking blood from me. A bit of Latin later Voldemort was back." She frowned at the floor for several tense and silent seconds before Luna rubbed her knee.

Harriet shook herself out of her stupor and smiled gratefully at Luna, "Of course the arrogant asshole called his followers and gave a little impromptu speech about being disappointed in them and such. When that was done the attention came back to me. The moron wanted to prove himself capable of killing me so he let me go and started a farce of a duel. Eventually, due to the fact we had brother wands, our spells connected and created a dome around us. Spirits of the people he'd killed started breaking out of his wand, a couple people later mum came out." She looked to her father who was looking forlorn, "I always wondered why your spirit didn't come out as well but I guess I know now. Anyway, mum told me to hold the connection for a bit longer then when I finally had to break it she had the other spirits rush Voldemort so I had enough time to grab Cedric's body and the Cup to get back to school. Dumbledore in all his infinite wisdom didn't even allow me time to be treated for the wounds I had received both from the tournament and the little Voldemort detour, he forced me to his office so I could tell him what happened. After that Moody offered to take me to the hospital wing but instead took me to his office where it seemed he had gone even more insane than normal. Turned
out it was Barty Crouch Jr. polyjuiced as Moody and he was the one to put my name in the cup. My mates arrived just as I managed to subdue Crouch, they sent an elf for Dumbledore, then made sure I finally got medical attention. Thus ended fourth year."

"You just can't catch a break can you Prongslet." Sirius sighed.

Harri gave him a lopsided smile, "My mates and family outweigh the bad."

"I've liked what I've heard about them so far but they must be pretty kickass for you to think they balance out all the shit you've been through princess." James said softly.

Harri smiled wide, "They're the best. Truly."

James nodded, "Then I will be happy to welcome them into our family."

Harriet's smile turned blinding, "Thanks Dad." She looked back down to her journal and winced, "Fifth year. So I was back at the Dursleys once again, I was completely cut off. No one sent me letters or anything, after what had just happened I'm sure you understand why that put me into a bit of depression."

"Why wouldn't we have sent you anything?" Remus asked with a frown.

"Dumbledore had you both convinced it was for my safety, that your letters would be tracked. Never mind that there are other ways to communicate or that there are spells to put on letters to protect them." Harri said, rolling her eyes. "The traitors of course followed their employer’s orders. My mates managed to get one through but after that Dumbledore caught all of the other letters and destroyed them after realizing he couldn't read them."

"We always were too trusting of the old man." Sirius grumbled, "Look what’s to come of it."

Harriet grinned, "Now you’re getting it." She looked back to the journal, "Where was I? Ah yes. I was in a bit of depression from being cut off. When at the park, about to be beat up by Dudley I was attacked by dementors who I found out much later were sent by the Ministry in a bid to get me out of the way. I tried making a run for it to adhere to the statue and everything but they followed us and began to kiss Dudley. My whole 'saving people thing' came up and I couldn't just let the waste of space die at the time so I cast my Patronus. The lead to me being charged with the use underage
magic as well as use of magic in front of a muggle. I went to trial and they tried to claim that the
dementors hadn't really been there; they made no attempt to make a formal investigation, no attempt
to question me under veratiserum, just said I was a child trying to show up my muggle cousin. Then
Dumbledore came and got me declared innocent."

"Only thing that man is good for." Remus grumbled.

Harri smiled at him, "Yes. Anyway, after that I was taken to Grimwauld Place for the first time.
Sirius had offered it up to the newly reinstated Order of the Phoenix for their headquarters. All the
Weasley's had practically moved in. Later I found out that Molly used that access to administer a bit
of a top off on the love potion I was receiving. It never worked like it was supposed to because, even
though we didn't know and hadn't completed the bond, the nearness of my Soulmates countered the
potion. Then I went back to school," she smiled down at Luna, "That's when I met my dear sister for
the first time." Luna gave Harri a bright smile, her eyes clear. "We met when I saw the threstrals for
the first time. She explained them to me, that I could only see them because I had seen death."

Sirius frowned, "So you haven't technically met yet? This time around I mean. How did she know to
come here? And that you two were close enough to consider each other sisters?"

Harri's smile brightened, "Luna is a special kind if Seer. She doesn't get visions like a traditional
Seer. She just Knows things, some of which she can share, some she can't."

Luna looked over to three men, "The Nargles tell me things as well. They told me all about the last
time I sided with Harriet and then earlier I Knew that she would need my support for this
conversation."

"I am glad your here." Harri said, leaning down and giving the blonde an awkward sideways hug.
When she pulled back she checked her spot in her journal, "Ah yes, at school we discovered that the
Ministry was interfering at Hogwarts, they had appointed a horrid woman as the DADA professor.
She was truly terrible, like I would take Voldemort holding me under constant crucios to this woman
if that tells you anything. I and the twins took to calling her Umbitch. Anyway, Umbitch completely
ruined DADA. She didn't allow us to practice, it was only book work, spouting off nonsense like we
would never need it and if we knew the theory well enough we wouldn't have trouble on the off
chance we would actually need it. She also gave horrible detentions, forced students to write with a
blood quill every time. The Ministry granted her a lot of power in the school, she made decrees that
everyone had to follow, reviewed all of the teachers and fired a bunch, and she replaced Dumbledore
as Headmaster. Eventually however she became convinced the Dumbles was hiding a secret weapon
out in the woods and had me and the know-it-all traitor show her. The centaurs came across us and,
after she made several derogatory comments, she was drug off by the herd."

"While all that was happening I was also teaching almost the entire school DADA on the sly and
dealing with visions from Voldemort. The DA was the traitor’s idea, I went along with it because I was going to practice on my own anyway and the twins convinced me I was a good teacher. So we held this club secretly, as clubs had been prohibited by Umbitch, in the Room of Requirement."

Harriet stopped as the three Marauders gasped, "What?"

"We looked for the Room of Requirement our entire time at Hogwarts but by the end was convinced it was a myth!" James said excitedly.

Harri cocked an eyebrow, "Did you ever ask the elves?"

Sirius pouted, "It’s not real exploring if you get directions."

Harri laughed, "Well if it makes you feel any better I wasn't looking for it. When the elves told me about it I had only asked for a safe room big enough to teach a large group in."

"It doesn’t." Remus huffed.

Harriet looked amused at all of their reactions, "Very well then. So we used the RoR for our club meetings and I successfully taught everything up to the Patronus before we were caught and disbanded. The visions from Voldemort, well the visions showed me various things he was doing and one even allowed me to save Arthur Weasley's life when he was bitten by Voldemort's snake Nagini. Dumbledore decided though that if Voldemort happened to use the connection to see into my mind it could be a problem so he ordered Snape to teach me Occlumency which of course went terribly. Also, apparently Voldemort found out or was already aware I was getting visions from him. He used that to lure me to the Department of Mysteries to retrieve the prophecy about us."

James frowned, "You're very smart princess, didn't you think that might be a trap?"

"Of course." Harriet snapped, "But the vision showed him torturing Sirius and when I woke up I couldn't get an answer on the mirrors." James winced and nodded in understanding, "Anyway, so I, Luna, Neville Longbottom, my mates, and the traitors went to the Ministry. When we got to the DoM, Death Eaters were waiting for us and demanded that I retrieve the prophecy. I did but instead of giving it to them I sent the shelves toppling and we ran. We ended up jumping out of a door that fell down into a room that held the Veil Arch. The Death Eaters followed us and we began to fight. Soon Sirius, Remus, and the rest showed up to help." Harriet began to fidget and Luna sat up and moved to wrap her arms around Harri, James and Remus frowned at her in confusion. It became clear though when she started again, though this time a bit shakily, "I and Sirius were fighting together near the veil when two different spells hit him and sent him back into the veil." The Marauders eyes all went wide at this.
Harriet clutched Luna for support but continued on nonetheless, "I thought at the time the it was all Bellatrix. She was the one I saw send the spell but later after I reviewed my mates and Luna's memories I saw that Moody had sent a spell at the same time. His was lethal, Bella's was just supposed to throw Sirius off balance so she had an opening. It was on Dumbledore's orders." Remus began to curse under his breath and Harri gave him a weak smile, "I went after Bellatrix as soon as it happened and held her under the Cruicatis for two minutes."

"You cast an Unforgivable and didn't get caught?" James asked with a raised eyebrow.

"With all the other dark magic that was going on at the Ministry that night it got lost among the others." Harriet said, she wiped quickly at her eyes, "Before I could do anything else with Bella, Voldemort showed up. He distracted me so Bella could get away. We fought a bit but I wasn't in the right mind to do anything. Dumbledore swept in and fought Voldemort a bit, then Voldemort tried to possess me through our connection. I managed to push him out and he retreated but not before all the Ministry fools who thought I was crazy showed up and saw him. After Voldemort escaped Dumbledore tried to get me to stay with him to face the press but my mates got me out quickly. That was pretty much it for my fifth year."

"Sixth Year was pretty light event wise. It was mostly information and the building of mine and my mate’s suspicions. Dumbledore used my status as Savior to get Slughorn to come back to school. I spent the rest of my summer avoiding the traitors, who had become clingy and a bit pushy which I later found out was because Dumbledore thought my mates were turning me from him and I was plotting something bad with them. Dumbledore gave me a few 'lessons' throughout the year where he pussyfooted around the existence of the horcruxes. He himself had gotten cursed retrieving one of them, though Snape had managed to counter it. Through all of this I was beginning to see several things for what they were. My 'friends' weren't loyal to me, they were loyal to Dumbledore and, despite all his talk, Dumbledore didn't really care if I got hurt."

Harriet tapped her fingers against her journal in slight agitation, "That’s when I started questioning every interaction I had ever had in the Wizarding World. The only ones I found to be genuine were the interactions with my mates, Luna, Neville, and mini Malfoy of all people (even if it was only genuine hate). I started writing my suspicions to the twins, who at that point were out of Hogwarts, and we began setting plans in motion."

"But we couldn't truly start until school ended for the summer. Before that happened, Dumbledore took me to hunt for the locket, though after that fiasco we found out it had been replaced by Regulus who begun to turn away from Voldemort."

"Regulus was coming over to the light?" Sirius breathed.
"Yes, he started having doubts after Voldemort started going crazy over taking out a one-year-old. Unfortunately, he was killed by the inferi who surrounded the locket before he could come over." Harriet said with a sad smile. Sirius slumped in his seat and James patted his back gently. "After we retrieved the fake locket Dumbledore had Snape help fake his death so that Snape's loyalty wouldn't be in question with the dark. They let school out early because of this. After Dumbledore's fake funeral I was able to put the first plan into action which was going to Gringotts."

"There I found out the extent of my problems. Dumbledore had set it up with the previous manager to have payments going from my account to him, the Dursleys, the Order, and Mrs. Weasley since about a month after I was placed at the Dursleys. Later on Ron, Hermione, Ginny, and Madeye were added. Dumbles had also placed a bind on my magic, set several compulsions on me, and gave me a slew of loyalty and soul bond suppression potions as well as the love potion keyed to Ron. They also found the horcrux in my head."

"He bound your magic?!" Remus exclaimed, "That could have turned you into a squib or worse!"

"The sanity of Dumbles is not the current concern though we may come back to it later." Harriet giggled, "Anyway, I got all of that taken care of, claimed my Ladyship's, appointed Griphook to manage all the accounts under my name, then went to meet the twins at their apartment above their shop. The second we saw each other the freed soul bond reacted and we..." she cleared her throat and ducked her head to cover her blush, "bonded."

"Well you guys better not bond this time around until your twenty!" James said sternly.

Harriet rolled her eyes, "First of all dad, there are ways to partially complete the soul bond without jumping straight to sex. We only did because we were already suppressing feelings for each other and the soul bond had been compressed for so long and under the strain of a love potion. Secondly I don't want to hear it from you. I had access to the Marauders Journal last time. I am well aware that you lost your virginity fourth year. And that wasn't even to your soulmate. You losing your virginity at fifteen to a sixth year Hufflepuff loses you the right to complain about how I lose mine this or last time around."

James was beet red at this point and Sirius was laughing at his friend's embarrassment. Remus simply smiled at Harriet, "I'm sure you'll know when the time is right."

Harriet returned his smile, "Thank you." She waited until her father and Sirius calmed down before continuing. "After we found out who we truly were to each other things changed. I was originally going to hunt for the horcruxes with Neville and Luna but discovering they were my mates we knew we couldn't and didn't want to be apart that long. So they left their joke shop in the hands of their friends Lee and Angela and came with me on the hunt. It took a year but we destroyed all of the horcruxes but two before managing to make it back to Hogwarts. The school became a battle
ground, Voldemort was trying to take over but they had the Order and the students I had trained to go against. Moony went down in that battle, taking out Greyback." Remus gave a small bittersweet smile. "We quickly destroyed the diadem, I sent Neville after the snake, and I and the twins went up against Voldemort. We succeeded in sending his own Avada Kedavra back at him just seconds after Neville killed Nagini."

Harriet sighed, "After the battle we got two weeks. Two weeks to mourn all the losses and rest before Dumbledore started getting serious about the keeping me under his control. Ron showed up at the twins’ apartment where we were staying at the time and proposed to me like we had been dating for years which never happened." Harriet shuddered in disgust, "The twins reacted rather violently to that, which I found hilarious. In the end it resulted in everyone in Diagon Alley knowing exactly who my soulmates were. That got back to Dumbledore and he didn't like it but he didn't give up. He tried to get my soulmates to go along with his plan. Which was to marry me to a Weasley, get me pregnant, and then kill me once they had control of the child and all of the money. My mates refused of course and that made Dumbledore very angry. Before he could enact the next part of his plan I and my mates went to Gringotts were they officially left their family, managing to take the Prewett Lordships on a technicality. When we left Gringotts we were met by Dumbledore, who had assembled a mob and proclaimed me a rising Dark Lady. Just as the spells started flying my mates used a portkey we had just received for one of their properties to escape. That's how we ended up in America."

Harriet closed her journal and shifted in her seat, "Now I'm going to skim over the last seven years because it would involve a long in depth conversation about many aspects of muggle culture and most of the events won't matter this time because I'm being selfish and want the rest of my family back and don't want to wait another seven or more years for that to happen."

"We made it to New York however were picked up on a camera by a man named Tony Stark who would eventually become like a big brother to me. He is part of a group of extraordinary muggles who have powers and use it to protect the earth, they are called the Avengers. The Avengers are made up of Tony, a genius who made a flying metal suit; Steve Rodgers, a super soldier who goes by the name Captain America; James “Bucky” Barnes, another super soldier who goes by the name the Winter Solidier; Clint Barton, an archer and master assassin who goes by Hawkeye; Natasha Romanoff, a master assassin who goes by the name Black Widow; Thor, God of Thunder, and Bruce, a scientist who turns into an indestructible green giant named Hulk when he gets angry. They had already had a scare with a couple of magic villains and came after us to assess us, subtly at first and then bolder as their tactics failed to get past our magic. We didn't officially meet until Loki escaped and tried to take over New York again."

"Loki?" James questioned.

Harriet grinned, "Norse God of Mischief, Loki. He became part of the family too."
"You consider the God of Chaos and Lies family?" Sirius squeaked, his expression excited.

Harri nodded, "Yep, he taught me a bunch of stuff. You'll get to meet him eventually." Her eyes sparkled with amusement, "Maybe you can tell him about the shrine."

"Oh dear Merlin not the shrine." Remus moaned.

"Anyway, they were going up against him and having some trouble. My mates and I were trying to get the civilians to safety before I got caught up in the action as usual, when I got closer to Loki I saw a few signs of what I recognized as Imperius but I later found out was a different form of control. I forced my way into his mind and cleared out the presence that was controlling Loki. The rest is history, after I explained to the Avengers, SHIELD, and Asgard what happened they pardoned Loki and asked myself and the twins to be consultants, which we agreed too. After that for about a year they would just show up randomly and we slowly became a family. We moved into Avengers tower and helped them out when they had trouble, had adventures, and were generally happy for four years before disaster hit. Dumbledore came after us again, we were never sure if he ever truly lost us or was simply biding his time but he came ready to finish me. We were thrown back into war with a single attack, that was the attack Dumbledore killed my son and took down the Avengers tower." Fury flashed in her eyes. "He had managed to make an agreement with Thanos, the one who was controlling Loki, so he had the full might of the chitauri as well as most of Wizarding Britain behind him."

"Why would he go from wanting to get your child to just killing you?" Remus asked.

"He declared war on me when proclaimed me a rising Dark Lady so in the eyes of the Goblins, as long as my mates were dead and I had no offspring he could claim ALL of my accounts by right of conquest." Harri said.

"How did we never see that he was so messed up?" James muttered.

"We grew up being told he was all that was light and good in this world, the champion of muggleborns, the defeater of Grindelwald." Sirius growled.

Harri gave them sad smiles, "Anyway, because of all that we moved everyone here to keep safe and then later we moved to LeFay castle when Asgard sent us soldiers to fight with us and SHIELD needed a base." Harriet continued, "We fought for three years until we came to the final battle. Thanos was getting impatient and Dumbledore had to deliver." Harriet let out a shaky breath, "He knew I wouldn't just engage without purpose so he had Fred and George killed. Then when he and his army showed up the next day and managed to bring down the wards we fought. It went on for
hours, almost the entire day, until I was the only one left standing on my side." Harriet's face hardened and her eyes flashed icy blue, "That's when Glacia brought us back, so I could fix what happened, protect my mates and my family, and avenge my child who never got the chance to live."

She stared into the plush carpet unseeingly for several tense and silent seconds before she shook herself out of it and looked up, "So, that's my story."
Harriet looked down at Luna, "Did I miss anything important Luna?"

"Glamours." The blonde replied, sitting up to be out of the way.

Harriet brightened a bit, "Ah yes!" She let her glamours fall, making her shoot up a couple inches in height. Her hair puffed out a bit as her feathers ruffled in agitation at the concealing magic being lifted. She ran her fingers through her wild hair and sighed happily, "Much better."

"What's with the hair pup?" Sirius asked.

"When Glacia forced the burn day I was still in human form, which led to this. We don't know if it will disappear on our next burn or not. Not only are ice phoenixes rare but people with magical animagi in general are rare." Harriet said with a bit of a shrug, "Its a guessing game. But I kinda like it." She settled back in her seat again, "So, questions?"

"So can we trust any of the Weasley's other than your mates?" Remus asked.

"Charlie for sure, Bill if we can get to him in time, but the others are either in on it or too attached to Dumbledore and Molly." Harriet said.

"I call in Curse Breaker Weasley to assess him." Griphook said, "He would be of great help to you moving forward." Harriet inclined her head in agreement.

"And what about Snivellus?" James asked, "I couldn't tell if he was working for Dumbledore or not from what you told us."

"Technically he's working for me, even if he doesn't act like it." Harriet said, "Dumbledore made
him swear an oath to protect me when he came over from the Dark. He died at the Battle of Hogwarts not knowing he was being played by Dumbledore." She fixed all three of the Marauders with glares, "If I can bring him into the fold I expect you to be grown-ups and leave that stupid nickname behind, you aren't in school anymore and I won't tolerate bullies. A laugh is fine, bullying is not."

James blinked several times, "Dear Merlin you sound like your mother." Harriet's eyes narrowed and immediately James threw his hands up, "Fine, if you can bring him to our side I will do my best to act like an adult." Remus and Sirius nodded in agreement.

"Good, now I'm going to outline what I want to do in the next couple years but if you guys wish to remain ignorant and stay out of another war I won't fault you. I can stay at a LeFay property, no problem." Harri said, a bit nervous.

James softened, "Don't be ridiculous princess. I'm with you until the end. Whatever you need."

"Yeah Prongslet. You may be the focus of his plans but he screwed all of us over. We've got your back." Sirius added.

Remus nodded, "Pack sticks together."

Harriet let out a breath of relief, "Thank you." They all smiled at her and nodded. "Now I'm going to go over the basics of what I have and we can work to refine them as we go and as we gather more resources." She waved her journal, "This is the control book but I had the elves get me others that I will spell to copy and connect to this one so everyone will know what's going on." She looked to the Marauders, "This has the more in depth parts of the story, I ask that if there is something you don't like you come to me first, I won't let my plans be ruined because you want revenge for something most of these people haven't done yet."

James narrowed his eyes, "What exactly is in there that you think we may exact Justice, Marauder style?"

"Many things." Harri said vaguely, "I didn't have a pleasant next fourteen years and I won't pretend I did." She crossed her arms, "Now promise."

James crossed his arms as well and simply stared his daughter down until Remus jumped up and got between them, "We promise we won't exact revenge in a way that would jeopardize your plans."
"Moony!" Sirius whined.

Remus ignored him as Harriet considered this, "Fine." She said finally, "But if it interferes I will exact revenge." Remus nodded in agreement and shot James and Sirius warning glares. Harriet continued, "So, as I was saying everyone will get a book. The big over-arching plan that will take about seven years to complete is the gradual ruining of Dumbledore's reputation, that way if it comes to it again and he declares me a rising Dark Lady the requirements won't be met for him to claim conquest rights even if he does manage to kill me. The ruining of his reputation that I have in mind will eventually have people seeing him as worse than Grindelwald or Voldemort so that when I take him down and I will, that's a nonnegotiable fatality in this war, the people won't turn against me and attempt to put me in Azkaban."

"How?" Remus asked even as Sirius and James sat forward eagerly.

"Easy, running the kind of long scam he's doing is bound to leave trails and even an accomplished con artist leaves a few loose ends than can be tugged on. We need to work in the realm of facts though, we can't just come out of the gate accusing him. We have to have facts with attached irrefutable proof, then if he denies it he gets a reputation as a liar and if he doesn't the things brought to light bring him into more immediate question." Harriet said.

"You do have this planned out." Griphook chuckled, "How do you plan to start? We will need time to dig for things."

Harriet threw on her glamours and gave him a wide eyed innocent look, "Griphook, aren't you aware that poor naive little Harriet Potter is rejoining the wizarding world? She just won't know what to do if she is accosted by a certain Daily Prophet reporter when she is shopping."

Griphook grinned, "Why it may be disastrous for Dumbledore if certain things come to light, the worried citizens of the wizarding world were assured their hero was safe."

Harri dropped her glamours with a laugh, "And then after that blow we can oh so subtly dangle pieces to debase Dumbledore. And if we can get Skeeter on the payroll, even better."

Griphook nodded, "Find a way to send her to me and I will get it sorted."

Harriet nodded, "I'll more than likely do that next year after I've established a bit of an image for
myself so that when people read about it they won’t question my word. While that article is going out and the masses are reacting we will have time to go out and find proof of Dumble's other issues. So that's the big one at this time for the Headmaster, I have a few mini plans for him but that's mostly for my own enjoyment." She gave a small grin, "Now on to Voldie."

"The plan is to destroy all of the other horcruxes before fourth year then when he tries to resurrect himself I take him out completely. That actually works with the big plan as well because I can come back and say I defeated Voldemort and without knowing that we already took care of the horcruxes Dumbles will still try to say he's alive and coming back. The marks don't disappear immediately with his death, they just slowly fade out so that will work in our favor. Dumbledore will take every opportunity after that to say the Dark Lord is returning in an attempt to prepare the aurors and rally the people however with him truly being gone he will come across as crazy." Harriet said, reading over her plan, she looked up, "Questions? Comments?"

"Do you know the location of all the other horcruxes?" Sirius asked.

"Only most of them." Harri admitted sheepishly, "But the only two I'm unsure of is Nagini, because I'm not certain whether he made her one before or after his fall and the cup because when I tracked it down last time Bellatrix had put it in her vault and invoked an emergency seal on it. I'm not sure if it's there now or if she put it there after Voldemort broke her out."

Griphook raised a wispy eyebrow, "An emergency seal can't be undone by anyone but the one who placed it. How did you get the cup?"

Harriet blushed and looked away from the goblin, "I and my mates may have broken into Gringotts."

Griphook's eyes went wide, "And you survived?" Harriet nodded, "How?!"

"Polyjuice and a stolen key to get past the front desk, fast reflexes to avoid the thief’s downfall, specialized rune decoder to break the seal, temporary stasis powder to counter the gemino curse, and then an overpowered blasting hex to break the chain on the dragon so we could ride it out of the line of fire." Harriet said, shifting in her seat.

"You rode a dragon?!" James and Sirius exclaimed.

Harriet frowned, "It was just a little Norwegian Ridgeback. The Hungarian Horntail I outflew was three times that size."
"Miss Potter." Griphook interrupted, Harriet looked over to him nervously. "Gringotts would love to obtain the memory of that in an effort to shore up security in our establishment. What would the price of such an acquisition be?"

Harri breathed a short sigh of relief before smiling at Griphook, "It shouldn't be too much. Just the employment of Curse Breaker Weasley under your direct authority for a period of at least four years, he would be a wonderful asset to our team."

Griphook gave her a toothy grin, "I will have it drawn up the second I get back."

Harriet nodded, "And I will provide the memories in question when I receive the contract."

"You two are a bit scary." Sirius commented, Harriet laughed while Griphook smirked.

"As I was saying," Harri continued, "those two are the only horcruxes I am unsure of. However, Nagini will be at Voldemort's resurrection one way or the other and there are ways to allow Griphook to look into Bellatrix's vault that we can use."

She flipped a couple pages in her journal before stopping, "Okay, the Avengers plan. Right now they aren't a team yet, in fact most of them aren't aware of each other. Tony just became Ironman a few months ago, Steve hasn't been thawed out from the ice yet, Thor and Loki are in Asgard, Bruce is off in Africa somewhere, Bucky is still under Hydra's control, and Clint and Natasha are just SHEILD agents at the moment. Being who they are, they are all wary of new people so I will have to go with the slow approach for them, gain their trust and curiosity over time and from afar." Harriet said, "That plan has several phases that I won’t be able to begin until I go shopping again. I only had the elves get my essentials and some of the stuff is muggle equipment that I will have to get myself."

"The two big plans in that grouping is saving Bucky and saving Loki," she sat back and crossed one of her legs over the other, "I wrestled for a good while on when to go extract Loki. I knew I had to wait until after Odin rejected him. I wanted to wait until he made a big ruckus at SHEILD and in Germany so we would know exactly how to stop the invasion, but Loki would have had to go through torture by the Other. In the end I couldn't wait, as with any of a phoenixes chosen, I will prevent my chosen pain when I can. So I have planned for me to go to Asgard and save Loki just as he's falling into the void."

"You can travel to Asgard?" Remus asked curiously.
Harriet nodded, "Loki showed me the secret paths between the branches of Yggdrasil and my flames can take me that far if I'm not drained or want to do it multiple times in a short period."

"Can we go with you?" James asked excitedly.

Harriet looked amused, "Maybe after I get Loki pardoned. When I go to get him I'll have to flame us away directly. Last time Thor told me about some Phoenix laws that would pardon me and excuse Loki but I don't know if he made those up or if they're real." James huffed but nodded in understanding.

"The plan for Bucky is hard and easy at the same time, hard because I don't know which Hydra base he's in and depending on that it may be harder to break in to get him. It's a bit easier because once I use legilimency to clear the mind control and help him assimilate and get past some of his nastier memories he will trust me a bit easier. At least that's how it happened last time. Again, for that plan I need some muggle equipment and probably won't attempt the break out until next year even if I can find him. I need time to build my body back to a state where I can maneuver easier." She looked around to see if anyone had questions but saw only understanding in their faces.

Harriet clapped, "Excellent, the only other set plan I have is taking my OWLs and NEWTs early so I can leave Hogwarts at any time should something go wrong."

"Leave Hogwarts?!!" Sirius shouted, "You mean you're going back?! Even with all that's going to happen?" Harriet frowned and opened her mouth to reply but her dad jumped in.

"I won't allow you to go near Dumbledore again!" James said, jumping to his feet, "We can coordinate everything from here, but you won't go back to that school!"

Harriet jumped up to face her father, "I will NOT leave my mates there without protection! I will be going back to school, whether you like it or not!"

"No! Bring your mates here if you must but you won't go back!" James practically growled, "You won't go somewhere where we can't protect you!"

"If it was only my mates that were in danger I would but being there and keeping a cover will allow us insight into the other side as well as allows me to protect the other innocent students who will be in danger whether I'm there or not!" Harri argued, "As for you not being able to get to me, not only
are you guys the fucking Marauders but two-thirds of you is considered dead! I'm pretty sure you can find a way into the school that you mapped out as a bunch of fourth years!"

James had no argument for that but was still blinded by his worry, "I won't allow it!" He repeated.

Harriet's eyes went icy and her face closed off, the temperature in the room dropped in seconds and the feathers in her hair started to shed blue flames, "I would like to see you try and stop me." She said in a deadly tone before spinning on her heel and stalking out of the room.

James went to go after her but Remus stopped him with a hand on his shoulder, "Don't." He warned.

Luna stood from the couch and walked over to face James, she waited until he looked down at her, "Worry won't help her. She's a survivor and she always will be. You all will be with her to help and protect her, you just need to clear the last of the Wrackspurts from your heads and get back to thinking like Marauders." She said before turning and following after Harriet.

Griphook stood and approached them as well, Sirius huffed, "Do you have save advice for us too?"

"No," Griphook said, "Just a warning. If you want to be able to stand with her then you better respect her decisions. She may look like a child but she is really a twenty-five-year-old who, by the sounds of things, had to grow up much to quickly and was basically a war general. Treating her as a porcelain doll who needs protected and decisions made for her will be the fastest way to drive her beyond your reach. Let me be the first to assure you that she has the resources to do so. Without your inheritances she already stands to inherit the Slytherin, LeFay, and Ambrosius headships before I leave this evening."

"LeFay and Ambrosius?" Remus questioned, "How...?"

Griphook straightened, "The late Lady Potter was the last descendant of the LeFay line, putting Harriet next in line and the Ambrosius was a surprise even she is currently unaware of. Merlin never had any children but she met the requirements that Merlin set forth for someone to inherit his estate, she will inherit it all." He folded his long fingered hands in front of him as he stared right at James, "I would let her cool off then go to her. She'll listen if your reasonable. She doesn't want to lose any of her family." He went to leave be before turning back to James, "Ah, I almost forgot. When Harriet said she was going to save you I took the liberty of retrieving this from your vault." He passed over a slim piece of wood, "Seems Dumbledore allowed it to be stored at the time of your supposed death as per Potter tradition." With that he left.
James stared down at his wand blankly for several seconds before groaning, "What did I do?"

"You were worried and overreacted." Remus said softly, "You'll have to apologize and try to explain why you acted like that."

"I just don't want her near that manipulative old coot." James groaned, "We won't be able to protect her if she's discovered."

"Griphook was right, she was and more than likely will continue to be a war general." Remus said softly, "She's probably got plans and back up plans and back up plans for the back up plans. She's not going to be caught easily."

"And we won't leave her by herself." Sirius said confidently, "She was right, we are the fucking Marauders! We'll be at that school with her even if we have to teach snot nose brats under glamours or de-age ourselves and go through school all over again!"

James started to relax and began to nod, "Yeah." A grin came across his face, "Yeah! We can do that! If she's going back whether we like it or not, we'll tag along whether she likes it or not!"

Remus gave them an indulgent smile, "Ah, I remember those scheming faces." James chuckled and flicked his wand to erect a privacy bubble around them.

Sirius grinned, "Hell yeah! Marauder planning session! Operation: Protect Prongslet!"

When Griphook left, he only had to walk back to the receiving parlor before finding the girls. Luna was hugging Harriet tightly from behind as she stood in front of the floo, clearly wanting to escape. "Miss Potter." Griphook interrupted, slightly uncomfortable with the emotional display.

Harriet flinched but looked up, "Oh, Griphook. I'm sorry you had to see all that. Emotions aren't very practical in business."

Griphook gave her a close lipped smile, "No they aren't Miss Potter but in a case such as yours I can understand how they will tend to creep in. As your manager I will attempt to separate the emotions in such instances so our time together will be profitable."
"It's much appreciated." Harri said, she squeezed Luna's arms where they were wrapped around her torso gratefully.

Griphook nodded, "Before I left to get things on my end started I wanted to make sure you got your Ladyships, heirships, and a report of all that will be available to you once you receive them. Are you ready to receive them?"

Harriet nodded seriously and watched as Griphook withdrew and resized six boxes which he sat on the table next to them, "Six?" Harri frowned, "I only knew of five."

Griphook brightened and actually looked excited, "After I read your inheritance parchment I found it, I assume you aren't aware of it so you must have completed the requirements before or as you left your last timeline." Harri raised an eyebrow at him and he picked up a carved wooden box and opened it facing her, "The House of Ambrosius. You have at some point between your last inheritance test and this one fulfilled the requirements set forth by Merlin, allowing you to inherit all he owned." Harri gaped at the ring in the box, it held a delicate silver dragon figurine that had a green stone on its back. "It's the same words used for the others," Griphook encouraged, "Just say them and offer your hand to it."

"I, Harriet Rose Potter, claim headship of House Ambrosius by my right as chosen descendant."

"Indeed Lady Ambrosius." Griphook chuckled, he closed and shrunk the box before sliding it back into his coat. "Now for the others, I'm sure you remember how do claim them." Harriet nodded and repeated her words over each ring as it was presented to her. Only three did the words change but that was for Potter, Gryffindor, and Black, she just had to change 'headship' to 'heirship' for those three. Griphook put the last of the boxes away and looked back up to Harriet, "You are now Lady Ambrosius-LeFay-Slytherin, Heir to houses Gryffindor, Potter, and Black. How would you like to be addressed?"

"Lady LeFay for now Griphook. Let's keep the others close to us so our enemies may be surprised." Harriet said with a smile.

"Of course my Lady." Griphook said with a slight bow, he handed her four rolls of parchment, "These are the current holdings of each of your Ladyships as well as a more updated balance of your trust vault." He folded his hands in front of him, "Anything else you would like me to attend to
before I take my leave?"

Harri nodded, "Take a sum of 200,000 galleons from the main LeFay vault and create a new one, shift the withdrawals that Dumbledore has set up to that one and monitor it closely. I don't like that their stealing money from me but I will give them a chance to be decent people and change their minds or I will take it all back from them at their most desperate moment." Griphook gave her a toothy grin and nodded, "Also, take 500,000 galleons from the Slytherin vault that receives the Slytherin share of Hogwarts tuition and have it placed in my trust to counter all of the supplies I will be purchasing. It won’t make even a dent in that account." Griphook nodded, "Finally, take 10,000 galleons from the main Slytherin vault and have it find its way to your account to compensate you for the time you spent here today. Of course another 10,000 may find its way there as well when you have sent me the contract for Cruse Breaker Weasley."

Griphook gave her a surprisingly bright smile, took out a small book and wrote in it quickly. The book glowed green and he looked up at her, "The transfers are done. I will have to set up the new vault at Gringotts. The contract will be to you by lunch in two days-time as I need to coordinate with the Egypt branch." Harri gave him an understanding nod, "Will that be all Lady Lefay?"

Harri's lips turned up at the familiar line, "That will be all Griphook. May your gold ever flow."

"And may your enemies fall before your blade." Griphook responded before bowing and flooing out.

Harriet sighed and wriggled free of Luna's arms so she could give her a mischievous smile, "I think they've earned the right to fret a bit. Why don't we go ask your father if you can accompany me out to the muggle world for shopping and a bit of pampering?"

Luna gave her a wide smile, "That would be quite fun big sister."

Harri nodded, "Then let's go."
Hey Jarvis!

Chapter Summary

Harri comes back from shopping and talks to Jarvis

Chapter Notes

Happy Thanksgiving! In honor of the holiday your getting a double update today! That's right! FOUR CHAPTERS! Be thankful and comment!

I know a few of you wanted to see the shopping trip but in the interest of moving the story along I have skipped that(sorry!).

I don't own anything recognizable!

Noon the next day found Harriet flooing back into Potter Manor laden down with bags. Just seconds after she set the bags down she was tackled to the ground by a streak of black fur. Harri huffed and shoved at the weight on top of her, "Padfoot get off!" He licked her cheek, "Ew! Get off you great slobbering beast!" She let out a squeak of shock as a hand grabbed her by her arm, lifted her past the excitable dog, and then drew her into strong arms.

"Thank Merlin your safe." a shaky voice whispered into her hair.

Harri softened a bit and snuggled closer, "I'm fine dad."

"Do you know how worried we were?" James asked, pulling away so he could check her over, "Couldn't you have left a note? Or sent a house elf?" He stopped with a sigh when he saw her disgruntled look, "Princess, I know you're technically twenty-five and you have survived through two wars but I will always worry for you and I will always want to protect you. It's my job as your dad." He pulled away and rubbed at the back of his neck, "I'm sorry I overreacted but I just didn't want you near that manipulative old fool who almost killed you last time."

Harri softened again and she smiled at her dad, "I understand, I'm leery about being anywhere near him as well but I have plans in place to keep my cover and make sure I'm never alone with him. That's also why I'm taking my OWLs and NEWTs early, in case things get too out of control I can get out without him having an excuse to keep me there."
James gave her a weak smile, "I'll try to listen to you before I fly off the handle again."

Harri nodded, "And I'll try to get used to your overprotectiveness and take it into account."

James rolled his eyes at her, "You do that princess, I wasn't able to be there for you last time so I'll be doubly overprotective this time."

Harri's lips twitched up into a grin, "Who knew deer could be such mamma bears."

James shot her a mock scowl, "Oi! Watch it Princess!"

"Harriet!" Came a shout, both Potters looked over to see Remus being dragged into the room by Padfoot who had Remus's sweater in his mouth. Remus pushed Padfoot away and quickly wrapped Harri in a hug before pulling back and wagging a finger at her, "Don't ever do that again! We've been up all night trying to find you! What if something happened? We'd have no way of knowing!"

Sirius finally changed back and threw his arm over Harri's shoulders, "Calm down there Moony. She's obviously fine." He stopped and looked down at her, "You are fine right? I didn't smell any blood but that doesn't mean anything. We searched for you in Diagon Alley and Hogmede but you weren't there so I assume you were in a muggle town." His eyes widened and he gripped her shoulders tight, "Oh Merlin did the muggles hurt you?!" In the next instant both Sirius and Remus were checking Harriet over simultaneously.

Harri just stood there frozen, her eyes seeking her father who was just standing back laughing. "If you thought the overprotectiveness was just going to be me you were wrong." He said with amusement.

Finally, Harri put a stop to it when Sirius started frantically checking her head for wounds. She grabbed his wrist and spun him around so his arm was up his back, "Stop it." She demanded, "I am perfectly fine. Alright?" Sirius nodded with a slight whimper, Harri released him and he stood rubbing his arm with a pout.

"Promise you'll tell us if your hurt!" Remus demanded.

Harri nodded, "I promise."
The Marauders slumped in relief before Sirius perked up, "So where did you go Prongslet?"

"I have a name you know." Harri huffed as she picked up her bags again and led the way out of the room, "And if you can't remember that you can call me G. That covers both of my animagus forms."

"Ah but you'll always be Prongslet to us." Sirius crooned playfully.

"Or Fawn." Remus said with a smile.

"I'll just call you Princess like always." James said happily.

Harri gave a defeated groan and Sirius laughed, "So come on then Prongslet, where did you go?"

"To dinner with Luna in London. Then we went shopping for the muggle equipment I needed, I had the house elves bring back the big stuff once I warded it to work around and be charged by magic. Then I and Luna checked into a hotel and got mani-pedis and had ice cream. We spent the rest of the night warding and setting up the smaller bits of equipment. Then this morning Luna went home to help her father with the next Quibbler issue and I went to Diagon Alley. Ran into Skeeter and gave her the innocent act, sent her to Griphook to draw up an exclusive contract; I managed to talk her into not doing the first interview until next year but she demanded a photo shoot which should be interesting. Then I went to the Emporium to get two special birds for my Bruce and Clint plans, which I sent here. Finally, I went to Ollivander’s to get my wand." Harriet summarized.

"I wanted to go with you to get your wand." James whined.

Harri sent her dad a smile, "It’s not that exciting. Especially this time, I had him specially make my wand this time instead of having one choose me. I had him use one of my own feathers."

"Interesting." Remus said, excitement clear in his voice, "What kind of wood did you get?"

"Aspen." Harri said, she shifted her bags to her left hand and flicked her right wrist. A silvery white length of wood shot into her hand from an arm sheath, "10 inches and supple. Ollivander said that it was ideal for martial magic which is good because that's what I excel at. He said it also showed that I was strong minded and determined, which, duh." She rolled her eyes, she dropped her wand and it
Remus nodded, "It’s also ideal to bond with your ice phoenix feather as Aspen trees are only found in cold regions."

Harri nodded, "I'm just happy to have a wand again. I can do little bits of wandless magic but all the big stuff I still need my wand for." The three men nodded in agreement.

"I want my wand too." Sirius whined.

Harri smiled at him, "Once the golem dies your wand will be moved from evidence lock up to Gringotts and Griphook will be able to send it to you. You should have it by the end of the week." Sirius gave a little cheer and Remus smothered a laugh.

Finally, they came to a stop in a large normally unused room. Instead of being empty it was now filled with three long comfy couches arranged around a large flatscreen TV that was set on a long flat entertainment center that held a DVD player and several game consoles. Behind the couches along the far wall was a large half-moon desk with a large spinning office chair sitting in the center. "Oh good, they managed to get everything set up." Harri sighed as walked over to the desk and set down all her bags, she began pulling things out of them and arranging them around them room as the Marauders looked around skeptically.

"What's all this princess?" James asked as he picked up the remote warily.

Harriet looked amused, "I forgot. You’re all sheltered purebloods." Remus gave her an affronted looked, Harri raised an eyebrow at him, "So you do know what this stuff is?" He blushed and looked away, "Not all purebloods are from noble houses as you well know. Just because you weren’t stuck up rich nobles doesn’t mean you had more contact with the muggle world. Its fine." She ignored her father and Sirius grumbling at the ‘stuck up rich nobles’ comment and pointed to the TV, "That's a television. It has moving pictures with sound that tell stories." She pointed to the DVD player, "That's a DVD player. A DVD is a small disc that holds video on it that you can watch over and over." All three looked amazed and Harri grinned, "The other three boxes are game consoles but they're a bit more complicated." She walked over to the coffee table that sat between the couches and the TV with one of the bags she had expanded, she dumped out about fifty DVD cases on the table. "Why don't you pick one and we can watch while we eat lunch and I connect all the journals."

Instantly the three descended on the pile of movies while Harri moved over to her bags and pulled free her three Stark laptops. She started one scanning through SHEILD, which she had hacked last night, looking for Clint and Natasha's current location. Another she had in Hydra's network looking
for traces of Bucky. And the third she kept with her to contact Jarvis once she was done with the journals.

Over at the coffee table she heard, "Look Prongs! This one has deer!" Harri looked over to see Sirius waving around a copy of Bambi, she silently cursed Luna for sneaking that in her bag. She let out a grateful breath as they passed over it quickly, she didn’t want another nickname.

Harri called for an elf just as Remus said, "What about this one? Sounds like a Gryffindor kind of thing." Harri rolled her eyes as the other two crowded around the case eagerly, she had the elves bring them a couple plates of sandwiches and some crisps.

"Have you decided?" Harriet asked as she walked closer and sat her things down on the end of one couch.

"This one!" Sirius said excitedly, shoving the case at her.

Harri took it and smiled down at the Lion King cover, "Alright." She went over to turn on the TV and pop in the DVD. By the time she got the movie going the elves had arrived with lunch and the others had settled on the center couch. Harri sat on the couch right in front of the desk and joined them in watching the beginning. Around the time Simba was going to the gorge Harri had finished eating and had begun etching the runes in the notebooks while the three Marauders were glued to the screen. Harri gave the men a fond smile when they teared up at Mufasa’s death. As she was singing along to Hakunna Mata she started her hacking. By the time Simba's magic roar brought life back to the land Harriet was almost through.

"That was awesome!" Sirius shouted as the credits rolled, "Pup can we watch another one?" She didn't answer and the three males looked over to see her typing furiously, completely focused the screen.

"Yes!" She shouted happily, throwing both arms up. "Finally got your attention!" She quickly got up and went over to the desk, the Marauders gathered close behind her as she plugged in speakers to the computer and stepped back. On the screen programs were opening and closing before the screen went completely black and a silver Stark logo appeared on the screen. "Jarvis?" Harriet called hesitantly.

"Hello, you have been making holes in our firewalls and then fixing them. Who are you and what is your purpose?" Came a refined, even voice.
Harri relaxed so completely at the voice that she startled the Marauders who realized just how tense she had been since she found them. "Gods it's good to hear your voice Jarvis." Harri breathed, she smiled, "I'm Harriet Rose Potter and I meant no harm with making the holes and fixing them. I was just attempting to get your attention."

It was silent for several seconds, "If you are attempting to contact Mr. Stark there are simpler ways to go about it Miss. Potter."

Harri gave a light laugh, "I will meet Mr. Stark at some point but this time I really was just wanting to talk to you. I know how protective you are of your creator and wouldn't want you to view me as a threat if I just came up to him. I mean him no harm."

"You are correct that I am protective of Mr. Stark however you contacting me first doesn't negate you as a threat." Jarvis replied.

Harri nodded, "That takes time and actions. I will tell you what I am able without taking up too much of your time then give you time to go over everything. Is that agreeable?"

"Yes it is agreeable." Jarvis said.

"What about the Statue of Secrecy cub?" Remus asked.

Harriet waved him off, "They'll know eventually anyway and Jarvis won't do anything with the information unless its needed to protect Tony." She sat back in her spinning chair, "Sorry Jarvis. This is Remus by the way, he's my uncle." She pointed to him before moving onto her father and Sirius, "And this is my father James and my Godfather Sirius."

"Hello," Jarvis greeted cordially, "I am Jarvis, Tony Stark's personal A.I."

"What's A.I.?" Sirius asked with a frown.

"A.I. stands for artificial intelligence." Harri explained, "Jarvis is a person in his own right but he was programmed rather than born."
"Incredible." James said peering at the screen like a person was going to step from it at any moment.

"Alright we got a bit off track." Harri said, "Let's start with the basics Jarvis. I am a witch. The three behind me are consider wizards. We wield magic and come from a society hidden from those without magic here on Earth." She drew her wand, "This is a wand, this is how most of us channel our magic, they come in many different woods and sizes. If you ever see one of these pointed at Mr. Stark be wary. Magic can do a lot of good but it can also do a lot of bad."

The screen finally moved from the Stark logo and a blue box popped up with a picture of Harri’s wand with specs popping up around it. "Is there a way to protect Mr. Stark from magic?"

"The best practice is always to avoid spells from unknown or hostile people. However, before we go I will give you a couple sets of runes you can have etched or painted into Mr. Stark’s suit and accessories to neutralize most spells."

"And if he is hit?"

"You can call me and I will be there as soon as possible or get him to an isolated area to take care of the effects, most of the time once you are out of range of the caster the effects will drop off." Harri said, "I will show you a magic circle you can project to lead me to him if he ever needs help."

"Very well. Continue." Jarvis said.

Harri nodded, "Now, on to why I myself am so interested in protecting Tony. Through magical means I have traveled back in time and merged with my younger self. However, in the other timeline, which is now destroyed, I considered Tony Stark as part of my family. Even if we never grow close like we did last time I still want him safe and happy. Do you understand Jarvis?"

The A.I. paused for several seconds, "Do you have proof you were close with Mr. Stark?"

Harri frowned, "I can tell you some of the things he told me, but with the time difference it won’t be a lot. He did tell me that you were named after the original Jarvis who was the Stark butler. He also once told me that about three months after you came online he put in an upgrade and it went wrong, making you speak hilariously broken Spanish for a whole week before he could fix it." She tapped her chin, "Let's see. When he works in his lab he likes to have Dummy's claw come up between his arms to help but always makes a big deal about scolding the poor bot. U and Butterfingers are younger than Dummy but they're both a hundred times more mature." She looked a bit sad, "I also
know that currently his arc reactor is poisoning him and he hasn't told Pepper. He won't end up telling her until after he's fixed the problem."

"But he survived it last time, correct?" Jarvis asked, the barest bit of desperation entering his programmed voice.

"Of course Jarvis." Harri said soothingly, "He was given clues by SHEILD which led him to his father's old Stark Expo model which covered up a new element his father had discovered. He will have to create a way to synthesize it, he told me he had last time but I'm not scientifically inclined enough to understand what he said. It's called vibranium, it's what Howard used to make Captain America's shield."

Once again Jarvis was quiet for a bit before the screen went black again, "I will go over this information. Can you give me the runes and this magic circle?"

"Of course Jarvis." Harri said, "I'll also give you my phone number so you can text me questions. Just be aware that I'm going to school soon and I have keep some things quiet for now, so I won't always be able to answer right away." Jarvis gave his understanding and Harriet spent the next hour drawing a couple rune sequences for Jarvis to protect Tony with and then showing him the rotating magic circle that would alert her in emergencies and allow her to apparate directly to them even without having to have been somewhere before.

When Jarvis finally said goodbye Harriet turned to see that the Marauders where on the couch under a privacy bubble and seemed to be in an intense conversation. Harri shrugged and went about setting up the rest of her stuff. She pulled out her speakers and Stark phone, plugged her phone in, and set it to play the music she and Luna had spent the night picking out. She sang along and danced around the room as she put the DVD's in order, set up the TV's surround sound, added the desktop computer and tower, and set all of the game systems up.

Just as 'Don't Stop Believin' came on the Marauders dropped the privacy bubble and caught her singing. Sirius and Remus chuckled and James looked amused, "What's this Princess?"

Harri have them a bright grin, "I'm a phoenix, I love signing! It also spreads different feelings to people close by, depending on what I'm singing." She turned up the music a bit, "As for the song, its 'Don't Stop Believin' by Journey!" She started singing again and twirling around, James let out a happy laugh and took her hands to swing her around. Sirius offered Remus his hand with a bow and they began dancing as well.

They spent the rest of the day in the newly made play room, as Sirius deemed it. They danced
around for a good while before Harriet introduced them to the Wii which lead to an epic Wii Sports competition between Sirius and James that had Harri and Remus rolling around with laughter. Later, they settled down for a dinner of junk food and nutrition potions as Harri put in the first season of Sherlock. Just as Sherlock saved John from the Chinese terrorists they fell asleep cuddled together on the couch.
A.I.s and Birthdays

Chapter Summary

Mostly filler and a bit of Q&A.

Over the next couple days, the four kept busy. Harriet did physical training in the morning before breakfast and, after teasing them that she would be the one protecting them, the others joined in. After that they would eat breakfast together before showering, changing, and gathering in what had once been used as a ballroom. Harriet spent the next several hours training the special birds she had gotten for Clint and Bruce while the Marauders erected opaque privacy wards and went about their own thing. Harri was curious about what they were doing but knew they wouldn't tell her until they were ready. They ate lunch while they worked before stopping around two and going to the play room. The Marauders would either watch a movie or play with the Wii while Harri created some pieces of equipment for the new birds, Clint, and Bruce.

They were so into their new routine that Harri was only vaguely aware that her birthday had rolled around and that something was going on. She got up at her normal time and completed her work out but this time it was alone. Then she ate breakfast by herself and went to the completely cleared out ballroom to train with the birds. She had just fitted them with the pieces of magically protected armor she had created for them when she felt a tug on her magic.

Recognizing it as the magic circle she had given Jarvis, she conjured a large hood that would cover her face and apparated away. She landed with her wand drawn and a small ice blade in the other hand in the center of a rotating blue circle that was projected in the center of what she recognized as one of Tony's labs. "What's wrong Jarvis?" She called warily, "Is Tony hurt? Do you need help?"

She looked around and saw only the curious bots in the lab.

"I apologize for the worry Miss Potter." Cane Jarvis' voice from the ceiling. "There is no threat currently, I just wished to check that the circle did work."

Harri sighed in relief and let the ice and hood disappear, "I see. This time is fine since it was to test the circle but please refrain from doing that without warning me unless it’s an actual emergency. I was afraid something had happened already."

"Of course. I understand." Jarvis replied, "I did have secondary reason for calling you here."

Harri smiled warmly, "What can I do for you J?"
"I wish to fully scan you so I will know your signature but I also wish to get some magic readings." Jarvis said.

Harri nodded and sheathed her wand, "That's certainly doable. You will need to scan me three times though. I have three forms plus a glamour I will be using for safety purposes but you should be able to sense me under that. You could last time."

"Three forms?" Jarvis questioned, "Meaning what?"

"Wizards can undergo a process to allow them to become what is called an animagus. That means it will allow them to become an animal. There are two animagus transformations people can do. The first is one that directly reflects you, you have no choice in what this animal is. The second one can't be done unless you have done the first but you can choose this one, this one is all about will power which is why not everyone can complete it." Harri explained, "I have both of these forms as well as how I usually look, hence three forms."

"I see." Jarvis said, "If I may I'll begin with this form. I will need you to walk around a bit to get movement analysis as well." Harri nodded and began an even pace, greeting the bots by name at the far end before going back. "Very good, one moment please."

Harri stopped and patted Dum-E on his claw, "Hey buddy." The bot chirped at her and she smiled, "Have you been helping your dad?" The claw moved up and down frantically. Harri giggled, "Have you tried any new shake recipes lately?" The bot let put several chirps and a low whine. Remembering the sad sound from before Harri gave Dum-E a sympathetic pat, "He will like them, just remember he can't drink motor oil."

"Miss Potter, your second form if you would." Jarvis called. Harri nodded and changed into Godiva, Dum-E let out a startled cheap and rolled backward. Godiva meowed at him and rubbed up against his base before padding around the cleared space of the lab so Jarvis could get clear pictures. "I'm done with this form Miss Potter, one moment." Godiva sat down and wrapped her tail around her paws patiently. As she waited Dum-E and U rolled closer carefully and started to pet her awkwardly with their arms, it was a little uncomfortable but she purred anyway at the adorable bots. "Alright Miss Potter, I am ready for the third." Godiva extracted herself from the bots before giving a big jump and transforming into Glacia midair. She flew around the room, making sure to use her full wing span, before landing on Dum-E and cooing back and forth with the bot. "Excellent Miss Potter. Could you change back so I may ask some things?" Glacia glided off Dum-E and changed into Harriet quickly.

"What do you need to know?" Harri asked, straightening her clothes.
"What type of bird was your third form? I have your second as an ocelot but I couldn't match the bird to any known avian species." Jarvis reported.

"You wouldn't have been able to." Harri said, "I'm an ice phoenix, it's a magical bird. It's even rarer than a regular phoenix."

As she spoke holograms appeared around her with muggle legends on phoenixes. "Phoenixes being fire birds who burn to ash and reemerge from them whole and healthy?"

"Yes," Harri said, "Phoenixes go through burning days about once a year when they are younger, however the older they get the longer they can go without it."

"It also says that phoenixes are birds of flame." Jarvis said, pulling said bit of information directly in front of her, "How does that work with you being an ice phoenix?"

Harri held up a hand and her blue flames engulfed it, "My flames burn cold and when they are applied to something they create ice." She tossed a small fireball at the ground and it created a small area of ice where it hit.

"Very interesting." Jarvis said, the stats going a bit crazy as they ran over the ice and the fire in her hand. "Could you show me some magic so I can get some more readings?"

Harri let the flames in her hand disburse and pulled her wand, "Sure, let's start with charms." She cast a levitation charm on Dum-E, "This is a levitation charm." The bot squeaked excitedly, his arm swiveling around curiously. Harri put the bot down and hit him with a color changing charm, he changed from all black to blue, "That's a simple color change spell." Dum-E beeped happily and U and Butterfingers poked at his chassis and arm where the color change was most noticeable. She canceled the spell and giggled as the bot whined. "Glamours are also considered charms." Harri said putting on the glamour she was going to have to wear soon, before taking it right back off. "Then a little bit of conjuration." She conjured a rose which she handed to U, "That will disappear in about an hour. Permanent conjurations take way too much power to accomplish for anyone to use on a daily basis."

She walked over to a stool and pulled it into the cleared area with her, "Now for some transfiguration." She waved her wand at the stool and it turned into a goose. "Inanimate to animate object transfigurations aren't permanent however inanimate to inanimate and animate to animate usually are until the spell is canceled." The goose turned back into a stool and Harri quickly turned it
into a throne. She dropped into it, "Now a bit of defense, which is a bit tricky since I don't have someone to defend against but I can show you two." she cast her patronus and smiled as Prongs pranced around proudly, "This is a patronus, they can take many different forms but their main purpose is to drive off dementors which are creatures that make you relive your worse memories and suck out your soul."

Harri patted the stag on the nose before letting him disappear, "Finally there is Fiendfyre, the cursed flame. It can reduce anything to ash and takes a very powerful person to keep it from raging out of control." She cast it and let the flaming snake slither from the tip of her wand and over toward her other hand. She grinned at the ceiling as the snake hissed, "Question? Or is that enough for now?"

"I have obtained enough to be going off of for now, thank you Miss Potter." Jarvis said.

Harri stood, letting the snake dissipate and the stool go back to normal, "Alright, I'll be going but you know how to get in touch with me if you need to."

"Indeed Miss Potter, thank you for your help." Jarvis said, "And may I wish you a Happy Birthday."

Harri grinned, "Why thank you Jarvis." She said a quick goodbye to the bots before changing to Glacia and flaming back to the ballroom.

"There you are!" Remus called out, just as she changed back. He grabbed her hand and pulled her out of the room, "I've got something to show you cub!" He said excitedly. Harri raised an eyebrow at her uncle but allowed herself to be drug along. Finally, he stopped at the doors of the dining hall and pulled her right in front of them, then with a flick of his wand the doors flew open.

"Happy Birthday!" Came the shout from inside. Harri gave a full grin as she stepped inside to see her father, Sirius, and Luna standing in front of the table with their arms thrown up. Looking around she saw streamers thrown across the room, a large cake and a small pile of presents on the table and Griphook and Luna's father sitting there.

"Thanks guys!" Harri laughed, "This is awesome!"

"Only the best for you Princess." James chimed as Luna ran forward and hugged Harri. Looking around at the friends and family around her Harri couldn't help but feel excited for the things to come.
Chapter Summary

The twins are finally here!!!!!! Rejoice!!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Harriet stood in the receiving parlor with a small over the shoulder bag with an expanded inside, her school trunk, and Hedwig in her cage. She had only a few minutes before she could go through the floo to Platform 9 3/4 and she was still hoping that her father, Sirius, and Remus would come to see her off, but she knew that probably wasn't going to happen.

Over the last couple weeks since her birthday they had been oh so subtly trying to get her to change her mind about going back to Hogwarts, from mentioning she couldn't train physically while she was there to actually hiding her trunk in the manor somewhere. Harri had taken each instance in stride and told them that they could make as many emergency ways into the school as they liked because she was still going. They had almost immediately decked her out in a thick leather cuff that was both an emergency portkey and a way for them to track her, it also transformed with her animagus forms unlike her clothes and wand, that were taken to the pocket dimension like everyone else's when they shifted. On Glacia it was a band around her left foot and on Godiva it was a collar. When she had sent Clint and Bruce's birds out the night before they had finally stopped trying to keep her at the manor and she thought that had been the end of it. Apparently not.

Harri sighed as she cast a tempus and found it was time to go. "Idiots." She muttered sullenly. She shrunk her trunk with a quick tap of her wand to the front clasp, pocketed it, grabbed Hedwig's cage, and checked her glamours before stepping into the floo. When she arrived on the platform she made sure her scar was covered and kept her head down as she quickly boarded and found herself a compartment with a clear view of the station.

Not wanting to deal with the traitors yet, Harri cast a modified notice-me-not on the compartment door that would only allow those she saw as friends to see it before resizing her trunk up above her for the elves to take to her room and sitting down. She watched the train station carefully, waiting for the hoard of redheads that would bring her mates to her. She tensed when she saw Percy appear through the portal, knowing her mates were close behind.

George appeared first and then Fred, through the portal like rays of sun and hope through a clouded sky. Harriet forced down a lump in her throat as they high-fived then shared the grin she was so familiar with. Glacia and Godiva both shifted in her subconscious as her eyes automatically searched them for injuries or sickness she knew logically wouldn't be there. "I forgot how cute they were as
third years.” Harri muttered to herself. She watched them until they disappeared from view to get on the train.

Only then did she notice Molly Weasley, still on the platform with Ginny, looking around with a frown on her face, "Missing someone bitch?" She growled softly.

Harri was drawn away from her rage at the Weasley matriarch when she heard familiar laughter coming down the hall. "Don't spend to long harassing your brothers you two! I'll find us a compartment." Harri smiled at the sound of the twin’s friend Lee.

"Pick us a winner Lee!" Came Fred's voice.

"Make sure it's not infiltrated by Slytherins!" George added.

"Or boring book worms!" Fred called.

"Or boring Slytherin book worms!" They said in unison, Harri could just picture their dramatic shudders.

Lee laughed at their antics, "Got it!" Seconds later he slid open the door of Harriet's compartment and peered in, "Oh hello there. Sorry for just bursting in like this. Do you have people coming to sit with you or are you alone?"

Harri gave him a kind smile, "It’s just me. You’re welcome to share."

"Thanks, but I have to warn you that my two friends are a bit rowdy. Will that be a problem?" Lee questioned.

"Of course not." Harri said, "I was just going to glance over my boring text books, so company will be nice."

Lee nodded and shut the compartment door, "Cool." He quickly stowed his trunk and sat across from her, "I haven't seen you around before. You a firsty then?" Harri nodded, "You know what house you’re going into?"
"Definitely Gryffindor." Harri said as she shifted to fold her legs under her.

"Great! Another lion! I and my friends are in Gryffindor as well." Lee said, bouncing excitedly. "I'm Lee Jordan by the way." He finally introduced himself, thrusting his hand toward her.

Harri shook the offered hand, "I'm...."

Just then the door burst open to admit the twins. "There you are Lee!" George exclaimed.

"We thought you'd gotten lost!" Fred laughed.

"Not lost." Lee chuckled, "Just chatting with this friendly firsty." He gestured to Harri and, as one, the twins turned to her.

Harri's heart almost stopped as her mates focused on her and both the broken bond from before and the new bond reacted. She felt a tugging on her magic and forced herself to keep still and not kidnap her mates right then to take them to safety. The twins obviously felt something too because their jaws had dropped and they were staring at her with wide eyes. Harri smiled warmly at them, "Hello."

"H-hi." They both stuttered uncharacteristically.

Much to Harri's amusement Lee didn't seem to notice anything and simply plowed right on, "What took you guys so long?" He questioned.

The twins were still staring at Harri and she simply raised an eyebrow at them with a small smirk. Instantly George shook himself out of his shock and elbowed Fred, "Oh you know just teasing Ron." He said, his gaze still not wavering from Harri.

"What about now?" Lee asked, rolling his eyes.

"He's searching the train for Harriet Potter. Says he's going to be her best friend." Fred said off handedly, Harri resisted the urge to snort. He and George leaned toward Harri together as their faces
split into identical grins, "Now,"

"Who are you,"

"little firsty?" The twins asked.

Harri smirked and crossed both arms out in front of her as she offered her hands to the twins, "I'm Harriet Potter. Nice to meet you." The twins' eyebrows shot up as they took her hands, all three felt a jolt go through them as they made contact. The twins gave greetings of their own and introduced themselves.

"Are you really?" Lee asked in shock, Harri nodded, "I guess I really did pick a winner huh?"

"Sure did." George muttered as they both let go of Harri; both were looking her over now, confusion showing on their faces.

Lee finally noticed that the twins had yet to sit down, "Sit you two. Your hovering is probably freaking out the poor firsty." The twins finally looked away from Harri to share a look, with a quick nod to each other they scooted Harri to the center of her seat and sat on either side of her. Lee frowned at them, "You two are acting weird."

Before the twins could retort, the compartment door was slid open again revealing a nervous Neville. "S-sorry to in-interrupt." He stuttered, "Have yo-ou seen a to-oad?"

Harri shook her head, "Sorry, no." The twins mumbled their own negatives.

Lee stood, "I haven't either but I'll help you look." He hooked a thumb at the twins, "When those two start acting strange its best to get out before something explodes." Lee shot a look to Harri, "You should probably escape too firsty. No use getting blown up your first day."

The twins tensed a bit but Harri just smiled, "It's alright Lee. I'll be fine. I promise to escape if it gets too bad."

Lee nodded, "Alright. I'll be back later then." He and Neville left.
The twins both turned to Harri, "Did you feel that?" They demanded in unison.

"Yes I did." Harri responded.

"Do you know what it is?" Fred asked.

"It felt like our magic was pulling us toward you." George commented.

Fred nodded in agreement, "And when we shook hands it was like we got a shock."

"I know what it is and yes, it will feel like that." Harri said.

"What is it?" They asked.

Harri bit her lip, "I'm not going to tell you right now."

Fred cocked an eyebrow, "Is it dangerous?" Harri shook her head.

"Then why won't you tell us?" George asked.

Harriet sighed, "You wouldn't believe me." She knew that soul bonds happened more often in the wizarding world than in the muggle world but that didn't mean everyone knew about them beyond the fact that they had a perfect match out there somewhere. Harri didn't know how the twins would react, especially since they had never met before this, this time around and there was no friendship basis like last time. She looked back and forth between them with a considering gaze. "How about a deal?"

The twins shared another look before responding together, "What kind of deal?"

"I will give you guys a chance to look up what this is yourself with a clue or two from me. If you haven't found it by the time we are heading back, I'll tell you."
"And if we can find it before then?" George asked.

Harri gave them a mischievous grin, "I'll tell you who the Marauders are."

Their eyes went wide, "How did you know we knew them?"

"How did you know we wanted to know?"

"You know them?"

"You know their real names?"

"Are they still alive?"

"Can we meet them?"

Harriet laughed lightly and held up her hands, "Whoa there. Slow down. The reason I know you guys know....well that would a bit of a spoiler." The twins exchanged raised eyebrows, "As for the other questions, yes I know them and their real names. As for the last two, maybe."

"To which one?!" They demanded.

"Both!" She grinned. The twins both groaned and Harri giggled, "So, do we have a deal?" She crossed her arms and held out her hands to them again.

"Deal!" They said shaking her hands smartly.

"Great. The only clue I'll give you is it is a kind of bond." Harri said, she didn't want to make it too hard but she also knew there were a few different types of bonds that could react on a first meeting.
They both nodded in acknowledgment before leaning closer to her with big grins, "So if you know the Marauders." Fred started.

"Then you must get into a bit of mischief yourself." George finished.

"I dabble." Harri said innocently, making the twins laugh. In her subconscious Glacia and Godiva settled, reveling into the feeling of being with their mates again.

Chapter End Notes

The horcrux was fixed after she came back and was healed so I'm going with, for now, she still has that particular scar. Since its not holding the horcrux any more, the next time she's goes through her burning day she will lose it.

Also, I'm trying my best with the twins but they are rather hard characters to write correctly.
Harriet's good mood lasted even through her first run in with the traitors. It would seem they didn't know what she looked like since she didn't need help getting to the platform and no one had seen her scar. So when she bumped into them on the way to the boats there was a bit of a confrontation. They had yelled at her, drawing the attention of all the other first years, so Harri made sure to make her apology perfectly polite while fantasizing about their disembowelment. She obviously had spent too much time with Loki before.

Now she was just waiting to be sorted so she could see their faces when they realized that they had already made a mistake.

"Potter, Harriet." McGonagall called.

Harri strode to the stool, ignoring the hushed whispers and the gaze of the master manipulator from the teacher table. Just as the hat was lowered over her head she saw the traitors sharing a shocked look. 'Hello hat.' Harri greeted.

'Hello Miss Potter.' The hat acknowledged, 'Oh I see it should be Lady LeFay.'

'Potter is fine.' Harri said.

'Very well then. Strange, I see this is the second time I'm sorting you. First time for me. I was correct before; you would do well in Slytherin. Even more so now with all the plans you have in the works and as its Lady.' The hat said.
'I am quite aware of that but it needs to be Gryffindor.' Harri sighed, 'You can see what I have planned. I need to be a snake in lion’s clothing. Besides I am the heir to Gryffindor too.'

'As if Gryffindors care about something like that.' The hat snorted, 'Are you sure you can't make things work with Slytherin?'

'Sorry hat, I can't have what I do looked at too closely. Gryffindor is the safest for me.' Harri said firmly.

'You do know I could say Slytherin and you couldn't do a thing about it.' The hat mused.

'If that were to happen I'd have to play fetch with you and what is now MY basilisk. They just love eating enchanted hats.' Harri returned.

The hat chuckled in her head, 'Very well Lady Slytherin, better be...' "Gryffindor!" He shouted out loud. The Gryffindor table exploded in cheers, the loudest coming from the twins who stood up and pulled her to sit between them when she walked over. She giggled as they hugged her between them, causing the table to look between them warily. For the rest of the sorting and Dumbledore's welcoming speech she whispered back and forth with the twins.

Finally, the food appeared and everyone dug in with gusto. Across from Harri and the twins sat Lee and Oliver who were eyeing the three’s comfortable banter with trepidation. "So," Oliver started, drawing their eyes to him, "Have you three met before?"

"Nope!" They all three said in unison.

"We just found her on the train!" George said with a grin.

"Isn't she cool?" Fred asked.

Harri pouted, "You make me sound like I was an abandoned puppy that you've found and decided to keep."
"Ah but you are an adorable puppy." Fred cooed.

Harri pressed a hand to her chest and scoffed, "Please! If anything I'm a cat!"

"Oh kitties got some claws!" George teased.

The rest of the table sat watching this interaction with slight horror, Harri had to suppress her grin as she continued bantering with her mates. She knew most people couldn't keep up with the twins, she was one of the few, so seeing someone who was on the same wavelength as them must having been rather terrifying for those who had experienced their pranks the last two years.

Unfortunately, the traitors attempted to save the rest of the table. "What are you doing down there?" The know-it-all asked from her spot next to Neville, "First years are at the end of the table."

Harri tilted her head slightly, "I'm sitting with my new friends." She turned overly large eyes to Oliver and he froze, "It's not against a rule to sit with different years is it? I want to stay with Fred and George. I don't want to move."

"No!" He said a little too loudly, leaning forward, "Gryffindor doesn't really have a seating system. You can sit with whoever you want!"

Harri let her eyes go back to normal, "Thanks so much!" She said with a grin.

Oliver blinked and drew back, "What just happened?" He asked hesitantly as Lee chuckled and the twins almost cackled.

"Works every time." Harri giggled.

"That's brilliant Harriet!" The twins crowed.

"Maybe you can use that to get Oliver to let up on the early morning quidditch practice." George said.
Fred groaned, "Yeah those are awful." He wrapped both arms around Harri, "Please, please, please?" He whined; George quickly joined in on her other side.

"It has to be early in the morning to get in all the practice we can." Oliver protested.

Harri nodded, "Sorry I agree with Oliver on this one. Good quality practice time is important in anything you want to get better at."

"But Harriet!" The twins whined.

"Think of all the awesome tricks you'll be able to pull off with extra time." Harri said, "When I got my books I got one on quidditch and some of those maneuvers look pretty awesome."

The twins shared a look over Harriet's head and nodded, "Show us which ones and we'll learn them." George said.

"And next year when you can have a broom we'll teach you." Fred promised.

"What sort of tricks are you wanting to learn?" Ron butted in from down the table, "I could teach you!"

"And you are?" Harriet asked with a frown.

"Our annoying little brother Ron." Fred offered.

"Who apparently forgot everything mom taught him about manors." Perch chipped in from further along the table.

"And that's our annoying older brother Percy," George told her.

Harri's mouth twitched in an urge to smirk, "Is the rest of your family annoying as well?"
"Pretty much." Fred answered.


"Of course he's awesome." Lee laughed, "He's a dragon handler."

Harri's eyes lit up, she loved talking about dragons. She and Charlie had been great friends last time, especially after they discovered that with a little time she could pick up on the different parseltongue dialects that the dragons spoke. "Really? Have you heard what kind of dragons he's working with?"

Lee smiled, "Last I heard from the twins he was in Romania working with a pod of Welsh Greens getting ready for mating season."

Fred latched onto Harriet's arm, "Dragons are cool but pranks are way more interesting."

"Yeah, you can play with pranks." George said with a pout.

Harri smiled softly at them, she knew the bond had reacted but she didn't expect the jealousy yet, even as small as it was. "Yeah but just imagine riding on a dragon." The twins looked to at least consider that.

Hermione butted in at that, "Riding a dragon would be incredibly dangerous not to mention impossible. They would never let you close enough to get on their back."

Harri frowned at the traitor, "I'm not entirely sure who you are but you keep interrupting like your part of this conversation so I guess I'll answer your little criticisms." The twins snickered and Lee said what Harriet thought was something close to 'oh snap'. "First of all, life is dangerous. I could fall on my quill the wrong way and bleed out, I could choke on food and not have anyone around me to save me, I could fall asleep and just not wake up. The point is that you can't live your life afraid of everything. Better to live well now than regret not doing so on your death bed." Around her the other Gryffindor's were nodding, "As for it being impossible, that's ridiculous. It's been done before, its fallen out of practice because the people who did it were Nagas and they could speak to the dragons."

Hermione looked bewildered, "Where did you learn that?"
Harri lifted an eyebrow, "A book."

Hermione's eyes lit up, "Could I borrow it?"

Harri scoffed, "No, I still don't know who you are and if I remember correctly you yelled at me because I simply bumped into you on the way to the boats. Why would I want to lend my book to you?" Hermione reeled back and Harriet turned back to her mates. The rest of dinner continued much like that. Harriet would talk with the twins, Lee, Oliver, and Neville and Ron and Hermione would try to shove themselves into the conversation.

Finally, Dumbledore stood to give the last minute announcements and lead the school song. Just like the first time, the tune the twins chose was a funeral dirge; Harri chose to just hum along, not wanting her voice to give away anything. When they were dismissed Harri stood up to go but frowned when Dumbledore shouted for her to report to his office over the noise.

"Already getting in trouble huh?" George teased.

"What did you do?" Fred asked.

Harriet shrugged, "I haven't done anything that I can think of." She fiddled with her emergency portkey bracelet. "McGonagall is our head of house right?" She asked them.

"Yeah, why?" They questioned.

Harri gave them a lopsided smile, "I'm not comfortable being alone with most adult males. It has never ended well for me in the past."

Their eyes went wide at the insinuation and they crowded closer to her to keep her separate from the exiting kids, "Do you want us to go with you?" George asked softly.

"That is if you're comfortable with us." Fred said hurriedly, George's eyes widened at that and they took a step back.
Harri smiled at them, "I'm comfortable with you two, but it's probably best you don't come with me. I wouldn't want to get you in trouble before the year even starts." She gestured toward the head table where McGonagall was still sitting, talking to Madame Pomfrey. "I'll just ask Professor McGonagall. She's our head of house, it’s her job."

The twins shared a look before nodding, "Alright but we'll wait for you at the entrance to Gryffindor tower." Fred said.

"And if you don't show up in an hour we'll mount a rescue." George promised as they both hugged her, George in front and Fred from behind.

"Thanks guys," She mumbled happily, her soul singing from being completely enveloped in her mates. When they released her, Harri made her way up to the head table through the now empty hall. She drew in on herself and made sure to present the victim Dumbledore was expecting. "Professor McGonagall?" She called softly when she stood at the front table.

Both older witches turned to her and gave her smiles, "Hello Miss Potter. What can I do for you?" McGonagall asked.

"The Headmaster has called me to his office and I would be grateful if you could come with me." Harri said carefully.

McGonagall's eyebrow shot up, "Is there a problem Miss Potter?"

Harri huffed internally but kept her face a mask of pleading, "I'm not sure, but I don't like to be alone with adult men and I was told you were our head of house."

McGonagall and Pomfrey's eyebrows rose at that but the professor stood, "Very well Miss Potter. Let's go."

Harriet followed behind her obediently as they made their way to the Headmaster's office. Once they reached the gargoyle guard Harri made sure her glamour was tight around her and her mental shields were up with harmless made up thoughts in front of the barrier. Stepping into the familiar cluttered office she felt both relief and confusion. Relief because Fawkes was there as well and confusion because in front of the Headmaster's desk sat her trunk with a house elf next to it.
Dumbledore stepped from behind his desk with a smile on his face, "Ah Miss Potter, thank you for coming." He looked over to McGonagall, "Minerva did you need something?"

"I asked her to be here." Harriet said, she pushed memories of Vernon's beatings past her shields as she looked imploringly up at Dumbledore, "I don't like be alone with people." She felt Dumbledore skim her surface thoughts and fought not to strike out at the intrusion.

Dumbledore gave her a smile and his eyes twinkled, "Very well. It's your right to have her here. She is your head of house, but I do hope you will come to trust me. I want only the best for you dear girl." Harri forced herself not to gag as she pasted a hopeful look on her face and nodded. "Good." Dumbledore said, bringing his hands together, "Now, as to why I called you. Do you have something that hisses in your trunk? It has scared the poor house elves and I was not able to get into it to reassure them."

Harri was able to show genuine confusion, "Not that I know of sir. My trunk only has three compartments," Actually there's five.' She snickered in her head, "One for my clothes, one for my books, and one for my potions things." 'And one for my more questionable books and one for my weapons.' She thought happily, "None of that stuff hisses as far as I know." True.'

Dumbledore nodded, "Very well. Would you open your trunk so we could see what the problem is then?"

Harry nodded, "Of course headmaster." She stepped forward and knelt in front of her trunk, after keying the lock to the main compartment she opened the lid.

She fell backward in surprise when three long slim head popped up from the trunk, *Surprise!!* came three excited hisses before they looked at her shocked face and then over at the Headmaster and McGonagall. *Oh shit.* they hissed in unison.

Chapter End Notes

Was that a bit of a cliff hanger? Yes, yes it was! Mawhahahahaha!

See you next week for Checking In with Bruce, Clint, and Tony and the thrilling continuation!

Have a happy Thanksgiving!
Checking In

Chapter Summary

Bruce, Clint, and Tony

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bruce Banner was used to strange happenings. Hell he himself could turn into a ten-foot indestructible green monster. However usually people were the strange ones, animals usually went about their business. It became clear to him after almost three hours of being essentially stalked by an owl that ‘usual’ was not going to apply today.

The second he made it back to his temporary house the huge grey owl flew in the window and landed on the back of his only kitchen chair. Bruce and the owl stared at each other for several long seconds before the owl hooted at him and held up his leg. Bruce looked to the leg and saw that there was a small draw string pouch attached to it. Bruce looked back up at the owl with wide eyes, the owl chuffed and shook its leg insistently.

Bruce approached the animal cautiously and untied the bag from its foot. The second the bag was free of his leg the owl took off and left the house, "Well okay then." Bruce sighed as he sat down on the now owl free chair. He opened the bag cautiously and, when the bag didn't immediately explode or emit a toxic gas, he slid the contents free of the bag. "Impossible." He muttered as a roll of parchment, a rather large bag labeled owl treats, a leather bracelet, and what appeared to be tiny bits of what looked like armor slid out of the bag. He looked inside the bag, his eyes boggled and his mind raced when he saw all the space within the bag that could fit easily inside his pocket. He put the bag aside gingerly, promising himself he’d figure it out later, and reached for the parchment.

He carefully unrolled the outdated material and read the message it contained.

Hello Bruce,

You more than likely have a lot of questions right now but most of those are better answered in person. That won't happen until you’re ready for it.

Let's start off with the simplest one. My name is Harriet, most call me Harri, and I am a friend. I don't want anything other than you being happy, healthy, and safe but I know it will take you time to
believe that. Because that will take time I have begun with a few simple things which are included with this letter.

First, the owl (a great grey owl to be more specific) that brought you this is yours now. He more than likely left as soon as you took the bag but he will be back, he's just off hunting. He doesn't have a name yet so you'll have to give him one. He has been trained to recognize both you and you're alter ego as his owners. He can also carry messages to me if you wish to communicate, he will always be able to find you again.

Secondly, the bag of owl treats is for the owl. He will be able to hunt for himself however sometimes he likes a treat if he's done a good job delivering something or the like.

Thirdly, the armor pieces are also for the owl. I know you are likely worried about the owl meeting the Hulk but the armor will enhance him to be fast enough to evade most anything, strong enough to be touched by the Hulk without injury, and the slightest bit bullet proof because I knew what kind of situations you can get into. They will also return to the bag, which the owl knows to carry, if you have left them behind somewhere. He can wear the armor for up to a week at a time but after that he will need at least two hours to be out of it.

Finally, there is the bracelet. Please put it on. It will tell me if you are healthy and that will put me a bit at ease. It will grow with your transformation so don't worry about it breaking. Also, if you ever feel comfortable enough to call me or need my help for anything you can press the phoenix symbol in the center for several seconds and I will be there as soon as possible.

Best wishes,

Harriet R. Potter

Bruce let the parchment fall to the table as he looked over the contents of the bag. He wasn't sure what to think, it would be nice if all this was true and he had someone who actually cared but he'd never had the best of luck with this sort of thing. He didn't want to be tricked into anything again.

Before he could spiral too far down into his thoughts the owl came swooping back in and landed in front of Bruce who drew back quickly in shock. The owl ruffled his feathers and hooted at the scientist, Bruce reached out tentatively to brush the owls storm grey plumage and watched in shock as the owl cooed under the petting. "So I guess you need a name huh?" The owl bobbed his head in agreement and Bruce raised an eyebrow, "Smart guy aren't you?" The owl puffed his chest out and Bruce chuckled, "Hmm, how about Rutherford?" The owl looked to consider that then blinked at Bruce, "No then. How about Villard?" The owl hooted, "You like that? Villard?" The owl hooted again and Bruce smiled as he stroked the grey feathers. "That's your name then." He opened the bag of owl treats and allowed Villard to eat from his palm.
He looked at the bracelet on the table, sitting in companionable silence with Villard. It was thin black leather that came together with a brass clasp on each end, in the center was a blue phoenix with its wings spread and its head turned to the side. Hesitantly he took it and brushed his fingers along the blue bird, it shimmered slightly. Villard chuffed lightly and butted Bruce's hand, "Do you know her?" He asked, feeling a bit crazier than usual talking to the owl. Villard bobbed his head and made a chattering noise, "Is she really a friend?" He asked, Villard bobbed again and Bruce sighed. "It's not like it can kill me." He muttered, he snapped it in place and watched as the blue phoenix glowed before going back to normal. "Well then. This should be interesting."

Across the ocean in a SHEILD base Clint Barton was enjoying time in his main nest. It was up at the very top of the main security tower in the space between where the sensors were mounted, he had padded the small space with blankets and had even dragged a stash of snacks up there. Here he could watch the entire grounds and be alone; not that he wanted to be alone, but Natasha and Phil were both out on missions and they were the only ones he really wanted to hang with. Currently he was watching the compound for the pizza to arrive, it was pizza night and the new recruits should be arriving with it at any time.

A soft kree sound came from behind him and brought him from his thoughts. He turned around and his mouth dropped open when he took in the sight of the large red tail hawk sitting on the edge of his nest. "Hello there beautiful." He breathed, sure being up so high he often saw birds and loved to watch them but none ever came over to him. Not wanting to scare the hawk he kept perfectly still, just taking in the gorgeous creature. He was so focused on just watching that he fell back with an embarrassing squeak when the hawk hopped forward. Just as he sat up he felt a weight on his knee and looked up to see the hawk perching there, looking at him curiously.

All Clint could do was stare in amazement at the winged hunter; he loved hawks, it was one of the reasons he had chosen his name as Hawkeye, but he never thought he would get to see one this close. His eyes dropped a bit nervously to the hawk’s dangerous talons were he noticed two things; one, the hawk was deliberately being careful not to sink its claws deep into his knee and two, there was a small draw string bag tied to one leg. The hawk lifted the leg with the bag and shook it at him, Clint cautiously untied the bag and examined it for potential danger. He relaxed a bit when the hawk pecked at the bag insistently, carefully he opened the bag and dumped out the contents in the nest next to him.

His eyebrows rose when much more than the bag should have been able to hold fell out, he looked into the bag curiously and snickered, "Its bigger on the inside." He looked back to the contents and took quick stock, there were four pieces of metal that looked to be tiny bits of armor, a group of three silver rings fused together, a small cage with three mice in it, a small leather bracelet with a silver clasp, and a roll of what looked like parchment. The hawk glided from Clint's knee over to the cate and began trying to pry the door off, it looked over to Clint and gave him a sharp kree. "I guess they're for you huh?" He asked, slightly amused. He leaned over and opened the door, immediately the hawk grabbed the three mice and flew to the far end of the nest to eat.
Clint took the parchment and carefully unrolled it, his eyebrow rose at the elegant scrawl and he began to read.

Hello Clint,

You more than likely have a lot of questions right now but most of those are better answered in person. That won't happen until you're ready for it.

Let's start off with the simplest one. My name is Harriet, most call me Harri, and I am a friend. I don't want anything other than you being happy, healthy, and safe but I know it will take you time to believe that. Because that will take time I have begun with a few simple things which are included with this letter.

First and foremost, Clint, the hawk who delivered this to you is now yours.

Clint stopped reading right there and looked over to the beautiful bird who was just finishing its third mouse, "You're mine?" The hawk looked to him with piercing yellow eyes before bobbing its head and coming a bit closer, ruffling its feathers a bit. Clint reached out a hesitant hand toward the hawk and it came forward immediately to rub its head against his hand, he stared stroking its chest feathers gently and it let out a small pleased sound, Clint went back to reading.

First and foremost, Clint, the hawk who delivered this to you is now yours. She has been trained to recognize you as her owner. She will also need a name. She knows several basic commands such as attack, retrieve, and retreat but she can also be used to communicate, she will take missives to and from places and always find you wherever you go.

Secondly, the mice are for the hawk. She is a bit impatient when it comes to food so you have more than likely already given them to her. Those were just so you had time to introduce her to the base so they wouldn't hurt her, she will hunt on her own most of the time though she fond of sausage and bacon.

Thirdly, the armor. That is also for the hawk. I know you are often in dangerous situations so I made these for her so she could go with you. The helmet will protect her from bullets, pretty much anything other than a missile. The circle piece goes around her neck and will enhance her speed and maneuverability. Finally, the battle claws, in addition to being razor sharp, they will enhance her strength so she will be able to carry extremely heavy loads. Also, keep the bag with you, if you ever have to leave the armor behind for some reason, it will return to the bag. The hawk will be able to wear the pieces for up to a week at a time but after that she will need at least two hours without them on.
Next is the three fused rings. Put this down in your quiver and put an arrow in each circle, it will copy that arrow so it will never run out. Turn it over to key in new arrows.

Finally, there is the bracelet. Please put it on. It will tell me if you healthy and that will put me a little at ease. It will also give you a degree of protection from the elements. Also if you are ever pinned down and can't get back-up to you in time you can call me by pressing the phoenix on the front of the band for several seconds. I will be there as soon as possible.

Best wishes,

Harriet R. Potter

P.S. Feel free to look me up. You would have done it anyway but I feel better giving you permission. Yes, that's really me. No, I don't need saved, the people you see are already being taken care of.

Clint's eyebrows rose even higher. Whoever this girl was, she knew who he was and what he did. She expected him to check her out and gave him free reign to do so, though he did wonder what he could see in her file that would make him want to rescue her. He promised himself he would look her up as soon as he got to the more important things from the letter.

He looked to the hawk again, "Guess this makes us partners." The hawk bobbed her head, "So you need a name. Something kick ass and something that will suit a gorgeous lady such as yourself." The hawk drew herself up proudly, Clint thought for a minute, "Hmm, how about Artemis? She is the Greek Goddess of Archery and the Hunt." The hawk bobbed her head again and Clint laughed, "Awesome! You're Artemis then!"

"Now for the toys." Clint said rubbing his hands together. He inspected each of the pieces of armor and the three fused rings but he couldn't find anything on them expect for small lines of squares doodles. He placed the fused rings on the flattest part of his nest and pulled out a simple arrow. He placed the arrow head in the center of one ring, the ring glowed briefly before going back to normal. Thinking he'd done something wrong he frowned and pulled the arrow back, he yelped when another arrow appeared in the ring and immediately fell out without support, which created another arrow. Clint scrambled to catch the arrows but the number kept growing, he reached down blindly and flipped the rings. He sighed in relief as they stopped duplicating, "Well I guess it works." He inspected some of the arrows and were delighted to see they were all exact replicas with perfect balance and razor sharp heads. "Sweet." He quickly gathered the arrows up and placed them strategically around his nest for extra ammo before placing the rings down in his quiver and keying in one of his normal arrows, his exploding arrows, and his split arrows that would split in two seconds after he shot.
Next he picked up Artemis’ claws, true to Harriet’s word they were razor sharp. Clint looked to Artemis, “You’ll really wear this stuff?” Artemis walked forward awkwardly and lifted a claw toward him, he carefully put the battle claw on her and she accepted the change with no problem. He did the same with the other claw and then added the necklace and helmet when the pushy hawk butted at his hand with her head insistently. Artemis drew herself up proudly when the final piece was on and clacked her beak at him, “Yes, you look awesome.” Clint chuckled, he glanced back at the parchment, “How strong do those claws make you?” he wondered.

Artemis flew at him, knocking him backward, clutched the front of his uniform, and with a single wingbeat drew him into the air with her. Clint squawked in surprise before laughing excitedly when he realized he was being held up completely by Artemis and she didn’t seem to be having any trouble with the weight. “Awesome!” Artemis kreed in agreement and set him back down carefully. Clint sat up immediately and grinned at the bird, “We are so using that!” the hawk bobbed her head at him.

Artemis picked up the bracelet and hopped over to him, she dropped it in his lap. Clint frowned at the bracelet, he picked it up reluctantly and brushed his thumb over the blue phoenix, it shimmered slightly. Clint looked to Artemis, "Is she really worried about me?" Artemis nodded, "But she doesn't even know me!" Artemis pecked his hand, "Ow! Fine." He put the bracelet on and watched as the phoenix glowed before going back to normal, "Well I guess someone who wanted me harmed wouldn't give me unlimited ammo." He muttered, the sound of car doors drew his attention back down to the compound. He saw the newbies getting out of a standard black car carrying large stacks of pizzas. A devilish grin appeared on his face and he looked to his new partner, “Artemis, retrieve me a pizza please!” the hawk took off in a single wingbeat and screeched as she dived toward the tallest pizza stack. Clint cackled when the newbies screams reached his ears.

Tony Stark sat staring at the new element he had just synthesized that held the power to save him. He was happy of course but he was a bit suspicious of how he reached this point.

They had been running simulations of every know element over and over for weeks and found nothing. Then all of a sudden Jarvis had his father's old Stark Expo model delivered to the house, when asked Jarvis had said that he had found new information in his system that pointed to this having the answer. Sure enough, after he had played with the image it had revealed an element that would work to keep his reactor running without poisoning him, funnily enough it was the same material that had been used to make Captain America's shield. Since the only known bits of the element that occurred naturally were lost Tony had to synthesize it, which he had, in record time.

Tony still didn't know where Jarvis had gotten the information and the pesky A.I. wasn't sharing willingly. Since it hadn't caused harm Tony let it go at the time, but things had started getting weirder. While he had been setting up the partial accelerator he had noticed Jarvis running the laser engraver. He hadn't said anything about it but he saw pieces of his suit and several of his watches under the treatment. When he looked at the pieces later he what looked to be ancient writing etched into his suit and watches, again on his watches it wasn't noticeable and on his suit he thought it looked kind of cool so he let it be.
Today though, was the last straw. This morning he'd come down, ready to start the process of making the vibrianium he'd needed, and found Dum-E, Butterfingers, and U absolutely covered in blue paint. It wasn't an actual paint job, which he wouldn't have been too mad about, no they had taken buckets of wall paint and poured them over each other. He had to take out the power washer to get all the paint off and when they were clean again the three pouted. When he had asked Jarvis why they suddenly felt like they wanted a color change he told him that a friend had showed them what they would look like in blue. That had set him off because, he loved his bots but, the only friends they currently had were each other and they bad never had a problem with black and chrome before.

Then, the second the new core was finished Jarvis had rushed through a diagnostic that he knew usually would have taken two hours, hours Jarvis normally would have taken to ensure Tony hadn't skipped over anything himself. Tony had made him run it twice more before he even considered putting it in. Now he was just staring at the core.

"Sir, the faster you change cores the less of the symptoms you'll have to endure." Came Jarvis's voice overhead.

Tony looked toward the nearest camera with a raised eyebrow, "J what has gotten into you lately? You've never been happy about me being reckless and now your rushing me to shove this thing in my chest! And don't think I missed your funky drawings all over the place! What are they for?"

"Protection." Jarvis stated shortly.

"Yeah, see buddy it doesn't work like that. They're just drawings." He eyed the line of the lines that surrounded his new core, "Where did they even come from?"

"They appear to be a mix of Scandinavian, Dalecarlian, and Germanic based runes." Jarvis replied.

"I didn't mean it like that smart ass. I mean where did you get the idea to put, what did you call them? Runes? On my suit, watches, and core." Tony snapped.

"A friend."

Tony dropped his head to his desk, "Is this the same friend who gave the bots the idea to paint themselves?"
"Yes."

"Have you been on some dating website then?" Tony joked, "Because the only way you four could have made a friend like that would be over the internet."

"We did not meet her on the internet." Jarvis said.

Tony's eyebrows rose, "So it's a her? Are you in love then?"

"No, she is just a friend." Jarvis said.

Tony grinned, "I think not! Why would you be hiding her from me then?"

"She is just a friend." Jarvis repeated in monotone.

Tony rolled his eyes, "Fine, but I'll get it out of you eventually." He promised.

"Eventually." Jarvis acknowledged, "Now please sir, the new core is ready to be put in."

Chapter End Notes

Villard the Owl gets his name from Paul Villard, a French Physicist who originally discovered Gamma Radiation (discovered but didn't name, that was Ernest Rutherford).

Doctor Who reference! Yay!

Also the bird armors are from Guardians of Gahoole. I love love love that movie and the books are great as well. I just couldn't pass up having some bad ass owl and hawk armor.

I was also thinking about when everyone finally meets up. Tony will more than likely be SUPER jealous that Harri didn't get him a bird as well and just talked to his bots. So, what should Harri get him? A bird just doesn't seem like Tony but I'm not set on
anything in particular. Thoughts? I haven't written that part yet so it's still wide open.
*Oh shit.* all three snakes hissed in unison, looking up at the frightened looking McGonagall and the surprised looking Dumbledore who was pulling his wand. Harri knew who they were of course, even if their absence this morning hadn't been a factor, she could recognize the sounds of their voices even under the hissing tone of parseltongue.

*You three are so dead when I get us out of this!* she hissed softly before getting up and twirling into the path of Dumbledore, pulling on all of her acting skills. Her eyes went wide and she quickly made thoughts of desperation for her three 'new friends', she dug through her knowledge of snakes to recognize them in record time and form an argument. "Headmaster no! Please!"

"Harriet my dear. Do you know these creatures?" Dumbledore asked with a frown.

"They're my friends." She said with a nod, making sure to put a tinge of desperation into her voice. "The only friends I had before coming here!"

"Harriet you said you didn't have anything that hissed in your trunk!" McGonagall said sternly, "Lying is not tolerated at this school!"

"Professor that wasn't a lie!" Harriet defended herself, "I didn't know they were in there. Last time I saw them they were pouting because they weren't allowed to come with me to school. I had no idea they snuck into my trunk! I swear!"

"Harriet I sorry to say we can't have uncontrollable dangerous creatures here with all the student." Dumbledore said, "You'll have to send them back to the Dursleys."

"No!" Harri said, forcing tears from her eyes and intentionally speeding up her breathing, "They don't know about them! They would have killed my friends!" She looked imploringly at the
headmaster, imagining several 'memories' of the three snakes behind her for the headmaster to read. She felt him skimming over them and continued, "Maybe..." she let out a weepy breath, "Maybe you can give them a chance here!" She instilled hope in her tone, "Only one of them is venomous and even then it’s not strong enough to do anything but cause some discomfort to a human!"

*What?! All that work and we're not even more dangerous?!* came an indignant hiss from behind her.

"Harriet..." McGonagall started hesitantly.

"Headmaster please." Harry pleaded, "Please give them a chance!" She very pointedly thought one thought, 'How am I supposed to trust them if they take away my only friends?'

She knew the exact moment when Dumbledore read that thought because his eyes started to twinkle madly, "Very well Harriet. We'll give your friends a chance."

"Albus!" McGonagall exclaimed.

"Now, now Minerva. We wouldn't want to deprive anyone of their friends." Dumbledore said easily, "Especially friends who went through so much trouble to follow her here. As long as she proves she can control them and complies with a few rules I don't see why they can't be here. We've certainly bent the pet rule before."

"For familiars!" McGonagall cried, "Not random animals!"

"They're not random animals." Harri pouted, "They're my friends! They were the only ones who were nice to me at my relatives!" She looked to Dumbledore again her eyes still wet with tears, "I promise I can control them and I'll do whatever is necessary."

"See Minerva." Dumbledore said with a genial smile, "Harriet is being very reasonable about this. If our rules aren't followed, then we can send them home."

McGonagall sigh, "Fine, but one slip up and their gone!" Harri gave her a blinding smile and nodded hurriedly.
"Very good!" Dumbledore said happily, "Harriet dear why don't you call your friends out here so we can see them and be able to identify them later."

"Alright!" Harri said, she turned and looked down at the three snakes sticking out of her trunk, *Tell me who's who now.* she hissed harshly as she reached down carefully and withdrew each snake. As she lifted each they said their names and tried to apologize which she ignored. She kept her bright smile on as she presented the three snakes to Dumbledore and McGonagall, "These are my friends." She pointed to the snake on the left that had a black back and white belly and was about four feet long, "That's Tenrou, he's a black rat snake."

*A Rat Snake?!* Sirius whined.

Next she pointed to the center snake who was about three feet long with black and red scales and white stripe running down his back and along either side. "That's Raion. He's a California red-sided garter snake."

*You know a lot about snakes Princess.* James praised, trying to get back in her good graces.

Harriet's mouth twitched and she went on to the last snake. This one was three feet long and mostly light tan scales with white scales flecked in between, "And this is Toshi. He's a common wolf snake."

*Of fucking course I am.* Remus muttered darkly.

"My my Harriet, where did you get such a wide array of snakes?" Dumbledore asked, "I know only one that is native to England."

Harri nodded, "Yes, Tenrou lived under the Dursleys shed when I met him. Raion and Toshi escaped from a muggle testing facility and eventually wandered into our backyard. Poor things."

"I see." Dumbledore hummed, "I also heard you hissing a bit. You can speak to them?"

Harriet pulled an innocent face, "Is that not common?" She visibly drew in on herself, "I thought maybe it would be more common in the wizarding world after I found out."
"It’s not common I'm afraid, but it does show us you can control them." Dumbledore said, "Unfortunately many consider it a dark skill as it usually only manifests in dark wizards."

Harri gave them a wide eyed stare, "That sounds terrible! How can talking to an animal be dark?"

"By association with dark wizards." McGonagall said with a sigh, "Don't worry dear. No one in their right mind would accuse you of being dark, even with your friends. Maybe you can change the association." Harri nodded happily.

"Let's continue shall we?" Dumbledore said, "Now for the first condition I think it’s rather obvious, venomous or not, if your friends ever bite a student or staff member then they will be sent home."

Harri nodded, "They would only try to bite someone if they attacked me, so as long as no one attacks me I don't see how that would be a problem."

"In defense of you I'm sure we could understand." McGonagall said.

Dumbledore nodded, "Secondly I think I should put a leash charm on your friends so they have so stay close to you and can't wander."

"Albus, I agree with the leash charm but maybe we shouldn't put it on her herself. Severus will have a fit if they in some way affect her potions because they can't get far enough away from her and she can't very well take them into the air when her flying lessons begin." McGonagall cut in.

"Maybe on my bag?" Harri suggested, "I got it to carry my books with me and it would have enough room for them to curl up in when I need to focus in class."

"That's certainly doable." Dumbledore said merrily, he gestured to her shoulder bag, "If I may." Harri handed the headmaster her bag.

*I feel like a bad child being talked about by his parents.* James grumbled as Dumbledore spoke the charm, making circles between the snakes and Harri’s bag with his wand.

Dumbledore handed Harri her bag back, "There you go. They can't go more than twenty feet from
the bag." Harri nodded her understanding, "Finally, we will need a sample from the slightly venomous snake so that we can have a counter, even if the venom isn't that strong. Do you know how to milk them?"

Harri nodded, "Do you have a container for it?"

*This doesn't sound good.* Sirius mumbled.

*Which one of us has venom?* Remus asked, Harri smirked internally. They obviously didn't do their research. Dumbledore produced a small cup with a thin film of plastic over the top. Harriet took it and in one move swooped down to pick up her father by the base of his head.

*Not so rough princess!* James hissed urgently.

*If you guys had let me in on the plan we could have found a way to avoid this.* Harri hissed harshly, *Now relax or this really will hurt.* James went limp in her grip and she squeezed at the base of his skull to force his mouth open before pressing his fangs through the top of the cup. *Keep relaxed and let your venom sacks empty.*

*Eww, venom sacks.* Sirius snickered quietly.

Harri massaged the base of James's skull as the dripping slowed before nodding and withdrawing his fangs. "Here you are headmaster." She handed him the cup before carefully putting a slightly dazed James around her neck. "Anything else? I promised a few of my new friends I would be less than an hour."

"No that should do it Harriet." Dumbledore said with a kind smile, "Run along. I'll have the house elves bring your trunk along to your room."

Harri smiled at Dumbledore agreeably and bent to pick up Sirius and Remus, "Thank you Headmaster."

"Will you need help to get to the tower Harriet?" McGonnagall asked.
"No, the older students gave us some directions and if I need help finding it I will ask the portraits." Harri said happily, at this point Sirius and Remus had both curled around an arm. She turned to leave, shooting them both a happy smile, "Thank you so much for not taking my friends away!"
With that she left the headmaster's office.

*Cub was it a good idea to leave you trunk open with him?* Remus asked.

*The two compartments that have questionable items in them are protected under parselspells. He won't be able to get into them.* Harri said shortly.

*How long are you gonna be mad at us?* Sirius asked, *You said we could make as many ways into the castle as we wanted. What better way in than already being here?*

Harriet didn't dignify that with an answer; she just walked through the castle quickly, ignoring the stares she got from the few students that were still in the halls. About half way to the tower she felt something on her left wrist warm up, she looked to see the discrete woven bracelet connected to Bruce's bracelet glowing softly, it gave her a general idea on his well-being before dropping its glow, a few minutes later Clint’s did the same and Harriet let out a sigh of relief.

She made the last turn toward the tower and was almost plowed over by twin red heads. "Harriet!" They exclaimed.

"You're alright!" Fred grinned.

"We were getting worried!" George added, "Its almost been an hour!"

*Oh I see how it is, they're allowed to worry for you but we're not?* James hissed huffily, drawing the twins attention to Harri's new accessories.

"Um, Harri?" Fred started.

"What's with the snakes?" George asked.

"Did the headmaster give them to you?" Fred questioned, leaning forward to get a better look at
them.

Harri giggled, "No the headmaster didn't give them to me. They are my friends, they decided to stow away in my trunk to come along to school with me."

"And the headmaster is letting them stay?" They asked incredulously.

Harri nodded, "After he put a leash charm on them of course."

"Wicked." Fred grinned.

"What's their names?" George asked.

"This is Tenrou, Raion, and Toshi." Harri said pointing to Sirius, her father, and Remus in turn. All three snakes lifted their heads and got their first real looks at Harriet's mates.

"Hey!" Fred said with a jaunty wave as George grinned, "Nice to meet you!"

*This is them huh pup?* Sirius asked, his tongue flickered out, scenting the two. *Being a snake is weird. They smell like laughter.*

*They seem very nice princess.* James said.

*Yes very good choices cub.* Remus added in.

Harri rolled her eyes at the Marauders, *So glad you three approve.*

"You can speak parseltongue?" George asked with a raised eyebrow, Harri blushed and nodded.

"That's awesome!" They exclaimed.
"What are they saying?"

"Can you persuade them to help with the pranks we planned earlier?"

*Pranks?* all three Marauders perked up instantly.

Harriet laughed at their enthusiasm, "I'm sure they can be persuaded to help. And they were just talking about you two. Apparently to snakes you smell like laughter." She scrunched up her nose, "Whatever that smells like."

"Awesome!" They crowed.

The twins led her the rest of the way to the tower, whispering in low voices about the pranks they had begun planning on the train. The Marauders threw in their ideas every so often and Harriet relayed them to the twins who soon proclaimed the snakes Marauder worthy which made the three erupt into hysterical hissing laughter. Finally, they made it to the tower and the twins promised to meet her tomorrow morning at the entrance to the great hall for breakfast.

Harriet went straight to her room and, after quick introductions of herself to Pavarti and Lavender, ignoring Hermione, and assuring them the snakes were safe, she climbed into bed fully dressed with a set of night clothes and her shoulder bag. The three snakes slithered off of her as she set about closing the curtains, sealing them, expanding the space, and putting silencing charms up. Then she took the bag and ran a diagnostic spell on it, she cursed in parseltongue when she found listening charms and a tracker, she disabled them quickly.

When it was completely clear Harriet glared at the snakes, "Turn back now!" In the next instant all three were transformed and sitting at the end of her expanded bed, watching her warily. "What the hell were you thinking?! You don't spring shit on me like that! I'm pretty good at improvising but if I had been just a bit slower and Dumbledore just a bit faster he could have killed you!"

"You're not mad we're here?" James asked, "You're only mad we didn't tell you?"

Harri snorted, "Of course! I need to know things like this so I can plan for them! I hate going into things without all the variables!" She let out a big sigh and brushed her hair back out of her face, "Why would I be mad you guys were here?"
Sirius and Remus shared confused glances as James went on hesitantly, "Um, because we're being overprotective and hovering?"

"You already told me you would be." Harriet reminded him.

"No one wants their parents with them at school?" Remus tried.

Harri grinned, "Most people don't have parents who are more likely to get them in trouble themselves than scold them for getting in trouble."

"I guess that's true." Remus mumbled.

"So you're really not mad?" Sirius asked.

"Mad that my backup is easier to get to now? No." Harri said, "I am mad that you didn't tell me or include me in the planning process! I mean really? You aren't even venomous!" She looked to her father, "And I see that you're the one transfiguring Remus since he can't do it on his own. Did you even look up the effects of long term transfigurations on werewolves?" She put her hand over her face and let out a small groan. "Alright, walk me through your thought process."

"We did look some stuff up," James said a little sheepishly, "Just not any of that." Harri looked up at him with a sigh and waved him on, "We wanted to come with you but wasn't sure how. Only Remus was really qualified to teach but we knew that he wouldn't be able to be too close to you without Dumbledore doing something. We did toy with de-aging ourselves but we figured that would end badly." Harriet gave a small snort which the Marauders glared at. "So we decided we could come as your pets. I and Sirius still had our second animagus transformation to use and I was the best at transfiguration so I knew I could transfigure Remus without problem so we went with that. We knew it had to be something you could carry around easily and were going to go with something like gerbils but we remembered you could talk to snakes and figured this would be better!"

Remus nodded, "We wanted to be able to communicate without having to constantly change back and forth or rely on miming and figured we could be good spies as well."

"Plus you said they had good senses of humor!" Sirius butted in, "I didn't believe it but after our first change we were out in the garden and ran into some garden snakes. They were pretty funny!"
Harri smiled a bit at that before raising an eyebrow, "That's it? You didn't look up what snakes you were turning into our anything?"

"You were leaving in a month! We didn't want to take up unnecessary time being undecided so we just focused on generally being a snake, not a specific kind." Sirius said, he pouted, "If we had I would have focused on a cobra or something."

Harriet face-palmed, "If you didn't look up what kind of snakes you were going to be what did you look up?"

James brightened, "The spell that would hide our magic so we would feel like normal snakes! We didn't want McGonagall catching on, it should also hide our names on the Marauders Map so your mates don’t get suspicious."

"We also looked for the golem that you used to kill off James and Sirius." Remus added, "That way I could ’die’ and no one would come looking for me."

Harri sighed, "Well at least you thought that through." She did a quick switching spell on her clothes so she was in her pajamas. “Now, if you guys are going to be staying in the girl’s dorm I have some extra rules.”

All three looked offended at where this was heading, “We aren’t perverts!” Sirius growled.

Remus crossed his arms over his chest, “At least not that kind!” James and Sirius both glowered at him, “Oh shove off. I shared a room with you two for seven years, I know you aren’t all vanilla.” He looked back to Harriet, “But we aren’t into little girls. That’s just wrong.”

James nodded, “It would be like looking at you with anything other than familial love.” Sirius let out a sound of agreement.

Harriet rolled her eyes at them, “I know that idiots. This is for my peace of mind and yours. I know logically you wouldn’t get anything out of it but just imagine if you accidently saw something because you were just with me and one of the girls just started undressing. I’m sure you’d feel terrible even if you didn’t mean to.” They deflated a bit at that and nodded. “Alright, I’ll more than likely leave before sunrise and last time the others all woke up after the sun was up so mornings won’t really be a problem as you’ll come with me. When we come back into the dorm room, you’ll
have to be in my bag until I give you the all clear. I’m also going to put a spell on you that will make your vision go fuzzy if you ever happen to look at someone nude.”

“What?!” Sirius shouted.

Harri snorted, “Come on Siri, it’s not like you’re going to be getting any stuck as a snake and hiding at a school.”

“Just agree to it Sirius.” James muttered, “I don’t like where this conversation is going, I don’t want to talk sex with my daughter.”

“Fine.” Sirius pouted.

Harriet drew her wand, “Don’t worry, I’ll take it off when we get home for the summer.” She cast the spell on each man in turn before nodding, “All done.”

“Why do you even know a spell like that?” Remus asked.

“Last time around there was a bit of a ruckus sixth year, the twins had come to see a game and were on their way to talk to me when the they caught some idiots peeping on me in the Quidditch locker room.” Harri said, “The twins almost hexed the life out of them before I stepped in. A week later George had invented this spell, he snuck in and put it on all five of the boys and refused to take it off until they got on their knees and begged for my forgiveness. Being the peeping perverts they were it didn’t take them long to do so, especially since it works on pictures too.” She sighed with a far off look in her eyes, “Good times.”

Sirius chuckled, “He sounds a bit vindictive.”

Harri shrugged, “Actually, George is usually the mellower of the two. He only gets riled up when you’ve done something to someone he cares about. Fred is the one who normally needs pulling back. He’s the bolder one.” She sighed and leaned back, “We better get some sleep for tomorrow, knowing my luck and what happened last time it bound to be eventful. We’ll have to look up long term transfiguration effects on creatures this week. The full moon is next Wednesday.”

"How are we going to handle that if I need to go run?” Remus asked worriedly.
"I'll sneak you guys out to the shack the night before and claim you needed some time to hunt." Harri said, "Dad or Sirius can carry my bag with them so you won't technically be breaking the leash spell." She hung said bag above her on the headboard, "It won't be too much of a problem."

"Wait, needed time to hunt. You're going to feed us off the table right?" Sirius asked, looking a bit sick.

Harriet snickered, "Oh of course Siri, but you know how staying in your animagus form long term can affect you. Some days you'll just crave a nice juicy mouse and who am I to say no to my favorite pets." She waved her wand and a small white mouse appeared in her hand, she held it up by its tail toward the three men. "Yummy looking right?" The three men looked sick and Sirius nearly shrieked when Harri tossed the squirming mouse at him. Harri cackled and thanked Merlin that the silencing and sealing spells still held on her curtains. She looked at the three loyal Gryffindors who were willing to become snakes to protect her and smiled, this unexpected development was certainly going to be interesting.

Chapter End Notes

Tenrou is actually Japanese for the Dog star or Sirius, Raion is Japanese for lion, and Toshi is a Japanese name meaning intelligent.
Harriet's first day, in true Potter style, was quite eventful.

She woke up before dawn as usual and slid from bed, careful not to disturb the sleeping snakes who lay curled up at the end of the bed in the spots she had used a heating charm on. She showered and dressed in her work out clothes before she went back into the room to pack her school clothes in her bag along with her potions, transfiguration, and charms books. Then she carefully picked up the three sleepy snakes and tiptoed from the room.

*Harriet?* came Remus' sleepy voice as she paused outside her door. *What's going on?*

Harri moved him around her neck before sliding the still sleeping James and Sirius into her bag and pulling free a familiar blank parchment, *Good morning. We're just going the RoR so I can workout.*

The snake gave an incoherent hiss of acknowledgment as he tried to wake up, the second she said the map password he shook into awareness. His tongue flickered out to test the air, *Is that Prongs' copy of the map?*

*Yep.* Harri answered as she scanned for the clearest route to the seventh floor. *You didn't expect me to come without one or take Wormtail's from my mates did you?* she set off quickly, avoiding all other people.

*No but we weren't sure if you knew about the others.* Remus said, *We were also trying to find it for us to use. We ended up having to get Kreacher to get Sirius' from his vault.*

*I knew about them after I found the Marauder journal. Fred and George spent days pouring*
over that thing and had it damn near memorized. I had to take it away from them eventually because they weren't sleeping.* Harri said as she ducked into a side passage to avoid Filch.

*They really are fans huh?*

*The biggest.* Harri laughed.

*We may have to intervene when you introduce us.* Remus muttered.

*They're your fans too, Messr Moony.* Harri giggled.

*Yeah but I'm the halfway sane one!* Remus exclaimed, that sent Harriet into a fit of laughter.

Finally, they reached the seventh floor and the other two were just starting to wake up as Harri began her pacing in front of the wall. *What are you doing pup?* Sirius questioned from where his head was poking out of her bag.

Harriet didn't answer until she stopped and the door appeared, *Summoning the Room of Requirement.* she smiled as all three snakes perked up, she opened the door and walked in, happily noting the uneven bars, track, and tumbling mat were all as she imagined them.

*This room can be anything you want and you chose a gym?* Sirius whined.

*Yes, I'm not going to give up my workout just because I'm here. Now that I've upped my stamina I can work on my flexibility and power.* Harri said, setting her bag down and taking Remus from around her neck, *You guys can go back to sleep if you want. I'll wake you when we're headed to breakfast.* she went over to the tumbling mat and began her stretches.

Not even a minute later all three men had returned to normal and were following her lead, "Might as well." Sirius said with a put upon sigh. Harri hid her grin and led them through the new workout, she started to integrate some fighting drills and toward the end had them attempt pull ups on the bars, only she could pull it off.
Harri changed into her school clothes and the Marauders changed back into snakes so they could go to breakfast. They met the twins by the door and went in to eat, Harri set the snakes on the bench beside her and cut up several sausages for each snake to eat off the table before focusing on talking to her mates.

A nearby shriek interrupted her meal, she looked up to see Ron staring at the three snakes with wide eyes and a pale face. The three snakes turned from the table with their sausage to look at Ron curiously, "Wh-hy is th-there sna-kes at the table?" He stuttered.

"They're eating breakfast." Harri deadpanned.

"Ron, leave them be." Fred said.

"Yeah, we don't scream when you eat at the table." George added, causing Harri to laugh.

"I'm not a bloody snake!" Ron yelled.

"Obviously not." Came a refined voice, everyone looked to see a small blond in Slytherin robes approaching, "If you were a snake you'd have manners." He looked down his nose at Ron the best he could, "Of course what can one expect from a Weasley?" his gaze drifted over to Harriet, "You're Harriet Potter correct?" Harri raised an eyebrow at him, "Excellent, I'm Draco Malfoy. Obviously you belong in Slytherin, what with your companions. I will make an exception due to the hats mistake and be your friend despite you being in Gryffindor."

Harriet gave a delicate snort, "Yeah, that’s not how you become friends. First of all, you insulted the friends I already have and then just declared yourself my friend. That’s not how it works, try again.”

Draco spluttered, “Surely you can’t be friends with this mess!” he exclaimed pointing to Ron, “He’s rude and unmannered and comes from a poor family! I’d make a much better friend!”

Harriet frowned, “I’m not friends with Ron. I’m friends with Fred and George, they’re Weasleys as well. Money doesn’t make a good friend, nor does manners. That makes a good ally but it’s not exclusive. I would rather have friends who aren’t here for my fame than an ally who thinks money and the color of my robes is all that matters.” Draco gaped unattractively for several second before all but running away.
The twins gaped at Harriet, however Ron was still staring fearfully at the snakes who had gotten a lot more active after Harriet’s take down. Sirius had wrapped himself around James and was crying, *Our baby girl is growing up! Did you see her beat down that boy without even rising her voice?! Our mothers would be so proud!*

*Yes Sirius,* James was sighing, *My child, who I and Lily conceived, is perfect. You, as her Godfather, can bask in her perfection and brag to your mother's portrait.*

*You two are such a couple.* Remus was grumbling under all of this, *Honestly, you would think Sirius gave birth to her.*

Harriet shook her head and tossed a piece of bacon at them, *You three are embarrassing.*

Of course Harri speaking in parseltongue caused Ron to shriek again and run off. Harriet rolled her eyes and went back to her breakfast and her mates, they all forgot about the conversation between herself and Draco.

After McGonagall passed out schedules Harriet headed right down to Potions, steeling herself for dealing with Snape. The Marauders weren't helping with their commentary on the upcoming class. Just like before, when Snape let everyone into class he immediately focused in on Harri and started asking her questions from the older year’s materials. This time however she answered them all with a straight face and the Marauders hissing at him. When he got tired of failing to embarrass her, she felt him enter her mind.

Already tired of this game, Harri let her barriers lock him in place and shoved all the abuse the Dursleys had put her through during her first ten years right in front of his crooked nose. She watched as he paled more and more with each beating, starvation, insult, and cupboard isolation. When she felt his hatred for her disappear and become shame and guilt she cut off the memories and thought very pointedly as she released him, *Happy now jackass? Stop being such a pathetic follower and be the Slytherin your supposed to be. And stay the fuck OUT OF MY MIND!!!!*

She kept her face innocent as he jumped backward and scolded reflexively, "Language Miss Potter!"

Harri cocked her head, "What do you mean Professor?"

He blinked, realizing that he had been scolding her for something she had been saying in her mind and he couldn’t say anything as unsanctioned Legilimency was illegal. "Nothing. Let's continue on."
He quickly moved on, pointedly ignoring Harriet. When class let out he called her to stay behind, so she stayed in her seat while the others cleared out.

*What does he want?* Sirius asked.

*He tried to get in my mind earlier and I showed him my time at the Dursleys. That will start him questioning Dumbles and hopefully prevent him from being a complete asshole.* Harri said, *He probably wants to ask me about it or my mental shields.*

“Miss Potter.” Snape called, “If your done talking with your pets I would like a word.”

“Of course Professor.” Harri said genially, she stood with Sirius draped over her shoulders, her father wrapped around her left arm, and Remus looking out from her bag. The second she stood in front of his desk she felt privacy wards slam into place around the five of them and she dropped her act with a grin, “Ah, you noticed the two listening at the door as well?”

Snape looked at her curiously, “Yes, how did you?”

“Several things, but mostly because I knew they would be there.” Harri said, “Now what do you want? I do have a transfiguration class to attend you know.”

“What exactly was the meaning of earlier?” Snape demanded.

Harri cocked her hip and crossed her arms over her chest, “Earlier? You mean when you interrogated me, a muggle raised student, on material that was years ahead of us? Or are you speaking about when you illegally attempted to breach my mind? The first would be you placing the sins of the father on the child in a petty attempt at revenge. The second I can only assume was a slip in your judgement. After that, the things I showed you, was for you to know that I am not my father and will not stand for treatment such as that or what I’ve suffered before lightly. That, was your warning.” She leaned down and placed her hands on his desk, “And if any of this gets to Dumbledore, know that you will be breaking your vow.” With that she spun and walked out of the privacy wards, she didn’t hesitate to walk out of the class room and pass the two traitors who were crowded by the door trying to listen.

*How are you sure he won’t say anything cub?* Remus asked as the other two hissed curses back at Snape.
I’ve already insulted his Slytherininess and he won’t chance it without knowing how telling Dumbles would break the vow. He would lose him magic or his life, depending on how serious the infraction was. Harri said. *I’m not too worried. He’ll either stop his behavior and work up the courage to ask me to explain or I’ll get tired of his attitude and make good on or add to my threat.*

They made it to transfiguration just in time to grab a seat next to Neville. Harri gave the cat on the desk a smile as she pulled out her book and sat up attentively. The bell rang and a minute later Hermione and Ron stumbled in. “Oh good.” Ron said with a sigh, “She’s not here yet.”

Just like before, the cat jumped from the desk and transformed midair into Professor McGonagall, *Show off.* Harri muttered with a small smile, Remus snickered as James and Sirius hissed agreements.

“Miss Granger, Mr Weasley, how nice of you to join us. Maybe I should transfigure one of you into a watch so at least one of you might be on time.” McGonagall said, both blushed and ducked their heads, “Have a seat.” The two quickly sat behind Harri and Neville. McGonagall went through her introduction lecture rather quickly and immediately started them off attempting to turn matchsticks into needles. Knowing it would take the class a week and a half to move on from that subject, Harri took out parchment and spelled it in preparation to send to Griphook.

About halfway through her letter to the goblin, Hermione leaned across her desk and interrupted Harri. “Harriet are you having trouble? Can I help you?”

“I’m fine.” Harri said, waving her off and continuing to write.

“But you haven’t even attempted the spell.” Hermione protested.

“I tried it out on the train.” Harri lied, “I’m taking notes from the text now.”

“You already got it?” Neville asked from his spot next to her. “Can you help me?”

Harri smiled at Neville, “Of course.” She rolled up her parchment to finish later and moved to begin helping Neville when Ron interrupted.
“You can’t have already gotten it!”

This got Professor McGonagall’s attention and she swept over to them, “What seems to be the problem?”

Harri looked up at McGonagall with a smile, “I was about to help Neville with the spell Professor but Ron didn’t believe that I had already completed the spell. He believed he should yell it out and disturb class.”

“I see. Why don’t you show us your needle then Miss Potter?” McGonagall said, “That should clear things up and then you can help Mr Longbottom here.” Harri shrugged and cast the spell on the matchstick, immediately it turned into a silver needle with a sharp point and frosted designs in the shape of stars along its length. She handed it to the Professor who looked suitably impressed, “Very good Miss Potter, can you change it back?” before McGonagall could hand the needle back to her, Harri spoke the reversal and changed it back to a matchstick. “Excellent, 20 points to Gryffindor Miss Potter for being the first in class to achieve the transformation. You may help Mr Longbottom with his now.”

Harri bowed her head in acknowledgement and turned to help Neville who looked relieved to have assistance. She knew that Neville would have trouble, he was currently working with his father’s wand and that just wouldn’t do for him. She could tell her father, the transfiguration whiz, couldn’t understand why Neville was having trouble with his corrected pronunciation, wand movement, and more in depth explanation of the visualization necessity, so she explained it to him in hushed hisses.

*Augusta was always a hard ass but I didn’t think she would be like that.* James muttered.

*Surely you can get him a new wand pup.* Sirius said.

*I can, but I need to gain a bit of his trust so he will keep it a secret when I bring him a box of wands from the RoR Room of Lost Things.* Harriet said, *It’s not a big enough secret to require him to learn Occlumency but I don’t want him babbling about it to everyone.*

*Room of Lost Things?* James questioned.

*It’s one of the rooms you can call up in the RoR. It holds anything and everything that might
*have once been lost in the castle.* Harriet said, *It is also where one of the horcruxes is.*

*Great!* Sirius exclaimed, *Let’s go destroy it!*

*Calm down. I’ll move it down to the chamber by the end of the year but I’m not going to destroy it right away. I want to look for a way to save the piece its being held in.* Harri said, *Helena Ravenclaw, the Ravenclaw ghost, is very attached to it and it would make her happy to have it back to rights. The goblins can do it but I’d like to see if I can do it myself. A bit of a challenge you know, since these repeated school years are going to be a bit boring.*

*Boring with us around? Never!* James laughed with Sirius and Remus, Harri rolled her eyes.

When class was finished they all went to lunch, Harri immediately had a twin on either side asking her how her first classes went and praising her success in transfiguration. The rest of lunch was spent talking about Quidditch and how excited Harri was to learn to fly when lessons started up in a couple weeks. After lunch was done Harri had a bit of free time before Charms, so she went to the library and began trying to look up the transfiguration effects on werewolves. By the time she was to go to her next class she had several titles on the subject.

In charms they didn’t do much except start going over magical theory, Harri had her text book open and was listening with half an ear as she skimmed through the library books under her desk. The snakes had taken another book into her expanded bag and were reading over it together with a lumos she provided them. When class was over Harri made sure to check herself for tracking or listening charms before sneaking off to the second-floor girl’s restrooms.

*Where are we Princess?* James asked, he froze with his head half way out of the bag as he took in the stalls and sinks, *I see, just leave us by the sinks. We’ll be fine.*

Harriet huffed, *Calm down, I’m not here to use the facilities.* she did a quick scan with her wand and nodded in satisfaction when she found that the room was clear, even Myrtle seemed to be out at the moment. She looked to the sinks and hissed, *Open.* all three snakes poked their head out to watch as the sinks rose from floor to reveal the slide down. Harri gripped her bag carefully and jumped down into the hole, giggling hysterically as the snakes gave hissy screeches. When she landed she looked back up to listen for the door closing, once it had she started off down the tunnel.

*Where are we?* James asked again.
*On our way to the Chamber of Secrets.* Harri replied, *We only have an hour and a half until dinner so we don’t have much time to explore but I have enough time to talk to the basalisk.*

*You want to go talk to an enormous snake that could kill you with a look?* Remus hissed in alarm.

Harri ignored him as she reached the large snake door, *Open.* she repeated. The snake slithered around the outside, unlocking the door before it swung open. Harri moved through the round door and stalked forward carefully, *Stay in the bag and keep your eyes closed.* she warned the Marauders. She crouched low to the ground and edged forward carefully, she quieted her breathing and strained her ears.

The sound of scales against stone came from her right and she moved quickly to the front of the Chamber where the stone face of Salazar Slytherin was. *Speak to me Slytherin, Greatest of the Hogwarts Four.* she called out. She watched as the chin slowly lowered and a huge thick, scaly body dropped out of the mouth. Instantly Harri closed her eyes and focused her senses outward as the Basilisk came forward.

*A hatchling speaker has found me.* said a distinctly female voice, *How? This hatchling does not smell of Slytherin linage. Speak hatchling speaker. Answer me.*

*I am the new Lady Slytherin by right of conquest. I came to speak with you.* Harriet said confidently.

*You have defeated the dark hatchling? The last of line Slytherin?* the basilisk asked.

*I have.*

*And Master’s ring accepted you?*

Harriet willed the Slytherin ring from the disillusioned necklace around her neck to her hand and presented it to the large snake, *It has.* she forced herself to stay still when she felt the basilisk’s tongue flick against her hand and ring.
*Open your eyes hatchling. The ring has accepted you fully, you will be safe from my gaze.* the basilisk said surprisingly softly. Harri hesitated but in her subconscious Glacia urged her to do so. The second her eyes opened she was met with piercing yellow eyes from the basilisk who had laid its mighty head on the ground in front of her. *Hello hatchling, I am Samarra. I am Hogwarts’s Slytherin appointed Guardian and I am pleased meet the newest head of Slytherin. Do you have need of me? I live to serve the Slytherin line.*

*Hello Samarra, I’m Harriet. It is nice to meet you as well.* Harri said, *No, I don’t currently have need of you. I just wished to come and speak to you. Next year the last of Slytherin blood will attempt to use you to kill muggle-borns and I wanted to get to you first in case I’m not able to prevent him from coming down here.*

Samarra let out a loud violent hiss, *The hatchling from before? He spoke to me when he was here last but I managed to turn him away since he had not yet claimed the ring. Unfortunately my gaze killed one of the students before I could fully turn him away* Samarra looked to Harriet curiously, *Do you not wish for muggle-borns demise Mistress?*

*I wish for one certain muggle-borns demise but not all of them.* Harri assured, *You can go on living in peace. I will only call for your help if the school is in danger.* she wrinkled her nose, *And please don’t call me Mistress. Harri or Harriet is just fine Samarra.*

Samarra stared at her silently for several seconds, Harri forcing herself to stay still under the piercing gaze of the snake. *I like you. You are my hatchling now.* Harri blinked up at the snake, *Come hatchling. I will introduce you to Master.* Samarra turned and slithered back toward the Slytherin statue.

“This should be interesting.” Harri muttered softly as she followed the sixty-foot basilisk. She floated herself up into the statue’s mouth and looked around curiously as the snake led her down suspiciously clean halls toward a set of double doors.

Samarra hissed at the dark wood doors and they swung open, *Master! Master! I have found a worthy new speaker!*

Harriet had her wand in her hand and her other gripped her bag protectively as she looked around warily, she stood in a huge room that looked to be an office. It was clearly made so that Samarra could be in here comfortably. There was a large desk in rich dark wood in the center and a fire place on each end, one had a completely clear area in front of it like any floo fire would and the other had comfy looking chairs sat around it. Along the walls behind the desk were shelves almost overflowing
with books, the titles Harri could see were making her itch to pick them up. Finally, she saw a large portrait over next to the fire, it held a thin dark haired wizard with green eyes who could only be one person.

*I’m here Samarra. Who have you found?* the portrait spoke in a refined voice. It took all of Harriet’s control for her mouth to not drop open like a dying fish, she recognized this man. Hell, she had just levitated herself up into the mouth of this man’s statue.

*The worthy new speaker! The who can fix your good name!* Samarra said happily.

*Lord Slytherin.* Harri said faintly, bowing shakily at the waist. She had thought all portraits of the founders were destroyed.

The portrait of Salazar Slytherin looked her over with a raised eyebrow, *Lady Slytherin.* he said back when he took in the family ring on her finger.

*Harriet if you don’t tell us what’s going on we’re coming out!* came a slightly panicked hissing from her bag.

Salazar’s mouth twitched up at the corner as Harri blushed a bit, *Um, I didn’t get the chance to ask Samarra, is there a way to keep her eyes from affecting people?*

*Yes, two actually. For those you consider family you can declare on your status that they are protected from her gaze. If you ever wish to take her somewhere I have a blinder that will allow her to see but keep her eyes from causing havoc in the general public.* Salazar replied.

Harriet nodded, *In parseltongue I assume.* Salazar gave her a look that said ‘what do you think?’, Harri rolled her eyes. *Men. I, Harriet Rose Potter, head of House Slytherin declare James Charlus Potter, Sirius Orion Black, Remus John Lupin, George Gideon Weasley, and Fred Fabian Weasley are protected from the gaze of Samarra the Basilisk.* green light covered Samarra for several second before it died out. When Salazar gave her a nod Harri pulled the three snakes from her bag, *Alright you three. You’re protected from Samarra. You better be polite though.*

The Marauders took in the enormous basilisk with open mouths, their tiny snake eyes almost popping from their heads. Salazar chuckled, *Considering their behavior I assume these three
are not, in fact, snakes of any sort.*

Harri laughed, *No, they aren’t.* she set all three on the ground and canceled the spell on Remus. A second after he was human Sirius and James followed.

“That was the basilisk you fought?!” James cried, his eyes had yet to leave the enormous snake who was regarding him curiously.

Harri whacked him on the head, “Manners!”

“Fought?” Salazar asked, eyeing Harriet warily.

Harri straightened and folded her hands in front of her, “It is a very long story Lord Slytherin. Rest assured, I will not fight or kill Samarra unless something happens where she taken over and attempts to harm those in my care.”

Salazar studied her carefully then nodded, “Alright, but I wish to hear this story.”

“I have no problem with that.” Harri said, “However, I won’t be able to right away. If I miss dinner I could call the attention of enemies within the school.”

Salazar’s eyebrow rose again, “Enemies in the school? What exactly is going on?”

“Short version?” Sirius asked, “Because the long one took us a couple hours.”

“Very well. The short version.” Salazar sighed, he settled into his chair in the painting. So Harri told him about Dumbledore and his manipulations, Voldemort and his plans, and finally her part in this and her plan to protect her family. Even as condensed as she made it, it still took them close to forty-five minutes to come to a point where Salazar was somewhat satisfied. “Very interesting.” He mused, “I will offer what help I can. Samarra, of course, will do as you ask. You are truly worthy of the Slytherin Headship.” Harri bowed her head, cheering internally. “To begin with I can begin to teach you four parselmagic.”

Harriet’s eyes lit up, “That would be wonderful!”
“What is that?” Sirius asked, “You know, for those of us who aren’t Slytherin.”

Salazar sent him an amused look, “It is a special brand of magic that can be used only by those who speak parseltongue. It will give you the ability to protect yourself and Harriet even in your snake forms. I assumed that would be a good thing.” The Marauders nodded enthusiastically, “Good, you can come down here whenever it is convenient and I will teach. Samarra can help with that.”

*Yes.* the basilisk hissed happily, *I can teach them to be true snakes!*

Harriet giggled and James raised an eyebrow at her, “What did she say?”

“That she will teach you guys to be true snakes.” Harri said with a grin, all three Marauders eyed the large serpent skeptically. Harriet rolled her eyes and looked back to Salazar, “I’m afraid we have to go to stave off suspicions but we will return in the morning to commence with lessons.”

Salazar nodded, “I will see you then my Lady.”

As the Marauders returned to their snake forms and Harriet went about picking them all put she looked around consideringly, “Salazar is there an easier way in and out other than the slide? I don’t know where you originally put it but now it’s in a girl’s bathroom and that’s not exactly an inconspicuous spot for me to come and go. People will wonder why I spend so much time there.”

“You are the Lady of my house and a blooded Gryffindor, the castle will listen to you.” Salazar said, “Just focus on what you want and ask her to change it.”

Harri blinked, “That sure would have been handy to know last time.”

*Could you imagine the pranks we could have pulled with that?!* James hissed excitedly, *The pranks we can pull now? The stuff we can do to Dumbledore?!*

Salazar tried to give him a disproving glare but his mouth twitched upward, *It wasn’t made like that for pranks. However, I can’t say that I disapprove of using it against the Headmaster.*
Harriet rolled her eyes and concentrated on a door in the room that had a staircase leading up to the first floor and coming up at a doorway hidden by a tapestry in a lesser used hallway that she could protect with a password. “Hogwarts?” she called uncertainly, in the next instant the door appeared on the other side of the fireplace next to Salazar. She walked over to the door and opened it to find a spiral staircase heading up, “Brilliant!” she leaned back and smiled at Salazar and Samarra.

*Salazar, Samarra, we’ll see you two tomorrow!*  

*Goodnight hatchling,* Samarra said, bowing her great head.

*Have a good evening my Lady.* Salazar said with a smile.

Harri bowed her head before going through the door and racing up the stairs, she quickly set the door with a parseltongue password, *I solemnly swear I’m up to no good.* at the Marauders insistence. When she was done she quickly slipped out of the unused hallway and toward the more used part of the castle.

Just minutes away from the great hall the twins appeared behind Harriet, throwing their arms over her shoulders. “Hello there,”

“Miss Lived.” The twins greeted.

Harri looked between them in amusement, “Miss Lived? As in Miss The-Girl-Who-Lived?”

“Got it in one!” they answered, Fred continued, “Of course no one ever addresses someone by Miss and their entire name.”

“And Miss Who-Lived sounds a bit strange.” George added.

“So Miss Lived it was!”

Harri laughed, “Is that so?” They both nodded seriously, Harri rolled her eyes, “I see, so why have you accosted me in the hallway?”

“Of escort you to dinner!” they said brightly.
“We were looking all over for you!” George said, looking her over worriedly.

“But when we heard who else was looking for you we figured you were hiding.” Fred said, looking around carefully.

Harri inclined her head, “Ah yes, your brother and that muggleborn.”

“Your stalker fan club.” George chuckled.

“Maybe you should get a restraining order if they keep this up.” Fred muttered, George snorted while Harri gave him a raised eyebrow. He shrugged, “Being a fan is one thing but even after one day they’ve been getting a bit creepy. They’ve been methodically searching the entire castle and questioning everyone.”

Harri wrinkled her nose, “Wow, that is a bit creepy.” She shrugged, “If they don’t stop I might.” She glanced to Sirius who was snickering, *It would put a damper on their plans.*

*Damn right.* James muttered from his place around her neck.

They all made it to the Great Hall just as the food was appearing at the table, they secured a seat across from Oliver and Lee with the twins sitting on either side of Harri. James and Sirius slithered off to her left to sit between her and Fred while Remus slithered to her right to sit between her and George. The twins both glanced to the snakes before cutting up pieces of chicken breasts and setting them in front of the reptiles like it was completely normal, Harri felt her heart skip a bit and looked down to conceal her smile.

About halfway through the meal Harri looked up with her fork in her mouth when she heard her name called. Hermione was standing behind Oliver and Lee, staring at her with her arms crossed, “Where were you?” she demanded.

Harriet swallowed slowly and slid her fork free from her mouth, “Why do you need to know?”

“I’ve looked everywhere for you!” Hermione stated petulantly.
Harri raised an unimpressed eyebrow, “What was so important that you wouldn’t wait for dinner or until we were in our dorm tonight?”

Hermione’s mouth opened to answer before she went red and frowned, “I just wanted to know where you were.”

“The library.” Harri said simply.

Hermione’s eyes narrowed, “I checked there.”

“I never said I stayed.” Harri said simply, trying to remain perfectly neutral and not snap, “I did a little exploring and found a nice little nook to read in. It’s obviously a good place for a little peaceful reading if no one could find me.”

Hermione’s face got a bit redder and she opened her mouth to say something else when a stern voice interrupted her, “What is going on here?”

Harri looked up and smiled at Professor McGonagall, “Good evening Professor. Nothing much. My roommate here was just questioning me about my whereabouts. I’m not entirely sure why. She didn’t seem to have a reason”

McGonagall frowned at Hermione, “Miss Granger, another student’s constant whereabouts are not your concern unless you believe they are in danger at which point you should come to me. Please sit.” Hermione huffed and stalked down the table a little way to sit with Ron who kept shooting scared looks at the snakes who were still eating from the table. McGonagall smiled down at Harri, “Miss Potter, just where were you that your fellow students were afraid that you had disappeared completely?”

Harriet pulled a book from her bag, “Your lecture was very interesting so I went to the library for some reading material.” She handed the book to her Professor, “After that I explored the castle a bit and found a nice, warm sunny spot to relax and read.”

McGonagall looked at the cover before giving Harriet a soft look, “Transfiguration: Effects and Limitations? This book covers a great many things that we won’t until fourth or fifth year and several that we don’t cover at all.”
Harri forced a blush on her face, “Yes, well I have already read the entirety of our first year text and can complete the first three changes and their counters. I figured I would pull some extra reading material.” She took the book and gave a happy sigh to the cover, “It’s just so fascinating.”

The Professor beamed, “I glad you enjoy it. I’m sure you’ll be a transfiguration whiz just like your father. Good evening Miss Potter.” She strode away with a bright smile.

*Spot on acting Pup!* Sirius cheered, *I’d give you the slow clap but I don’t have any hands!*

*You’re way to good at this.* Remus muttered.

*Loki taught me well.* Harri replied smugly.

Dinner went on without any other interruptions. The four upper classmen did ask if she had really already done the first three transfigurations and Harri demonstrated only to blush as the four praised her work, James bragging about her the entire time. After that they adjourned to the tower where Oliver broke off to work on the homework he already received while Harri, the twins, and Lee played a game of exploding snap and chatted away about anything that came to mind.

When Harri finally went to her room and was able to draw her curtains, placing sealing and silencing charms on them, she was ready for bed. She switched her clothes with a spell and put her bag on the headboard before crawling under the covers and casting several warming charms beside her so the Marauders could curl up next to her. *Glad that’s over.* she muttered, watching in amusement as the three curled together in a snakey tangle.

*First days are always the worst.* James said with a smile in his voice.

*I don’t know, when the troll is let in on Halloween it won’t be the best day.* Remus piped up.

*Nah, that will be fun.*

*Only you would find that fun cub.* Remus said in exasperation.
*I spent the last seven or so years going into battle with the Avenger almost weekly. We fought aliens and robots and failed experiments. Yeah it was hard, but we did it together and we had fun.* Harri said with a small smile, *This is actually the longest I’ve gone without some sort of fighting in almost nine years. So yeah, taking care of the troll will be fun.*

*It will certainly be interesting.* Sirius acknowledged, he looked up at Harriet, *I didn’t expect Ron and Hermione to be this pushy and stalkerish.*

Harry frowned, *Yeah, they weren’t last time. However, last time I was introduced to them right away and had compulsions, charms, and potions to ease me into befriending and listening to them. This time, none of those are in effect and I didn’t immediately befriend Ron so I’m sure they aren’t quite sure what’s going on.*

*Shouldn’t you act like they’re still in effect?* Remus questioned.

Harri sighed, *I had thought about it but I remember way too much of their betrayal to be able to pull that off long term. I have the LeFay and Black temper so I would likely snap within the week. If it is discovered that they are no longer there Dumbledore can’t exactly ask me about them directly, I will just say that the goblins did a cleansing ritual on me when I went to get my trust vault. If he tries to replace them, they won’t stick due to my phoenix nature and the Ladyship rings.*

*I guess you have a point. We’ll have to adjust as we go.* Remus said speculatively.

Harri smiled at him, *Of course. Now let’s get some rest. We have to deal with this all again tomorrow.*

Chapter End Notes

Next week, Trolls and Tonys!
I'm SO sorry that this took so long. The first and second reasons are finals week and revision issues that were pointed out to me that I needed to fix.

The final one is that I was feeling a bit unsure of this story after a review I received. It wasn't exactly a flame or overly mean and I think that is what made it so hard for me to dismiss. I lost my confidence. It took me quite a while to get over the review and plow on with my writing.

It read: "I do like it, though I think you've got too much going on with the avengers. I'm also finding Harri to be pretentious and I doubt anyone would take a letter saying what Clint and Bruce got seriously at all, especially with that beginning. Honestly I'd have left the whole thing with Bruce and Clint out. Tony and Jarvis maybe, but the rest is too distracting from the main point of the fic, which should be Hogwarts. Doing an Avengers thing should be a separate fic."

Now, I LOVE hearing what you guys think of my story but I want to make things clear, this is MY story. I have chosen to make this a CROSSOVER which means it will have other elements than just Hogwarts. I will gladly take suggestions for things but telling ME where MY story SHOULD focus is not the way that happens. I understand many people would like to hear more in depth parts of the Hogwarts happenings but that is not the way I want to play it, I have read to many fics that have focused fully on that and neglected the other part of the crossover until last minute making it seemed too forced, disjointed, or like a last minute decision. I thought I made it very clear through this story that the focus is going to be taking down Dumbledore in the long term and Harriet reconnecting with her family, I can't do that if I'm focused on retelling every single day of Harri's Hogwarts experience, something that is ALREADY rehashed a billion other times in a billion other stories. If that is what your looking for then this is NOT the story for you.

As for the other two things addressed in that review, Harri may seem a bit pretentious but I'm not attempting to make her out that way, she does have a bit of an attitude and she does have a bit more knowledge than others at this point but she is not infallible or perfect, she has her weak spots and those will show through as things start to pick up. The letters are a bit hard to believe but I decided that Harriet would go with the straight forward approach with her family members.

There we go, rant done.

All that being said, I'm not exactly happy with the outcome of this LONG chapter and will probably change a few things when I iron them out.

ENJOY!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The year was progressing relatively fast, but Harri was sure that it was mostly due to the fact that this
was a rerun for her. After her relatively tame first day the weeks had flown by.

Every morning she went to the RoR to work out, she was getting back to where she was before and she was confident she would be able to save Bucky just before her birthday, no problem. Harri and the Marauders also took time every day to go down and talk with Samarra and Salazar, either in the morning or during lunch as evenings were saved for the twins. Salazar taught them all Parselmagic, despite their misgivings the Marauders all did well, so far being able to do half of the first year spells in their snake forms. Samarra taught the Marauders how to be true snakes like she promised while Harriet filled Salazar in on the rest of her story and he helped her fill out her plans and create more.

She excelled in class and, knowing the work in advance, she had managed to get all of her homework done for the first semester, only tweaking the work if for some reason it was changed. Harriet also joined her mates in pranking the other students, with their maps, Harri's training, and the Marauder's new 'sneaky snake abilities', as James had put it, they were able to pull off bigger and more widespread pranks. Snape hadn't really changed; however, he did take more time to study Harri. When he did choose to lash out at her Harri would simply raise an eyebrow at him and act amused, which she was.

They hadn't found anything about transfiguring werewolves yet, but Harri had yet to give up. She had moved to having elves from the Potter Manor bring her books from the library there, hoping the lest restricted books would hold the answer. In the mean time she snuck the snakes out the day of the full moon and claimed they were getting in some natural hunting. Then in the morning she would go and pick up the Marauders who would be curled up and sleeping in her bag.

When flying lessons began Harri allowed events to unfold exactly how they had before; her only regret was Neville had to get hurt, but she did her part, she saved his remebrall from Draco and "accidentally" caught Professor McGonagall’s attention while flying. Oliver was ecstatic to have her on the team, especially after the conversations they had gotten into about it at the dinner table. Just like last time, Oliver had taken her out to the pitch before dinner and allowed her to practice with a real snitch. Harri had flown just as easily as always, relishing in the wind whipping past her as the Marauders cheered from the ground. Later, Oliver had walked with her to dinner and announced to the whole table that she was the new Gryffindor seeker. The twins had been excited, they carried her around the school on their shoulders for the next two days and had even showed up early for the first morning practice.

The rest the time passed uneventfully. Quirrel/Voldemort hadn't made a move, Dumbledore was just watching from afar, and even Harriet's bracelets reported no injuries from either of her brothers. All was going well. It was driving Harri slightly insane, she wasn't used to plans keeping on track. She was waiting for things to jump the rail and go careening off toward something that would surely make a huge explosion when hit.

Really all she needed to do was be patient.
The Marauders watched from Harriet's bed as she packed her over the shoulder bag with several of her weapons. They had veered from their routine for once this morning and they had yet to get a real answer as to why from Harriet. It was unnerving.

This morning she had slept in until well after the start of breakfast, being so used to her early morning habits they had all been up just before the other girls had awoken. Finally, Remus had woken her only to be met by grumbling and Harriet burying her head under her pillow. They had at first thought she was sick but after several minutes of fretting over her she had gotten fed up and rose to start her day.

Still she hadn't acted normally, she checked for monitoring spells before calling one of the Manor elves to bring them breakfast as she lounged on her bed. All three of them were worried and uncertain, even Sirius had eventually asked her if she was going to class. She had waved them off and said she was skipping History. Now, after she had gotten her uniform on and had pulled her hair up into a messy bun, she was arming herself. She had already attached a set of throwing knives to the back of her belt and disillusioned them as well as a pistol holstered on her right side with two extra clips. Now she was packing what she had told them at the manor where essentials into her bag; she had a taser, a polished chrome baseball bat, a MK18 rifle, Peruvian Instant Darkness Powder, several dung bombs they had made the other day, emergency potions, several large bars of chocolate, and extra ammo.

Finally, James got fed up and he transformed back. He strode over to the door and with several quick wand movements locked it up tighter than Gringotts. He spun to Harriet, who was staring at him curiously, and gripped her shoulders, "What the hell is going on? You have to talk to us!"

Sirius transformed back as well and canceled Remus' transfiguration, "Please pup. We just want to know why you’re acting all strange."

"And why you seem to think you need a fourth of your arsenal before you head out today." Remus added.

"It's Halloween." Harriet sighed.

Sirius and James traded confused looks and Remus frowned, "The day of the attack." Understanding dawned on the others faces while Remus continued to frown, "I understand being a bit out of it but why are you arming yourself to the teeth?"
Harri sighed and closed her trunk, "Halloween is when all the weird stuff happens. Sure it shows up during the year but Halloween is when it really hits. Originally I thought it was all Voldemort but even after he was gone it happened. Giant wasps controlled by an alien in New York one year, some ray gun that turned Tony evil the next, after that a portal from another universe spat out a male version of me who was the son of Sirius and Remus and was in a relationship with Voldemort, the list goes on." She twirled her bat idly, "It’s just best that I'm prepared, even if all that ends up happening is the troll."

"Wow." James muttered, "I guess so."

Sirius looked to be fighting laughter, Harri lifted an eyebrow at him, "So who was the girl? Me or Moony?" He blurted, he drew himself up, "I bet I'd make a hot chick."

Harri grinned, "Neither, you were both male." She looked at Remus, "According to my counterpart, in that world male submissive werewolves could get pregnant by their mates." James burst into laughter as Remus and Sirius' faces went pale.

"But he's my brother?!" They both exclaimed as one, Sirius immediately turned to Remus and gave him a pout, "You mean you wouldn't want a kid with me?"

As the two squabbled James looked over to Harriet again and smiled softly, she had relaxed a bit though her eyes were still sad and her grip on her bat had yet to ease up. He walked over and drew her into a hug, "Just relax Princess, we're with you every step of the way." He murmured into her hair, "Besides, your mother wouldn't want you to be sad."

"Let's be honest." Sirius butted in, "Lily would want you to kick ass pup!" Remus nodded in agreement.

James smiled down at his daughter and very carefully conjured a small delicate lily made of silver, adding in the power necessary to make it permanent, before sliding it to rest behind her ear with a mild sticking charm. "She'll always be with us and we will never forget her but I know for a fact that she would come back and haunt us if we wasted all our lives mourning instead of living to our fullest." Harri gave him a slightly watery smile and wiped quickly at her eyes, "So you ready to go out and kick ass in your mother’s honor?"

Harriet straightened and tightened her grip on her bat, "Yes." She sniffed and nodded, "Yeah, let's do this." She twirled her bat and slid it into her bag in on smooth movement then picked up the Marauders as soon as they returned to their snake forms. *Don't eat the chocolate Moony. It's bad for snakes.* she warned as she slid him into her bag, he grumbled his understanding. Harri let Sirius
curled around her arm and her father around her neck. "Time to face the world I guess." She sighed, with a downward flick of her hand she broke all of her father's locks and wards from the door.

Just as she stepped from the portrait she ran into Hermione who was trying in enter. "Watch it!" Hermione snapped before looking up and seeing Harriet. "I'm so sorry Harriet! I didn't know it was you!"

Harri brushed exaggeratedly at her robes, "It's fine." She sighed, before moving around the other girl and walking off.

"Wait!" Hermione called, running after Harri when she didn't stop or slow. "Harriet! I was actually coming to find you!"

Harri glanced over at the traitor, "What do you want?"

"Are you alright? You weren't at breakfast or in History." Hermione questioned.

"Just having a bit of a lie in." Harri answered, it wasn't even a lie this time.

"But your always up before us!" Hermione exclaimed.

Harri gave a shrug, "I'm just not feeling it today."

"Why not?! It's Halloween! I figured you'd be excited for the feast tonight!"

In one fast motion Harri had Hermione shoved against the wall where the girl squeaked in alarm. Harriet let her magic flow up into her eyes so they glowed as she glared at the other Gryffindor, "This is the tenth anniversary of my parent’s death at the hands of Voldemort. The tenth anniversary of me surviving while the rest of my family was ripped from me. Please oh please tell me what in Merlin's name I have to be excited about." She growled, at this point Hermione was pale and her eyes where wide and frightened. "A feast is what you want me to be excited about? You'll have to forgive me if a feast doesn't make up for those I have lost." She spun sharply, making her hair hit Hermione in the face before stalking off.
*Harriet are you alright?* James asked warily.

*I'm fine Dad.* she answered calmly.

*Right.* James muttered, eyeing her skeptically.

They attended herbology on time, Harriet ignoring Hermione who showed up several minutes late. The snakes particularly liked herbology because they could actively help Harriet in this class without the Professor getting mad. They could burrow into the soil to help her bring up the plant with the roots completely intact. It wasn't Harriet's favorite class but she did have fun in it, working in the soil was peaceful.

After herbology they made their way toward the great hall, but before they could enter Harri was grabbed by two serious looking red heads and drug off to an abandoned hallway. "Um, Fred, George? What's up?" Harri tried as they stood her against a wall.

That seemed to set them off, they started checking her over for injuries and asking questions frantically. "Are you alright?" "Why weren't you at breakfast?" "Are you sick?" "Are you hurt?"

Harri grabbed a hand from each twin and held them still, "I'm fine. I just slept in a bit then had one of the elves bring me breakfast. This day is just a bit hard for me."

The twins frowned before understanding filtered across their faces and they swept forward to hug her. "We didn't even think about that." George murmured into her hair.

"Of course you're going to be a bit out of it." Fred continued.

Harri sagged into the twins, “Thank you.” she murmured.

“I guess you won’t want to,”

“Go to the great hall to get stared at.” The twins said.
Harri gave a soft snort, “Not really.”

They shared a look over the top of her head and pulled away, they both offered her an arm, “May we escort you to the kitchens?” they asked jauntily.

“You may.” Harriet gave a light laugh and threaded an arm through each of theirs, walking with them down to the kitchens. They ate in the kitchen with the house elves scurrying around preparing for the feast later.

Afterward the twins convinced Harriet to skip the rest of classes that day with them. She agreed but only on the condition that they went to the Room of Requirement to avoid getting caught. She led them up and summoned the room for them, focusing on a particularly strong memory before leading them into the room where they both stopped and stared with jaws dropped even the three snakes were looking around with interest. “We know you said it could be anything,” Fred breathed.

“But what exactly is this?” George finished.

Harriet smiled as she looked around, “Like I said the Room of Requirement can be anything, you just have to focus. This is a special lab. The people who used the original version of this room used it to create the best pranks in the world.”

“The Marauders?” the twins questioned, still taking in the room.

“The second generation of Marauders.” Harri said softly, her father tightened his hold around her neck slightly in a sort of snake hug. She looked around the room that was so familiar yet so different. The Room of Requirement was powerful but even it couldn’t pull up equipment that hadn’t been invented yet, so the room looked a little barer than she was used too. It was spacious room with no windows, lit by strategically placed torches around the room. The wall directly across from the door was taken up completely by a potions station with shelves on either side of the already set up cauldron; the shelves to the left held a bunch of ingredients, perfectly preserved in glass jars, the shelves to the right held advanced potions texts ready to be used. Along the wall to the left was a table set up with arithmancy and magical theory texts as well as several spell detection and recorder orbs that would help test new spells. On the right wall was another station, this one filled with parchments and various other material as well as rune books and more magical theory texts. Finally, in the center was a large stone table with a glass top illuminated from underneath, on the top was elegant capital M in the middle of a maroon diamond across the top was a banner that held the words ‘itinerarium maraudentium’, then at the left point was a wolf print, the bottom point a deer print, and at the right point a dog print.
Sirius hissed excitedly from his spot in her bag. Harri grinned at him and looked over to her mates who looked torn between going to the stations she knew were calling to them or looking more closely at the center table, “I can always call things back up later. I know you want to check out your stations.”

“Our stations?” they questioned.

Harri winced at the slip but covered it quickly with a smile, “Despite the way you act I know you are both geniuses with areas of expertise all your own. George, you’re wanting to go check out those arithmancy and theory books to see if it can help with your new spells and Fred I can practically see you drooling over the potion ingredients.” She softened a bit at their bewildered looks and waved them off, “Go on, I’m going to play around with the runes a bit. We can meet at the middle table an hour and a half before the feast is supposed to start and we can go over the winter break plans.” Their eyes lit up and they went off to explore their tables. Harri went over to her table and set her bag down; she plugged her earbuds into her phone, leaving only one bud in her ear and putting her music on shuffle before settling in to work.

*So what are you going to be working on cub?* Remus asked curiously.

*A couple more monitoring bracelets.* she answered as she pulled several strips of leather and small clasps from the drawer in the desk. *Clint and Bruce’s are working perfectly and I want to have a couple more ready for the others when I get a chance to give it to them.* the snakes nodded and watched for a while as she worked and hummed along with the music, glancing back at her mates every so often to make sure they were okay.

*So what is the story behind this place?* James asked.

*When the tower was destroyed and we moved into the manor it was a huge change. The manor didn’t really have anywhere suitable to be transformed into a specialized lab area, especially since we would have needed three, for Tony, Bruce, and ourselves.* Harriet said, her eyes not moving from the delicate runes she was burning into the leather. *So when we moved to LeFay castle and we had the space and I created all of us special labs. This was ours. We all three have our own specialties but we usually collaborate and have made some pretty awesome things working together. So one lab with a collaboration and planning space in the center as well as workstations for each of us was the way to go. Of course, the table top was in your guys’ honor.*
*We’re very honored pup.* Sirius said, she smiled at him briefly before going back to her bracelets. The snakes took to wondering around the room after a bit. Remus went over to watch Fred work and James went to help George who looked surprised when the snake used its tail to point out a few minor errors in his equations. Sirius had stayed with Harriet for a bit longer but eventually made his way over to the middle table and curled up over his paw print to nap.

It was only about fifteen minutes before they were going to stop when chimes filled the room. Harriet shot up in an instant and pulled Fred and Remus away from the table before throwing up a shield around the cauldron just seconds before it exploded. The failed potion dripped off the containment shield sluggishly even as the now bottomless cauldron span on the desk top. Fred scratched at the back of his head and offered Harriet and his twin a sheepish look, “Maybe that was a bit too much flobber worm mucus.”

Harriet giggled and George grinned, “You think brother?”

“Where the chimes because of the potion?” Fred asked curiously as Harriet vanished the mess and the ruined cauldron.

Harri nodded, “One explosion with strange after effects too many led to the creation of a monitoring spell.” She smiled at Fred, “Just enough time to step back and contain the explosion.”

“I wonder why Snape wouldn’t use something like that.” George mused.

“It’s not common knowledge. It was created by the second generation of Marauders and was never released to the public.” Harri said truthfully.

The twins shared a smirk, “Maybe we can use it to get something from the git. He could really use that spell.”

Harri gave a soft snort, “Slytherins.” Both gave her looks of exaggerated offence that were ruined by the grins that spread over their faces. They decided it was enough for the day and packed up their stations, meeting in the center to finalize their plans for the holidays. Harriet had one prank she was saving as a surprise but she was helping the twins with their big prank as well as a few minor ones so they talked over the logistics of that.

When they finally went down to the feast they made it with minutes to spare, they sat down with Oliver and Lee and insinuated their way into the conversation without pause. When the feast began
Harriet was tense with excitement. She had put the snakes in her bag and refused to allow them out so that when the news that there was a troll in the school came she wouldn’t have to worry about them getting lost in the scuffle. She also was only picking at her food; she wasn’t worried in the slightest but she knew better than to go into a potentially messy fight with a full stomach. Last time she had done that the Avengers had been fighting hoards of rabid squirrels that were being telepathically controlled by some idiot and when Cap had managed to knock him out the little creatures had exploded in a rain of blood and guts. Harriet had lost her lunch and had never again gone into battle with a full stomach, instead she carried around chocolate or power bars.

While Harri was deep in thought the twins had taken notice of her sparse eating and shared a frown, they could clearly see that she was waiting on something and they wondered if she had planned a prank without them. They carefully avoided the food that wasn’t on Harri’s plate while sneaking some meat to the snakes who were sticking out from her bag. It was while they were looking around for further evidence of Harriet’s pranking genius that the doors flew open with a bang and Professor Quirrell ran in frantically, shocking the room into silence.

“TROLL! TROLL IN THE DUNGEONS!!” Quirrell shouted as he raced halfway up the great hall, “Thought you ought to know.” He said in a sort of high pitched whine before falling forward in a dead faint.

Harriet’s eyes narrowed at the man even as everyone began to panic, “SILENCE!” came Dumbledore’s voice, backed by a sonorous charm. The hall went silent once more and Dumbledore continued, “Please Prefects take your classmates back to your dorms and remain there until your heads of house come and inform you that it is safe.”

The whole hall rose and made their way out, Harri subtly drawing back to the back of the pack, her mates right with her. “Harriet!” came a shout, Harri stopped in her tracks and frowned as Hermione ran up to her. She was supposed to be in the bathroom hiding from the troll at the moment, what was she doing here now? The bushy haired know-it-all stopped right in front of Harri, “Harriet, I can’t find Lavender. She went to the restroom before Quirrell came into the Great Hall.”

*Manipulation or no? Manipulation or no? Can’t exactly let Lavender die either way.* Harriet thought, “Don’t worry Hermione, I will go get her.”

“I’ll go with you!” the bookworm said determinedly.

Harriet shook her head, “No, I’ll be fine. The troll is supposed to be in the dungeons anyway, I’ll just go to the restrooms, get Lavender, and be right up.”
“I still think…” Hermione began taking a step forward, Harriet cast a wandless wordless sticking charm to Hermione’s arm even as she directed ice to form under the others foot. The girl toppled backward into one of the larger Gryffindor boys who was rushing frantically back toward the tower, now dragging a surprised Hermione with him.

“Well that’s out of the way.” Harri said, sweeping into another hall, heading right for the bathroom’s she knew the troll would be in.

“That was hilarious Harriet!” George said.

“I don’t think she knew what hit her.” Fred chuckled.

Harri gave them a smirk, “She’s just so clingy.” They chuckled, following after her without question. They rounded a corner, then passed by the stairs where Harriet looked up to see Quirrell and Snape heading to the third floor, she frowned disapprovingly, “Stupid Quirrell,” she grumbled under her breath, “letting a troll in for a distraction and endangering people. I hope Fluffy gets a chunk out of you this time instead of Snape.” Behind her two redheads share a look as they took in the comment they weren’t supposed to hear.

Harriet skidded around the final corner just in time to see Lavender register the troll as she came from the bathroom and let out a shriek. The troll locked onto the sound and headed toward the girl even as she ducked back into the bathroom. Harriet sprinted toward them but still didn’t get there until after the troll had made it into the bathroom, as she entered the troll was trashing the stalls with one swing of his club. Lavender screamed and rolled under the sinks in an attempt to hide, “Lavender, calm down.” Harriet called, “Panic won’t help.”

“You try not to panic when you’re being swung at by a troll!” Lavender screamed, the troll roared back as if in answer. Harriet laughed but took out her wand just the troll raised its club over the sinks, with one flick of her wand the club turned to saw dust, coating the troll, the sinks, and Lavender in the dust. “Harriet!” Lavender shrieked, “Do you know how hard that will be to get out of my hair?!”

“I’m assuming it will be easier to get out of your hair than your own brain matter!” Harriet called, Lavender peaked out at her with a horror struck face. Harriet sent a stinging hex at the confused troll making it turn to her and roar, Harri stood her ground and glared at it, “Oh shut up!” she flicked her wand upward, “Lovicorpus!” the troll immediately was hanging upside down by its ankles. Harri kept her magic and wand steady as the troll struggled in the grip of the jinx, “Lavender get over here quickly. This thing’s heavy.” The girl peaked out from under the sink and squeaked at the sight of the upside down troll, she ran over and ducked behind Harri. “Liberacorpus.” Harriet intoned steadily, the troll crashed to the floor all of its weight slamming down onto its head and breaking its neck with a sick crack. Harri sighed and returned her wand to its holster, At least it was clean. She thought with a mental huff. She turned to Lavender, “You okay?”
“Yes.” The girl said shakily, her eyes went to the still troll and she gasped, “Is it…?”

“Yes.” Harriet said evenly, “I had only meant to knock it out but it seems that much weight caused its neck to snap.” Lavender’s hands flew to her mouth and her eyes went wide, Harri gave her an understanding look, “If you need to be sick I would suggest stepping out. The longer you look at it the worse it will be.” The girl whirled and ran from the room, it was then that Harri noticed that the twins weren’t with her. She frowned and made her way out of the room to see if they had stayed by the door but didn’t find anything but Lavender throwing up on her knees by the wall.

“Miss. Potter! Miss. Brown!” came a stern voice. Harriet resisted her urge to frown as she saw just Dumbledore, McGonagall, and Pomphrey running toward them, she was expecting Snape to be there as well but he was nowhere to be seen.

Harri pasted on a worried look, “Professors! Thank goodness you’re here!” Madame Pomphrey immediately rushed over to Lavender while Dumbledore and McGonagall stopped with Harri.

“What happened Miss. Potter? You were told to go to your dorm.” McGonagall said with a frown.

Harri wrung her hands in a nervous manner, “Hermione told me that Lavender was in the bathroom when Professor Quirrell came to tell us about the troll so I came to tell her that we needed to go up to the dorm. Quirrell said that the troll was in the dungeons so I didn’t think it would be up here but when I got to the hall it was following Lavender into the bathroom. I went in after them and managed to transfigure the troll’s club into sawdust before it could smash Lavender with it. It turned toward me but I managed to use a spell to lift it off the ground so Lavender could get out from under the sinks. I went to set it down but I didn’t realize how much it weighed and it landed on its head. Its neck broke and Lavender needed to be sick so we came out it the hall. Then you showed up.”

McGonagall’s eyebrows rose while Dumbledore’s eyes twinkled merrily, “Well done my dear.” Harri barely suppressed her glare, “You were very brave in taking on a troll to save a friend.”

Harri scuffed her foot on the ground, seemingly embarrassed, “I didn’t think the troll would be here but when it was I couldn’t just leave my roommate to be attacked.”

McGonagall kept her mouth a stern line, “Be that as it may it was reckless to face a troll alone. Ten points from Gryffindor.” Harriet gave a resigned nod and ignored her father’s grumbles on the subject.
Dumbledore’s eyes twinkled, “And twenty points to Gryffindor for showing the bravery your house is known for.” Harri gave him a small smile, ignoring McGonagall’s huff. “Now, I think you should be getting…….”

Just then loud barking and vicious growls echoed down to them through the halls, Harriet froze when she felt the soul bond pull frantically and Glacia shrieking within her. *That would explain where the twins and Snape are.* Harri thought, her mind whirling in an attempt to think of ways to get to her mates quickly.

Dumbledore seemed to be the first to respond, “Miss. Potter, please return to your dorm this instant. Poppy, take Miss. Brown to the hospital wing, we may have further need of you there tonight.” With that he and McGonagall were off, leaving Harri the perfect opportunity to slip into one of the secret passages.

*What’s happening??* Sirius asked.

*This wasn’t in your journal Princess.*

*Last time the twins didn’t decided to follow Quirrell and Snape onto the third floor.* Harriet snapped as she conjured a cloak to hide her identity before flaming directly up to the third floor. Unfortunately, she landed a couple halls away, but she knew she would reach the door before McGonagall and Dumbledore. *They’re in danger. I can feel it. Why didn’t you tell me they had left us??*

*You were focusing on the troll.* James defended, *I didn’t want you distracted while you went up against that thing.*

Harri let it go for now and rounded the last corner to the hall she needed, her eyes went wide and her heart nearly stopped at the sight before her. The door was definitely opened; Snape was laying knocked out on one side while Quirrell was laying bound in rope on the other staring with wide eyes at the focus of the scene. Fluffy was half emerged from the doorway, his three heads all bearing their teeth at the two frightened redheads caught between its huge paws. Fred and George were huddled together, their robes caught under the beasts claws, staring up at the dog in fear. Fluffy opened its mouths wide, intent on taking a bite out of the two.

Glacia screeched inside her and Harriet’s eyes glowed with power, “No!” she shouted, Glacia’s screech coming through in her voice. The three males who were still conscious looked over to her as
she drew her wand and swept it around her in a wide arc, “Expecto Patronum!” Prongs burst from the end of her wand and raced at the Cerberus, the three headed dog scrambled back confusedly from the bright light that was charging it, growling and snarling. Harri darted forward as the Cerberus growled at Prongs who was standing in front of the twins defiantly, Harriet grabbed both twins by the backs of their robes and pulled them backward, calling on her phoenix strength so she would not falter. Before Harri could get the twins to their feet Fluffy got tired of watching Prongs and bit through the patronus in one move, effectively dissipating the spell. Harri stepped protectively in front of the twins, raised her wand toward the dog again as it moved toward them, and cast an overpowered shrinking charm. In an instant the three headed dog was the size of a Chihuahua and it yipped as its multiple heads threw the tiny body off balance.

That was the moment Dumbledore and McGonagall made their appearance, “What in the name of Merlin…” McGonagall began just as the Chihuahua Cerberus ran past her whimpering. Dumbledore looked to Harri, his eyes narrowing, attempting to figure out who was behind the hood. Harriet thanked the gods that she was blocking the twins from sight as she reached into her bag and pulled out some Peruvian Instant Darkness Powder, she threw it on the floor and watched as darkness took over the room. She reached down and dragged the twins with her back the way she came, listening intently to Dumbledore and McGonagall attempting to clear the room without much luck.

“Who are you?” Fred demanded once they were in a clear corridor.

Harri ignored him as she thought hard about wanting a quick way to get to Gryffindor tower, “Hogwarts?” she called.

“Harriet?” George asked in surprise as a door appeared right next to them.

Harri banished the cloak, opened the door, and grinned at them, “In, quickly before we’re caught.”

Fred and George shook themselves out of their shock and jumped through the door, “Quirrell already saw us,” George said.

“But, we managed to stun Snape from behind so he didn’t.” Fred informed her.

“Quirrell is already crazy and if we make it to the tower before them then they can’t very well say you were there, can they?” Harri said with a grin. The twins laughed and followed her as they continued to walk through the long slanted hallway. They emerged from the door to find themselves just around the corner from the fat ladies painting, they got inside quickly and entered without many noticing them. They all sat in a quiet corner, relaxing, waiting for the inevitable, and Harriet staving off their questions for later.
Finally, the painting swung open and McGonagall, Dumbledore, and Quirrell stepped inside, they caught sight of the three and made their way over to them, every eye in the common room turning toward them. “Mr and Mr Weasley, I see you are here in the common room. How long have you been here?”

“Not too long Professor.” Fred began.

“We realized Harriet hadn’t been with the group and we went to find her.” George said.

“When we did we returned here.” Fred finished.

Dumbledore looked to Quirrell, “Are you sure it was the twins, Quirrell? You have just had a bit of a fright.”

Quirrell’s eyes hardened for just long enough for Harriet to pick up on it before he blinked and stuttered out, “M-maybe it-t wa-as not them. The-ey could no-ot have re-eached the tower bef-ore us if it whe-re.”

Dumbledore nodded and turned to address the assembled house, “The troll has been taken care of by our very own Miss. Potter.” The twins immediately looked to Harriet who was rolling her eyes at the pronouncement. “We are safe once more and you may venture out until curfew as usual. I will also have the house elves bring some of the interrupted feast up for you all to snack on. Good evening.”

As soon as the Professors left the entire room converged on Harri and she drew her knees up to her chest in discomfort, the Marauders finally slipped from the bag and wrapped around both of her arms and her neck. The twins saw her discomfort and rescued her, they picked her up and carried her off, up to their room. The three snakes grumbled about it being inappropriate but Harriet ignored them, simply putting a silencing charm up around them when they set her on one of the beds and crawled up on either side of her.

“You were amazing back there.” George said solemnly.

“Thank you for saving us.” Fred murmured, both engulfed her in a hug and she returned it.
“You’re welcome.” Harri said softly into their shoulders, she pulled back and frowned at them, “Don’t make a habit of needing saved though. I nearly had a heart attack seeing you two almost eaten by a Cerberus.”

“No promises.” They chuckled.

Harri rolled her eyes at them fondly. They spent the next couple hours question her about the troll and the spells she used that night, how she had made the door appear, and why she was so sure that Quirrell let the troll in. Harri told them what she could without giving too much away, going over the spells and the way to do each, she told them that Quirrell was possessed by someone and was attempting to get something that was hidden in the school. She also scolded them for going after him without information, which led to her having to save them in the first place, they tried to look properly chastised but it didn’t work. Finally, around midnight they said good night to her and she walked back to her dorm.

Harriet flopped on her bed with a soft groan, she climbed into bed with her clothes and did a switching charm like every night after she had closed the curtains, she stowed her weapons in her bag to put away in the morning. The snakes curled up and she placed a heating charm on them before drifting off to sleep.

Harriet shot up when she felt a tug at her magic, without thinking she followed the tug, landing with a slight wobble but with her wand drawn and blue flames covering her non dominant arm. “Whassit?” she slurred sleepily, she yawned, “Jarvis?”

“Who the hell are you?” a voice demanded that was definitely not Jarvis.

Harriet blinked and looked over to see Tony standing among his computers, staring at her in disbelief. Harri looked over the billionaire, searching for injury or signs of spells before frowning, letting her flames dissipate, and looking toward the ceiling, “J? Tony seems to be alright. What’s with the summons?”

“Apologies Miss. Potter.” Jarvis said at once, “Mr. Stark has been pestering me to meet you. I did attempt to tell him that the summons was only for emergencies but he would not listen. I did also try to text you before-hand.”

Harri sheathed her wand before rubbing at her eyes and nodding, “I didn’t answer because I was asleep. Its fine.” Harri turned to Tony who seemed startled that she was talking so easily with his A.I., “Hello Mr. Stark. My name is Harriet Rose Potter. Pleased to meet you.” She held out her hand to the still shocked billionaire, he simply stared at it. Harri sighed and looked toward the ceiling again, “What time is it in Scotland?”
“It is currently 3:32 AM in Scotland.” Jarvis replied.

Harriet groaned, “I’m so not awake enough for this meeting.” A beep at her side alerted her to a bots presence and she smiled when she saw Dummy with a cup of coffee. She took it with a smile, “Why thank you Dummy. This is just what I need.” The bot gave several proud chirps before rolling off. Harri sniffed the cup warily but found that other than being a little cold it was fine. She did a heating charm on the cup and took sip, eyeing Tony who seemed to be frozen. “Jarvis, he hasn’t been down here too long, has he? The only other times I’ve seen him freeze like this is when he is overworked and his body has a bit of trouble catching up with his mind.”

“Today he has only been down here ten hours. I think your arrival has stunned him beyond all reasoning for the moment.” Jarvis said.

“Has he eaten?”

“No, since yesterday.”

Harriet sighed and looked to the ceiling once more, “I’m going to summon a house elf and assign it to take care of Tony. They will stay out of sight but will make sure that food appears for him without prompting so hopefully he will eat better. Is that alright?”

“It would be much appreciated Miss Potter.” Jarvis replied.

Harri nodded and thought about the current elves under her control, “Daisy.” She called.

A young house elf dressed in an embroidered shift popped into existence at her feet and looked up at her with adoring eyes, “Lady LeFay be callin’ Daisy?” Tony’s eyes widen even further at the sight of the house elf and his mouth worked silently.

Harri smiled, she remembered this elf from the last time. She was relatively young but she had taken an immediate liking to Tony when they had moved to the castle, eventually Harri had assigned her as Tony’s personal house elf. She just hoped that it went as well this time around. “Hello Daisy, I have a very important assignment for you.” The elf looked ecstatic, she pointed to Tony and the elf looked over at him. “This is Tony. He is part of my family. He is very stubborn and sometimes forgets to eat or sleep so I want you to watch out for him alright?” Daisy nodded seriously, her eyes shining with determination as she took in the sight of her new charge, “Also, he works around uninformed
muggles a lot, I want you to make sure you aren’t seen by anyone other than him or myself alright?”

Once again Daisy nodded, “Finally there is a head elf here named Jarvis, he can’t be seen but he runs
the house. I want you to do your new job but what he says goes alright?”

Daisy looked up at Harri, “Daisy be stayin’ here or at the castle?”

Harri looked thoughtful, “Stay at the castle for now. Tony moves a lot and it will be better for you to
have a base to work from. Use the castle’s resources.”

“Yes Lady LeFay. He be needin’ food now?” Daisy asked eagerly.

“Yes, he’ll need a meal. Nothing too heavy but enough to fill him, he hasn’t eaten all day.” Harri
replied. Daisy’s eyes widened and she popped away quickly. Harriet turned to Tony, waiting
patiently for him to come out of his frozen state. Like she had told Jarvis, she had seen this before.
She knew trying to communicate with him when he was like this was a lost cause and it was best to
just let him come out of it on his own. She pulled over one of Tony’s extra rolling chairs and
dropped into it to wait, just beginning to doze off when he came out of it.

“Who are you?! How did you appear in my workshop? What was with the blue fire?” Tony
demanded all at once, startling Harri back into wakefulness.

Harri stood and smiled at him, “Hello Mr. Stark. I’m Harriet Rose Potter. It’s nice to meet you.” She
held out her hand toward him and he shook it.

“Call me Tony.” He said, almost automatically.

“Harri.” She responded and he nodded. “Jarvis said you wished to meet me?”

Tony blinked again before nodding and crossing his arms over his chest, effectively hiding the arc
reactor. “Yeah, I wanted to find out how you met Jarvis when I’ve never even seen you before and
what you’ve said and done to make him and the bots act so crazy.”

Harri frowned, “Crazy how?”
“Jarvis is drawing doodles all over my watches and suits and the bots dumped paint all over themselves!” Tony exclaimed.

Harri giggled before she could stop herself and she immediately slapped her hands over her mouth, “The bots did what?” she choked out.

“They dumped cans of house paint on each other because they wanted to change colors!” Tony said, a pout evident in his voice, “It took forever to clean up!”

Harriet fought her laughter as she choked out, “I’m so sorry, I didn’t think they would do something like that.”

Tony rolled his eyes, “You could at least attempt to sound really sorry.” He mumbled, Harriet let out a snicker at that. He rolled his eyes and fixed her with a look, “So? What did you do to them? How did you even meet?”

Harri dropped back into the chair and crossed her legs primly, “I created holes in your firewall and then fixed them for about an hour in an attempt to catch Jarvis’ attention. Then we talked for a bit and parted ways with him knowing how to call me and how to protect you from previously unknown elements. After that he summoned me like you saw earlier and I shared a bit more with him and the bots.”

Tony’s eyes narrowed, “What unknown elements? How would the doodles protect me?”

Harri grinned, “Magic. The doodles are runes designed to protect your tech from shutting down in the presence of magic and power it if need be, the other ones on your watches are meant to protect you from most minor jinxes and curses that could harm you.”

“Magic.” Tony deadpanned, “You expect me to believe your magic and the doodles will protect me from other magic.” Harri gave him a soft smile and drew her wand, with a single flick pieces rose from the tables and began to orbit them. Tony’s eyes went wide again as he took in the orbiting bits of equipment that seemed to be moving without any help at all, Jarvis pulled up an analysis right next to Tony and he looked at the readings in a desperate attempt to make sense of what was going on. “These readings are off the charts.” He muttered, glancing from the screen to the floating equipment to Harri who was fiddling with a floating wrench nonchalantly. Harri waited patiently, she knew that Tony had a million questions he wanted to ask but her excitable brother, being warier and more paranoid since the cave, would go for the most important questions first. “Why come to Jarvis with this stuff?” Tony asked finally, “Why put so much effort into giving me access to things that will save me?” Harri’s heart ached a bit when her brother drew into himself slightly, “What do you want
form this?"

Harri contemplated how to answer, obviously she didn’t want anything but her brother was used to people only wanting to protect him or be around him for his money or influence. Harriet decided to stand and set the equipment down gently, she tapped her wand against her free hand steadily as she focused on a memory. Loki had been teaching her illusions before the last war started and when it did the time they had free to practice such a complicated art was limited so she was nowhere near Loki’s ability but she could make one duplicate of herself and she could make a copy of someone else as long as she didn’t need them to do anything other than stand there.

“There are ways magic can bring a person back in time.” Harri said vaguely, “I recently came back in time from a terrible future where the entirety of the family I created for myself was killed in a war. I want to change that future, keep my family safe, healthy, and happy.” She waved her wand toward the clear space next to her and another Tony appeared, the one she was more familiar with. The Tony who was fourteen years older but with slight laugh lines, a healthier appearance, a grin on his face, and joy in his eyes. The Tony she remembered laughing with and working for hours with in the lab, the Tony that was her sarcastic, coffee addict, genius older brother. She looked back to the current Tony and gave him a soft smile, “This is my big brother. Anthony Edward Stark, also known as Ironman.”

Harriet watched Tony take in the new information and look over his future self. She saw a strange mixture of wariness, skepticism, hope, and longing pass over Tony’s face. Harriet bit her lip and looked back to the duplicate of her brother, Maybe I took the wrong approach. She thought worriedly. Plans to fix the misstep started to form in her mind as she smiled sadly at the illusion of her brother standing there in his standard greasy lab clothes, she wouldn’t give up just because of this. She refused to.

“I always wanted a sister.” Tony’s voice interrupted her thoughts. Harri immediately spun to face him, her eyes wide with hope. Tony was smiling warmly at her, his stance and expression still a little unsure but the rest was dominated by the same hope Harriet held. Tony’s smile turned into a big grin and his eyes lit up with the light Harriet recognized as his inner genius being presented with something new to analyze, “So little sis, tell me about magic.”

Chapter End Notes

So....the other universe where Harry is the son of Sirius and Remus and in a relationship with a Voldemort is a bit of a plug for one of my own stories. I'm working on writing more of it so I figured I'd throw it in there. Check out Hogwarts' Champion on AO3!

HA! Chihuahua Fluffy!

The story to cover up Quirrell seeing the twins is a bit thin but the man is currently being possessed by Voldemort and the Dark Lord will want answers before alerting Dumbles
to the twins who would potentially bring up hearing that Quirrell was the one to let the
troll in which would invite a potential investigation which none of them need.

Harriet asked Jarvis for the time instead of using the Tempus charm because I assume
the uses the casters current place and gives that time. IDK just a theory.

Tony's a tad OOC but its been a while since I wrote him. Forgive me, I'm working on it.

Don't know what the readings are but be assured they are off the charts! lol, sirusly
though I'm not 100% positive what it would be reading so instead of throwing out the
completely wrong thing I'll just stick with readings.

'With the same hope Harri held.'........ Poor Tony wants a family, people who are there
for him and not just what he can offer financially and politically. He wants a family as
much as Harri does.

Next Chapter is entitled, Riding Double! Have fun guessing!
Riding Double

Chapter Summary

First Quidditch game

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for your kind words in response to the authors note I put at the beginning of last chapter. It had really showed me what you guys are thinking and has boosted my confidence. I have up to Chapter 30 outlined and hopefully I will be able to start putting out more updates as this holiday runs down a bit.

I'm also trying to make chapters longer so... we'll see how that goes.

Without further ado, Riding Double!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Being able to talk to Tony again boosted Harriet’s spirits for days afterward. She had ended up staying and talking with him until eleven o’clock Malibu time before going back to Hogwarts. After that, even through the Marauders worried scolding, she texted back and forth with him for another hour before he complained to her that the pushy elf she had assigned him was forcing him to sleep. Minutes later she had gotten a text from Jarvis thanking her for Daisy’s help at which she laughed, interrupting her father’s rant and alerting the three males that she hadn’t been listening. She all but skipped through the next couple days and even after that walked around with a big smile on her face, texting Tony all the while.

Everyone noticed her happy, infectious mood. The twins kept asking if she had some big prank in the works. Hermione and Ron took every moment they had to question her about it; from a distance in Ron’s case, he was still wary of the snakes. Oliver had of course chalked it up to the excitement for the first game of the year.

Oliver took every opportunity they had in their practices to point out her enthusiasm and rile up the others on the team. Every time Harri heard this she just laughed and flew another lap. Her Nimbus 2000 had come just three weeks before the first game and she loved having it again. She did have to make sure that she kept it simple, especially since she was supposed to have only learned this year, it was a bit of a bummer for her but whenever the others were going over their strategies and not paying attention to her she would go through her more advanced maneuvers and things she had never tried before. By the end of the first week of practice she had perfected laying lazily on her broom hundreds of feet off the ground as she texted Tony, broom pull ups, and standing on her broom when it was in the air.
Tony was curious about Quidditch, mostly because Harri had been talking about it almost nonstop, though that curiosity did become more genuine when Harri told him that in the future she had raced him on her broom and won. He had been bugging her about being able to come watch the game ever since and she found a great bit of amusement telling him that he would have to ask Daisy.

The little elf had taken to Tony as easily as Harri remembered, she mothered him relentlessly and even though he gave the token grumbling, Tony was looking healthier already with good meals and regular sleep. They had only had a little bit of a bump the first time Tony had had a nightmare, Daisy had used her elf magic to put Tony into a deeper sleep to ease him past the nightmare and that had made Jarvis panic. Harri had made a trip over after first having a frantic Daisy over then getting a summons from Jarvis, she had eased things over with an explanation and her assurance that it was harmless, that Tony would wake once his body was rested enough or Daisy could wake him up if there was an emergency. After that everything went smoothly in Malibu.

Daisy was still being stubborn about taking Tony to see Harri’s game though. The biggest problem being the time difference. The game would be starting at 10 am in Scotland which would be 2 am in Malibu, two hours after the bedtime Daisy had set for Tony each night and three hours less than her minimum requirement for his sleep. However, Tony had told Harriet he was confident that he could get Daisy to bring him over with a bit more work and Harri agreed to have a pendant that would keep him from being noticed at the ready.

Finally, the day of the first game came and Harriet was super excited. She skipped training that morning and went straight down to the Chamber. The Marauders were just as excited as she was, the second they made it to Salazar’s study they changed to human and took to bragging about her to Salazar’s portrait, Harri lay on top of Samarra lazily, listening to them with a smile on her face. When it was time to go up to breakfast Salazar sent her off with a joking, “Don’t beat my house too badly.”

Harriet all but skipped up to the Great Hall for breakfast, the twins met her at the doors as usual.

“You ready for today?” George asked.

Harri gave him a big grin, “You bet!” she was practically vibrating, a sharp contrast from the last time she played her first game. She knew today was the day that Quirrell/Voldemort jinxed her broom but she loved flying and even knowing that she wouldn’t be able to stop the jinxing herself without drawing attention couldn’t stop her excitement.

“What are you going to do with the snakes while we play?” Fred asked.
“Yeah, you put them in the stands during practice but with all the students there it won’t be safe.” George said.

“I’m going to ask Professor Snape to watch them.” Harri said nonchalantly as they sat.

“That greasy git?” Fred exclaimed, “Why him?”

“How are you going to get him to agree?” George asked.

*Why is this the first we’re hearing about this?!* James hissed agitatedly.

Harri smiled around her spoonful of oatmeal and flicked her hair over her shoulder, “I was going to have them with Hagrid but they want to watch the game and the best view is from the teacher’s box, Hagrid likes sitting in the Gryffindor stands so that’s out. Professor Snape has experience handling snakes since he has to harvest their venom so he is the best choice.” She looked down at the three snakes, *Besides, he will need your help to keep me safe. He will try to counter the jinx on my broom but without Hermione there to set him on fire he won’t knock Quirrell back and stop the jinxing. One of you will have to help him with the counters in case Voldemort cast it in Parseltongue, another set Quirrell on fire, and one save my broom, I’d rather it not get broken until the Firebolt is out in stores at the very least.*

*Fine.* Sirius whined, *We’ll work with the dungeon bat.*

*Thank you.* Harri said, she straightened and looked back to her mates, “As for how I’ll get him to agree, well, I have a bit of a secret weapon.” She grinned at them mischievously and they leaned forward, “I might use that or I might just bribe him. I have a few things he’ll be interested in.”

“You aren’t going to tell us are you?” George pouted.

Harri smirked, “Nope.” She went back to her breakfast. A little bit later Harri felt her phone go off, she took it out under the table and saw a new text from Tony.

Daisy said to tell you that we would be at edge of the Forbidden Forest in half an hour. His text read.
Harri’s eyebrows shot up, *What did you have to promise for her to agree?*

-  

*My Soul!* Harri snorted at the response and watched as another popped up, *Naw, I just have to go to bed early, one hour for each I’m over there.*

Harri smiled, *Poor thing. I’ll see you in thirty big brother.*

-  

*See you then little sis.*

Harri put her phone away and looked up at the teacher table just in time to see Snape standing and leaving through the teacher’s door, she turned to her mates. “I’ll meet you guys on the pitch in a bit. I have to go blackmail Snape.” The twins snickered and waved as she walked away. Harri sped through many secret passages to intercept the potions master before he made it to his rooms. “Professor.” She called, when she saw him just making it to his door.

Snape turned and frowned when he saw her, “Miss Potter. Shouldn’t you be preparing to claim more fame?”

Harri rolled her eyes at him and flicked up a secrecy and privacy ward, Snape tensed, “Now now, watching me as closely as you have been since I came you should know that I don’t exactly enjoy my fame.” She checked her nails casually, “Though I admit it can be useful at times.”

“The day a Potter doesn’t crave fame and attention is the day I kiss Hagrid.” Snape snorted.

Harri’s eyes glowed a bit, “Better pucker up Professor, like it or not, I don’t crave the spotlight. I use it but I would much rather work from the shadows if it could get me what I needed.”

Snape’s eyebrow rose and he looked down his nose at her, “What exactly did you need Potter?”

“I’m sure your aware of the Quirrell problem.” Harri said, her voice tinged with disinterest. “Not all the facts of course but being at least half a good Slytherin you’ve noticed his interest in the stone.”

“How do you know about that?” the man hissed, his glare intensifying.
“The same way I know about your vow to protect me.” Harriet said vaguely, she met his glare without a flinch, she had seen scarier. “That is not my focus right now, it’s safe for the moment. He won’t try again for a while.” Severus clearly wanted to ask something again but Harri cut him off, “My focus right now is living through the Quidditch match. He will attempt to kill me.”

Snape narrowed his eyes at her, “If you know of my vow you know I will protect you as best I can without you having to ask. Why are you coming to me now?”

Harri slid her bag off her shoulder, at the moment it was empty except for the snakes and a single book she had a house elf bring over from LeFay manor this morning, “I need you to take Tenrou, Raion, and Toshi with you to the stands today.”

Snape looked at the three snakes with a frown, “Why, pray tell, would I do that?”

Harri smirked, “You believe that Quirrell is working for your former master yes?” Snape’s slight flinch told Harri everything she needed to know, “He is, but he is much, much closer to old Voldie than you know. They are currently sharing everything, quite literally.”

Severus’ eyes went wide, “Are you saying what I think your saying?” he rasped.

Harri ignored that and scratched Sirius under his chin with a bored expression, “You’ll need these three to help if what he does happens to need a parseltongue counter.” She looked back up at the professor, taking in his paler than normal cheeks and wide eyes, “Will you take them with you Professor? They already know what they’re to do and they won’t be too much of a problem. I will pick them up at the end of the game.”

Snape finally drew himself together and straightened, “And just what am I to tell people when they ask why I am carrying around the pets of a student I have gone out of my way to show my dislike for publically and when they ask why you would come to me in the first place.”

Harri rolled her eyes again, “Whatever you like, however you could say that I came to you because I knew you had extensive knowledge of snake handling due to the need to collect venom for your potions and that I bribed you for your help.”

“Expect you didn’t.” Snape sneered, “You simply played on knowledge you impossibly have.”
Harri snorted, “If you had played nice maybe I wouldn’t have had to do so.” She pulled the book free of her bag nonchalantly, “Maybe I would be more inclined to share a bride such as this without stipulations.” She turned the cover toward him and she could practically see him drool at the title.

“Where did you get a copy of one of Morgana LeFay’s potions journals?” Snape rasped.

“So sure it’s a copy.” Harri said with a satisfied smile, Severus looked at her sharply. Harriet ran her thumb along the leather cover, “Since you couldn’t play nice and still insist on seeing me solely as my father you may only keep this book for a week. The book will reappear in the LeFay library at the end of that time. If anything spills, burns, or in any other way harms it before then it will also disappear. Deal?”

“How did….”

“Deal?” Harri interrupted, her eyes hard.

Severus’ eyes narrowed again and his mouth pressed into thin line, “Deal.”

The book flashed and Harriet slid it back into the bag with the snakes before handing Snape the bag, she turned away from him, “This goes without saying but if any harm comes to my snakes from you then I will seek retribution beyond even their payback.” She dissipated the wards with a waved and walked away with a quick, *Behave you three.* at the Marauders. She didn’t look back as she walked away, knowing it would be seen as a sign of uncertainty in her actions. She may not have showed her Slytherin side often but she certainly knew how to use it. Harriet moved quickly through the castle until she reached one of the side entrances where she changed to her Godiva form and sprinted over to the Forbidden Forest to wait for her brother and Daisy. She climbed up a tree and crouched on a branch to watch the line of the forest for the familiar figure.

A few minutes later a tell-tale pop a little ways down alerted Godiva to their arrival, she jumped from tree to tree until she was above her brother and the little elf who didn’t seem to want to leave him. She watched closely as Tony caught his first sight of Hogwarts, “Holy shit! Harri said a castle but I thought she was exaggerating!”

Godiva’s tail flicked in amusement; Daisy simply looked up at Tony and shook her head, making her ears flop, “Hogwarts is being a grand castle. Not as big as LeFay Castle, but good castle.”
Tony nodded absently, still a bit distracted by the structure in front of him. Godiva jumped down from the tree and walked over to the two. She sat at Tony’s feet on the opposite side of Daisy, waiting for Tony to notice her. The night they had spent talking about magic and life in general Harri had shown him her two other forms, he took an immediate liking to Godiva and that was just fine with Harri. When they had become a family last time it had taken Tony the longest to accept physical comfort from the group, with her ocelot form though he could get that affection from her without his awkwardness with humans inferring.

Finally, after five minutes of taking in every detail he could see, Tony seemed to notice he wasn’t alone with Daisy anymore. “Harriet!” he exclaimed with a grin, looking down at the ocelot. The cat ignored him and he huffed, “Sorry. Godiva.” The ocelot looked up at him and let out a merow of greeting, he crouched down and she rubbed her head against one hand as the other stroked along her back. He stood up after a bit and Godiva changed back, “Hey little sis.”

“Hey big brother.” Harriet replied happily as Tony hugged her, she pulled away and smiled at him, “I’m glad you could come to my game!”

Tony grinned, “It took me a bit to convince Daisy but I’m glad I could do it.” He stepped back fully and crossed his arms, “Now let’s see this broom that’s supposed to have beaten me.”

Harriet chuckled, “Technically the broom that beat you won’t be out for a couple years.” She pulled her shrunken Nimbus from her pocket and enlarged it, “But this one is currently the fastest racing broom.”

Tony rolled his eyes, “Right, time travel.” He held his hand out for the broom and Harri handed it over, “How does it work?”

“A mixture of charms, runes, and natural magic.” Harri said, she slid two fingers along the handle, “The handle, even though it looks like one piece, is most often two pieces of wood from trees with wood that is a good conductor of magic. In the center, connecting the two pieces are runes that latch onto bits of magic that occur naturally in the world and basically hijacks it to help the broom fly. The charms, which are mostly contained and maintained in the bristles, help connect the rider to the ambient magic through the broom and give them full control as well as regulate the speed at which the magic is flowing through the broom which in turn dictates how fast the broom goes.”

Tony raised an eyebrow at her but looked back to the broom, “So how fast can this one go?”

“90 mph, 110 if you take off the limiter.” Harri said, she crossed her arms over her chest, “There’s no need for me to do that with this one. It’s supposed to be destroyed in a couple years and even if it’s
not this time the second my Firebolt goes on the market I’ll be buying it and taking the limiter off that one.”

“Is it that much better?”

“Oh yeah.” Harri said with a grin. They spent a little more time going over the mechanics of a broom and potential ways to make it faster before Harri said it was time for her to head to the locker room. She pulled a silver amulet from her pocket, it was round with heavy silver chain strung through a loop on its top. In the center was a large aquamarine the exact color of Glacia’s feathers which was surrounded by lines of runes that stretched out to the very edge of the circle, on the back was a stylized outline of a phoenix done in blue. “The biggest problem with you being noticed is that you’re a muggle, or someone without magic, so this medallion will make it seem as if you have a magic signature.” Harriet explained, sliding the chain over Tony’s head. It hung just above the arc reactor and Harry placed it with the gem down, “Keep the gem down, it will lock the illusion of a magical core in place. The medallion also has a layer of notice me nots in it. No one will see you unless you purposely draw attention to yourself. If you do call attention to yourself, you can tell them who you are, most magicals aren’t really in touch with the outside world. If they ask who you’re here for you should say you’re with Lady LeFay, which is me by the way, people just don’t know it yet. Got it?”

Tony nodded sharply, “Gem down, don’t call attention to myself, if I do call attention to myself say I’m with Lady LeFay.”

Harri smiled, “If you need anything while the game’s going on you can call Daisy, here in the magical world it won’t seem strange to have an elf pop up.” Her smile turned into a mischievous smirk, “Though I’m sure she’ll bring you food to eat whether you call her or not.”

Tony chuckled, “Yeah, she’s always bringing me snacks. It’s like she knows when I’m hungry.”

Harri laughed, “Yeah, that’s house elves for you.” She shrunk her broom back down and led Tony away from the forest, toward the Quidditch pitch. They arrived just in time to see the first of the people making their way up into the stands. “Alright, here’s where I have to leave you for now. Just follow the Professors and you’ll be led up to the teachers and guest stand. It has the best views since that’s where the commentary comes from.” She stood on her tip toes and gave him another hug, “Don’t leave without saying goodbye.”

“Gotcha.” Tony said, he stepped back with his huge mad scientist grin on his face, “Kick ass, little sister!”
Harri laughed happily, “These idiots don’t stand a chance against us.” They high fived and then parted ways. Harri all but skipped to the girl’s locker room to throw on her uniform; Angelina, Alicia, and Katie were already there and waiting nervously. Harri smiled at them as she pulled her hair into a high ponytail and cast the spells on her face that would keep it hair free and her glasses in place. “Come on you guys. There’s nothing to be worried about. We’ll win this.”

“Wish I had your confidence Harriet.” Alicia said, “But these are Slytherins, they’re vicious.”

“Plus they’re all boys like twice our size.” Katie said shakily.

Harriet resized her broom again and leaned it against the lockers, she allowed Glacia begin to sing from within to calm the girls. “Calm down. We’ll be fine and I for one am not scared by beings who can be incapacitated by a well-placed kick.” Angelina snorted before slapping her hand over her mouth, Harri grinned, “Come on, we’ve had just as much training as they have. And we’re girls. We’re underestimated as it is, they won’t see us coming.” She brushed imaginary lint from her uniform, “Besides, snakes may be underhanded and cunning but they having nothing on the single minded ferocity of we clawed Queens of the Jungle.” The other three girls smiled and relaxed, confidence filling them as Glacia’s song changed. Harriet grabbed her broom, “Now how about we go show these boys how it’s done?”

“Yeah!” the other three responded, grabbing their brooms and trooping out behind Harri as she led the way from the locker rooms. They walked straight past the boy’s locker room where the twins and Oliver were waiting, leaned up against the wall. The three males scrambled to catch up to the girls who were stalking toward the team entrance with confidence and purpose.

“Nervous?” Oliver asked when he took his spot next to Harri at the front of the formation.

Harri looked to him with a smirk, “Nope.” She replied, popping her ‘p’. Out of the corner of her eyes she saw the twins grin at each other. The door swung open and the team flew out in formation to the sound of excited cheers, the team flew in formation for one lap before breaking off into groups. The three chasers did laps around the center of the pitch while the twins wove in and out of the tall stands and Oliver circled his hoops. Harriet rose higher than all of them and did a lazy circuit above everything; taking extra time over the teachers stand so she could look in to see Tony on the very top bench, Quirrell two rows below that, and Snape with the three Marauder snakes two rows further down. She had to stop herself from snickering when she saw James hovering by Snape’s ear, hissing in what he probably thought was a pretty threatening way, the potions master simply flicked the snake on its nose before glaring up at her defiantly. Harri grinned at him before diving back toward the center of the pitch.

The Slytherins came out and did their rounds before everyone met in the center of the pitch around Madam Hooch. As the snitch was released Harri heard Lee over the loudspeaker but pushed his
commentary to the back of her mind, focusing on the fluttering gold ball currently darting between her and the Slytherin Seeker. It stuck around for a few seconds before darts off, Harri turned to watch Madam Hooch, ready for the quaffle to be released. The second it was she rose above the mad scramble of the other players; she circled the pitch, keeping an eye on the other seeker as well as the game while doing sweeps for the snitch.

Harri cheered as Angelina scored the first goal and pulled back out of the way as a bludger flew past just inches in front of her. Slytherin took possession of the quaffle and Flint flew hard and fast up the pitch, throwing the quaffle toward the middle goal for it to be swatted out of the way by Oliver, who just smirked cockily at Flint. Angelina and Alicia passed the quaffle back and forth between them as they raced toward the other goals before scoring once more, causing another cheer from the Gryffindor dominated stands. Harri flew closer to the goal Oliver was guarding as Slytherin took over the quaffle again and once again Oliver blocked it, this time catching the ball before throwing it to Katie.

Just like before, Harri saw Flint take a bat from one of the Slytherin beaters. She raced over toward Oliver and pushed him out of the way just as the Slytherin captain hit a bludger toward the Gryffindor. “Harriet what….” Oliver exclaimed as he regained his balance, only for his eyes to widen as the bludger slammed into the rim of the goal he had been guarding seconds before. Harri and Oliver both glared at the Slytherins who met their eyes challengingly.

“Just taking care of our captain.” Harri said before rising back up to her original height, Oliver blocked the next attempt with ease, keeping the score 20-0 Gryffindor. Harri looked around and cursed in parseltongue as she saw the Slytherins flank Angelina, she had forgotten this from last time but hopefully the extra maneuvers she had suggested during practice and the pep talk would help in this situation. Sure enough, Angelina dove suddenly making the Slytherins who had been pushing on either side of her collide and the one on the outside to take the tumble into the stands that the Gryffindor chaser had the last time. Harriet laughed in delight and cheered with everyone else as they scored once more.

Finally, Harriet caught sight of the snitch and she felt adrenaline fill her as she pressed herself flat along the broom and chased after the glint of gold. She knew at any second that Quirrell would make his move but hoped against all hope that since she had already managed to change some of the game that the Professor would abandon that particular plot.

Of course it was not to be. As she ducked a bludger aimed at her by one of the Slytherin’s she felt the broom begin to struggle in her control. Harriet hung on tightly to her broom and tried to flare her magic into her hands to break the jinx as it bucked and spun, raising higher and higher as it went. The magic wasn’t giving, so Harri held tightly praying that Snape and the Marauders would hurry up and rescue her. Before they could the broom gave a violent jerk forward and down making Harri flip off of her seat and dangle from her broom by just her hands.
“Harriet!” came twin voices, she looked to see the twins flying over to her, worry clear on their faces.

Another rough jerk jolt one hand free and she yelped, ‘They better hurry up and light that asshole on fire.’ Harri grumbled mentally.

“Harriet what’s going on?” George asked worriedly.

“Nothing much.” Harri said, trying to sound calm, “My brooms been jinx though, that’s super fun.” She tried to catch the handle of her broom with her other hand but the broom jerked again. ‘It didn’t take this long last time.’ She groused. She caught a glint of gold out of the corner of her eye and clenched her jaw, “You two up to trying something awesome?” she called to the twins who had been circling, keeping away bludgers and Slytherins with bad intentions.

“Always!” they called, drawing closer.

Harri nodded, “George can you swing me over to Fred’s broom?”

“You got it!” George said, Fred lined up carefully as George gripped Harri’s free hand and rolled as she released her broom to swing her under him and over to Fred’s waiting arms. Harriet’s Nimbus fell away from them.

Fred sat back a little further on his broom so Harriet could sit properly on the broom, “We’ll call the game and I’ll get you down to the ground.” Fred said as he wrapped the arm holding his bat around her waist tightly and took the broom stick with the other.

“Screw that.” Harri said, “We have a game to win.” She looked over to George with a giant grin before nudging Fred’s hand, “Give me control and just focus on keeping the bludgers off of us.”

Fred’s laugh in response to that was slightly maniacal, “You got it Harri.” He freed up the broom handle for her to grip and adjusted himself so he was still holding on to her but his bat arm was free. Harri caught sight of the snitch again and pushed the broom toward it, Fred hanging tightly to her. She growled internally at the school Cleansweep under them and took out the limiter rune with a well-controlled burst of magic, the broom jolted forward with greater speed and Harri grinned.

The Slytherin seeker joined them a couple seconds later, chasing the snitch neck and neck, the
release of the limiter making up for the weight of the extra rider and giving Harri what she needed to pull off the maneuver she knew was coming. The Slytherin seeker glanced over at her, “You think you got this firstie? You honestly think you can win like that? Against me?” he yelled over the wind.

Harri vaguely heard the crack of Fred beating off a bludger behind her as she gave her opponent a toothy grin, “I know I can.” She called, “Try and keep up little snake.”

A second later the snitch dived and Harriet pushed the broom into a steep dive, effectively molding Fred to her back. The Slytherin was right beside her, glancing between her and the rapidly approaching ground before pulling up way to soon. Harriet pulled up and leveled off at the last second; clutching the broom with one hand, the other outstretched as she heard Lee screamed piercingly through the loudspeaker, “A Wronksi Faint!”

Harriet’s hand closed and Glacia screeched in victory. Godiva purred her pleasure.

The young phoenix rose from her place near the ground to spectator level in the middle of the pitch before opening her hand and presenting the golden snitch within.

“Harriet Potter has caught the snitch! Gryffindor wins, 180 to nothing!!” Lee shouted, making the stands erupt in deafening cheers. Harri grinned, making the broom spin in place so all the stands, the teachers stand in particular, could see the caught prize. “Harriet Rose Potter caught the snitch whilst performing a Wronksi Faint, riding double with one of the infamous Weasley twins!” Lee continued, “What a way to end this rivals match of Quidditch!”

Harri laughed lightly, turning slightly on the broom to look at Fred, “Hear that? You guys are infamous!”

Fred laughed long and loud as he wrapped her in a big hug, “That was awesome!” he called, over the roar of the crowd. In the next second they were surrounded by members of the Gryffindor team, all on their brooms, patting them both on the back and hugging them happily. George was glued to their side, smile wide and eyes bright but very carefully making sure he had a tight grip on both of their uniforms. Harri used her free hand to squeeze his hand reassuringly before going back to gripping the broom.

“We best get down soon.” Oliver commented after they had calmed down a bit.

Katie looked below them and swallowed hard as she saw the writhing mass of Gryffindors, cheering
and screaming under them, “I don’t know if I want to go down to that.”

Harri laughed lightly, “Leave it to me.” The group parted a bit so Harri was clearly visible, eliciting another batch of cheering from the students. Harriet put her hand to her mouth and let out a piercing whistle, effectively quieting the Gryffindors below, and most of the other houses making their way from the stands. “We, the quidditch team, thank you for your support. We would like to change out of these uniforms, then we will join you in the common room to celebrate our victory over the snakes!” there was another deafening cheer and the whole crowd of lions charged off the pitch and up toward the castle.

“How in the….” Alicia muttered.

Harri grinned, “You learn a few tricks pretty fast if you have fame but don’t want to deal with it.”

“I guess so.” Oliver muttered. They lowered to the ground as a group and all dismounted, before most headed to the locker rooms. Harri and the twins were all that remained on the pitch, when George refused to let go of her uniform she summoned her, thankfully untrampled, Nimbus to her from the field before leading the twins off toward the locker rooms.

When they reached the locker rooms George still refused to release her and Harri looked up at him with a small smile, “We’re fine.” She said softly, Fred had already slung an arm over his twin’s shoulder and taken over carrying his broom. Harri leaned her Nimbus against the locker room wall and slid her arms around George, “I wouldn’t have done it if I thought I wouldn’t be able to pull it off with two riders.”

“We never practiced anything like that.” George muttered, “You two could have gotten seriously hurt.”

Harri could understand where he was coming from even if he didn’t fully understand why he was including her in this overwhelming fear. The fact that Fred was his magical twin brother pulled that fear for him up to near irrational levels and then the unfinished bond between them and Harri had drawn her into that fear. He had no memories of the last timeline, where they had all three ridden together in different pairs into real battles on a single broom, so seeing them both go into a near impossible to pull off dive with an extra person would be very scary for him. It would take him a bit to calm down, to realize that they were safe.

“We have to at least let her go change.” Fred muttered to his brother; he could feel his twins torment and reluctance to let Harri out of their sight through their own bond and he knew if he hadn’t been with her when it happened, if he had seen it from the outside, he would probably be reacting the
same way.

Harri pulled back from the hug slowly and looked carefully up at George who seemed set on not releasing her uniform, finally she nodded, “Alright then.” She snapped her fingers and a Hogwarts elf appeared next to them, startling the twins.

“What can I be doing for young Masters and Lady?” the elf asked.

Harri smiled kindly at the little creature, “We’re having a bit of an issue would you mind snapping us out of our uniforms and into more comfortable clothes from our trunks?”

“Of course!” the elf exclaimed, he snapped his fingers and instantly they were in more comfortable clothes and their uniforms were laying in a heap near the elf to be cleaned. “You be needin’ anything else?”

“Some refreshments in the Gryffindor common room please.” Harri replied, “We just won the game and I’m sure Professor McGonagall would be asking for it soon to celebrate anyway.”

“Of course.” The elf said, popping away with their dirty uniforms.

Harri turned back to the twins and smiled at George, “There. Now we don’t have to separate.” His grip on her shirt loosened slightly, “However I do need to say goodbye to someone who came to see me play and go get the snakes from Snape before we can go to the party. Sound alright?”

George nodded and let out a breath, “Thanks Harriet.”

“No problem.” She replied, she shrunk down and pocketed her broom before threading her arm into George’s on the opposite side of Fred and leading them off again. As they walked and the bond soothed over George’s worry on both sides he began to relax, finally cracking a smile just as they reached the spot where Harri had told Tony to meet her.

“So who are we meeting Harri?” Fred asked curiously.

“My brother.” She answered, looking around for him curiously.
“We didn’t….”

“Know you had siblings.” The twins said.

Harri grinned at them, the use of twin speak meant George was mostly back to normal. His eyes were still keeping track of both of them and she could still see worry on his face but he was calming down at least. “Family doesn’t end in blood.” Harri told them, she glanced around again, “I’ve always wanted a big family, so I made one for myself.” The twins nodded in understanding just as Tony appeared around the corner with Snape walking next to him. “There he is.” Harri said.

“Oh look.” Fred snorted, “A two for one.” George covered up his own snort and Harri giggled.

Tony took in the twins, who Harriet had already told him about, before looking to Harri and giving her an apologetic look. She gave him a subtle motion to keep quiet before focusing on Snape, “Ah, Professor, how kind of you to bring my companions to me.”

Snape scowled at Harri and handed the bag with the snakes over to her, not noticing there were currently only two snakes in there. “Potter, I don’t know how you knew that would happen but if you want my help at all in the future show me a bit more respect and come to me with all the facts, not the cryptic dramatic hippogriff shit you came to me with this morning!” he snarled, his glare firmly on his face. He pointed to Tony, “And if you are going so far as to bring in your own personal fan club for your little shows then learn to keep them on a leash!”

*Sirius Orion Black!* Harriet hissed harshly, *You stop try to bite Snape’s disgusting person right this instant!* Snape flinched back from the harsh sounding parseltongue while Harriet darted forward and grabbed Sirius from where he had managed to sneakily attempt biting the Professors leg. Snape sneered at Harriet before twirling in a dramatic billowing of his robes and stalking toward the castle. Harriet narrowed her eyes at the retreating figure, ‘Looks like I’ll be adding to my threat then.’

“I’ve never seen a more dramatic person in my life.” Tony commented, once Snape was out of range.

The twins snorted and Harri laughed as she slung Sirius around her neck, “How does it feel to be out done by a dungeon bat Tony?”
Tony drew himself up and placed a hand on his chest, “I am not dramatic, I just exude awesome and its perceived that way.”

Harriet laughed and walked forward to hug Tony, gripping him tight before pulling away, “So why do I need to keep you on a leash?”

Tony scratched at the back of his head sheepishly, “I may have attempted to go into the castle. I didn’t think I drew attention to myself but that guy saw me and questioned me.”

“And you told him what I told you to say?”

“He didn’t seem to believe me and when I said your name he demanded that I take him to where I was supposed to meet you.” Tony answered.

“Probably his echolocation.” Fred muttered, making George smother a laugh.

Harri grinned at them before looking back to Tony, “I’ll make time to give you the tour someday.” She promised, “How did you like the game?”

Tony perked up, “It was awesome! Congrats by the way. That was amazing! First quidditch game I’ve ever seen and I’m already hooked. If I can’t get to these I expect you to set up one of Jarvis’ cameras so I can at least see them.”

“Of course!” Harri agreed, she stepped away and swung her arm over to the twins, “These are Fred and George Weasley. The twins I was telling you about.”

Tony stepped forward with his arms crossed like Harri hand shown him to so both twins could shake his hands together, “Pleased to meet you.”

“Fred, George, this is my big brother. Tony Stark.” Harri introduced.

“Hello.” They both said as they took his offered hands.
Tony pulled back and shot Harri a mischievous smile before looking back to the twins, “So, Harri tells me you’re mad scientists yourselves.”

“We dabble.” They answered, grinning.

“Does that mean…”

“You are a mad scientist as well?” they questioned.

Tony nodded, “And proud of it.” He said with a smirk, “You should come over with Harriet some time, we’re already working on putting her runes together with my non-magic technology. Who knows what we can do if we add in your fields.” He glanced to Harri, “What did you say it was? Potions and….”

Harri smiled proudly, “Potions and spell craft, those are their areas of expertise.” She pretended to ignore their slight blushes.

Tony nodded, “Awesome, I’m a bit new to magic but Harri and I already have fun playing with the combinations we can make. It will be interesting to add in more aspects.”

“New to magic?” George asked with a frown.

“Are you a muggle?” Fred questioned.

“Yup.” Tony said, popping his ‘p’. “But I’m a genius so it won’t take me too long to pick up on concepts.”

Harri grinned, “When he came earlier we were already talking about combining his tech and my runes to make a better broom and that was after only a very brief explanation of broom mechanics.”

“Sweet.” The twins said in unison.

There was a pop nearby and they all looked over to see Daisy standing there looking at Tony, the
genius sighed dramatically, “It would seem it’s time for me to go.” He looked to Harri, “Should I keep the amulet that you gave me?”

Harri nodded, “Yes, just in case you need it again, I can always make others.” She hugged him once more, “I’ll see you at Christmas if you can’t make the next game.”

“I’ll hold you to that. Don’t forget to text me.” Tony murmured into her shoulder, he pulled away and waved at the twins. “It was nice to meet you! Hopefully we’ll see each other again.”

“You bet!” the twins answered in unison. Tony chuckled and walked over to Daisy who took him away in a blink.

Harri looked over to the twins, “So?”

“He’s pretty cool.” Fred commented.

“Not bad for a muggle.” George teased.

Harri grinned and put her bag over her head before sliding her arm through George’s again, “Great. Just don’t tell anyone about him yet, his tech gives me an edge in pranks and people will start looking for muggle things in the castle if it gets out.” The twins laughed at that but agreed.

*So how was your time with Snape?* Harri asked the snakes as the twins fell into a comfortable silence to listen to the hissing.

*Not too bad.* Remus said.

*Speak for yourself.* James groused, *He flicked me on the nose every time I spoke.*

*And he complained about you the entire time.* Sirius whined, *You should have let me bite him pup.*
Harri rolled her eyes, *You don’t know where he’s been, best not to put him in your mouth.* Sirius let out a choking sound while Remus and James dissolved into laughter.

The twins watched the wriggling, hissing snakes with amusement, Harriet had explained that those things meant they were laughing and the twins had never seen anything quite like it. “Your snakes….”

“Are weird Harri.”

She gave a put upon sigh, “I know, it’s a burden I have to bear.” The twins laughed.

When the snakes finally calmed down James looked up at his daughter from his place in the bag, *By the way, you were great today Princess. I’ve never seen anyone pull off a Wronksi feint riding double and it looked like it was the easiest thing in the world for you to do. We’re so proud.*

*It was awesome!* Sirius butted in, *And you won! Bonus!* *You can be sure that once were able to be in our human forms all the time it will be one of the things we brag about.* Remus added in, a smile in his voice.

*Oh course we’re going to brag!* Sirius exclaimed, *Our little girl…..* *My little girl.* James grumbled.

*OUR little girl!* Remus and Sirius both argued back. Harri shook her head fondly at the snakes as they finally entered the school.

“Ready to celebrate?” Fred asked, noticing she wasn’t paying attention to the snakes any more.

Harriet gave him a wide grin, “Definitely!”
Common question I'm sure will come up: how can Harry text without getting caught? First and foremost, she is the runes expert of the bunch. If she can create rune chains to keep magic from interfering with the tech I'm sure she can carve runes to work as a notice me on the object similar to how she does with the amulet she gives Tony. Second, at this time she is the best in the class (since she's already done this before) and the teachers know that so allow her some leeway with doing this that aren't strictly class work, especially is she hides it under the table and doesn't distract the class with it.

Some might think its a bit of a cop out to have an elf taking care of Tony now that Harri has officially met him but its not like Harri can constantly be over there. Also, I've always thought elves were adorable and they are very serious about their work so having Tony be mothered by an elf was the way to go. The whole sleeping thing is something I've seen in a couple fics and I thought it would be good to add, in some pure blood families its likely that a child is raised almost completely by a house elf so it would make sense that they would help their charge with everything, including getting past a nightmare so they could get real rest.

I know, I know, the broom specs are off. However I wanted a legitimate way to get Tony interested in Quidditch since he doesn't really seem like the sporty type so I needed the Firebolt Harri eventually gets to be fast enough to race Tony, which would get him interested in the brooms of the sport.

Also, I'm not positive how brooms are made cannonically, I just threw together some magic-y sounding stuff that might make a bit of sense. Don't complain that its wrong; lets stick with, IT'S MAGIC, and move on, shall we?

I am also aware that in first year Slytherin has at least one female on their team but in the interest of Harri's little 'girl power' moment to help her bond with some female's in Gryffindor for later, Slytherin's team is all boys for now!

RIDING DOUBLE! Get it?!

Next Chapter: A Basilisk Threatens Better.
A Basilisk Threatens Better

Chapter Notes

SO sorry about the skipping of a week but I had those other stories I wanted to read and this bitch just didn't want to be written.

Anyway, here you go.

Update 1/16/2017 : I was informed that a two fingered salute was like flipping someone off across the pond so I took out the 'two fingered' part. It really isn't feasible to think that other teachers would have noticed that and not punished Harri, no matter who she was. Nothing big. Carry on!

Harriet sat back in one of the high back leather chairs that occupied Salazar's study with her hands folded loosely in her lap, staring blankly at the carpet. Nearby Samarra was coaching the Marauders on hunting in their snake forms, bragging to the three males about her own escapades. Salazar watched the current Lady of his house as she sat brooding as she had since they arrived earlier.

The Marauders had started by talking about yesterday's game and bragging about Harriet performance and win. Harriet hadn't said anything, just sat and stroked Samarra until the snake had begun the Marauders lesson. Then she just sat still in the chair, zoned out completely, her face drawn in contemplation.

"Harriet." Salazar called, the girl didn't answer so Salazar called again. Finally, after the third call, she looked up at him with her head tilted curiously. "If you talk to me maybe I can help. That's the whole point of having living portraits, so you can talk and seek advice from your ancestors."

Harri gave him a soft smile, "Sorry Salazar." She shifted, tucking her legs under her and focusing her gaze on him. "I do have a bit of a dilemma." He gave her a nod, "The current Slytherin Head of House, Severus Snape, has an extreme dislike for me because of issues between him and the Marauders, my father in particular. He takes his hatred of my father out on me despite that fact that he was friends with my mother. After bullying on the first day and him attempting to breech my mind I made a subtle threat which he seems to have been ignored. Yesterday when I warned him of what would happen at the game we had a small confrontation before and after, the latter being in front of my mates and brother. I need to make good on or expand the threat so he takes me seriously however I can't simply harm him as that would cause suspicion. I don't want to reveal myself as Lady Slytherin quite yet either so I can't revoke his professor privileges and I'd much rather have him on side as he is an asset since he could spy on the Order as well as the Death Eaters, is the youngest Potions Master in history, and has sworn to protect me."
Salazar steepled his fingers together and hummed, "That is a bit of a problem." He gave her a considering look, "He is dark?"

"Very."

"And yourself?"

The room tensed as the Marauders turned to focus in the conversation, Harri raised an eyebrow at them before looking back to Salazar. "I am gray, at the very center of the spectrum."

Salazar gave her a considering look, "A true gray? You don't lean in a direction at all?"

"Yes, a true gray. I stopped leaning one way or the other after my fourth year." Harriet informed him.

"So young." Salazar said faintly, "Being a true gray is rare, most everyone leans on way or the other or is true light or true dark. Did you discover this on your own or did you have someone read your aura?"

"Both." Harri admitted, "After second year when everyone called me dark simply because I was a parselmouth I looked up the spell that would show me my current aura. I became rather fascinated by the push and pull of light and dark in the results so I cast the spell periodically after that. It stopped at the end of my fourth year and I read it as the center of the spectrum. Later I spoke with Sorcerer Supreme Stephan Strange and he also read it as dead center. He told me that it was most likely because I saw magic as a whole rather than split and there for could cast from both ends of the spectrum without difficulty."

Salazar gave a short nod, "Do you know how to release your aura?" Harriet nodded again, "Can it stagger a man?"

Immediately Harriet's eyebrows shot up, "You want me to go the Dark Lord approach?"

"I'm suggesting the Dark Lord approach." Salazar said flatly, "He won't believe you a true danger unless he feels for himself. Words won't work, he's too set in his ways. If you were light or light inclined it wouldn't have worked because he was think you were trying to smother him. However, since you are gray he will be more likely to accept your power over him." He crossed his arms over
his chest, “So can your aura stagger a man?” Harriet sighed and nodded, “Then that is what I suggest. You can do it in his classroom or you can bring him down here and have Samarra help. Basilisks are excellent threats.” Samarra drew herself up proudly and Harri gave her a fond eye roll.

As much as Harriet wanted to make good on her threat quickly it simply wasn’t a good idea with the first half of the year drawing to a close. So she planned for her eventual talk with the potions master and kept sending him mocking looks when he tried to intimidate her. She would spring her trap right after the Express had left with the students that were returning home for the Holidays. Samarra was very excited to be participating in it, she had been bragging to the Marauders about it since she had discovered that they were being kept out of it after the initial capture.

The final weeks before the break passed relatively quickly. The twins had taken to Harri’s StarkPhone quickly and were constantly borrowing it to text Tony and Jarvis questions about muggle technology and sciences that they could incorporate into their pranks. Harri was happy that the three were getting along so well. All of their free time was spent in the Room of Requirement in the replica of their workshop preparing for their holiday pranks, the twins still tried to get Harriet to tell them her plan but she held strong. The Marauders had helped her with it, they kept trying to get her to set it off early.

Finally, the Christmas Feast arrived, the one that took place the day before the students left for the Holidays, and it was time to set things off. Harriet was sitting in between her mates as usual, the three snakes wrapped around her in various positions to snatch food when offered. Harri glanced around to check that everyone was finishing their main course which would signal the changeover to desert. She nudged her mates the second desert replaced dinner and pulled out her phone to set it in her lap, “It’s time.” She said solemnly as the twins leaned into her.

“It’s time?” they echoed.

*It’s time!* Sirius cheered.

Harriet opened her phone and turned on an app Tony had helped make for this, it was a just a big red button with a Christmas tree on it in the center of the screen but it would set everything in motion. “You guys want to do the honors?” the twins grinned at her before reaching down and hitting the button together. On the screen the tree exploded.

The doors of the great hall slammed open causing the entire hall to quiet and look that way just in time for Christmas music to start playing from somewhere in the enchanted ceiling. Four wispy white figures ran into the room; the first, a wolf, ran down the Slytherin table; the second, a stag, ran down the Ravenclaw table; the third, a grim ran down the Gryffindor table; and the fourth, an ocelot, ran down the Hufflepuff table. They all four jumped from the end of their respective tables to land together at the head of the hall before turning to the students. ‘Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays
from the Marauders!' appeared in looping black letters over the four animal’s heads, then there was a loud pop in the middle of the music and Christmas crackers, candy canes, small packages, and tons of tinsel rained down on everyone from above. The four animals bowed and disappeared with a flash even as the words faded out slowly.

The music played on as the hall exploded in chaos. Some trying to get the clingy tinsel out of their hair and food, others opening the crackers only to end up with antlers, a red nose, or Santa hat. Some opened the presents to find cookies and other small trinkets, while others tried the candy canes and found themselves with red and white striped hair. There is laughing and chattering and screaming, Harriet grinned, *Perfect!*

*That was awesome!* James exclaimed, *It went off without a hitch!*

*We have returned!* Sirius cackled, Remus simply gave a snakey snort.

The twins are laughing uproariously as they each broke open a cracker and ended up with glowing red noses. Harri took a candy cane and slipped it in her mouth without hesitation, across the table Lee had opened one of the small gifts and was munching on snickerdoodles. “Is that Trans-Siberian Orchestra playing?” he questioned innocently, looking at Harriet pointedly.

She laughed, “Yep. Wizards in Winter, I believe. Very appropriate.” Lee chuckled and offered her a fist bump over the table.

Oliver had candy cane hair already and was playing with a small glass ball that had a Nimbus 2000 model in it, “What’s that?”

“Muggle music.” Harri said nonchalantly.

Oliver looked up at her before cocking his head to the side to try and listen to the music over the halls noise, Harri turned it up from her phone under the table. Oliver grinned, “Not too bad.”

Harriet nodded before glancing up at the teachers table to see how they were taking it. Flitwick had antlers and was happily munching on fudge, Quirrell was trying to get the tinsel out of his turban without taking it off, Dumbledore was sporting a candy cane beard and his usual pointy hat was a Santa hat now, and McGonangall was trying to look stern while discreetly stroking a kitten plushy.

In fact, all of the Professors seemed to be enjoying the pranks expect one. Snape was glaring at her, absolutely covered in tinsel (not that she rigged it so that more tinsel fell over his usual seat, not at
Harri grinned at him and gave him a cocky salute.

She couldn’t wait for tomorrow.

The next day found Harriet and the Marauders lying in wait for the Professor just as the train was leaving to take students home for the holidays. The potions master was going over the rules with the few Slytherins that were staying over for the Holiday so they were waiting in an abandon hallway on the way from the Slytherin dorms for the professor to pass by. Harri already had Hogwarts create a slide down to the Chamber in the hallway and she had placed a cushioning charm at the bottom for when she threw the git down the hole, Sirius was waiting in his Padfoot form behind a suit of armor near the hall entrance. Remus and James were waiting by the slide in their snake forms to cast the parseltongue tripping and incarcerous charms on him when he was backed to the entrance. Below Samarra was curled bodily around where the Professor would land, ready to moved him out of the way so the rest could come down.

Harri gave a light laugh when she saw Snape stepping from the Slytherin common room on the map, she closed it up without a second glance. “Here he comes.” She pocketed the map and started to hum, she heard his footsteps slow when he came to the hallway, “Professor Snape.” She greeted sweetly as he stepped into the entrance of the hallway, “How nice of you to come.”

“What are you doing down here Potter?” Snape asked in a dangerously low tone.

“Nothing Professor.” She said in an innocent tone, “You wanted me to show you some respect but I find that hard to do when I know nothing about you. So I’ve been watching.” She let some of her power fill her eyes to make them glow.

Snape drew himself and stepped far enough in for Padfoot to slip out behind him, “Don’t think you’ll be able to intimidate me silly girl. I have seen far scarier than a little child playing at power.”

Harriet chuckled low and crossed her arms over her chest, “And I’ve seen scarier than old dungeon bats trying to show up his betters.” She stepped forward and to the side just as Padfoot gave a loud growl making Snape jump and spin around to keep them both in sight, unfortunately for him that put his back to the slide. Harri gave him a pitying look, “Afraid of dogs professor?” she asked sweetly, “Oh no wait, that’s wolves.” Padfoot bared his teeth and gave another loud growl as he moved forward.
Snape whipped out his wand and leveled it at Harriet’s chest even as he took a step back, “I’ll have you expelled for this Potter!”

Harri cast a wandless disarming charm and caught Snape’s wand easily, “I think not Professor.” She tapped his wand against her palm as she looked him over, “I do think it’s time we had a chat though.” Padfoot lunged forward to snap his jaws at the potions master. Snape stumbled backward to avoid the grim’s teeth and James and Remus cast their spells in unison making the professor tumble into the slide head first just as ropes encased him. “Good job boys.” Harri said patting Padfoot on the head, he barked and picked up her bag as James and Remus slithered into it. Padfoot jumped down the slide, howling all the way down. Harri rolled her eyes and followed, ordering Hogwarts to close tunnel behind her, completely unaware that her redheaded shadows were rushing to the wall and inspecting the smooth stone she left behind.

Fred and George Weasley, infamous pranksters of the highest caliber, were sitting in the library pouring over dusty books filled with description of bonds. With all the time they spent with Harriet herself and working on their pranks outside of their school work they hadn’t really had the time to start looking up the bond they had with her, the furthest they’d gotten was searching through the library catalogue to find the titles of the books that may hold information. Now, during the break, they wanted to spend some time actually looking for what this was, especially after George’s extreme reaction to her being in danger at the game.

“I thought this was going to be easier.” Fred grumbled as he leafed through the pages of his book. “Half of these start with being drawn to the other person from the moment they meet each other.”

George sighed from where he was sitting curled up next to his twin, “She wouldn’t have wanted it to be too easy for us.” His eyes never leaving his own book, “We have to earn those names.

Fred gave a put upon sigh, “Maybe we can con the names out of her at Christmas.”

George elbowed him, “Don’t even think about it.” He could feel his brother’s curiosity about the bond and the names of their idols but he knew that Fred’s mind was currently more focused on their latest idea for pranking candies. It had woken him up last night, several ideas inspired by Harriet’s wonderful holiday prank. “We do have til the end of the year. If we can’t find what this bond is then we can discuss conning the names out of her after we know about the bond.” He smirked, “Maybe we could prank them out of her.”

“Yeah yeah.” Fred grumbled, he stopped and leaned forward when he found another description of the bond, “Hey, have you had any desire to kneel at her feet?”

George frowned and looked over at his brother’s book, “Not yet, no.” he read the title of the entry
and rolled his eyes, “I doubt she’s a rising Dark Lady and we’re her first followers.”

“I don’t know. She can get Snape to do things for her and we do follow her around. More than we do Lee or anyone else.” Fred said, “Maybe she has to want us to bow for the bond to make us.” He stopped, “No, it said it would be like an instinct.”

George nodded, “And I don’t necessarily feel like following her and I’ve never felt it from your end. It’s more like…..”

“Like we want to be around her all the time, following her or not.” Fred nodded, “Add it to the list.”

“It won’t do much good. That’s a symptom for all the bonds.” George sighed.

Fred groaned, “She made it sound so easy.”

George grinned and brought his book up higher, “You’ve got to admit it’s a great prank.” Fred chuckled in agreement.

They finished their first books and had nothing finite to show for it which made Fred give another sigh, “Maybe we should ask her for another hint. Just saying it’s a bond and going off our first reactions only narrows things down a little.”

“She did say a hint or two.” George mused, he glanced down at the parchment full of notes they had on what they had read so far. “Maybe we can ask for one specific one. Like how long it lasts or if it can be broken or if its complete. Any one of those would narrow it down considerably.”

Fred nodded and retrieved their copy of the map, “We should ask if it can be broken. If it can’t that breaks it down the furthest. Since most can be broken in one way or another.” He activated the map and began to search for Harriet, relieved that almost all the students who were leaving had already cleared out, making the process easier. He frowned when he found her, “She’s in the dungeons.”

George leaned over the map with him and mimicked his frown, “That hallway is never used, it’s a dead end and its where that portrait of the cursing pirate hangs. Everyone avoids it.”
Fred shrugged, “Maybe she’s planning something for the Slytherins.”

George’s frown turned into a grin, “Then maybe she needs some of our expertise!” they packed up their things and made their way downward, passing by the Great Hall where Christmas music was still playing. “I wonder how long Harriet is going to let music play.”

“Long enough for it to get annoying.” Fred chuckled, “It’s the Marauder way!” they heard the train whistle blow faintly in the distance just as they made their way down into the start of the dungeons, “Looks like everyone’s gone, I hope this prank is for when the snakes come back.”

They continued downward until they were on the level that lead to the Slytherin common room, they turned into the hallway that lead to the dead end and instantly pressed against the wall when they saw Snape. They watched warily as the professor slowed, cocking his head slightly before stepping into the hallway Harriet was supposed to be in.

“Professor Snape. How nice of you to come.” Came Harriet’s voice.

The twins crept forward, “A prank on Snape?” George questioned.

“Bold.” Fred said, admiration in his tone. They made it to the entrance of the abandon hallway just in time to see Snape backed against a wall by Harriet and a large black dog who was growling at the man. They watched with wide eyes as Harriet disarmed the man with a simple wave of her hand before the dog snapped at him, sending him backward where he tripped and fell into a hole with ropes around him. The dog picked up Harriet’s bag that had two of her snakes in it before jumping into the hole followed closely by Harriet.

The twins rushed to the hole but came to a stop when it covered up with smooth stone, “What the hell.” They spoke in unison.

Fred looked to George, “Did Harriet just wandlessly cast the disarming charm, tripping jinx, and incarcerous spell?”

George frowned, “Actually, I think Raion and Toshi cast the last two.”

Fred looked back to the blemish free stone in front of them, “That rising Dark Lady thing doesn’t seem like it’s too far off now that she kidnapped a professor, even if it is the dungeon bat.”
The brothers shared a look and their connection pulled, “We’ll stick with her no matter what.” They said together.

George gave his brother a smile, “I don’t think I would be able to let her go.”

Fred rubbed at his chest. “Yeah, I wouldn’t be able to either. Even if she turns into another you-know-who.”

George looked at the wall, “I have a feeling we could stop her from going down that path.”

Fred nodded slowly, “Unless we agreed with her reasoning to do it of course.”

“Yes.”

“So do we wait for her here or……” Fred started but they both spun when they heard harsh whispers and footsteps. They both crept over to the hallways entrance again just in time to see Ron and Hermione pass by, looking around the hall for something.

“She has to be here!” Hermione whispered, “Dumbledore said she was down in the dungeons.”

“Well he said she was on the seventh floor before but his tracking charms seem to keep failing.” Ron snapped.

“Tracking charms?” George questioned softly, Fred narrowed his eyes at the two and quickly cast powerful notice-me-nots over himself and his twin before they followed Ron and Hermione.

“Can’t we go?” Ron whined, “She’s not here.”

“No Ronald.” Hermione said flatly, “We need to find her and insinuate ourselves into her life. Become her friends. You should take this more seriously.”
“I am!” Ron protested, “But if I’m her friend I have to deal with those disgusting snakes!”

“You’ll have to pretend to like those things if you want her to actually take an interest in you.” Hermione chided, “She’s not going to consider dating someone who hates her precious pets.”

“That’s what the love potion is for.” Ron snorted, the twins shared an alarmed look, “But I have six more years for that. Maybe I can cause an accident and get those snakes out of the way and then be her shoulder to cry on!” Ron exclaimed, “It’s brilliant!”

“Shh!” Hermione hissed, “If she hears you it will be all over. Besides, she guards those things too closely for that to happen. You’ll have to get used to them.”

Ron pouted, “I shouldn’t have to. Isn’t there another way to do all this without me having to marry a parselmouth?” he sneered disgustedly.

“Marry?” Fred growled, neither of them liked the thought of Harriet with their brother.

“I mean we’re already getting money from her.” Ron continued.

“That will stop once she comes of age unless you marry her.” Hermione said, “And I can’t get at her family books until that happens either.” She stopped and sighed, throwing her hands up, “I give up. She’s not down here. Headmaster Dumbledore’s tracker must have slipped off again.”

“Unless she took them off.” Ron muttered darkly.

Hermione rolled her eyes, “She has no reason to check for them so she wouldn’t know to take them off. Let’s go. We’ll have time to talk to her over break.” They trudged back toward the dungeons entrance, passing by the twins’ hiding spot.

When they were gone Fred removed the charms and watched after them, “Something big is going on.”

George nodded, “Ron has always hated that we were poor but it sounds like he’s trying to get Harriet for her money. With love potion no less.”
“Do you think it’s just those two?” Fred asked, “They did mention Dumbledore.”

“Why would he want Harriet to marry Ron?” George questioned, “What would anyone else get out of it?”

Fred shrugged, “Do you think Harriet knows? She does avoid those two all she can.”

“Because they’re stalking her and won’t leave her alone. I don’t think she knows about this stuff.” George said, “Should we tell her?”

Fred frowned, “After we know more. Until then we won’t let her be alone with those two.”

“It’s going to be hard. Hermione is in her dorm and all the other first year girls left for the holiday.” George reminded his brother.

“We’ll find a way.”

“For Harriet’s safety.”

They both nodded and Fred rubbed his chest again, frowning, “I didn’t like the thought of her with Ron.”

“Me either.” George agreed, “But was it because of what he said or this bond thing?”

“I’m not sure.”

“Me either.”

Below the drama unfolding in the dungeons Harriet was having fun. She may have decided against the full Dark Lord approach but the bits she did have had its benefits. When she had landed she had arrived to the sight of a terrified potions master trying to escape a taunting Samarra by inching away like a worm in his bindings. Nearby Padfoot and the snakes were watching the scene with
amusement. She ordered them to go to Salazar’s study before grabbing Snape by his robes and dragging him to the center of the outer chamber before casting a secrecy ward over them.

“Release me at once Potter!” Snape snarled, “Do you even know what that…” He was cut off when Harriet cast a silencing charm on him.

“Welcome, Severus Snape, to the Chamber of Secrets!” Harri said dramatically to the hogtied Professor that was on his back at her feet. Samarra towered behind her and hissed harshly at the man, intimidating despite the black blinder that kept her from killing the man. “I see you’ve met Samarra.” The basilisk dropped and flicked her huge tongue over his face making him flinch violently. “Isn’t she gorgeous?”

*Thank you hatchling!* Samarra hissed, doing an odd snake form of preening.

*You’re welcome dearest.* Harriet answered knowing the parseltongue would be so much more unnerving for Snape when the snake she was communing with was a two ton basilisk. She crouched down over the tied up man, “Now Professor. You didn’t think I was bluffing did you? That I wouldn’t follow through? I warned you I wouldn’t stand for such treatment and yet you continued it. I tried to be civil, I really did. But then you went and spat those vicious things in front of my brother and my soulmates.” Snape’s eyes widened and she chuckled, “Of yes, they’re my soulmates.” She leant down and pressed a hand on his chest, “Let’s put them on the ‘protected’ list, shall we?”

She dropped so she sat cross legged next to the Professor as Samarra coiled her body around the two in a sort of wall, “You know the sad thing is, is that if you hadn’t taken your anger at my father out on me we could have been friends from the start.” Her eyes narrowed at the man, “But I only give what I get professor. You treated me as an enemy so I shall treat you in kind. It will remain so until you change your attitude.” She gave him a considering look as Samarra lowered her head towards her so Harriet could stroke her.

“Of course you won’t change just because of this. You’re as stubborn as I am.” Harri said, “Let me give you some things to think about and then I’ll give you a bit of incentive. Then Samarra here will take you back to your rooms in the most terrifying way possible as the remainder of your punishment. Once your punishment is over we’ll start fresh. Sound fair? No? Too bad.”

Harriet leaned back against Samarra’s thick body with an exaggerated sigh, “All of those memories I showed you the first day were true. Of course they were bits and pieces of my life. I’m sure at this point Dumbledore has told you I’m spoiled by my family, yet how can that be true when I am beaten half to death over every little offence and starved if I don’t complete the massive list of chores they set out for me to do. You can check all that, by the way, from Vernon, Petunia, and Dudley’s minds, I’m sure you have time over the hols, I’ll even give you the address. Number 4 Privet Drive, Little
Whinging, Surrey. But you know already Petunia and her hatred of all things magic don’t you? After all you met her when you were still friends with my mum. Ah yes, my mum. Do you know Petunia told me she died in a car crash? She never talks about her and when she does it’s to belittle her and sneer.” Harriet leaned forward to see Severus’ face, “What would my mum think of you treating me like this?” Snape’s eyes widened, “All that hatred toward my dad I get after how he treated you here but you seem to forget that I am half Lilly and I always will be.”

Harriet sighed and sat back again, “I am aware currently of many things. I am aware that you gave an unbreakable vow to protect me to the best of your ability. I am aware that Dumbledore has been playing upon your hatred of my father to get you to see me as only him. I am aware that Dumbledore’s plans for me are not in any way innocent. There are things you aren’t aware of. Things you should be questioning as a proper Slytherin and yet you sit and allow yourself to be used as some sort of twisted penance for delivering the piece of the prophecy that sent Voldemort after my family ending in mum’s death.” Harriet focused on Snape, seeing that he was looking right at her now, “Your vow already takes care of that. You should not be here. Should not be wasting your talent teaching kids. I’ve read my mum’s diaries and journals; I know you’re the youngest person to get his mastery. You are brilliant yet you let your grief and this constant need to make up for her death keep you in a place you obviously hate. I’m sure you know what she would say.”

Harri sighed and stood, “I would rather have you on my side than being used by Dumbledore. I won’t ask you to be who you’re not or give me any preferential treatment, heck you won’t have to do anything. Just stay out of my way and leave the people on my ‘protected’ list alone.” She hauled him to his feet, released the silencing charm, and tightened the ropes, before patting his shoulders, “Everything is up to you. How involved you are depends on what you decide. Just know that if you decide to stay enemies, this time will look tame to what happens next time because believe me, Samarra, my snakes, and Salazar wanted me to go a much different route.” She gave him feral grin, “Now I wouldn’t squirm to much if I were you.”

She heaved a huge sigh and stood, “Potter what….” He cut off with a scream as Samarra took him in her mouth.

Harriet chuckled at the choked screams and heavy breathing coming from the professor, “Don’t worry Professor. I milked her dry this morning!” she said sunnily, “But you know a dry bite from a basilisk is still going to hurt like hell.” She watched as Samarra slithered over to a tunnel Hogwarts had created for this purpose, “Have a nice time Professor!” she answered with muffled curses and she giggled, “That went well.”
Chapter Summary

Christmas Eve and Christmas Day

Chapter Notes

Hello again everyone!! I got a little carried away so this is a LONG chapter.

Here are some of the big things that came up in the comments after last chapter:

Harri and the twins adding a fourth member (preferably from the MCU). I'm sorry but that will not be happening. I LOVE stories that are Harry/Loki or Harry/Tony but in this one Harri will ONLY be paired with the twins, I am new to writing threesomes and don't want to jinx it by adding another set of body parts. We are open to any other ships you want to see though! I have had suggestions for Natasha/Sirius, Bruce/Remus, and oddly enough Bucky/Luna, all of which I have had several ideas pop up for me to further think on those. My sister keeps asking for Loki/James and I have all but decided that Loki will end up with one of the Marauders, the question is which one. So... in conclusion, Harri will be paired only with the twins, comment for input on the other pairings.

Next, I specifically DID NOT specify time frame since I was mashing the two world together. I do have a general idea how the timeline line up but I'm not sticking a year on it because I want to be able to add fun references without getting worried about correct times.

Finally, I am so very grateful to everyone who is following this story. When I and my sister where teasing out the outline for all of this and joking around with what we wanted to put in and what we didn't we NEVER thought it would have gotten this big. Thank you all for your support. We hope that this story can keep up with your expectations and maybe rise a bit above!

Without further ado.... Christmas Time is Here!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harriet wasn’t completely sure what was going on. Ever since she had returned from the Chamber after threatening Snape the twins had been stuck to her like glue. Sure before they had liked to hang out with her but this was different. They attached to her the second she had stepped into the common room then stuck with her through the rest of her day, even through her boring holiday homework when they usually would have gone off to experiment. During dinner they sat closer than normal and, when the traitors tried to sit across from them and talk to her, they interrupted each conversation within seconds of her showing her annoyance. After dinner that first night they had dragged her to the Room of Requirement and kept her there with experiments until around two in the morning before they all snuck back to the tower. The next morning, they had woken her at six and had taken
her out to the common room, still in her pajamas and half asleep.

Their strange behavior continued to escalate that day when the twins willingly split up. One of them always stayed with her while the other would go off into the castle for one reason or another that they refused to elaborate on when questioned about then they would switch every so often. Whenever the traitors found her in the castle, which ever twin that was with her at the time would drag her off for some ridiculous made up reason that had Harriet giggling and the twins blushing. That night the twins inexplicably wanted to test a prank product in the common room, an occurrence that landed Hermione in Madame Pomphrey’s care for the next three days. Harriet was a bit suspicious when she saw the twins share a high five after they received the news of Hermione’s stay but she got her room to herself for the next couple days so she left it alone. The twin’s behavior continued through and after Hermione’s hospital stay and after that the know-it-all traitor would go to bed straight after dinner. When Harriet recognized the symptoms of a strong sleeping potion she raised an eyebrow at the twins who did their best to look innocent and avoid eye contact.

After being essentially kidnapped the first morning Harriet attempted to get up before the twins to go to her work out but the second she stepped from her dorm room the twins had been there. After five minutes of trying and failing to get them to go back to bed she had given up and taken them with her to the Room of Requirement for her workout. She mostly worked on her flexibility with them there, not wanting to explain quite yet why she felt the need to practice kick boxing and martial arts. So the twins got to watch as she swung around on the uneven bars, practiced Clint’s free running style on a small course provided by the room, and practiced on the balance beam. They were quite drawn in by the activities.

Despite her mates’ strange behavior Harriet was enjoying the holidays. She had yet to stop her Christmas playlist and she could see that it was starting to get to those that remained for the holiday, it was a pretty extensive list but she kept resetting the shuffle for shits and giggles. She was also having fun watching Snape be indecisive about her offer, many times he looked like he wanted to approach her but he didn’t, other times he was glaring at her with as much hatred as before; she had taken to waving at him with a cocky smile on her face just to see his eyes harden and his jaw clench. Spending extra time with her mates without the hassle of school was just a bonus.

Today was Christmas Eve and Harriet had finally managed to get the twins to leave her for a bit, she needed to go to the Room of Requirement to brew a few potions for her brothers. So she had told the twins that she needed a bit of a privacy to wrap presents, which was true, but the three-hour time period she claimed was a bit excessive. She did say that they could join her after the first two hours so she knew they would be there the second the time was up. Either way it gave her plenty of time.

As she reached the seventh floor she was stopped by a call of her last name, she looked back to see Snape ascending the stairs, his gaze focused on her. “Yes Professor?” she asked politely.

“I would like a chance to…. speak with you about what we discussed before.” Snape said hesitantly.
Harriet studied him carefully for a moment before nodding, “Very well. Come.” She turned and continued through the seventh floor with the potions master behind her. Then waved a hand for him to stop when she had to pace in front of the wall before leading him into the RoR that was currently in the form of a masters’ level potions lab.

“What is this place?” Snape asked curiously, “I’ve never been here before.”

“This is the Room of Requirement.” Harriet said, setting her bag with the snakes in it down on the back row of tables before turning to the middle row of tables and beginning to set up. “It can be anything you wish, all you have to do is pace in front of that wall three times requesting something in your head and it will provide. There are very few limitations.” Harriet explained as she set out four large cauldrons and propping up a potions book next to each one.

“Please tell me you’re not going to attempt brewing four things at once.” Severus said exasperatedly.

“I’ve done this combination before Professor.” Harriet said, setting out four different sets of ingredients and turning to each recipe she needed, “They’re relatively easy ones. I wouldn’t attempt it if they were more difficult.” She waved her hand at the two cauldrons closest to the door, “But please, feel free to help.”

Snape narrowed his eyes at her for a second before sighing and moving things around so he was opposite of her with those two cauldrons. “Why do you need pain reliever and calming draught?” Severus asked even as he began the two potions.

“My surrogate brothers are in need of them.” Harriet said easily, “I got alerted to the need from one this morning and I know the other will be needing some as well.” She had already started her cauldrons heating while she prepared the ingredients for her two potions. Once she had the first ingredients in Harriet glanced up at Snape, “Now what did you want to talk about Professor?”

“I went to see your relatives.” Snape said cautiously.

“Oh?” Harri replied, uncaringly.

“Your memories weren’t false.”
Harriet snorted, “No, they weren’t.”

The potion master’s jaw clenched and he was silent for a minute, “I want in.” he said abruptly.

Harri shot him an amused look, “‘In’ Professor?” she teased.

Snape gave her a halfhearted glare, “You know what I mean Potter.”

“I know what you mean Professor.” Harri said calmly, “Do you?”

The pale man huffed, “I want to help with whatever you have planned. Not just for my vow, though that does factor in. You were right, I’ve grown lax. Allowed myself to be used terribly in the midst of my grief and guilt. You seem to be against Dumbledore and against the Dark Lord. I was drawn to the Dark by false promises and I’ve never fully agreed with the Light’s twisted ideals.”

“And you think you’ll agree with mine? You believe I won’t use you?” Harri asked softly, her eyes focused on the brewing potions.

“I don’t believe that you would use me with malicious intent.” Snape answered evenly, “After all, everyone uses each other to a certain extent. As for your ideals, I’m not sure, but your sole intentions currently seem focused on protecting those you care about.”

Harriet gave a small smile, “Yes, my family comes first. The safety and happiness of those I care for are the most important things to me. I do have certain political views but until I have Voldemort and Dumbledore taken care of those aren’t my focus.” She looked over to him when her two potions hit their first simmering stage, “Knowing that are you still willing to side completely with me? To help me? Especially since that route will make you staying here a necessity. I wasn’t just sucking up when I said you were wasting your talent by staying here.”

Snape let his own potions simmer, “I would have to stay here regardless. The vow is to protect you to the best of my ability. It won’t be to the best of my ability if I leave.”

Harriet smirked, “There are ways to release you from the vow. If you aren’t giving it willingly I don’t want your help.”
“It’s an unbreakable vow Potter.” Snape snorted, “The keyword being unbreakable.”

“I know of two different rituals is the LeFay library alone that will counter it.” Harriet said, rolling her eyes and going back to her potions. “I refuse to be Dumbledore or Voldemort. I won’t trick or force people into my service.” She added the next ingredients and Snape watched in amusement as she stirred both potions at once in different directions. Harri looked up at him with a raised eyebrow, “That in mind. Are you still willing?”

Snape studied her for several seconds before nodding, “Yes. I will side with you and keep my vow at least until you’ve taken care of Dumbledore and the Dark Lord.”

Harriet smiled, “Good. Before I get too into things I ask that you take a vow not to reveal the information I tell you to anyone not already in the know. It will protect both you and myself.”

Severus nodded and stepped back away from the cauldrons before raising his wand, “I, Severus Tobias Snape, vow on my life and magic not to reveal any information learnt in the presence of Harriet Rose Potter to anyone not already in the know through any means unless given permission by Harriet Rose Potter herself.”

Harriet nodded with a smile, “Thank you Professor.” She set her stirring rods down for the second simmer times and went over to her bag to pull the snakes free. “First things first.” She set the snakes down and glared at them, *Remember your promise. I will hex you if I feel you’re going to far.*

*Yeah yeah.* Sirius pouted.

*We’ll keep our promise Princess.* James said.

In the next second the Marauders all stood in their human forms next to Harriet, Snape’s eyes went wide at the sight of the three men. “How…..” he started, he looked sharply at Harriet, “They’re supposed to be dead.”

“Good to see you too Snape.” Sirius snarked. Harriet smacked him upside the head and he yelped, “Ow pup! What was that for?”

“Manners!” Harri snapped before going back over to cauldrons, “Make yourselves useful. You said
you’d help wrap the presents while I made the potions.”

“Of course cub.” Remus said with an amused look to James and Sirius. The three pulled out Harriet’s gifts and the rolls of wrapping paper she had gotten one of the elves to purchase.

“Are you going to explain this?!” Snape asked, still glaring at the three Marauders with almost tangible hate while he continued to work on his potions.

“Let’s start with Dad shall we?” Harriet said, “We can’t get a clear picture of how it started since his mind is so fuzzy about that time but at some point before that attack Dumbledore changed him out for a golem. He was being held in a little cottage under the influence of potions meant to keep him docile, weak, and obedient.”

“So that’s what those potions were for.” Snape muttered.

Harri nodded, “The potions he was under required Master level brewing so I assumed he had you make them.” She took one of her cauldrons off the fire and covered it, “I can only assume that he was keeping Dad in case he had to kill me before I could have an heir and he could gain control of them. Anyway, when I took the Gringotts tests last summer I discovered he was alive and saved him.”

“If Dumbledore was holding him captive then why hasn’t he done anything to find him after you saved him?” Snape asked, lowering the heat on one of his cauldrons and tossing more ingredients in the other before stirring.

“I created a simple golem that took his place and wasted away under the apparent strain of long term potions use.” Harri said with a shrug, “It didn’t take much.”

“You just…. created a golem.” Snape deadpanned, “That’s an advanced skill.”

“Ugh, don’t we know.” Sirius complained from where he was struggling with wrapping one of the presents, “It took us three days to make the one we needed to kill Moony off.”

James looked over at Severus with a small smirk, “When it comes to my daughter you’ll have to suspend a certain amount of disbelief. She likes surprising people with things like this.”
Harri rolled her eyes, “Oh come off it. Golem’s are useful so I studied them and broke them down to their easiest form. If I had used the traditional golem rune formulas, then yeah it will take a bit of time. But for short term use ones the broken down version works just as well. If I had needed them to last it would have taken me longer.”

“I assume you used one to rescue the mutt as well.” Snape said.

“Yup.” Harri replied with a grin.

“And….. Lilly?” Snape asked.

The room went quiet and Harri frowned, “No, Dumbledore didn’t replace her. She really was killed by the Dark Lord.” Snape swallowed hard and James bit the inside of his cheek, for several long minutes the only sound in the room was the crinkling of paper and the bubbling of the cauldrons.

Finally, Snape got up the strength to talk again, “How do you know and do all this? You’re only eleven.”

“I traveled back in time.” Harriet answered, “I’m technically twenty-six.”

“What?!” Snape exclaimed with a jolt, in his shock he dropped the ingredient in his hand. Into the wrong cauldron. His eyes snapped to the cauldron just as the alarm charm started to go off, Harriet waved her hand and cast a shield around it just seconds before it exploded.

Harriet banished the whole thing, cauldron and all before looking at Snape, “I came back in time and merged with my younger self. That’s how I know these things and can do what I can.” She returned to her potion and pulled it off the fire to cool before restarting the potion Severus had just exploded.

“I’ll give you a journal tomorrow that will show you what happened in the last timeline but right now it’s too long of a story for…..” she froze midsentence making the four males look over to her.

“What is it Princess?” James asked worriedly.

Harriet was staring at the wrist that held her bracelets, “Bruce is transforming.” She said softly. A second later she was in motion; she put a stasis charm on her potion and ran over to her bag.
“Who is Bruce?” Snape demanded, “And why do you have a gun!!”

Harriet checked her hand gun before sliding into her hip holster then pulling out her throwing knives and securing them to her belt. “One of my surrogate brothers.” She said distractedly, “He’s transforming. I need to go.”

“I thought you said you were going to let them come to you.” Sirius said.

“I will.” Harri said, “Once he’s transformed he won’t remember, not at this point. He hasn’t accepted his other half yet. I can go and make sure that the Hulk isn’t captured and doesn’t hurt innocents though.”

“You can’t leave the school!” Snape snapped.

Harriet moved her hand to touch the bracelet that was currently glowing green, “You can’t stop me.”

All four men rushed toward her and managed to get a hand on her just as she was engulfed in blue flames.

In the next second they were tucked into a thin line of trees on the upper edge of a huge valley. Harriet shook the four males off of her and stepped forward in time to see Bruce running through the middle of the field, his skin tinged green, with soldiers on his tail. The soldiers were yelling at Bruce and had their guns aimed at him.

“Hey!” came a voice from just a few feet down the tree line, the four wizards and one witch turned to see a solider in full gear looking at them, “You civilians need to evacuate. We’re apprehending a dangerous mutant in this area.”

Harriet dropped her glamours and began to move at the same time, she rolled forward and jumped up, kicking the man in the face. The man dropped like a rock before struggling to get up, Harriet sent a wandless stunner at him and he collapsed fully. Harriet reached down and took his helmet off before pulling the headset free from it, she put it on and instantly heard a familiar gruff voice giving orders to the soldiers going after Bruce. “General Ross.” She purred, making the com line go quiet.

“Who is this?!” the General demanded, “This is a closed line!”
“Oh please.” Harri huffed turning to focus on Bruce’s progress, “Your soldier was easy to take care of.” She kicked the felled men, “Newbies you know.”

“Who are you!” he demanded again.

“That’s not important.” Harri dismissed, “What’s important is you calling a full retreat for your men. If they make any moves against Bruce Banner or his counterpart not only will they deal with the Hulk’s wrath, they will also deal with mine.”

“Princess, those muggles look like they’re going to shoot him.” James said worriedly.

Harriet watched Bruce stumble a bit in the center of the field and the soldiers surround him, “Decide General.”

“That man is going to be property of the United States Military brit! If you come between my forces and our target, we will take you out!” General Ross replied, “Bring him in men!”

The first shots rang out and the four wizards winced without taking their eyes from the scene they were watching, so they saw Bruce jerk and slump forward, they saw the green grow more pronounced and Bruce begin to expand, and they saw when a fully transformed Hulk stood up and roared as the soldiers backed up and continued firing.

Harriet ripped the headset off and transformed into Glacia without a second thought before diving down into the valley, she winged a blast of blue flames at a group of soldier before circling the Hulk to get his attention. She landed and put up a green and blue tinged shield around them before transforming back and looking to the Hulk. The giant green male eyed her warily, crouched and tensed. Harri held her arms out and her hands palm up to show that she didn’t have anything as she made eye contact and bowed, “Hello Hulk.”

Hulk’s eyes narrowed and a growl came from deep in his chest, “You blue bird?” he gruffed, shaking the wrist that had the expanded bracelet on it, the phoenix outline glowing slightly.

Harri nodded, “Yes, I’m the blue bird.” She straightened but made sure her hands stayed visible. “My name is Harri.”

“Harri.” He repeated, he glared at the shield around them that was absorbing bullets and small
grenades harmlessly, “You trap Hulk.”

Harriet shook her head, “No buddy. It’s not a trap. It’s protection. You can get out but they can’t get in. I wanted to talk to you before we smashed them.”

“You let Hulk smash?” he asked, surprise in his voice.

“Of course big guy. They’re trying to hurt you and put you in a cage. I wouldn’t want you to just lay down and take it.” Harri replied.

“Why Blue Bird want talk to Hulk?”

Harri smiled, “I think of Bruce as a brother but I know he wouldn’t let me meet you intentionally.” She stepped closer slowly, “I want to be your friend.”

Hulk grunted and leaned closer to sniff at her, Harri let him and let Glacia and Godvia draw in his familiar scent in turn. “You no fear Hulk.” He stated.

“Of course not Hulk. I wouldn’t want to be friends with someone I feared.” Harri responded.

Hulk considered her for another moment before huffing harshly, “You Brucceman sister, you Hulk sister.”

Harri beamed, “Deal big guy!” she saw tanks pulling up in the valley just beyond the group of soldiers, “How about we smash these idiots then?”

Hulk bared his teeth in a mockery of a grin and picked Harriet up by the back of her shirt only to set her on his shoulder, “Blue Bird stay and smash with Hulk.”

Harri cast a sticking charm to keep her in place and nodded, “You got it brother!” she pulled her wand and looked over to the huge face of Hulk, “Ready?” he gave a grunt of affirmative and jumped straight out of the shield. Harriet let it fall and placed a smaller one around herself to keep debris from hitting her before focusing fully on the fight. The Hulk landed again causing a small quake that threw all of the soldiers from their feet, Harriet laughed delightedly and set her sights on the approaching
tanks. The front three all shot explosive shells as one and Harri cast a wall of *feindfyre* to engulf them, they exploded before they even had a chance to near Hulk and Harri.

Hulk shot forward with a speed that should be impossible for anything that big and grabbed the first tank by it gun before swinging it to hit the second. Harri left him to smashing what was in front of them and leaned backward so she could take out what was coming from behind them. There were three jeeps racing toward them with the sonic weapon that Bruce had told her about a couple times before, Harri cast overpowered long range blasting hexes at each and they blew the weapons to pieces. Then Harri focused on the soldiers; she cast stunners and sleep spells at those who truly looked like they wished they had been ordered to retreat but those who looked to be having way too much fun shooting at her brother she sent vicious hexes at, leaving them bleeding and broken.

“Blue Bird fly?” came Hulk’s question.

Harri looked upward to see two army choppers approaching, guns at the ready. “You got it big guy!” Harri said releasing the sticking charm and transforming into Glacia as she jumped from Hulk’s shoulder. She flew at them with a furious shriek, Hulk answered with a roar of his own. Flames poured off Glacia in a wave as her powerful talons pierced the relatively thin metal of the copters front, ice spread over the machine and she let the ice flow until she heard the blades stutter before releasing it and moving to the next one. This one she flew inside of and tossed the soldiers out of it, making it lose control and crash into the final tank causing an explosion.

Glacia flew back down and hovered next to Hulk as he took in the trashed valley around them, she made a cooing sound and Hulk looked to her, “No more smash Blue Bird. Hulk find safe spot now.” Glacia circled his head and clacked her beak before following as he took off. She weaved around him as he moved on land and rose and fell with him when he jumped until he found a cave he considered safe enough. Glacia landed and changed back right in front of the cave as Hulk checked inside to make sure it was clear.

Harriet looked up when she heard a hoot and smiled when she saw Bruce’s owl, “Hey there.” She held up her arm and the owl flew over to land there, “You brought Bruce’s things right?” the owl bobbed its head, “Good, so what did Brucie name you huh?”

“Vi-ll-ard.” Hulk struggled to get out.

Harri looked over to Hulk with a raised eyebrow, “Villard? Really?” Hulk gave a short harsh nod and Harri rolled her eyes fondly, “Nerd.” Hulk grunted his agreement. Harri walked over and let Villard hop down to perch on a rock next to Hulk, “You alright now big guy? This place safe enough?”
“Safe now.” Hulk grunted, he tilted his head, “Blue Bird okay?”

Harri patted herself down and nodded, “I’m all good Hulk.”

“Harriet!” came a worried shout, Hulk stood and growled as the Padfoot leap from the bushes with James, Remus, and Severus right behind him.

Harri ignored them and looked to Hulk, “It’s all right buddy. They’re with me. They won’t hurt you.” Hulk looked down at her then back to the four figures who had burst from the foliage of the jungle they had settled in. Harri glanced at the four before walking closer to Hulk slowly and placing a hand on the back of his larger hand. “It’s okay. You’re safe.”

“They hurt Blue Bird?” Hulk asked warily.

Harri shook her head, “No, they won’t hurt me.”

“Harriet.” Remus called warily.

Harri looked over to him and smiled, “It’s okay Moony.” She looked down when she heard a soft wuffing sound and saw that Padfoot had come closer, eyeing the Hulk warily. Harri looked back to Hulk to see him staring at Padfoot, “Hulk this is Padfoot, Padfoot this is Hulk.” She introduced with amusement.

The Hulk stared at Padfoot for a couple more seconds before nodding and reaching down to pat him awkwardly, “Good puppy.” Harri stifled her giggles, Remus and James were snickering quietly, and even Severus looked amused; Padfoot was just staring up at Hulk with a bewildered look.

“Harriet, we need to go. We only have twenty minutes before your mates show up.” James reminded around his laughter.

Hulk looked at Harri with a frown, “Blue Bird leaving?”

Harri gave him a sad smile, “I’ve got to big guy. My mates will freak out if I’m not there on time.”
“Hulk come with?”

“Not right now buddy.” Harri sighed, “Bruce doesn’t trust me yet. He will have to call me when he’s ready.”

Hulk huffed, “Bruceman puny. Not know he can trust sister Blue Bird.”

“It’s a bit more complicated than that.” Harri said patting his hand, “But when you come out I’ll try my best to come see you.”

“You know when Hulk come out?” he asked.

Harri held up her arm where her Bruce bracelet was still glowing, “Of course! See? We match.”

Hulk bent down to examine her arm and nodded, “Blue Bird come see Hulk when he come out?”

“I’ll do my best big guy.” Harri responded.

Hulk nodded again and laid down on the cave floor, “Blue Bird be safe.” He muttered as his eyes closed.

“I’ll try brother.” Harri said softly. She stepped back and watched as Hulk shrunk into an unconscious Bruce, she smiled and conjured a sheet to cover him. “Villard.” She called as she stepped back, the owl straightened and looked at her, “Wake him if there’s danger.” She ordered, Villard hooted in acknowledgement. Harri walked over to where her father, Remus, and Snape were with Padfoot at her feet, “Grab hold.” She ordered, they all did and she flamed them back into the Room of Requirement.

Severus was the first to step free, “What…. exactly…. was that?” he demanded.

Harri rolled her eyes and went back to her potions like the whole trip hadn’t just happened, “That was Bruce Banner and the Hulk, one of the surrogate brothers I acquired before I traveled back in
time. The U.S. army, specifically General Thunderbolt Ross, is hunting him in hopes they can weaponize his blood or him himself.”

“And your animagus?” Snape demanded, “A phoenix?”

“An ice phoenix.” Harri amended, “It’s how I had the power to travel back. Though that wasn’t the intention I had when it happened.”

Severus stared at her, trying to figure out if she was lying or not, Harri just continued working on the replacement potion for the one the potions master had blown up before their trip. Finally, he sighed, “I’ll still help but I think I need a bit of time and a stiff drink to come to terms with…. this.” He said, his hands gesturing from the three Marauders who were back to wrapping presents then to her herself.

Harri gave him a kind smile, “Of course Professor. I will have a copy of the journal to you by tomorrow. It’s got secrecy charms on it so don’t try and talk about any of it.” He narrowed his eyes at her nonchalant tone before leaving in a huff. Harri glanced over to the Marauders, “That went well.”

Sirius barked a laugh, “I thought his head was going to explode at several points.”

“Harriet, are you sure… Hulk… won’t hurt you?” Remus asked worriedly.

“Yes.” Harri replied, “He trusts without question until that trust is broken and then its lost forever. Unfortunately, right now he only comes out when Bruce is in danger so he doesn’t have anyone like that. This is new for him.”

“If you’re sure.” Remus said uncertainly.

“I’m sure Moony.” Harri soothed as she let the potion simmer and started bottling one of the ones she had finished. “He actually reminds me a lot of you.” Remus choked on his spit.

“He does act a bit like Moony huh?” Sirius piped up, “We saw him sniff at you.”
Harri hummed, “Checking me for fear and dishonesty.”

James finished the present he was on and walked over to her, “I can see it.” He agreed, he hugged her sideways so as not to disturb her potion, “But you need to warn me before you rush into the middle of something like that again. I damn near had a heart attack!”

Harriet looked up at her father with a sheepish look, “Sorry Dad. I didn’t even think about that.” She blushed and looked away, “I guess I kind of missed battle.”

“I hear ya pup!” Sirius said, “You were awesome! You took down two of those muggle flying things like it was nothing!”

“Helicopters.” Harri offered with amusement. “They’re good for quick travel and a high shooting point but since they need to be light enough to fly they have some pretty obvious flaws to exploit.”

James rolled his eyes at his friend and looked down at Harriet, “Just try to tell us the plan next time, huh?”

“I’ll try dad.” Harri said with a smile.

“That’s all I can ask.” James said, “Now do you need any other help? I finished my stack of wrapping.”

Harri pointed to the potion that she had covered up, “That should be paste by now. Can you put it in the containers?”

“Of course Princess.”

Remus and Sirius were both on their last presents and James was halfway through the paste when there was a knock on the door. It opened a sliver, “Oh Harriet!” Fred sang.

“Are all sensitive items of the present persuasion put away?” George called.
The Marauders changed to their snake forms in record time and Harriet checked to make sure that the two half wrapped presents weren’t ones for the twins before calling, “One second!” she threw her glamour back up and dove for her bag to stow her gun and knives before taking a deep calming breath. “Alright guys. All clear.”

The twins burst into the room, taking in the four used cauldrons and the mess of wrapping paper on the other table. “What are you….”

“Doing brewing?” they questioned, they closed the door behind them and stepped in further.

Harri smiled, “A couple of my brothers needed some potions so I got distracted with them.”

“You have more brothers than Tony?” Fred questioned.

Harri smiled, “I have Tony, Clint, Bruce, Steve, and Bucky for my brothers in my surrogate family.”

“Oh, who needed potions?” George asked curiously.

“I could have helped.” Fred pouted.

“Clint and Bruce.” Harri answered George first before looking to Fred, “I know you could have but I really did want time to wrap your presents without you two peaking.”

“Oh?” Fred said with a grin, “Where are these presents we’re not supposed to peak at?”

Harri pulled the stack of finished presents to her with an amused smile, “Don’t you dare.”

“Please Harriet.” They pouted in unison.

Harri rolled her eyes, “You guys have a ways to go before that will work on me.”
“Is that I challenge?” Fred asked with a smirk.

“I think it was.” George agreed, copying his brother’s expression.

Harri rolled her eyes, “Go ahead and try.” She shrunk the stack of presents down and finished the last two quickly before going back over to the potion. “I just have to finish then and bottle everything then we can go back to dinner.”

“We’ll help.” Fred offered. They both moved to help Harriet in bottling the two finished potions as well as finish putting away the paste. Harri finished the potion she was working on and left it to cool while she wrote out instructions for her brothers as well as her acknowledgment that they would need to test them on others first instead of blindly using them themselves. Once that was done she boxed up Clint’s which were ready to go and sent Trew back to the manor with the package to send off with one of the owls there. When the last potion cooled enough she bottled it and packaged it up for Trew to send to Bruce with a manor owl as well.

Harriet let the twins escort her to dinner and then played exploding snap with them in the common room after Hermione took her new early bed time. Ron had attempted to join their game but Fred had directed one of the exploding cards at his younger sibling causing him to leave with wounded pride and singed eyebrows. Around eleven they decided to call it a night so they could get up early for Christmas the next day. Harri couldn’t wait, she had gotten her mates some great gifts but the Marauders had decided to give them a few as well and she couldn’t wait to see their reaction.

“Harriet!!”

She jolted upward in her bed as the excited exclamation drew her from slumber, “Wha?” she looked up blearily to see the twins bouncing around her dorm room excitedly, Hermione sleeping like a rock through the whole thing. The Marauders looked up from their snake pile at the foot of her bed but immediately turned away in an attempt to sleep more.

“It’s Christmas!!” they exclaimed.

Harri frowned, she didn’t feel like she’d gotten her normal five hours, “Tempus.” She cast, the spell showed one-thirty and she flopped back on her pillow with a groan. “Three more hours.” She huffed.

“Nope! It’s Christmas!” Fred cried.
“Barely.” Harri moaned, “Go sleep for a bit longer.”

“Not a chance!” George cried as they both leaned over her.

Not thinking clearly, Harriet did the one thing that always worked in the last timeline; her hands flew out quickly and grabbed the two by the fronts of their pajamas before she rolled, dragging them onto the bed and under her. She flopped down on top of them with her full weight and yawned sleepily, “Sleep. Three more hours. Night.” She said disjointedly, not noticing that the twins were sharing a shocked expression and not caring when a minute later they wrapped their arms around her and snuggled in.

When Harriet woke correctly she was in a very familiar position and, knowing that they had yet to complete the bond this time around, that alarmed her. She took stock of her surroundings quickly, not entirely sure how she had managed to cuddle with her mates. Fred was laying on his back with her tucked into his side, her head lying on his shoulder, George was behind her with his arm over her waist, just under her own arm, and his head tucked down so his forehead was against her shoulder. Fred’s left arm was trapped under her and gripping his brother while his free hand was up holding lightly to her wrist where her arm rested on his chest.

Harri didn’t remember how she had gotten in this position but she didn’t want to move. Precious memories of waking up in this and similar positions time and time again filled her and silent happy tears started to fall.

Best Christmas present ever.

*Princess?* came the whispered hiss of her father, Harri didn’t move for fear of waking her mates but her eyes darted over to where he father’s snake form was rising just on the other side of Fred.

*You’re crying. Are you okay?*

*Never better.* she answered truthfully, slightly tightening the grip she had on each twin.

*I guess you wouldn’t move even if I made a fuss about this.* he said, a smile in his voice.

*Not if Dumbledore and Voldemort strolled through the door and demanded it.* Harri agreed, snuggling closer to Fred. She lay there and basked in the feeling of being with her soulmates, letting the broken and new bonds strengthen from their close proximity.
Twenty minutes went by without either of the twins so much as twitching before they were rudely interrupted by a scream. Harriet’s eyes shot open just as the twins sat up, taking her with them and effectively putting her on their laps. They all three looked over to see Hermione staring at them with wide eyes. “What are they doing in the girls’ dorm?!” she shrieked.

Harri frowned and rubbed at her ears, “Sweet Merlin Hermione, stop your screaming.” The twins snickered behind her.

“They aren’t allowed to be in here! They aren’t allowed to sleep in the girls’ dorm let alone a girls bed!” Hermione continued to scream.

“Oi, that rule is never enforced!” Fred protested.

“And it’s not like we were doing anything!” George huffed.

“Right! We came it to wake Harriet for Christmas!” Fred continued.

“But she pulled us in and laid on us to get us to stop bothering her.” George finished.

Harri blushed when she realized what had happened, she thought she had managed to suppress most of her learned responses to the last timeline. Apparently that didn’t work when she wasn’t fully aware of her surroundings.

“You should have gotten up and left!” Hermione continued.

Harriet’s jaw clenched and she set a wandless stinging hex at Hermione that had the girl yelping and stumbling backward to her bed, “Oh be quiet!” Harri groused as she moved from the twins’ laps, “They didn’t do anything other than disturb my sleep a bit apparently. Give me a Christmas gift and shut your trap!” she slid off the bed and picked up the three Marauders, “I think its high time to go open our real presents.” She directed at the twins.

“Oh be quiet!” the exclaimed sliding off her bed. They grabbed her presents where the elves had put them at the foot of her bed and she grabbed her bag that held the special presents before they all trooped down to the common room to the sound of Hermione’s continued lecturing.
Percy and Ron were already in the common room, sitting by the fire with their stacks of presents set in front of them. Percy looked up and smiled at them, “Come on, we’ve been waiting for you.”

“I’m surprised you two weren’t up earlier.” Ron commented to the twins from where he was already stuffing his face with fudge sent by his mother.

“Don’t talk with your mouth full.” Percy reprimanded off handedly as the trio sat down, Harri in the middle as usual.

Fred grinned, “We were up at one this morning.”

“Yeah, we went to go wake Harriet first but we were waylaid.” George added.

“By a cuddly kitty.” Fred teased, Harri blushed and waved him off.

Percy looked over to them with a raised eyebrow, “You were with Harriet in her dorm? That’s against the rules.”

Harri gave him a sly grin, “Actually, its fine as long as there was another student from that particular dorm there.”

“Was Hermione even awake?” Percy questioned.

“No.” Harri said evenly, “But nowhere in the rules does it state that the other student has to be conscious.”

Percy tilted his head and studied her, “I guess it doesn’t. Nice save Potter.”

Harriet grinned, “You have to know the rules to exploit them Percy.”

Percy chuckled, “That you do.” He went back to organizing his presents and stopped when he reached one wrapped in red and gold paper before looking over at Harri, “You didn’t have to give me anything.”
Harri waved him off as she made sure her own stack didn’t topple, “I saw it and thought of you. No biggie.”

“Well let’s get to it!” Fred said.

“Let’s open Harriet’s presents first!” George added, grabbing for two presents wrapped in red and gold paper from his own pile.

“Yes!” Fred exclaimed, grabbing his two.

“Fine with me.” Percy said, Ron pulled the red and gold package from his own pile as well.

The twins leaned over to Harri, “You got Ron a present?” Fred asked with surprise.

“We got the impression that you didn’t like him much.” George said, his eyes hardening as he looked over at his younger brother.

Harri smiled serenely, “I doubt he’ll like this present or what it implies.” The twins shared a raised eyebrow before nodding. Harri looked around, “Well go on. I want to see if I got the right things for you guys.”

The twins and Ron ripped into their packages enthusiastically while Percy very carefully unwrapped his package bit by bit. Ron got his out first and, as he read the title of the book, his face went tomato red, “Bloody hell.” He muttered.

“What did she get you Ronnikins?” Fred taunted, pausing in his own present opening.

“A book.” He squeaked in embarrassment.

Ron ducked his head and turned the book around for his brothers to read, the twins burst out laughing as Percy simply looked over to Harriet with a raised eyebrow, “Dude, That’s Rude! What is that book about?”

“Manners.” Harri said with a grin, “You said at the beginning of the year he had forgotten everything your mother taught him. I’m just helping him review.” Percy’s lips twitched in the beginning of a smile as Ron wrapped the book in his newest Christmas sweater and sat on it. Harri ignored him and looked to Percy, “Come on. Finish up.”

Percy finished unwrapping his present as the twins caught their breath. Harriet fought her giggles as Percy shook the red t-shirt open and read it, “I am the rules.” He huffed and a smile broke out on his face as he let the shirt drop into his lap, “Thank you Harriet.”

“Of course.”

“You got him dead on.” George snickered. Harriet nodded and looked between the twins expectantly, they finally continued the opening of their first gifts. They both looked at the small mirrors in their hands curiously, “I know we’re handsome but I didn’t think we needed handheld mirrors Harri.” George joked.

Fred held his up and ran a hand through his hair, “I don’t know Georgie it has its perks.”

Harri rolled her eyes, “These are communication mirrors. The Marauders used them as a way to communicate when they were apart.”

“The Marauders?!” the twins exclaimed happily, clutching the mirrors tighter now. “Really?”

“Yes. I have one as well.” She pulled on from her bag to show them, “I’ll show you guys how to use them… when The Rules aren’t around.” She sent Percy a smirk and he rolled his eyes with a small smile. The twins nodded seriously and tucked their mirrors into their pockets. “Second ones now. Those are the ones I’m waiting on.”

The twins fell on their second gifts excitedly. Fred managed to get his open first and he stared down at the case full of rare ingredients with excitement, “Experiment supplies!” he sang happily, he smothered Harri in a hug, “Thank you Harriet!”
“Of course.” She replied, “Just be careful.” She whispered to him, “Some are Class A non-tradable materials.” He immediately turned back to the case with wide eyes.

“Sweet!” Harri turned back to George in time to see him pulling free his own set of high end spell detection and recorder orbs both of which were keyed to spell all results down into a thick book that was charmed with endless pages. Harriet was immediately wrapped in a tight hug from him as well, “Thank you!”

“You’re welcome.” Harri replied, hugging him back.

“Let’s do the rest already!” Ron whined. Harri rolled her eyes but joined everyone in going wild with the rest of the presents, she tucked the one that she knew was the invisibility cloak into her bag and made sure not to physically touch the ones from Mrs. Weasley but ripped through the rest with appropriate excitement. She got candy from the other members of the Quidditch team and a golden snitch hair band from Lee, Fred had made her up the potion to fix her eyesight with a note that said he’d gotten Snape to look it over and approve it, and George had made her a prank spell that gave people the main features of their inner animal and the counter. Harri thank them both with tight hugs and promises to use them both at the first chance.

Finally, when all the presents had been opened Percy called for them all to go down to Christmas breakfast. Harriet agreed but stopped the twins before they could exit the common room with their brother, Hermione, and the few other Gryffindors who had stayed for the holiday. “What is it?” Fred asked worriedly.

“Did something happen?” George continued.

“Everything is fine guys. I just have two more presents for you but it wouldn’t do for them to be getting all over the school. Especially to those who would report such things.” Harri said with a smile.

They leaned closer, “You didn’t have to get us so much Harriet.” George said softly.

“We are grateful for what you already did get us.” Fred agreed.

Harri rolled her eyes, “I didn’t get these for you. I was just told to make sure you got them.” She pulled out the two presents and held them close to her, “Now these are for you to share, but if I see that you are spending too much time with them and not sleeping I will ration out your time with
“With a description like that,”

“There can be no promises.” The twins said, eyeing the packages curiously.

“They’re from… the Marauders.” Harri said dramatically.

The twins’ eyes widened to the size of dinner plates, “They’re alive!” they exclaimed excitedly.

*Of course we’re alive!* Sirius exclaimed.

*Hush, they don’t know it’s us!* James reprimanded, hitting Sirius with his tail.

Harri rolled her eye mentally at them, she held out the first one. “This one first.” She held out the thinner object and the twins took it together and held it reverently.

They tore the paper from it and stared at the thin book with unconcealed awe, “The Marauder Pranking Compendium.” They read breathily.

Harri nodded, “A description of almost every prank they ever pulled here at Hogwarts.”

“Wow.” George breathed as he stroked a hand over the four embossed animal prints on the cover.

*You guys went really dramatic with the book.* Harri hissed with amusement.

*We knew they would appreciate it.* Remus replied.

*Look at their faces!* Sirius crowed, *I can’t wait until we get to reveal ourselves.*
*They might faint.* James chuckled.

“You two going to be okay?” Harriet giggled.

“We’re going to be so much more than okay.” Fred rasped, his eyes not leaving the book.

Harriet gave an over dramatic sigh, “I guess if you want to stare at that one you don’t want their second gift.” The twins both zeroed in on the second package, Harri took the Compendium from them gently and handed them the second one. They tore into this one with just as much excitement as the first and pulled the much thicker book free.


Harri laughed, “This one isn’t focused on the pranks but rather the people themselves and their lives at school as well as unexplored ideas.” Now she saw the light gleaming in their eyes again.

“You know we could probably use this to find out their names ourselves right.” Fred asked as he opened the cover and took in the first entry that had *Moony* written across the top.

Harri grinned, “I think not. They agreed with my deal and made sure that there were no names in there, only aliases. The most you’ll get is the rough time frame they were in school.”

“You’re in contact with them?” George asked.

“I talk to them all the time.” Harri said truthfully, Remus gave a hissy chuckle. Harri gave the Compendium to George and readjusted her bag, “Ready for breakfast now?”


“And Journal.” Fred added, his eyes still going over Moony’s first entry.

“I told you I would ration your time with them if you didn’t sleep but I will also do so if you don’t eat.” Harri said seriously, “Just bring them with you.” They relaxed a little bit and allowed her to lead
them down to the great hall for breakfast. *I told you we should have waited.* Harri huffed to the Marauders.

*Aw pup, but look how happy they are!* Sirius pointed out.

Harri softened, *I know.*

The twins spent the rest of the day with their faces stuck in the two books letting Harri lead them around the school to meals and then safe reading spaces, they would only look up to tell the other something that couldn’t wait for the other to read the book. Harri even took them with her to give Tony his present and wish him a Merry Christmas but the two barely registered it; Tony got a laugh out of it, especially knowing that the ones they were reading about so obsessively were currently posing as snakes not three feet from them. In the end, Harri did have to take the books to make them sleep with promises to let them read them again as soon as she woke up in the morning. Relaxing back into the bed she had shared with her mates that morning Harri thought it was a pretty good Christmas.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes

Aw, the twins are being all protective. ;) Just to be clear, Harri knows what's going on with the traitors and such, the twins are just discovering what's going on. They DO NOT know that Harriet knows. Harri thinks their being all protective because of the bond. Next chapter the twins will confront her with what they've learned over break.

'quite drawn in by the activities.’ Wink wink nudge nudge.

So.... the breaking of the vow. I can just hear it now, its UNBREAKABLE she can't BREAK an UNBREAKABLE vow! Cannonically, maybe. However I always thought that while it can't be forcibly broken by the one who made it that it could be revoked by the one the vow was to/focused on. In this case, because the vow was to protect her, Harri could release Severus from his vow.

Aw, James bragging on Harri like the proud papa he is.

People may ask why Dumbledore didn't save Lilly as well. To him Lilly was just a muggleborn, Lilly never went to Gringotts to see if she had any ancestors so she never knew that she was the last descendant of Morgana LeFay, so Dumbledore never knew she was valuable enough for him to save.

Hulk just jumped in there. Any other writers out there experience when the story decides it wants something else before you do? This is what happened while I was writing this chapter. So... Hulk detour!
Would that be a Nerd or a Geek? I always get them mixed up. lol

Yes, Hulk trusts Harriet. "But that's awful quick don't you think?" No, I don't. Hulk isn't weighed down as much with Bruce's distrust and wariness as the man himself. For Hulk, all he sees is a girl who wasn't afraid of him, protected him, and didn't smell of lies. If she were ever to betray that trust she would never get it again but as of this time he trusts her.

Also, on the Hulk front. Keep his nickname for Harri BlueBird or no?

To make the family connections clear before someone says that I'm missing people in Harri's roll call to the twins. Clint, Bruce, Tony, Steve, and Bucky she see as brothers. Thor and Loki she sees more as uncles. Natasha and Pepper of course are sisters. She did get to meet Thor's parents last time but they were never close enough for her to really view them from a familial stand point. Everyone else close to the Avengers from a cannon point of view either weren't close to them in this story (the last timeline) or Harri never saw as family. She doesn't trust SHEILD.

The short little interlude at one thirty in the morning with the twins was so you guys could have a bit of cuddling after being so patient with me! Plus,... look at how adorable! Don't get too excited, things won't start getting steamy until Harri's fourth year. (though second and third year will be kept short and sweet since their main events have all but been taken care of)

'Dude, That's Rude!' is a real book folks! Its a kids book on manners!

Harri's not touching the presents from Mrs. Weasley in case they are charmed or dosed which we will find out next chapter was exactly what happened.

She didn't open the cloak because she didn't want Ron or Percy to question it.

The twins gifts aren't big or inventive but you have to remember that they are third years with no extra money (since their from a poorer family and the shop hasn't started up yet). They just made her things they thought she would appreciate and with a bit of ulterior motives (Fred wants to be able to see her beautiful green eyes without her glasses and George knew the inner animal prank would make her smile, cuties). Realistically Fred wouldn't be able to give her such an advanced potion without his mastery but... eh whatever.

Ta Da!!

Next Chapter.... Keeping Up Appearances.
Hey guys! This Chapter is coming out a bit early but don't worry, there will still be an update on Thursday!

To settle everyone's minds, we have gone over all of the great comments we got with your ideas and opinions on whether we should save Wormy and bring him into the fold. We have decided against it. While it would definitely be a twist you don't see often and would put all of the Marauders back together again, we didn't really set up for that in the beginning chapters and we are already doing a lot with this story so we will file that idea away for another fic.

Anyway, please enjoy Chapter 20: Keeping Up Appearances!

Harriet studied the Marauders Map intently as she sat on her bed with the Marauders lounging around her. Even with the two Marauder books to distract them the twins had been continued with their strange behavior and while she loved being around them, she needed them distracted so she could visit the Mirror of Erised tonight and make sure that Dumbledore didn't think his plans were too far off even with her dislike of his spies. Currently her mates were in their dorm room but she knew the second she left her dorm they would head to intercept her, she assumed it was a combination of Wormtail's copy of the map and the alarm charm she found three feet from her door.

*How are we going to get past your mates Princess?* James asked, *You could probably use your cat form to stay off the map but if you disarm the alarm they will be alerted just like they would if you just passed it.*

Harri bit her lip, *It is a bit of a problem. Ideally I need to just block the alarm until I get past it and then leave it up. I can't just flame near the mirror because I need Dumbledore's alarms to alert him to be being there. And I can't have Hogwarts make an extra exit from here on the off chance Hermione wakes up and sees it or Ron comes in and sees it.* she sighed and rubbed her forehead, *What I wouldn't give some of Fred's stasis powder.* she grumbled.

*The stuff you used to counter the gemini curse when you guys broke into Gringotts?* Remus asked.

*Yeah. It causes a spell to go dormant for five minutes then disappears without a trace allowing the spell to effect the item or area like normal.* Harriet said.
*Did he teach you how to make it?* Sirius asked.

*Yes. They showed me how to make most of their products so I could help if stock was ever low or if I was ever in a place where I couldn't access our stores. The knowing how to make it isn't the problem. Powders take hours to brew and then *days* to dry enough to be used properly.* Harri huffed, *I don't have enough time to make it. Christmas was three days ago. Dumbles will have expected me to make use of the cloak by now. It needs to be tonight or tomorrow.*

*Do you know a spell that would work the same way?* James asked.

Harri frowned and propped her head up on her hand, *The Black Ward Scrambler might work, but it's meant for full wards not trip-wire like charms, hence the name.*

*Black? I've never heard about spell. It sounds like one my mother would want me to know.* Sirius said.

"Kreacher!" Harri called.

The elf popped in on top of Harri's trunk looking much healthier than the last time they had seen him, "Young Miss be needin' Kreacher?"

Harriet nodded, "Yes, can you bring me the third family Grimoire? The one entitled Blacker Arts?"

"Yes young Miss." Kreacher said with a bow before popping away.

*Blacker Arts?* James snickered, *What kind of name is that?*

*The kind of name thought up by an entire family of Drama Queens.* Harri said, *The fifth one is just entitled Blackest.*
*Blackest? That's it?* Remus asked.

*They kept trying to one up each other with the names.* Harri said with a shrug.

*Shove off you three.* Sirius gruffed, *I bet the Potter Grimoire's have stupid names too.*

*Nope.* Harri said cheerfully, *Our family didn't feel the need to name books that would never be seen by others. They're just numbered.*

Kreacher popped back up with a thick book in his hands, "Here is Blacker Arts Young Miss."

"Thank you Kreacher, I will call you when I am ready to return it." Harri said, taking the big book and laying it out beside the map.

"Yes Young Miss. Kreacher be waitin' for your call." The elf bowed and popped away again.

Harri opened the book and quickly skimmed the table of contents until she found the entry entitled 'Black Ward Scrambler'. She flipped about a third of the way through the book and skimmed the page before giggling, *Dear Merlin I forgot that poor bastards name.*

*What is it?* James asked curiously, peeking over the edge of the book.

*Volans Pyxis Black.* Harri giggled, *Literally Flying Fish Compass Black.*

Remus and James joined in her laughter as Sirius grumbled, *Stupid naming tradition.*

*Aw, don't be like that Sirius.* Harri said, trying to rein in her laughter, *At least your name isn't that bad.*

*Nothing is as bad as Volans Pyxis.* James chuckled.
Remus said before descending into a fit of laughter again. Sirius nipped Remus' tail and the snake whipped around to hiss at him, *That hurt! Don't blame me! I didn't name the man!* 

Harri rolled her eyes and focused back on Volans' description and criteria for the spell, *It looks like it will work but since the alarm is not a full ward the charm may alert the twins once I remove the spell.*

*You can just leave it on until we get back then.* Sirius said.

Harri hummed as she read further, *No,* she said distractedly as she practiced a complicated wand movement, *It's a sustained spell, the further away we are the more power it will take to keep up. With the distance we're going I'll probably let it slip just as we reach the mirror. Especially since I'll need to be fully alert when Dumbledore shows up.*

*If he doesn't show up you'll be able to hold it?* Remus asked.

*Possibly.* Harri said, *But with the end of break coming he'll more than likely come as soon as the alarms alert him. He won't know for sure that I will return even with the mirrors properties so he won't want to miss his chance. Last time he would have had time since I went out Christmas night but now he doesn't.*

*You'll just have to keep hold of the spell for as long as you can and then try to make your conversation with the Headmaster short.* Sirius said.

Harri gave a short nod and closed the book, she moved to put it in her trunk in one of her extra compartments, *You guys ready?*

*You know it!* they answered.

Remus slithered into Harri's bag, while Sirius attached himself to her upper arm and James curled around her shoulders. Harri stopped in front of her mate's spell and lifted her wand, she chanted the spell and waved her wand in an intricate tangle of movements. All four watched as indigo magic flew from her wand and connected with the wall like alarm charm the twins had set up, it glowed for a bit then faded again. Harri felt the tax on her magic and nodded, *All good.* she slipped from the
room and descended the stairs quickly, passing through the common room at near a run. She slid out and put on the cloak just before she closed the fat lady's portrait, she made sure it was wrapped around her completely and that silencing charms were on her shoes before she started off. Harri made her way across the school to the unused area as quickly as she could while still making it look like she was wondering around. It was a little annoying but she was determined to do this correctly.

*You took Dumbledore's tracker off the cloak right?* James asked as they went around another corner, *It wouldn't do for him to know where you were afterward if we really want to do some spying.*

*Of course I did.* Harri said exasperatedly, *Like I would let his clingy magic stay on our cloak.*

*Just checking Princess.* James chuckled.

Finally, she reached the door that lead to the mirror, she felt a compulsion drawing her toward the door and she allowed it to take her in without too much trouble, knowing last time she had went without hesitation. She opened the door and made sure to hover in the path of the alarm charm for several seconds before walking further into the room. There in the center, just like last time, stood the mirror of Erised. Harriet let the invisibility cloak drop down so her head and shoulders were visible and looked over the enormous mirror, not looking into the glass quite yet, knowing she would need a full reaction for Dumbledore.

"Erised stra ehru oyt ube cafru oyt on wohsi." She let herself read out loud when she felt the old man enter silently, she dropped her hold on the ward scrambling spell. She tilted her head as if puzzled then said slowly, "I show not your face but your heart's desire." With a frown she looked down at the glass and let herself react truthfully.

Harri's heart ached as the mirror showed her her new deepest desire.

The twins stood on either side of her in their joke shop suits with huge grins on their faces and an arm wrapped around her. Behind them, as if on a riser, was all of the Avengers looking happy and healthy just as she remembered them from before, joined by the three trustworthy Marauders, her mother, and Luna. They were all smiling at her and looked so relaxed. And in front of her was a little boy, a toddler with red hair and her green eyes grinning at her as his little hand latched onto her uniform skirt.

Harriet choked back a sob and felt her eyes well up, "My family." She whimpered, Sirius and James
tightened their grip on her as silent support and Remus nosed her hand. She slammed her occlumency shields into place, knowing she would have to wait until she was in a safer place to react further, and dropped to the ground in front of the mirror.

Dumbledore waited for several seconds, no doubt allowing her to take things in fully, before stepping up behind her. "Miss. Potter." He said in a kind voice.

Harri looked up and gave a soft sniff, "Oh, Headmaster sorry I just…" she turned back to the mirror, not able to conceal her fury at the man even with her mental shields in place.

"Yes, I see you've discovered the Mirror of Erised." Dumbledore said, circling behind her, "It's quite a unique mirror. It shows us nothing more or less than the deepest, most desperate desires of our hearts.*"

"It doesn't show the future?" she asked innocently.

"I'm afraid not my dear girl." Dumbledore said with a sad look. He glanced at the mirror before looking back down at Harriet, "What do you see?"

Harri let out a shuddery breath, "I see myself standing with my parents." She said softly, Not a total lie. She thought. Harri looked up at Dumbledore and saw his eyes twinkle even as a sad frown came across his face.

"I see." He said softly.

"What do you see Headmaster?" she asked with her eyes wide.

Dumbledore looked to the mirror and Harri saw his lips twitch up a little before he said, "I see myself with a pair nice wooly socks."

Harri gave a mental snort before she said, "Oh." And turned back to the mirror, in the image the twins leaned down and kissed her on her cheeks.

"I must ask you to go now Miss Potter." Dumbledore said gently, "Many have wasted away in front
of this mirror just staring at their desire and I wouldn't want you to be added to those numbers." Harri
sighed and stood fluidly, her eyes never moving from the mirror. She backed up several steps
without moving her eyes before reluctantly tearing her gaze from it and moving toward the door.
"Harriet." Dumbledore called, she looked back to him with big eyes, "I would ask that you don't
search for the mirror, it is being moved after tonight and I would not want you hurt in your pursuit of
it."

"Yes Headmaster." She said agreeably. Harriet stepped from the room, closing the door behind her,
and was only three steps down the hall before she saw familiar figures heading her direction.

"Harriet!" they whisper shouted.

Behind her Harri could hear the door handle turning to open again; she swept forward, grabbed the
twins, and drew them to the wall. She willed the cloak bigger and threw it over all three of them
before layering them in notice-me-not, disillusionment, and silencing charms in parseltongue.
"Quiet." She hissed just as Dumbledore came from the room the held the Mirror.

The Headmaster stepped out and looked around the hallway before starting off jauntily. Harri
narrowed her eyes and followed behind with the twins sticking close to her sides, they seemed to
understand the seriousness of the mission and kept quiet. They followed the Headmaster all the way
back to his office where they found Ron waiting for him at the entrance. The twins glared at their
brother. "Good evening Ronald, I trust you didn't have any trouble getting out this evening." Dumbledore said jovially.

"No sir. I did run into Professor McGonagall but your pass got me here alright." Ron answered.

Dumbledore nodded, "Yes, just try not to make getting caught a habit. Me letting you out past
curfew too often will draw attention."

"Sorry sir." Ron said, hanging his head.

"It's alright my boy. Just do better." Dumbledore said before turning to the gargoyle, "Twix." The
gargoyle jumped aside and the Headmaster stepped on the first step as they began to rise, Ron
followed, and just before the gargoyle retook its place, Harri and the twins jumped on a step.
Dumbledore and Ron entered his office and shut the door close behind them leaving the last three
outside. Harri quickly conjured three class cups and offered them to the twins before opening the
cloak just a little bit and pressing her cup to the door then pressing her ear to the cup. The twins
quickly followed suit.
"….is Miss Granger?" came Dumbledore's voice.

"She's asleep again sir." Ron said, "She's been going bed right after dinner since break started. I think she's coming down with something." Fred gave a soft snort and George snickered, Harri just rolled her eyes.

"I see. I'll have Madame Pomphrey take a look at her to make sure she isn't ill." Dumbledore replied, the twins shot each other a look. "Sit my boy, sit. Your mother and sister will be with us momentarily." Harri mentally cursed when she felt the twins stiffen on either side of her. "How goes your task Ronald?"

"Bloody awful! That bint won't give me the time of day!" Ron replied angrily, "In class she's always with Longbottom and the rest of the time she's with the Quidditch team and Lee! And when she's not with anyone she always has those snakes with her!"

They heard Dumbledore make a light humming noise, "You'll have to try harder my boy, people will be suspicious if you propose to her with no prior interaction."

"What about the marriage contract!" Ron whined.

"We can't rely on that as you well know." Dumbledore said sternly, "The goblin who was in charge of the Potter accounts was caught skimming from another account and they've given Harriet's accounts to a new Goblin. If I can't persuade him to see our side, then he won't accept the contract since I'm not her real guardian."

"Then can't we just use the love potion now?" Ron asked.

"No." Dumbledore said, starting to sound annoyed, "You must try to make it natural first." They were interrupted by a whooshing sound. "Ah, Molly, Ginerva, how nice to see you."

"Hello Albus." Came Molly's voice.

"Hi Headmaster!" Ginny's perky voice squeaked, "Where's Hermione?"
"She seems to be a bit under the weather." Dumbledore said, "Now come sit, we need to go over things quickly so we can get you two young ones to bed." It was quiet for a moment before he began again, "Now, this evening Harriet fell for my compulsions that brought her to the mirror." The twins glanced at Harri who rolled her eyes again. "The girl predictably saw her deceased parents; we can use that if we are careful. It also helps that she will feel compelled to find the mirror again which will lead her right into a confrontation with Quirrell and Voldemort. Now, Molly, did you do as I asked?"

"Of course Albus, compulsions woven into her sweater and a top up of the potions in her fudge." Molly responded, "Well most of them. Some couldn't be mixed safely so you will need to find a way to top off those two." There was a sound of scuffling papers.

"Hm, the loyalty and animosity potions. I can call her into my office for a little tea time chat I'm sure." Dumbledore said, "Ginerva are you preparing for your role next year?"

"I'm reading up on all the things Ron tells me she likes in his letters. I will know enough to place myself as her more girly friend!" Ginny reported excitedly, "I've also been planning on how to distract her if she ever wants to look into one of the topics you said were bad!"

"Excellent my dear!" Dumbledore praised, "Keep it up. I will attempt to send you somethings to read as well after my meeting with her."

"Albus have you heard anything more from the goblins?" Molly asked.

"I haven't Molly. However, I do have a meeting with the new goblin that was assigned to her accounts. If all goes well your allowances from her vault won't stop." Dumbledore said, "As always though watch how much you spend until we've gotten her under control or people will question where you've gotten it."

"I hate having to pretend I'm poor!" Ron whined.

"I know my boy, the faster you get her on your arm then the faster you'll stop needing to pretend. Of course when you marry her you'll have full control of the accounts so it will be even better."

"Do your best Ronald! You're our families best chance at controlling her fortune." Molly added sternly.
"Yes mum." Ron said sullenly.

"Good. You can head back to your dorm then." Dumbledore said, "Have a good evening."

The three listening at the door pulled back quickly and the glasses vanished, "The Gargoyle is back in place." George hissed, "They'll know someone was listening if we move it."

The handle on the door twisted and Harriet grabbed her mates once again, she pressed them in the wall at the center of the stairs, "Hogwarts." She whispered harshly. Instantly they fell through the bricks like the portal at Platform 9 ¾ and they plummeted down into darkness.

The twins screamed and clutched her between them as they dropped through the shadows, Harri just smirked at their reactions. About halfway down their free fall was broken gently when something curved to catch them even as they continued to slide. Finally, they were greeted by dim light as they popped out of the slid and flew into the Chamber of Secrets' outer chamber. Harri cast a cushioning charm in a flash causing them to land on the floor gently.

The twins looked around warily even as Harri stood up and stowed the cloak, "Well that was close." Harri huffed, fluffing her hair.

"Where are we?" George asked shakily as they stood.

"This is the Chamber of Secrets." Harri said, she walked over to the open mouth of Salazar's statue, "Come over here and I'll levitate you up." She levitated herself up before levitating the twins through together, she led them to Salazar's study where Samarra was currently sleeping curled up in the center and Salazar's frame stood empty.

"Is that a basilisk?!" Fred choked even as he slapped a hand over his brother's eyes and closed his own.

Harri went over and tapped Samarra to wake her, "This is Samarra." Harri introduced, "And yes she's a basilisk. You can open your eyes; her sight won't affect you." Fred snorted and Harri frowned, she went over and took Fred's face in her hands gently, tilting it down until it was angled toward her. "Fred do you trust me?"
"Yes." He said without hesitation.

"Then I'm telling you to open your eyes. I promise Samarra's gaze won't harm you or George." Harriet said solemnly. His eyes opened and brown met green, Harriet gave him a lopsided smile, "Go on. She's nice. I've been telling her all about you two."

*Are these your mates then?* Samarra asked, raising her head slightly so she could take in both of them.

Harriet turned from Fred and looked up to the serpent with a smile, *Yes, this is them.*

"She's huge!" George commented, Harri looked back to see both twins opening gaping at Samarra now.

The snake was preening at George's words and Harri snickered, "Don't say that. She won't be able to move if her ego gets any bigger." Samarra hissed wordlessly at Harri who stuck her tongue out at the snake.

"How can we look at her without being killed?" Fred asked curiously, he was edging forward with one hand stretched out.

"Since I took out Voldemort who was the last of the Slytherin line I can claim the Slytherin title as my own." Harri said, "Samarra is tied into that and that gave me the ability to declare certain people immune to her eyes." She watched Fred and George move closer with a smile, "She knows not to hurt you and she loves to be petted so you can go ahead." Immediately the twins closed in on the enormous snake and began to stroke her, much to Samarra's pleasure. The basilisk let out pleased slurred hisses, Harri smiled down at her fondly as she stroked her nose.

After a few minutes of silence Fred cleared his throat, "Harriet, we want you to know that…"

"We had nothing to do with our families plots." George finished seriously.

"And we don't agree with it." Fred said vehemently.
"We would never try to force marriage or love on someone, especially not for something like money!" George growled.

"Or power." Fred scowled.

"Or whatever the know-it-all is getting out of their scheming." George huffed.

"Please believe us." They said in unison.

Harri's face softened, "I believe you." They let out shaky breaths before tensing again as Harri frowned, "You didn't really seem surprised until your mother and sister came. When exactly did you find out about your brother?"

The twins exchanged looks at her nonchalant attitude, "We heard them the day…"

"We saw you push Snape down that hole."

Harri blushed, "Ah."

*They must have seen me in my Padfoot form.* Sirius said, *I wonder when it will click for them?*

*They don't know that form was Padfoot.* James shot back, *For all they know 'Padfoot' is a yappy terrior.*

*Like hell!* Sirius snapped.

"Did you bring him down here?" Fred asked.

"Yeah." Harri rubbed the back of her neck sheepishly, "I had to make good on my threat and basilisks are very good at intimidation."
"I'll bet." George said quietly.

"So you heard them?" Harri redirected, "I didn't think they would talk about it in a place I could potentially hear."

"Yeah, that was Ron." Fred snickered.

"He's about as subtle as a dragon in tap shoes." George laughed.

Harri giggled, "Now there's a visual."

Fred snorted and continued, "Hermione got angry and tried to get him to quiet down but he revealed some of the plans in his whining."

"So we decided to make sure you weren't alone with them." George said determinedly.

"Is that what all your weird behavior was about?" Harriet exclaimed.

The twins blushed, "We just wanted to make…"

"sure you were safe."

Harri smiled at them fondly, "Thank you, but I think dosing Hermione went a bit far."

Fred looked frustrated, "Yeah, we won't be able to do it any more if the Headmaster has her checked out."

"That's not quite what I meant." Harri commented in amusement, "What about all those times when you guys split up? You guys never split up. Not easily."
George looked away in embarrassment, "We took turns gathering information."

"You were spying?"

"Yeah, on Ron, Hermione, and Dumbledore." Fred answered, "We were trying to figure out how far things went."

"We never knew the whole family was in on it." George said bitterly; Fred nodded in agreement, his face hard.

"Not your whole family. Just those three." Harri answered automatically before wincing as both twins looked to her.

"How do you know that?" they asked as one.

Harri bit her lip and looked away, "It's complicated."

The twins shared a distressed look, "Harriet, please trust us." George pleaded.

"We had no idea our family would stoop so low." Fred said in the same also desperate tone.

"We will even take vows to show you we didn't know!" George added, Fred nodded and they both went to draw their wands for the vow.

"Whoa, hold on." Harri said, walking over to stand directly in front of them and taking their arms before they could pull their wands. "It's not an issue of me trusting you two, because I do trust you. It's just that how I know really is complicated and I can't have it getting back to Dumbledore."

"We would never tell him!" Fred exclaimed.

"Not after we heard the crap he wants to pull!" George added.
Harri shook her head, "I know you wouldn't tell him intentionally. It's just..." she sighed, "Have you guys heard of Legilimency?"

The twins frowned, "Mind reading?"

Harri nodded, "Dumbledore is a master legilimens, he could pull the information from you minds easily with just a little bit of eye contact and you would never know." She released their arms, "I could make you guys special rings that would keep him out but that has a very specific feel when it stops a legilimens and he would be suspicious. So I can teach you Occlumency, which is the only full protection against a legilimens, but it will take a while."

"And then you would tell us everything?" Fred asked.

"Yeah, we'll be able to help better is we know all that's going on." George said.

Harri nodded and let herself tentatively hope, she had been prepared to not tell them of the time travel until after Dumbledore was dealt with after all. "Yes, I will tell you everything."

The twins leaned forward as smirks spread across their faces, "Then teach us oh wise one!"

Harri laughed happily and pulled them over to the seating area for their first lesson. She told them more about what Occlumency was and how it was performed before leading them through the beginning exercises. About an hour after they began Salazar showed up in his frame and helped her teach them a bit more before suggesting they go back upstairs for the night as it was already three in the morning. So they said goodbye to Samarra and left.

"I know why you guys are doing it but you need to lay off the strange behavior." Harri said as she led them up the staircase, "To much and they will catch on and inform Dumbledore. We have to act normal to keep up appearances."

"But what if they do something to you?" Fred asked worriedly.

Harri stopped at the door that led to the rest of the castle and turned back to them, "Guys, I will be fine. I have been aware of their schemes since before school started. Why do you think I never gave them a second chance and have been so stand offish with them?"
"They're rude."

"And pushy."

"And demanding."

Harri giggled, "Okay, you have a point there, but no, it was because I knew they were stealing from me and planning to use me to get more money and power."

George frowned, "Is that why you insisted that McGonagall go with you when the Headmaster called you to his office?"

Harri looked down a bit, "It was part of the reason. I didn't lie. I do have bad experiences with adult males."

Fred pulled her over to them so they could wrap her in a hug, "Is it part of the stuff you'll tell us when we learn Occlumency?"

Harri nodded against his chest, "When I said I'd tell you everything I meant everything. I won't hide anything from you two."

"Alright then." George said, stroking her back reassuringly.

With that they snuck through the castle back to their dorms, thankful that they still had two more days of break to readjust their sleep schedule and work on Occlumency without interruption. The twins bid Harri a goodnight in the common run and headed to their own dorms. Harri went up to hers and immediately drew the curtains around her bed, running her security checks she locked the curtains and finally released the wall she had put around the emotions caused by the mirror, tears streaming from her eyes.

Harri felt arms around her and a wet nose nudge her arm, she looked up to see her dad hugging her and Padfoot curled up at her side, ready to be used as a teddy bear, just beyond them Remus was watching her sadly. "What did the mirror show you that got you like this sweetheart?" James asked gently, "You know were working on getting your family back."
"My son." Harri rasped, James' grip tightened around her and Padfoot whined, "My little boy at the age he should be now. Three and a half." She threw her arms around Padfoot and buried her face in his fur to cry, she felt Remus' arms join her fathers as she cried. They held her until she cried herself to sleep before carefully tucking her is and changing back to snakes and wrapping around her protectively so they could protect her from any nightmares.

Harriet slept soundly, protected by her three fathers.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes:

There is no real cannon descriptions of the making of Fred and George's joke products so for any that I use or make up I will try to make a half way reasonable sounding description of the items creation. The powder would start off as a potion that had some sort of grit in it (sand or salt or something) which could absorb the potion and then dry for use.

Remember the Black Ward Scrambler for chapter 23 folks!

I told my sister to come up with a name for the Black who had created the spell and she brought me 'Volans Pyxis Black' while giggling like a madwoman so I had to add a little bit of that with the name.

In the cannon Dumbledore seems to know when Harry is under the cloak but I wanted her to be able to spy effectively so I made it that he knew the cloaks general vicinity because of a tracking charm but could actually see it. She took off the charm so he had no idea where it was once she was covered.

So... the view in the mirror. That was Harri's family; that's not to say she didn't have other friends, just that those were the most important people to her. I added her son because the mirror shows her deepest desire, not just people who are living, as evidenced by her parents showing up in the mirror before and in cannon even though they were dead.

*The italic line was drawn straight from the book!! I don't own it! Never have! Never will! Its just the best description of the mirror there is! No reason to change it!

'she willed the cloak bigger'. I know it doesn't do that canonically but since its Death's cloak I figured it should have a little leeway to play with, obviously it has a limit(maybe a queen sized top sheet) but I see no reason a powerful magic object such as that one couldn't have a little bit of a resizing charm to help it fit its current owner in a way that fully honors the last Perevell brothers' request of Death.

Harri had Griphook keep her knowledge of matters private so Dumbledore doesn't know that it was her that got the last manager fired, since they are still getting money they aren't too worried at the moment either. Remember that Harri had Griphook
continue and strictly monitor the payments so the ones who were stealing could either realize what they were doing was wrong and stop the payments themselves or Harri could take it all back with interest at the worst possible moment.

Could you guys image Padfoot as a little terrier instead of his big ferocious grim form? lol

Right, so the talk between Harri and the twins about the schemes didn't go exactly how I was hoping but I rewrote it like three times. This one was the best so I just went with it.

Also, Roll Credits! lol I love CinemaSins!

Right so the emotional end. Harri has had three years with her mates to mourn the loss of their child before she came back however seeing her son grown (even only as far as three years old) would be very emotional for her. I won't stress on this point but I didn't want to just leave it without Harri having some reaction. Plus, cute moments with the Marauders comforting her.

See you on Thursday for Chapter 21: Dragons and Tea!
A whole month passed after the end of Christmas break and Dumbledore still hadn’t called Harriet to his office for tea. It was making the twins suspicious and jumpy, they refused to allow Harri to eat without them both discreetly checking her plate first. Harri let them do what they felt they needed to and didn’t say anything about it unless they began to draw attention. The Marauders agreed with their caution and got way too into it when the twins lectured them on being better ‘guard snakes’.

In the meantime, the twins had been working diligently on their occlumency. Salazar had proclaimed them naturals and had said that they should be experts by the middle of the next year. Instead of being happy with that time frame the twins had proclaimed they would be ready by Harriet’s birthday, she had just smiled and told them she looked forward to it.

Now, they were outside enjoying the first warmer day of the year with Lee, just strolling along the lake shore. The twins were currently trying to get Harriet to use the spell George had created for her on the teachers.

“Why don’t you just do it?” Lee asked George.

“I created it for Harriet. It’s her prank to pull the first time.” George whined, he looked back to Harriet with big eyes, “Please?”

“I never said no.” Harri laughed, “I’m just trying to wait for the best moment. If I cast it in class, it will be easier to identify who did it and a good prankster never gets caught. I would do it during dinner but with everyone eating it won’t have the full effect, same with doing it in private. The only one I could possibly use it on right at this moment with no big plan is Dumbledore at one of his little impromptu after dinner speeches.”

“That could be fun!” Lee said, “I bet he’s a swan. What parts would he get though? The wings? The beak?”
“With the spell and that animal, most likely both.” George said.

“I don’t think Dumbledore’s inner animal is a swan.” Fred said, “I bet that meddling old man is a goat.”

Harri giggled, “Can you picture him with horns?”

Lee frowned at Fred, “What’s your issue with Dumbledore?”

The twins looked to Harri who smiled at them, “He’s your best friend; if you can teach him, you can tell him.”

“Tell him what?” Lee asked suspiciously.

“We’ll tell you later Lee.” Fred said with a grin.

“But…”

George threw an arm over Lee’s shoulder, “What would your inner animal be Lee? Should we have Harri find out?”

Lee looked torn between this conversation and the last but finally sighed, “I’m not sure but it would be interesting to find out. Our inner animal is the first animagus we can become right?”

“Yes.” Harri said with a grin, “If I managed to get McGonagall she’d run around with her cat ears and tail.”

Lee laughed, “That would be awesome. Can you imagine her glaring like that? I wouldn’t be able to take it seriously.”

George grinned, “Me either.” He arched an eyebrow, “Now come on, what would you be Lee?”
“Um, I’m not sure.” Lee said, “A feline of some kind maybe?”

“Nah, I bet you’re a canine.” Fred laughed, “Your way too happy-go-lucky to be a feline.”

“He’s a Labrador.” Harri said, nonchalantly.

“A lab?” Lee frowned, “How did you get that?”

Harri smirked and tapped her nose, “Just a hunch.” She said innocently.

“I think it fits.” George said stepping away from Lee, “Harriet? You want to do the honors?”

“Wait!” Lee called, but Harri already had her wand out and was casting the spell on him. Silky ears popped from the top of Lee’s head and a thick chocolate fur covered tail wagged into existence behind him.

“Aw.” Harri cooed, “You’re a chocolate lab.” She came over to him and reached up to scratch an ear, Lee’s tail started wagging with pleasure and Harri giggled. The twins collapsed on the ground laughing at their friend’s reaction to getting his ears scratched.

“Oh bugger off!” Lee shouted in embarrassment, his puppy ears drooping.

Harri tugged his ear gently, “Labs are smart, energetic, loyal companions. An instinctive response like that is nothing to get embarrassed by.” Harriet dropped her hand from his ears and smiled, “At least you won’t go crazy at the scent of catnip.”

Instantly the twins were quiet and staring at Harri, “Dear Harriet…”

“Do you know…”

“Your inner animal already?”
Harri laughed, “I told you at the beginning of the year that I wasn’t some lost puppy remember?” their eyes lit up and Lee looked at her curiously. Harri spread her arms out in invitation, “Go on.” She said to George, he cast the spell on her and she felt Godiva’s ears and tail come forward in human proportions. Harri swished her tail and wiggled her ears experimentally before nodding and grinning at the three boys.

“What kind of cat are you?” Lee asked, eyeing her rounded ears as the twins circled behind her to look at her tail that was currently slicking from side to side.

“She’s got spots.” Fred observed.

“A leopard then?” George asked.

Harri laughed, “No, I’m an ocelot. Which is known as a dwarf leopard, so you were close.”

Lee grinned at Harri, “Harriet I think it’s the twins turn? Any more frighteningly accurate guesses for them?”

The twins looked at her curiously and Harri’s eyes glinted mischievously, “What are your guesses?”

“Mockingbirds?” Lee snickered.

“Lynx!” Fred guessed excitedly.

“Lemurs!” George threw out.

“Hyenas!” Lee guessed again.

“Gobi Jerobas!” George laughed.

“Fossas!” Fred added in.
“I Know!” Lee exclaimed, “They’re totally aye-ayes aren’t they?”

“Wow, um, no, no, no, no, no, and what the hell?” Harri frowned at Lee, “Have you seen aye-ayes? Those things are creepy.”

“Exactly! Imagine the pranks they could pull!” Lee laughed.

“That’s less pranks and more jump scares.” Harri huffed, “They’re foxes.”

“Really?” the twins asked while Lee studied them, ears forward.

“I can see it.” Lee said a few seconds later, “Foxes are often depicted as tricksters and as being very clever.”

Harri nodded, “They’re also able to be subtle when they need to and are adaptable to any situation. They are excitable and love to play.”

Fred and George shared a raised eyebrows look before they nodded, “Alright Harriet,”

“Hit us.” They said. Harri cast the spell on each of them in turn and sure enough fox ears broken from their heads and luscious fox tails swished into being behind them; Fred’s ears and tail were tipped with jet black fur and George’s ears and tail where tipped with snow white fur.

*So their animagus forms were foxes?* Sirius asked curiously from where the snakes were watching in her bag.

*Yep.*

*Names?* James asked.
*George is Mischief and Fred is Mayhem.* Harriet chuckled. *Loki named them.*

*Nice.* Sirius commented.

*Named by Loki. I’m actually a bit jealous.* James whined.

George and Fred were in the process of examining each other’s new features when Harri smirked at Lee, “Watch this.” She reached over to George and stroked on one of his ears gently along the edges to the tip before starting again. His eyes went closed and he leaned into the touch while an odd high whine like mew came from his throat, as soon as the sound came George’s eyes flew open and he blushed.

“Ha! Payback!” Lee crowed, his tail wagging enthusiastically. Fred was chuckling at his twin’s reaction while George’s ears flicked back in embarrassment.

Harri rolled her eyes at Fred and reached over to his to scratch one nail on the back of his ear, instantly an odd cross between a purr and a whine erupted from his throat and his tail waved behind him happily. Fred stepped away from Harri with a mock betrayed looked, she giggled, “Fairs fair Fred.” At that the three males turned to Harriet with wicked grins, she tensed and backed up with her tail lashing in warning, “Uh-oh.” she muttered.

“Fairs fair Harriet!” all three chorused, Harri spun to try and run but a pair of arms captured her before she could go too far. Two other hands took to stroking her ears gently, Harriet couldn’t hold in her purr at the attention, her tail curling a little at the tip in pleasure.

“Aw.” Cooed George’s voice from behind her, “She’s purring.” Harriet reached back and tweaked his tail, making him yelp.

Lee chuckled, “Don’t be mean Harri. You are quite adorable purring like this.”

“Look, her tail is so soft.” Fred said from where he had captured her tail and was carefully playing with the moving tip. Harri almost melted into her full ocelot form right then and there, she was purring like a motor.

Suddenly barking interrupted them; they all looked toward the sound, animal ears perked up alertly, and saw Hagrid and Fang coming toward them the dog barking in greeting. Harriet quickly spoke
the reversal and George released her easily and flanked her with Fred, eyeing the approaching half
giant warily. Everyone knew that Hagrid was the most pro Dumbledore person at the school so the
twins were tense with anticipation.

“Harriet!” Hagrid called jovially.

“Hello Hagrid.” Harri responded sweetly, “What brings you to us today.”

Hagrid came to a stop and shuffled his feet, “Um, someone told me that you said snake speakers
could talk to other serpents and I be needin’ a spot of help.”

Harri frowned, Norbert wasn’t due for another three months or so. “Sure Hagrid. What’s the
problem?”

Hagrid looked around the group carefully, “Not here. Do you have time to come with me to my
hut?”

“I do.” Harri said.

“We’ll come with.” The twins inserted immediately.

Lee shrugged, “Could be fun.”

Hagrid looked around to the other three before nodding, “Alright then, but best not spread this
around.”

They nodded and followed him as he trooped toward his hut with his dog right at his side. *This the
dragon thing we were expecting?* James asked.

*It shouldn’t be, but I’m not sure why else he would need my speaking ability.* Harri said,
*There aren’t any magical snakes in the forest that I know of and Samarra would never be
catched by him. Plus while it’s true, I never other serpents, I said dragons.*
*What if it’s a dragon you can’t talk to?* Remus worried.

*A parselmouth talking to dragons is just a matter of hearing that certain dragon’s dialect long enough to pick up the familiar points. Besides, this should be a baby, in which case it will more than likely pick up our dialect rather than the other way around.* Harri responded.

*If you say so cub.*

When they made it to the hut Hagrid turned to them, “You all best listen closely. We don’t need you gettin’ hurt or nothin’.” They all nodded and followed him inside, looking around the cluttered hut cautiously. Hagrid pulled a cauldron with a lid on it into the middle of the room, “I found an egg in the forest the other day and managed to hatch it. Always wanted a dragon ya see.” The three boys tensed and Harri leaned forward curiously, “But I’m not sure what to feed it or how to calm the poor guy. So I need you, Harriet, to see if the little guy can tell you anything.”

Harriet nodded and slid her bag off, passing it over to George so the snakes would be safe, “Alright Hagrid. Let’s see this dragon.” She quickly cast a flame proof spell on her clothes, knowing Glacia would keep the rest of her cool.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” Fred asked uncertainly.

Harri moved away from them and shook her head, “Nope!” she said cheerfully, “Open ’er up Hagrid!”

Hagrid took the lid off the cauldron and almost immediately a sleek head popped up from the cauldron with a curious squeak. It had pupil-less eyes that were a rainbow swirl of color and white shimmering scales that looked like polished opals. The baby dragon’s forked pink tongue flickered out, scenting air before it tumbled from the cauldron in a tangle of slim limbs and oversized wings. Harriet went to her knees and offered her arm to the little dragon, *Hello there sweet baby.* she cooed.

The dragon immediately zeroed in on the hissing, toddling over to her to spell her offered hand, *Mama?* came a sweet high pitched distinctively female voice.

*I’m not your mama sweetheart.* Harri said as the little girl dragon crawled into her lap clumsily so she could investigate Harri further, *But you’ll be safe with me.*
“I named him Dale!” Hagrid said proudly.

Harri rolled her eyes internally, *What is it with Hagrid incorrectly sexing dragons?* Harriet cradled the dragon in her arms and stood, “That’s a wonderful name Hagrid. But this sweet thing here is actually a girl.”

Hagrid seemed to deflate, “Oh.” He watched as the dragon crawled onto Harri’s shoulders and sniffed at her hair, she pulled back when she smelt Harri’s shampoo and gave a delicate sneeze that sent scarlet flames through the air in a small burst. “Aw. That’s ‘er first flame.” Hagrid sniffed, “Maybe we can call ‘er Daisy.” Harri smiled softly and nodded.

“Hey Fred didn’t Charlie talk about a dragon like that?” George asked.

“Yeah, it was Opal something.” Fred responded, still tense watching Harriet being crawled on by a dragon.

“Antipodean Opaleye if I remember correctly.” Harri said, stroking the wing of the little dragon who had dropped herself over Harri’s head. *

*Little one do you know how your egg got so far away from your nest?*

*Momma left for food. Sticky magic picked my egg up. Hatched with beard.* Daisy said disjointedly.

Harri frowned, *

*Alright, are you hungry little one?*

*Food?* Daisy squeaked excitedly.

*Yes, what would you like?* Harri asked.

*Shiny wiggles!*

Harriet stifled her giggles and snapped her fingers, a Hogwarts elf popped into existence in front of
her, “Hello, can you please get me a large bowl of sardines.”

“Yes Young Miss.” The elf squeaked with a bow, he popped out quickly and returned moments later with a large bowl filled with the small silver fish. He bowed again and left.

*Here you go darling Daisy.* Harri said, she set the bowl down and set Daisy in front of it so she could eat.

“She is rather adorable.” Lee said, crouching down to watch the baby dragon stuff herself with sardines.

“Yes and she’ll grow into a real beauty….” George said.

“But where are you going to keep her when she gets to full size?” Fred asked.

“And what are you going to do when Harriet can’t come translate for you?” George added.

Hagrid huffed and tugged at his beard, “I was hopin’ to have her trained and keep her in the forest.”

“In the forest? Hagrid the scarlet flames of the Antipodean Opaleye could crystalize the entire forest!” Harri said, crossing her arms over her chest, “That could destroy the habitats of hundreds of creatures and I highly doubt the centaurs will take her presence well.”

“Well I can’t jus’ abandon her!” Hagrid exclaimed, starting to look upset.

“I’m not suggesting that.” Harri said, “But you need to think this through Hagrid. You aren’t equipped to handle a fully grown dragon.” Hagrid drooped.

“We could try…”

“Calling Charlie.” The twins suggested.
Lee looked up from Daisy and nodded thoughtfully, “He could take her to the reserve and make sure she’s properly cared for.”

Hagrid bent down and picked up Daisy mid-fish, “But she needs me. I hatched her. I’m her mummy.” Hagrid struggled to hold Daisy as she tried to free herself to get back the bowl of sardines.

Harri laid a hand on Hagrid’s arm, “Hagrid, I know that’s how you see it and I can understand not wanting to let her go but going to a dragon reserve would be the best for her. Especially since she knows was stolen from her real mother.” She pulled Daisy from his arms and put her back down carefully so the dragon wouldn’t injure herself trying to get back to the food, “You have to think what’s best for her.”

“Besides, we’re sure….”

“Charlie will let you visit her.” The twins threw in.

Hagrid looked at the little dragon who had now actually climbed in the bowl to finish off the fish and lick it clean, “Fine.” He gruffed, he picked Daisy up again smiling at her as she chewed on his coat, “But it will take a couple days to contact Charlie so I can still care for her until then.” Daisy pulled away from Hagrid’s coat and sniffed once before letting out a sneeze, scarlet flames flew from her nose and hit one of Hagrid’s chairs.

Harri sighed and put the fire out before the special flames could fully crystalize the chair, “Hagrid, in the interest of your hut, I’m going to get Charlie now rather than later.” Hagrid looked forlorn but nodded and turned away to focus on Daisy.

Lee and the twins stepped closer to Harri, “Go get him? How are you going to do that? He’s in Romania!” Lee exclaimed.

Harri grinned, “A magician never reveals her secrets!” she slid out of the hut with the twins following close behind.

“Harriet, how do you know Charlie?” Fred asked, Harri could see a bit of jealously creeping on his face.

“And how are you going to get him?” George asked, his expression more curious.
Harri smiled sadly at them, “Occlumency.” She said softly.

They both sighed, “When we master it we need to have a long talk.” They muttered together.

Harri took their hands and squeezed gently, “I know it’s frustrating. I would much rather explain than go through this but it’s for my safety and yours. I promise.” They nodded dejectedly. Harri softened at their expressions, “Hey, Salazar has been teaching you to make certain memories seem like dreams or like they were tampered with right?” Fred and George nodded at her, confusion on their faces. Harriet grinned, “I’m going to walk over there to the edge of the forest and then disappear to go get your brother. Later I’ll see if you can make this seem like a dream, okay?”

“You’re going to apparate?” George asked.

“Not quite.” Harri laughed, she drew her hands away from them and took a couple steps back, “Watch closely!” she turned fully and sprinted to the edge of the forest, once there she closed her eyes and focused on Charlie, once she had pinpointed a strong enough memory of him she let her blue flames engulf her and take her to him.

Standing next to Hagrid’s hut the twins gaped at the spot their friend had just disappeared from in a wave of flames. “Wicked.” They said in unison, the snakes gave hissy snickers from Harriet’s bag.

Dragons were enormous fire breathing lizards, so it stood to reason that Charles Weasley, a dragon handler, dealt with a lot of flames. However, he had never, ever seen blue flames appear out of nowhere right in the middle of a Horntail enclosure and deposit a small girl in their place as they disappeared. In fact, this was so surprising that he just stood staring like an idiot as the little girl drew the attention of enormous beast in the enclosure.

The dragon approached the girl, who looked only mildly surprised to see it, slowly and sniffed her warily. The usually territorial female Horntail just hissed softly at the girl who, again to his surprise, hissed back. Then the Horntail looked over to him, the girl spun and looked at him where he was standing at the edge of the enclosure. She grinned and headed over to him, the Horntail following behind her docilely.

When she reached the magically enhanced short fence the girl jumped up on it and sat there with her hand extended, “Hello there, you must be Charlie Weasley. Nice to meet you.” dazed Charlie took her hand to shake, “I’m Harriet Potter, a friend of your twin brothers.”
“Um, hi.” Charlie said stupidly before he exploded, “How did you show up in a Horntail enclosure?!” he yelled, causing said Horntail to jolt and make a surprised sound in its throat, “How did you get here?! Why is the Horntail so calm around you?! And did you just say Harriet Potter?”

Harriet stared at him in amusement, “Yes, I’m Harriet Potter, Girl-Who-Lived, Savior of the Wizarding World, Current Gryffindor Seeker, Treacle Tart Connoisseur, etcetera, etcetera. How I showed up is perfectly obvious, magic. I also happen to be a parseltongue which is how I can talk to Gladius here.”

Charlie blinked several times before focusing on the completely wrong thing, “The dragon’s name is Gladius?”

Harriet grinned, “Yes, it is. You are missing the most obvious question though.”

Charlie blinked again, “Um, why are you here?”

“Correct!” Harri exclaimed, she pulled her wand and shot confetti out of the tip at him. He spluttered and tried to brush it off of him in vain, “I did come here for a very important reason though.” Harri said, becoming serious.

“And that would be?” Charlie prompted.

“Hagrid found a hatchling in the forest. It arrived there after being stolen from its nest, the little one remembers. A certain person is using the hatchling for some scheme I have yet to see.” Harri said, straight faced. “I came to take you to retrieve her after seeing if the reserve had space for her.”

Charlie studied Harri carefully, “What kind of dragon is this hatchling?”

“She is an Antipodean Opaleye.” Harri said.

Charlie’s eyes went wide with surprise, “An Opaleye? When did she hatch?” he asked urgently.

Harri raised an eyebrow, “I’m not sure, Hagrid didn’t say. Sometime recently though, she’s still small enough for me to hold. Why?”
“One of our nesting Opaleyes went crazy a week ago, we found out one of her eggs were taken while she was feeding. She’s been despondent.” Charlie said, he tilted his head, “You said you held the hatchling?” Harri nodded, “Can you come with me? If you can talk to her then she can smell you and see if it’s her hatchling, if not I’m sure you can still make a case for the baby.”

Harri nodded and jumped from the fence, she patted Gladius on the nose before conjuring a deep cloak around her, “Lead on!” she said to Charlie cheerfully.

“What’s with the cloak?” he asked as he lead her from the Horntail enclosure he had been doing his daily checks at.

“Can’t have everyone knowing who I am can I?” she laughed.

“And why do I get to know?” Charlie enquired.

“You’re Fred and George’s brother.” Harri said simply, “Besides, who would really believe you if you told them Harriet Potter appeared in a burst of flames?”

Charlie chuckled, “Got me there.” They began passing other tamers who eyed the cloaked figure curiously, “So you’re close to my brothers?”

“Very.” Harri said with a smile.

“Am I detecting blackmail material?” Charlie teased.

“I give nothing freely.” Harriet laughed, “You’ll have to earn juicy details.”

“Ah, so there’s juicy details to be had?” he shot back. Harriet settled into the familiar banter with Charlie, he hadn’t been super close with them before especially after the move to America but he did join them after they returned to England. He and Harriet had been friends but she hadn’t had enough time to really consider him family despite her being mated to his brothers. Harriet would gladly consider him family if he stuck with them though.
When they finally stopped at another enclosure Harriet released they had gain a rather large group following them. “Weasley!” a gruff voice called from ahead of them, Harri looked to see a small willowy, scarred dragon tamer standing at the enclosure in question. He had thick brown hair that stuck up wildly and looked to be scorched in places and he wore tight worn leathers over his entire form with a red dragon outline on his shoulder pad. “What is this stranger doing here?”

“Tamer Haddock this stranger came to me about a found Antipodean Opaleye hatchling.” Charlie replied, “She is also a parslemouth so I was bringing her to converse with the mother to determine if the hatchling they found is the one missing.”

The tamer looked over to Harriet with a critical eye, frowning when he couldn’t see anything other than her mouth and hands beyond the cloak. “Even as a parslemouth how do you expect to get close enough to the grieving mother to converse.”

“I have my ways.” Harri responded with a smile, “I’ll be quite safe.”

Haddock narrowed his eyes at her, “Handler Weasley, do you know the whereabouts of the hatchling in case this stranger gets crystalized?”

“Yes.”

Haddock raised a disbelieving eyebrow at Harriet, “Then by all means.” He said mockingly, waving a hand toward the enclosure.

Charlie laid a hand on her shoulder and muttered, “You better come back. I don’t want to tell the twins their friend was crystalized by a dragon.”

Harri laughed, “You won’t have to Charlie.” She went over to the enclosure and hopped the fence with no trouble. She walked forward and only stopped when larger version of Daisy’s head rose from a large ring of rocks and locked on her. This full grown Opaleye had elegant horns that curved up from the sides of its head and the colors in it eyes were of a more pastel palette.

Almost the entirety of the Romanian Reserves personal watched wide eyed as the tiny cloaked figure was stared down by the full grown nesting Antipodean Opaleye. The dragon drew back its head and shot a long stream of scarlet flames at her making the group beyond the fence gasp; the figure didn’t react, it just let the flames engulf it. When the dragon stopped and the scarlet flames dissipated the group gasped again, the figure was encased in blue flames looking perfectly at ease. Suddenly the
figure extinguished its blue flames and began to hiss at the dragon who, upon noticing her flames had not effect, was watching the figure curiously. The dragon began to hiss back and the group watch in fascination as the hissing slowly began to change pitch from each of the females.

After almost twenty tense minutes of changing hisses the two matched up and the female dragon came half out of her nest to sniff at the figure curiously. It drew back and let out a mournful roar to the sky, filling all watching with a sense of heartbreak. The figure drew closer and stroke the dragon’s snout when it came back down from its cry, it gave several crooning hisses and the dragon flopped the rest of the way out of her nest with an undignified whine. The speaker and the dragon conversed for several more minutes before the figure nodded and retreated back to the fence.

Harriet looked out over the sea of stunned and awed faces as she sat on the fence again, she fought to keep the smirk off her face. “The dragon, her name is Barbara apparently, says that the scent on me is from her stolen egg. I will take Charlie with me and bring the hatchling back.”

“What?!” Haddock exclaimed, “You’ll need more than him to bring back a hatchling.”

Harriet ignored him and skipped over to Charlie, “Be back in ten!” she announced happily as she grabbed the redhead by the arm and flamed them back to Hogwarts.

Charlie stumbled away from her as the flames dissipated, brushing off his arms frantically to get rid of the flames that were clearly not affecting him, “What was that?” he demanded.

“Magic.” Harri said flatly.

“We are wizards!” Charlie exclaimed, “You can’t just say that and have me accept it!”

Harri smirked as she drew back her hood, “I’m a witch.” Charlie made a frustrated noise in the back of his throat and Harri giggled. She led him over to Hagrid’s hut and frowned when she heard crashing and shouting from within, “That doesn’t sound good.” She opened the door to utter chaos.

Hagrid was sprawled over his chair with several half crystalized patches on his coat, George was perched on top of his chair trying to protect the three snakes from the disaster area, Lee had somehow managed to get stuck in the cauldron that Hagrid had been keeping Daisy in, and Fred was chasing after the hyperactive dragon currently running toward the fireplace. Charlie and Harri started laughing, drawing attention to the door. “Charlie! Harriet!” George, Lee, and Hagrid exclaimed.
“Stop laughing and help me catch her!” Fred cried as he dove for Daisy again and she slipped from his arms, making Fred crash into the wall. Charlie laughed harder at that but Harri calmed down enough to call Daisy to her.

The baby dragon slammed into her with a happy squeak before crawling all over her torso, smelling her mother on Harriet. “What happened?” Harriet asked.

“We played with her for a while but she started to get restless.” Lee said, “We fed her some more to try and get her to take a nap but it didn’t work.”

Charlie calmed down with a softer chuckle and leaned over to scratch the hatchling under her jaw, “Babies have a lot of energy. Antipodean Opaleye hatchlings in general don’t calm down until their mothers sing.”

“So will the Reserve be able to take her?” George asked, climbing down from his safe spot.

“Turns out that’s where she was taken from.” Harri said, “Her mom is distraught.” She looked down at Daisy and hissed softly, the baby hissed back excitedly.

Hagrid sniffed, “If ‘er real momma is still there I can’t keep ‘er in good conscious.” He picked up something from a half destroyed table and handed it to Harri, “Here it’s the first thing she crystalized.” He said sadly, he patted Daisy who purred under the attention, “I’ll miss you little Daisy.” He turned away to try hiding his big blubbering sobs.

Lee patted Hagrid on the shoulder and tilted his head toward the door with a pointed look at the others. The twins mouthed thank yous and ushered Charlie and Harriet quickly out of the hut. The twins pulled their brother toward the edge of the Forbidden Forest with Harri following behind at a slower pace, humming gently to calm down Daisy who was rapidly falling asleep on her shoulder. She glanced down at the piece of crystal in her hand and frowned when she just made out a headline in the rock, ‘Break in a Gringotts!’ it read, through the crystallization process Harri could see little swirls of color that she identified as spells. With the title she assumed they were compulsions and spells to make her take notice of the paper in Hagrid’s hut.

*Damn Dumbledore,* she hissed viciously, Daisy jolted at her aggressive noise and she quickly started humming again to calm the baby. The twins and Charlie were looking at her curiously and Harri huffed, “Later.” The twins nodded solemnly and turned back to their brother who was looking confused.
“Charlie, did mom, dad, and Ginny….”

“really visit you over Christmas?” the twins asked.

Charlie frowned, “They came over a couple days before but civilians aren’t allowed to stay on the Reserve for long periods of time. It’s too dangerous. They had to leave the same day.”

The twins exchanged a look, “Charlie we need to tell you something,”

“But you have to promise to hear us out before you say anything,”

“And you have to swear not to tell anyone.” The twins said seriously.

Charlie looked between his brothers, “I can’t promise that. You’re my brothers, if you’re in danger I need to tell someone.”

“It’s not a danger to us.” Fred said, eyes hard.

“It’s a danger to Harriet.” George continued.

“We have to keep her safe.” They said sternly.

Charlie looked over to Harriet, the girl he had recently seen stand up to a dragon, then back to his brothers, “Alright, I’ll listen.”

“Swear on your magic not to tell anyone unless we say you can.” Fred prodded.

Charlie’s jaw clenched, “I can’t. If Harriet needs to help I will have to do something. I will feel terrible for not doing as you asked but I will do so if it becomes necessary, I won’t risk my magic for that.”
Harriet intervened when she saw the conflicting emotions crossing her mates faces, hurt showing the most. “Charlie, I understand why you wouldn’t want to make a swear on your magic. I won’t force you, however for my safety and your brothers you have to understand that we won’t be able to tell you anything without it. You could always swear to Magic rather than on your own so that Magic can decide your punishment if you break trust for whatever reason but if you can’t do that right now I’m afraid I will have to oblivate you and try another time.”

Charlie studied Harriet’s hard face, her eyes unblinking and her willingness to oblivate him to keep them safe clear on her face. Finally, he nodded, “Very well. I, Charlie Weasley, swear to Magic not to repeat what has been told to me by Fred Weasley, George Weasley, and Harriet Potter without their express permission. So mote it be.” Harri nodded as a glow settled around them and stepped back so the twins could take over.

“It’s mom, Ginny, and Ron.” Fred said bluntly, “They’ve gone off the rails.”

Charlie frowned and George picked up where Fred left off, “They’ve been trying to dose Harriet. Mum wove compulsions into a sweater for her for Christmas and added some potions to her fudge.”

“They’re trying to get Harriet to marry Ron so they can get to Harri’s money.” Fred continued, “And they’re already getting paid from her accounts because Dumbledore managed to set himself up as her Magical Guardian Illegally and have a goblin get things from her accounts.”

“And apparently Ginny is studying Harri so she can become her best friend and keep her away from topics Dumbledore doesn’t want her to look into.” George added.

Charlie looked bewildered by this onslaught of information, he looked to Harriet to see if she had anything to add but she was just humming and rocking Daisy gently, letting the twins have this one. “Do you guys have proof?”

“We heard them talking about it!” the twins exclaimed.

“You can’t have been mistaken?” Charlie tried weakly.

“I’m afraid they aren’t.” Harri said, “I have physical proof at Gringotts, anything beyond that is not something I can tell you about without the proper mental training.”
Charlie grimaced, “I’m not the best at Occlumency.”

Harriet nodded, “It’s a tricky art. If you would like to see the physical proof, I can tell Griphook to extend an invitation to you to come and talk with us after the school year is complete.”

Charlie looked uncertain, still a little off balance from the twin’s revelations. “I’m not sure I should show up for a private meeting.”

Harri smiled, “Bill will be there, you won’t be alone with us.” The twins raised eyebrows at Harriet.

“Are you the reason he got moved back here for four years?” Charlie asked.

“Yes.” Harri said bluntly, “I worked out a deal with Gringotts and he’s employed directly under my account manager for that time after which he can renew or go back to Egypt if he’d rather.”

Charlie chuckled, “He said he was bored out of him mind. Apparently the goblin has him inventorying vaults full of books.”

Harri winced, “Yeah, not my idea. He’ll be very busy after I get out of school this year but I will see if Griphook can move him to a more exciting vault in the meantime.”

Charlie sighed, “You seem like you’ve got this in hand so far so I’ll keep my vow. I do want to see proof of all of this but I will be careful around mom, Ginny, and Ron until I get that.” He walked over to the twins and pulled them both in a hug, “I’m proud of you little brothers, standing by your friend even in the face of your own families wrongs. Very Gryffindor.” He felt his little brothers sag into him and knew they had been afraid of him siding with their mum, “If it’s true, I don’t agree with it. I will back you two and your girlfriend.”

The twins pulled back and spluttered, “She’s not…. We’re not…. We mean.” They babbled over each other, their faces turning bright red.

Charlie laughed and walked jauntily back over to Harriet, “Can you give me a ride? I don’t fancy trying to apparate the hatchling all the way over to Romania.”
“Sure.” Harri said with an amused look at the twins as she slid her hood back in place, “I’ll be right back.” Their blushes grew even deeper and they looked away. Charlie chuckled and Harriet rolled her eyes as she flamed them back to the Reserve.

They were greeted by the shouts of the other handlers and tamers immediately, Harri ignored them as she walked over to the enclosure and climbed in. Daisy pulled from her grasp and tumbled over to Barbara the second she saw her, the mother dragon cooed happily when her baby returned to her. Harriet accepted the dragons thanks with a slight bow of her head, cockily saluted the handlers and tamers, and went back to her mates.

“Alright, all done.” Harri said with a smile, she took her bag back from George and lead them back toward Hagrid’s hut so they could save Lee from being cried on too much longer.

“We didn’t know you’d,”

“Met Bill.” The twins said.

Harri stopped and turned to them, “Technically I haven’t.” she sighed at their faces, “I promise it will all make sense once I can tell you.”

“That talk is getting longer and longer.” Fred huffed.

Harri smiled, “I said I’d tell you everything, its already super long.” She walked over to them and pulled them into a hug, they only hesitated a second before wrapping their arms around her tightly, “I’m sorry I can’t just say it, but Dumbledore could really cause problems if he finds out about some of this stuff. I won’t risk you guys getting hurt if that happens.”

“We know.”

“and we understand.”

“but it’s frustrating.” They muttered in her hair.

“I know.” Harri said, she pulled back and gave them a lopsided smile, “You said you would be
experts by my birthday. We will set it up that you can come over then and I will tell you everything. Okay?” they nodded and returned her smile, “Now let’s go save Lee from Hagrid.” The twins laughed and followed close after her.

Two days after that Harriet finally got the summons she was expecting. At dinner, Hermione delivered a small note from the Headmaster that was spelled with compulsions. Harri fought them even as she read over the summons and nodded to Hermione in understanding. The twins, noticing her sudden stiff demeanor after Hermione’s interaction, pulled her from the room shortly afterward making a big deal about needing to send a letter to Oliver and Lee.

“Harriet are you alright?” George asked worriedly as soon as they were concealed behind the door that led down to Salazar’s study.

“Dumbledore finally summoned me.” She said, waving the small bit of parchment, “It’s got compulsions on it that I’m currently fighting.” She gave a small shudder, “Since I’m going to go see him soon I can’t just counter them, he’ll notice.” She focused on breathing deep, “I hate having to pretend.”

“We know.” Fred said softly, “Once we’re involved we’ll take him out as fast as possible.”

Harri gave him a half smile, “We do have to be a bit careful with that so we don’t become criminals.”

“Nah, we’ll go on the run. It’ll be fun.” George said, Harri snorted.

“I don’t think so.” She took another deep breath and nodded, “I’m going to go.” She looked at the twins with a very serious face. “I need you guys to go to Snape and get a cleanser potion, he should have one ready. I am not going to try and avoid the potions because if I do Dumbledore will be suspicious and try to push them on me stronger. Once I come back I need you to make sure I take it, I do have a certain resistance to them but the cleanser will make sure it’s completely out. Merlin only knows what that old man will have me take.”

“Got it.” The twins said, “Get a cleanser from Snape.”

“Make sure you take it when you get back.”

Harri nodded, “Snape already knows but he can’t say much, he’s under oath, okay?” they nodded shortly, “Alright, I’m going then.” They gave her a salute and she rolled her eyes at them fondly. She
left them and trooped up through the castle until she had reached the Headmaster’s office, “Butterfinger.” She told the Gargoyle, it jumped aside and she went up the steps easily.

“Come in.” rang out before Harriet even had a chance to knock. She made sure her Occlumency shields were tight and opened the door, “Ah, Harriet!” Dumbledore called happily, “How nice to see you my dear. Have a seat, please.” Harriet sat in front of his desk, her eyes wondering the office with faux fascination, though her eyes did linger on Fawkes who, by the looks of him, was close to his burning day. Finally, her eyes went back to the Headmaster, “I called you up here for a little after dinner tea and a chat to see how your settling in.”

“Of course Headmaster, thank you.” She said politely.

Dumbledore snapped his fingers and a tray of tea appeared between them, “Cream my dear? Sugar?”

“A dash of cream and two lumps if you please.” Harriet said with a smile. The Headmaster’s eyes twinkled and he poured the tea, once Harriet had hers he watched carefully until shook took her first sip and sighed, “Wonderful tea Headmaster.”

He sat back with a triumphant look in his eyes and smiled, “Thank you Harriet, it’s my favorite. Now, how have you been doing here?”

“Excellent Headmaster, it’s been amazing coming here and learning magic.” Harriet said brightly, “And I’ve made such wonderful friends.”

“Oh yes, I’ve seen you hanging out with your teammates all the time.” Dumbledore said with a grandfatherly smile, “So you get along with them then?”

“Yes, they’re great friends. They’re so nice to me and I love playing Quidditch.” Harriet enthused, she cackled mentally even as she widened her eyes and stared trustingly at the Headmaster.

“I see, I’ve also seen you with Ron and Hermione. Are they some of your friends too?” Dumbledore said, not too subtly.

Harriet wrinkled her nose delicately, “No Headmaster, I don’t think I could be friends with Ron and Hermione.”
“Why ever not dear girl?” he asked in a grandfatherly tone.

“They’re always so rude to everyone.” Harri said truthfully, “Hermione is always lecturing people, talking to them like they’re stupid which is very off putting and Ron has no sense of personal hygiene or a filter between his brain and his mouth.” She listed, *May as well get something out of this stupid meeting*, she thought even as she felt the potions start to take effect.

“Surely your exaggerating Harriet, children can be a little loose with their ways of speaking after all.” Dumbledore said gently.

Harri frowned and shook her head, “That I could understand maybe, but they are downright rude to everyone. The first day they even yelled at me just because I bumped into them getting out of the boats.” She looked sadly at her tea, “I didn’t mean to, I just lost my balance a bit.”

Dumbledore gave her an understanding look and nodded, “I see, well I’m sure they’ll grow up eventually Harriet. Let’s move on to more pleasant things. What are you interested in dear girl?” he pulled some small pastries from behind the tea pot, “Oh and help yourself my dear.” Internally Harriet growled but outwardly she just smiled and took one of the pastries.

Fred and George quickly tracked down Snape in his office, they knocked insistently on the door until it swung open and Snape glared out at them, “What is Salazar’s name are you making so much noise for?!” he sneered.

The twins pushed their way into his office and turned to him as he closed the door, “We need a cleanser potion.” They said in unison.

“Why?” Snape frowned, looking down his nose at them.

“Harriet is having tea with the Headmaster.” Fred said urgently.

“She said she wasn’t going to try and avoid the potions so he wouldn’t be suspicious.” George finished.

Snape let out a deep sigh and went to his personal potion stores, grumbling about Potters with a death wish all the way. When he returned with a medium vial he studied them carefully before
holding it out to them, “I am not sure what all the Headmaster is giving her tonight, if he gives her what I think he is going to she will need you to take her to a private space while the cleanser works understand?” they nodded, “Don’t leave her. She’ll need human contact.” He laid the vial in George’s hand.

Fred narrowed his eyes, “I don’t know of any potion that would need that when being flushed out of a system.” He blinked, “You know about how we’re bonded to Harriet don’t you.”

Snape raised a surprised eyebrow, “I wasn’t sure you were aware.”

“We’re only half aware, that’s the problem.” George stressed, “She only told us it was a bond. She said we wouldn’t believe her so she is having us find out exactly which bond it is by ourselves.”

“Do you know how many kinds of bond there are?” Fred continued, “Too many. We thought it would be easy.”

Severus let out a chuckle which surprised the twins, “You are making this too hard. I can’t tell you much because of the oath but it’s very rare and contact from you two will help her through the cleanse faster.”

The twins brightened, “Thanks Professor!” they chorused.

Snape rolled his eyes, “Go get her before she does something else stupid.” They nodded and left quickly to race back up to the dorm and wait for Harriet’s return.

When Harriet finally stumbled into the common room an hour and a half later they were on the edges of their seats. She looked awful, her eyes seemed dull, and her magic was doing weird flares every so often. Immediately, the twins picked her up by the arms and secreted her away to the top of the tower where there was an abandon space between the top floor of rooms and the roof.

“Harriet are you okay?” George asked, the snakes were hissing frantically in her bag where Fred had moved it.

“Stupid old man.” She slurred, “Used the suppressor. Fighting it….” She shuddered and went silent.
“A suppressor?” Fred muttered darkly, “After Snape’s big push for us to stay with her do you think…”

“It’s suppressing whatever our bond is?” George finished, anger creeping into his tone. “Yeah.” He pulled the vial from his pocket and uncorked it, “Support her neck and tilt her head back.” Fred slid his hand under her neck carefully and tilted her head back while George forced her jaw open, he poured the vial in her mouth then stroked her throat gently to help her swallow.

Harriet began to shudder and shake, sweat pouring from her form. “Fucking Dumbledore.” Fred snarled.

George jolted, it wasn’t often that his brother used real swear words as opposed to silly ones but this time he agreed, “Fucking Dumbledore.” He returned, taking Harriet’s hand for both his comfort and hers.

After a few minutes Harriet’s magic rose in the room and with it came two other magical signatures that felt extremely familiar to the twins yet strangely different. They looked around trying to pinpoint it and stopped when they saw two foxes appear next to Harriet’s bag. The foxes had ginger fur running all over them expect on their bellies and chest where their fur was a steel gray; on their paws, ear tips, and tail tips was the only places the foxes differed, one had snow white fur and the other had jet black fur in those areas.

“Woah.” The twins said, staring into the familiar eyes of the foxes.

“Coincidence?” Fred asked.

“Not likely.” George responded.

The foxes huffed and darted forward as one and climbed on Harriet, they rubbed their muzzles on either side of her neck and made soft churring noises. Harri didn’t respond beyond a sigh and her magic settling down again which made the foxes disappear with a pop. “How is she going to explain that one?” Fred wondered aloud.

“Explain what one?” Harriet muttered blearily, alerting the twins that she had regain awareness.

“Are you alright?” George questioned worriedly, brushing her hair from her face.
“Sore.” She rasped, “My magic hurts.” She groaned.

“Fighting off the potions apparently.” Fred commented.

Harri rubbed at her chest with the hand that George wasn’t currently holding, “Feels like it.” She opened her eyes and looked up at them, “Thank you for helping me.”

“Of course.” They chorused.

“Now, explain what one?” Harri asked again.

“Your magic rose at the end there.” Fred said, “Then two foxes appeared,”

two foxes with familiar eyes, ears, and tails.” George continued, he grinned at Harri, “Do you know these foxes?”

Harri smirked, “Yes, yes, I do. They happen to be twins foxes. Adorable really.” The twins looked away with light blushes. Harriet’s smirk became a frown, “As for how they got here, I’m not sure. I will have to ask.” The twins looked back to her with raised eyebrows, she just ignored them and tried to sit up only to groan, “Damn that smarts.” She huffed, the twins chuckled and she whined, “I can’t wait until summer vacation.”

Chapter End Notes

Guard Snakes! Imagine the Marauders patrolling the edges of her bed in their snakes forms. Lol

I think that a lab fits Lee, watching him announce quidditch games and going off on little tangents about his favorite players and who he thinks is cheating, getting scolded by McGonagall, and the doing it again not five minutes later. Canine. Then he’s just so happy and energetic, obviously loyal to the twins, and pretty smart to be able to at least attempt keeping up with the twins without too much trouble. So, Lab.

The guesses for the twins: Mockingbird(just because of the name), lynx(love those little critters and their tufted ears), lemurs(cause the twins are monkeys, lol), Hyenas(the laughing dogs), Gobi Jerobas(these funny little hoping mice critters), Fossas(the ones
from Madagascar, you know "Foosa hungry, foosa eat!"), and aye-ayes(fugly little bastards with the weird fingers, jump scare indeed).

Having the twins be foxes are a little played out(as much as them having the same animagus at least), but I do think the associated personality type fits the twins so we'll stick with that. If you have a problem with this, I'm sure I'll hear about and ignore it!

In the previous timeline Loki named the twins Mischief and Mayhem on a trip to Asgard where they pranked the Allfather. Here in reality land, my sister and I were going through nicknames that went together and those are the ones we kept coming back to.

So, hey, I don't own a pet fox and the stupid song isn't exactly helpful. I watched some Youtube videos from some people who own foxes and tried to describe their noises so they may not be completely accurate. Either way its an easy idea, they're being cute.

Hagrid's speech is not consistent, I'm sorry. I kept hearing his gruff accent in my head while writing and tried to mimic it but it only came out well sometimes. Apologies.

I found the Antipodean Opaleye on Pottermore! Its a VERY short description but just think of a white opal and that's what the scales look like. IDK, Daisy was just a plot devise for Harri and the twins to get to talk to Charlie and for Dumbledore to try and get Harri interested in the stone since she never went there with Hagrid.

Fuck yeah! Who else wants some shiny wiggles?

Like I said, the Antipodean Opaleye doesn't have much of a description. However, it did specify that the flame was scarlet. In a land of magic, with such a pretty dragon, I went ahead and took the liberty to assign that flame a special property in this story. Scarlet flame can crystallize items. Bam.

How much you wanna bet Harri and the twins pulled that 'a magician never reveals their secrets' crap on the Avengers. lol

Harri didn't have to spend time learning the Horntail dialect because she's already spoken to one in the previous timeline.

So....How many know Dragon Tamer Haddock's first name? lol, I couldn't resist.

To clear up Dumbledore's plot. He stole Daisy from her mother for Hagrid to find, so he could get Hagrid to seek out Harri for translation, so Harri would see the paper. Convoluted but he's Dumbledore so.....

Charlie will get a better explanation later. Harri is just letting the twins do the talking where their brother is concerned.

The poor twins, they want to know now and to them its seeming like Harri doesn't trust them. They will get the full story on her birthday as promised.

Right, so Harriet isn't sure why Mischief and Mayham showed up so she will be doing some research. Since she's going to be finding out, you will find out with her! How many can guess ahead of time?

School year ends next chapter!

See you next time!
End of First Year

Chapter Summary

Wrapping up the year.

Chapter Notes

Sup ma peeps! Lol, nah I'm all better now. Concussion has healed enough to get rid of pain meds so here we are!

This chapter will wrap up year one as well as give you more of an idea of where the MCU timeline is currently. I'm sure some of you want a more detail account of the rest of the year just as I'm sure some of you are happy I'm not dragging it out any longer. I did say that I wasn't going to focus on every single bit of the school year so you were warned, either way I promised certain things in certain chapters and to keep that promise the school year ends here folks!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The last bit of the semester flew by for Harriet, Lee, and the twins. The school work was picking up, leaving them with less leisure time but when they did have time the twins were teaching Lee Occlumency and practicing their own or they were in the library scouring books. Harriet was actually a little surprised they hadn’t found it yet, but then again soulmate bonds had fallen into legend even in the magical world. In the last timeline they had only known because Gringotts had a way to confirm it after their initial bonding, they hadn’t found any actual information on it until they had moved to LeFay Castle, in fact they had learned about most of the special abilities of the Soulmate bond when they were hunting Horcruxes and after the war. So Harri wasn’t entirely surprised but that didn’t mean she wasn’t sitting on the edge of her seat in anticipation waiting for the moment they found out.

She herself hadn’t been idle in the meantime. She wasn’t worried about the end of year tests; she knew she’d pass all with flying colors. So she focused on getting ready for her summer activities. She had stepped up her training in preparation for saving Bucky. Loki’s rescue would be mostly a question of her getting to the bridge fast enough and at the right time to catch him before he fell into the void, but to rescue Bucky she would be infiltrating a military base, she would need to be in top form in case the stealth plan was compromised. The biggest problem was she didn’t have anyone to spar with, she could use dummies for dueling practice but physical fighting she had no one to practice with. The Marauders didn’t want to hurt her (though after she pinned them each at least three times they had loosened up a bit) and, being the typical wizards they were, they were not good at any fighting done without a wand. So, she was just doing her best with drills.

Harriet had also taken care of the Philosopher’s Stone with relative ease. She had simply flamed
down to the room it was being held in, bypassing all of the protections thus leaving them intact for Quirrell/Voldemort to go through before the leaving feast. When she looked into the Mirror of Erised to retrieve the stone it had been her son who had slid it into her skirt pocket, she smiled sadly at him before leaving reluctantly to send the stone back to the Flamels.

The rest of her free time was spent setting up things for the summer and beyond. She had worked on rough sketches of what Loki and Bucky’s rooms should look like and set the Potter house elves to work. She had also gotten in contact with a special seamstress that she had been in contact with in the last timeline and had gotten confidentiality contracts written up and signed before sending the woman sketches of her battle suit and what spells and protections she needed put on it. If it came out as well as it had ten years in the future she would have the twins’ armor made as well as some magically protected suits for the other mere humans of her family.

Harri had Griphook change Bill over to a LeFay weapons vault that she already knew the contents of to catalogue the weapons and what enchantments they had on them. She also had him pull certain weapons from that vault and have them professionally cleaned, sharpened, and repaired by the goblins. Finally, Harri had him set up a meeting time for Rita’s interview and photo op, a meeting after that with Bill and Charlie, and make an appointment at the end of the summer for her to take her OWLs.

She had managed to keep Norbert’s egg away from Hagrid as well; knowing that trying to pry another hatchling away from him would be like pulling teeth, especially since she wasn’t sure if Norbert had a mother waiting for him to come back. It had taken reviewing her memories of that time several times, monitoring the two men in question, some light spying, and a great deal of guess work but in the end she had managed to replace Norbert’s egg with a fake and bring the egg to Charlie for safe handling. All in all, she was quiet happy with the result.

Now, with exams just finishing and everything winding down Harri was allowing herself some relaxation time in the Room of Requirement. The Marauders were napping happily on the heated rock the room had provided and Harri was settled in the center of a tumbling mat in her meditation pose with her music playing low in the background. She focused on her breathing and descended into her mindscape.

Harri let out a happy sigh as she took in the main Avengers common room, she thought about changing it but nixed the idea quickly. She loved this common room. Godiva was curled up on the couch, purring softly in her sleep, and Glacia was perched on the back of the couch cleaning her wings. Harri walked over and dropped onto the couch with a sigh, handing going over to rub at Glacia’s ears without thought. “Hey G.” she greeted her animagi.

Godiva’s ear just twitched in acknowledgment but Glacia looked over to Harri and spoke, “Hello. Are we working on something particular?”
“Can’t I just come to talk?”

“You want to talk to yourself?” Glacia shot back.

Harri snorted and rolled her eyes, “We haven’t fully merged yet. You’re still enough of your own being for me to converse without feeling crazy.”

“Ah yes, the merging.” Glacia said, ruffling her feathers, “Do you want to work on that?”

“Nah, but I do have a question that I’m sure you have the answer to.” Harri replied looking over at her phoenix animagus expectantly.

“Why did our mate’s animals appear when they haven’t completed the change this time around?” Glacia asked, Harri nodded. “I told you when we first came back to this time that we had retained parts of our mate’s magical cores from the last time. That included the parts of their core that remembered how to transfigure its host into foxes.”

Harri blinked, “They won’t have to train to become animagi again?”

“No, once you mate with them in this time their current cores will gain the knowledge their old cores had and be able to use it. That includes the use of their animagus forms.” Glacia responded before continuing, “Mischief and Mayhem came out because the parts of our mates’ cores that are still attached still know you are their mate and wanted to comfort you. The easiest way the bodiless magic could do that was form up its learned fox form.”

“Wicked.” Harri said with a grin, “Could we do that when not in distress?”

“Most likely. Our mates old power cores are connected to ours, just dormant at the moment.” Glacia said, “You may be able to call them by tugging on the broken bond like we use to do to get our mates’ attention or to talk with them telepathically. However, it may be a bit harder than that, more along the lines of when you pull or pushed power to and from our mates to help them when they needed an extra boost. I’m not sure, that’s not part of the knowledge I have.”

Harri bit her lip and nodded, “We’ll have to play around a bit I guess.”
“Yes, and when exactly are you going to work on our merging?” Glacia asked haughtily.

“Later.” Harri hedged, “I want to work on calling my cuddly foxes.” She whined at her phoenix form.

Glacia huffed and shook her tail feathers in agitation, “You know once we mate with them and they take on their old power cores you won’t be able to do that right? Why would you want to waste time learning something you’ll only be able to do two or three years’ tops?”

Harri let her eyes go wide and pouted, “For fox cuddles of course.”

Glacia clacked her beak and ruffled her wings, “Fine, but I want you to work on it during our burning day recovery. No questions asked. Got it?”

“Yes G!” Harri cheered, she stood and stretched, “I promise to work on it while we recover from our burning day.” She scratched at Godiva’s ears again, “While I’m working on calling Mischief and Mayhem I can put in some work on my doubles and illusions. I’m real close to being able to do two doppelgangers.”

Glacia bobbed her head, “At least with that you’ll be working on something useful then.” Harri stuck her tongue out at the ice phoenix only for the phoenix fly at her; Harriet scrambled back and batted at phoenix, getting whacked around the head with Glacia’s wings.

“You’re so mean to me.” Harri whined, the phoenix returned to her perch and resumed cleaning her wings like nothing had happened. Harri rolled her eyes and prepared to fade out of her trance and back to the waking world.

She froze though when she felt a hand on her shoulder, her real shoulder.

Someone was touching her while she was meditating.

Reacting on instinct, Harri threw herself from her mindscape. She grabbed the offending hand and pulled as she rolled forward, the body behind her hit the mat with a grunt. Harri spun and planted her knee on the bodies solar plexus while her wand flicked down into her dominate hand and her flames
covered the other, effectively trapping the body beneath her.

Fred and George were at the end of their ropes; they had narrowed down the bonds with Snape’s information but they were still left with six different choices, all of them looking equally likely and not at the same time. Funnily enough the Dark Lady and follower bond was among that group; with what they had seen her do it was one of their top picks but it still felt wrong.

“Maybe we should go ask her for that second clue now.” George huffed, sorting through all the open books around them. “We only have a week and a half before we leave on the train.”

Fred ran a hand through his hair, “Maybe we should.”

“Hey guys.” The twins looked up to see Lee walking toward them, he flopped into a chair next to them, “I’m bored, what are you guys doing?”

“Trying to figure out which bond we have with Harriet.” Fred said with a frustrated sigh.

“We’ve been narrowing it down all year.”

“Well, more like half the year.”

“Yeah, we got distracted.”

Lee raised an eyebrow at them, “You two have entered some kind of bond with the Girl-Who-Lived and don’t even know which one it is? How did you even know it was a bond?”

“Harriet told us.” George said.

“And the bond started up from the second we saw her.” Fred added.

“Why did you think we were acting strange that day? It was too early to have any pranks in motion.” George snorted.
Lee blinked and nodded, “Yeah, I guess that makes sense.” He looked over the books they had open, “So, what are you looking for?”

“A bond that draws people together from the second they meet.”

“A bond that’s rare.”

“A bond that someone would want to suppress if they had plans for one of the people involved.”

“A bond that makes the people involved want to be around each other all the time.”

“A bond that makes the people involved very protective of each other.”

“A bond that apparently allows physical touch to help heal each other.”

“A bond that makes the people involved jealous of others around the other person.” The twins took turns listing off. “A bond we’re apparently overlooking.” They ended together.

Lee frowned as he kept skimming the books, “Not all of those apply completely to these bonds here.”

“We know.” The twins groaned.

“But it sounds a lot like love.” Lee said, he sat back and looked at them, “Maybe she’s your soulmate.”

The twins blinked at him before they instantly started leafing through the books in front of them, moving from book to book when they found nothing. Finally, George made a small noise of victory as he pulled a book to him, “Found it.”

Fred draped himself over his brother’s shoulder to read the entry with him, “It’s so small.”
George nodded and started reading aloud, “A soulmate bond is the rarest bond there is. Not a lot is known about soulmate bonds due to their rarity, however it is said that the two halves of the whole soul will call to each other from the second they see one another. The bond will continue to strengthen whenever the pair is near one another, which is something that the soul craves, resulting in a need to be near each other constantly. The bond will complete once the bond is consummated. Legends say that a completed soulmate bond grants certain powers but all information of what that power may be has been lost through time. Though the goblins have found a way to confirm the existence of the bond after it has been completed, no one has found a way to discover who their soulmate is before they meet them. There have only been three recorded soulmate bonds since the death of Morgana LeFay and her own soulmate.” George laid the book down and looked up at his brother who was still looking at the book with wide eyes.

Lee grinned at them, “I thought it was a legend, but even with the small bit of information in the book it does sound like your bond with Harriet. And if this ‘someone’ really did have plans for a ‘member’ of this bond they would want to suppress it to keep it from potentially interfering with their plans.”

Fred frowned, “It says ‘pair’, as in between two people.”

Lee rolled his eyes, “You found your answer, don’t make it harder than it has to be. I know that you know that you two are magical twins, as in one soul in two bodies. Or in the case of this soulmate bond, one half of the entire soul in two bodies.”

Fred looked to George and emotions and thoughts passed between them through their twin connection before identical grins spread across their faces. “She’s our soulmate.”

Lee chuckled, “I guess that explains how she can keep up with you two.” The twins laughed happily, feeling light and giddy. “She already seems to know too.”

“We should go find our mate brother.” Fred said with an enormous grin.

“We should indeed.” George laughed.

Fred’s eyes glowed with more excitement, “And, cherry on top of our soulmate sundae, now we have earned the names of the Marauders!”

“Really?” Lee asked curiously.
“Yeah, Harri said if we figured out what our bond was by ourselves she would tell us their names.” George said.

“Can I come with?” Lee asked, “I want to know too.” The twins exchanged an uncertain look and Lee huffed, “Come on. It’s not like you’re going to consummate this thing now…. right?”

The twins shook their heads, “No, we’ll court her properly.” They decided as one.

Lee smirked, “I’m so glad I’m your guys’ friend. This will be hilarious to watch.”

The twins pouted at him, “Are you making fun of us?”

Lee laughed, “You’re telling me that you two, the pranking geniuses that you are, aren’t going to do some over the top things for your courtship of someone you already know is your perfect match?”

“Maybe.” George grinned.

“We just found out, give us a bit to plan.” Fred said mischievously.

Lee rolled his eyes, “Alright lover boys, let’s clean up these books and go find your girl.” They scrambled to put the books up and left the library swiftly. They stopped in an abandoned hall and studied the map, looking for Harriet among the many moving dots.

“She’s not on here.” George said.

“Which means she’s either in the Room or the Chamber.” Fred hummed.

“You guys need to catch me up now that I’m better with Occlumency.” Lee grumbled.

“Nope.” They chorused, “Harri won’t tell us everything until we can defend against her Legilimens so we won’t tell you until you can.” Lee huffed in disappointment.
“But we can check the Room.” Fred said brightly, “Harri showed us that way before we found out about things.”

George nodded, “If she’s not there we’ll have to wait for her in the common room.”

They led Lee up to the seventh floor and tapped along the wall across from the dancing trolls. A single door appeared seconds later, “What is this?” Lee asked.

“The Room of Requirement,” Fred started.

“Harri said it can become anything, you just have to ask.” George explained.

“But if someone is already in there and they are alright with certain people coming in you have to tap the wall.” Fred finished.

“Wicked.” Lee said, the twins nodded in agreement.

They opened the door and stepped into the dimly lit room, the room smelt faintly of eucalyptus and lavender and was nice and cool. Off in the far corner, Harriet’s three snakes were curled up together sleeping on what looked to be a heated rock. In the center, on a tumbling mat, was Harriet herself; sitting cross legged with her hands laying palm up on her knees, thumb and middle finger touching lightly. Her eyes were closed and her breathing was deep and steady.

The twins smiled at their newly discovered soulmate and moved over to greet the snakes while she continued to meditate. Lee, however, walked closer to Harri, “What is she doing?”

“Meditating.” George said, scratching gently at Raion’s head, “Don’t bother her, she will come out of it eventually.”

“This doesn’t look like the meditating we do for Occlumency.” Lee said.

“Everyone meditates differently.” Fred replied, “When Harri started teaching us she taught us several
different methods. The one we showed you was the one we use, we are able to meditate easier when we are lying flat and comfortable. We’ve seen Harriet meditate both ways.”

They all watched and waited for Harriet to come out of her trance. Several minutes passed before Harriet flinched without waking. The twins sat forward worriedly but Lee was the one to step forward and place a hand on Harriet’s shoulder. In a blur of motion Harriet was awake and had Lee pinned on his back; her knee planted just below his chest, her wand aimed between his eyes, and blue flames covering her other hand.

“Harriet! It’s just me!” Lee squeaked.

Harri blinked several times before her eyes focused and she took in who was under her, “Lee?” he nodded frantically, she shook her hands and the flames disappeared at the same time her wand went back into her sleeve. “Don’t touch me while I’m mediating, I’ll react violently.”

“Noted.” Lee rasped.

Harri smirked as she stood up, “I wouldn’t try anything taxing for the rest of the day. I was on your solar plexus.”

Lee rubbed at the space between his chest and stomach as he sat up, “I noticed.” He huffed.

Harri giggled and looked around to see the twins sitting by the rock currently holding the snakes, “Hey. What’s up? I thought you were in the library.”

The twins perked up again, grins spreading across their faces, “We were.” they said proudly, “But we found what we needed.”

“Oh?” Harri said, she and Lee moved over to sit on the edge of the tumbling mat.

The twins nodded excitedly, “We figured out which bond we have!”

Harriet grinned, her heart beating faster with hope, “Do tell.”
“We’re your soulmates!” the twins announced loudly, waking the snakes who let out sleepy hisses.

Harriet laughed happily and clapped her hands together, “Yup! And I’m yours.” The twins rushed over to her and smothered her in a hug. She relaxed into their embrace and they relaxed against her in turn.

They pulled back slightly and kissed her on her cheeks, causing her to blush. “Sorry it took us so long to find.” Fred murmured as he drew her closer again.

“You would not believe how many bonds there are.” George commented.

“Or how little there is on soulmates.” Fred continued.

“We didn’t think it was an actual bond.” George huffed.

“Lee actually helped us find it.” They ended together, Harri looked to Lee over the twins’ shoulders and smiled which he returned.

After a little bit the twins pulled back to kneel in front Harri where she sat on the edge of the tumbling mat, “Harriet we don’t want to move too fast so,”

“will you allow us to court you properly?” the twins asked.

Harri smiled at them happily, “I would like that.” They leaned forward and kissed her cheeks again, making her blush deepen.

Lee scrunched up his nose, “You three don’t have to be so cute about it.” He huffed.

Harri giggled and looked over to Lee, “You didn’t have to follow them Lee.”

“Yeah I did. They said they had a deal with you that you would tell them who the Marauders were if
they figured out what your bond was.” Lee said, “I couldn’t miss that.”

“I see.” Harri hummed with amusement, she stood and rubbed her hands together, “Now, how should I go about this? It should be suitably dramatic.”

“Having your own soulmates work for the answer wasn’t dramatic enough?” Lee muttered.

“It’s the Marauders.” Harriet deadpanned, “They’ll want it a tad more dramatic than just telling you guys over treacle tart and tea.” Tenrou hissed from his place on the rock and Harri rolled her eyes at him. Harri tapped her chin thoughtfully before she smiled, “Got it!” she took her wand out and waved it in a semi-circle. The wispy white figures from the Christmas prank appeared, two on either side of her, except for the ocelot which was replaced with a rat. “These are the alternate forms of the original Marauders.” She said, drawing her voice out to sound more dramatic.

She walked over to the wolf and scratched at his ears, “This is Moony, better known as…” She paused as the three males leaned forward, “Remus Lupin. He’s the werewolf that started it all.” Over on the rock Toshi drew himself up proudly while the other two seemed to hiss in protest to that.

“Moony was a werewolf.” Fred said breathily, eyes wide.

“The name makes so much more sense now.” Lee added faintly.

Harri smirked and moved over to the rat, “This is Wormtail, otherwise known as…” She paused again, this time to keep her anger in check, something the boys seemed to notice. “Peter Pettigrew.” Lee drew in a sharp breath in recognition and the twins frowned. Harri glared at the rat for a tense second before moving on to the grimm, a smile taking over her face. “This here, is Padfoot. Better known as the alleged mass murder Sirius Black.” The twins’ mouths dropped open and Harri’s smile turned into a big grin, “My Godfather.” Lee fell backward with a yelp and the twins started to shake slightly.

“Your Godfather was Padfoot?” George rasped.

Harri grinned, “Is, my Godfather is Padfoot.” The twins’ eyes widened even further, catching the present tense. She stepped over to the stag and threw her arms around its neck, “And finally, this is Prongs. My father.” Fred and George’s mouths worked silently and Harriet laughed, “Otherwise known as James Potter.”
The twins shot forward and kneeled in front of her before starting exaggerated bowing, “Our soulmate is the daughter of Prongs!” Fred cried mid bow.

“The Marauders Princess!” George called happily.

“We are not worthy!” they yelled as one.

Harriet giggled at their antics and let the figures dissipate, she went to her knees in front of her mates and drew them both into a hug before they could bow again, “Idiots.” She said fondly, “If my fathers didn’t think you were worthy they wouldn’t have given you the Compendium and Journal.”

“They knew when they gave it to us?” the twins asked in awe.

“Of course.” Harri said, the twins’ arms came around her and they hugged her close to them.

“Wait, wait, wait!” Lee exclaimed, the three soulmates looked over to him curiously, “Somethings don’t add up! Please don’t tell us that all of this is stuff we’ll have to wait for! I don’t think I could survive the wait!”

Harri laughed lightly and sat back on her heels, “If it doesn’t have much to do with the big thing I can tell you. You guys are far enough along with your Occlumency for me to tell you bits and pieces.”

Lee dropped down beside her and nodded seriously, “I think I can handle that.” The twins nodded, looking curious despite their shock over the identities of the Marauders. “Why did you look so angry with Wormtail? I thought Sirius Black was the one to betray your parents to You-Know-Who.”

Harriet huffed and shook her head, “That is the accepted story because the idiots in power never gave Siri a trial. Actually, my parents gave the Secret Keeper position to Peter since Sirius was the obvious choice and most would go after him to try and get the information. It was a diversion. They didn’t know he was already a Death Eater. Peter is the traitor.”

“That’s why you said alleged mass murderer.” George said in realization.
Harri nodded, “When Peter escaped he killed all those muggles and cut off his hand as Sirius was backing him into a corner.” She rolled her eyes, “Of course he was being a dramatic little shit about taking revenge for my parent’s deaths and that didn’t help.” Tenrou hissed indignantly from the rock but Harri ignored him. “But yeah, alleged. They threw him in Azkaban without a trial and just spread the lie which the sheep accepted without proof.”

“And you implied they were alive.” Lee said slowly, he grimaced, “I don’t want to sound harsh but last time I checked your father died over ten years ago and I saw an article not too long ago that a Remus J. Lupin had been found dead in the Hogshead. That only leaves Peter, who you said escaped, and Sirius, who is in Azkaban.”

Harri frowned, “In the Hogshead? I thought they would be subtler than that.” The snakes huffed and turned away from her and the group to pout. She blinked and focused back on the three boys, “I can assure you they are very much alive, though the public is not currently aware of that fact. You’ll be able to meet them once you finish your Occlumency training and come over this summer.”

The twins perked up at that news but Lee apparently had one more question, “One last thing.” He jumped in, Harri looked at him expectantly, “I understand not including Wormtail in the Christmas prank since he’s a traitor but who was that cat? Was that your mother’s animagus?”

Harri laughed, “As far as I know my mum didn’t have an animagus form.” She scooted back a bit before she transformed into Godvia, sitting there primly with her tail wrapped around her paws.

“You’re an animagus already?!” Lee exclaimed.

“Wicked.” The twins chorused, reaching toward her hesitantly. Godiva got up and rubbed against their hands affectionately, purring all the way. They pet her for a little bit before Harri changed back with a bright smile. “So what is…”

“your Marauder name?” the twins asked curiously.

“Godiva.” Harri said, her smile changing to a grin.

“As in the muggle chocolates?” Lee snickered.

Harriet blushed and looked away, “No. It means ‘gift of god’.” She sniffed delicately.
“Why don’t I believe you?” Lee teased, “Come on. What’s the real story?”

“What real story?” Harri squeaked, her cheeks darkening. The room quickly descended into laughter and teasing, Harri eventually distracting them with her doppelganger and changing into Godvia again. It was a great time of relaxation for them as school wound down. The three Marauders watched Harriet’s joyful face as she played without care with her mates and their friend and were content.

Harriet flopped into the train seat and let out a breath, “Finally.” She groaned, “It’s over.”

Lee chuckled, “You’re a first year. It can’t have been that bad.”

“You’ll understand when we can tell you everything.” Harri said, waving him off.

“You can’t keep doing that.” Lee whined, “At this rate I’m going to explode when you can finally tell me.”

Harri snorted and drew her bag with the snakes up onto the seat next to her. Almost immediately it was moved to sit next to Lee when the twins came and sat on either side of her. *Hey!* James hissed in irritation, Harri smirked at him as she settled between the twins happily.

“We’ve only known you ten months…”

“And it’s already going to be weird not seeing you every day.” The twins said, Fred’s arm going around her shoulders and George’s arm sneaking around her waist.

“I’m going to miss you guys too.” Harri hummed softly, her hands latching subtly onto their pant legs.

“Merlin, you three are cheesy.” Lee interrupted, “You just learned you were soulmates a week and a half ago. Calm it down.”

“Exactly Lee!” George cried dramatically, “It’s only been a week and a half. We’re still in the
“Honeymoon phase!”

“We have to shower our other half with all the attention she deserves.” Fred said, taking Harriet’s hand with his free one and drawing it up so he could kiss the back of her hand, George followed suit and Harriet blushed.

Lee groaned, “You guys are going be absolutely nauseating aren’t you?”

“Yep!” they all three answered, laughing.

Lee knocked his head against the back of his seat several times before putting his head in his hands, “At least you haven’t progressed to the actually kissing part yet.”

Fred chuckled, “We’ll hurry it along for you shall we?”

“No!” Lee exclaimed, holding up his hands, “No.” this time it was softer, “A little bit at a time. Merlin, give the people around you time to adjust to your lovey dovey stuff.”

Harriet giggled, “Poor Lee. He doesn’t have anyone to be lovey dovey with.” She perked up, “I know a few people I can set you up with.” The twins snickered as panic filtered across Lee’s face, Harri grinned, “Maybe not, huh?”

A low chime made Harriet pull her phone from her pocket, Jarvis had sent her an alert marked urgent. She opened it and her eyebrows rose as she read the title of the video. “What is it Harriet?” Fred asked.

“Apparently Tony had gotten himself into a bit of trouble.” She hit play and watched with the twins as Tony sauntered into the court room and quickly spun the courts words to his own use. She laughed as later he high jacked the screens and showed the room how much of a nonthreat the other countries turned out to be, then giggling harder when he caused Hammer to lose face. She rolled her eyes fondly when he proclaimed to have privatized world peace and walked out to the Senator’s curses.

“That’s your brother?” Lee asked, he had been listening in curiously, “The twins told me he was a muggle. They said Mr. Stark in the video but he can’t be that Tony Stark.”
Harri laughed, “He is *that* Tony Stark.” She closed out the video and opened the phone app to call Jarvis.

Lee choked, “What seriously? Your brother is fucking Ironman?!”

Harriet giggled, “No, that would be weird I’m sure. However, he is Ironman.”

“Hey, so you two….”

“wanna fill in the two….”

“people who have never….”

“left the wizarding world and…”

“are confused right now?” the twins asked, looking between Harriet who grew up in the muggle world and Lee who had a muggle mother, thus access to the muggle world.

Harri smiled at them, “My brother, Tony Stark, is the world foremost expert on weapons and technology. He has created hundreds of advancements in the muggle world and is hailed as one of the smartest people of our time. He was attacked because of the greed of someone he trusted and was captured by terrorists, he escaped by making a metal battle suit then perfected it when he came home. He’s now known as Ironman now, a superhero.”

“He’s awesome!” Lee exclaimed, “His suit can fly and shoot rockets and lazers.”

“Repulsors.” Harri corrected in nonchalantly.

“And he created an A.I.! A person without a body, artificial intelligence!” Lee cried excitedly, “He’s brilliant.”
“I’m sure Sir will be happy that he is known as such by at least some of your world.” Came Jarvis’ voice form Harri’s phone.

Harri smiled, “Guys, I want you to meet Jarvis. Tony’s A.I.”

Lee’s eyes went wide as he stared at Harriet’s phone, the twins just shrugged, “Hello Jarvis.” They chorused.

“Hello Mr. Weasley and Mr. Weasley. It is a pleasure to meet you properly this time.” Jarvis said.

Lee’s eyes shot over to the twins who looked confused, Harri laughed, “Yeah, when I took you to the mansion to give Tony his Christmas present you two were too into the Marauder books to even notice we had left the castle, let alone knew you were meeting new people.”

“We actually left the castle?” Fred asked incredulously, Harri nodded with an amused face.

“Jarvis you’ve met the twins but the other person in the compartment with us is Lee Jordan, the twins best friend.” Harri introduced.

“Nice to meet you Mr. Jordan.” Jarvis greeted, Lee let out a squeak, his eyes wide with shock.

Harri giggled, “It seems he’s a fan of Tony Jarvis, so it might take him a bit to calm down. Now, on to the clip you sent me.”

“Yes, is there anything I need to look out for resulting from this?” Jarvis asked seriously.

“Well, Hammer is always a problem but the clip Tony showed and the presses reaction to it drives him a bit crazy. I would up his threat level for the moment.” Harri said, “What I have already done has shifted certain events back by months. A certain enemy takes the chance Tony just presented and will attempt to attack. Find all you can on Ivan Vanko, last I heard he had wiped his existence from the record but you may be able to find something being who you are. Also, tighten security at the Expo, especially around Hammer’s presentation. You can’t stop him from presenting without creating Tony a bad image but if something happens it will most likely be at that time.”
“Understood Miss Potter. Anything else I should be aware of?” Jarvis asked.

“Don’t trust Shield.” Harri said, “Look into their assets and note them. Last time I checked, Tony owns most of them and you can use that to protect him if, at some point, they get a bit too big for their britches and try something.” She trusted Shield with very little, even less at the moment since she knew they were currently half Hydra agents, the Avengers had to destroy them last time before allowing it to slowly be built back up under strict watch.

“What of the other owners?” Jarvis asked, “Will they be able to sustain Shield as a threat should Mr. Stark pull out?”

“Barely. Don’t worry, I’m working on it.” Harri said, running a hand through her hair, “Tony owns the most destructive bits so even if they do stay afloat they won’t be able to do anything we couldn’t handle over a long weekend.”

“Very well. I shall keep you updated as we go.” Jarvis said.

“Thanks J.” Harri replied before shutting the app and sliding her phone back in her pocket.

“What was”

“all that about?” the twins asked.

“It’s a bit tough to explain without everything else but my brother, being who he is, is often targeted by bad people. Even more so now that he’s decided to be a superhero. I just told Jarvis who he should focus his efforts on so he doesn’t waste processing power chasing after little things.” Harri said with a smile, “I will explain more once you guys come over this summer.”

“Speaking of coming over….” Fred started.

“Have you figured out how were going to do that without drawing attention to ourselves?” George asked.

Harriet nodded, “You guys spend time at Lee’s over the summer right?”
Lee, who was just shaking off the shock of having met Jarvis, nodded, “They usually come over for a couple weeks every summer.”

“Would your parents think it’s strange for you guys to go to another friend’s house?” Harri asked.

Lee puffed up proudly, “Actually, my parents are trusting me in the house for two weeks in the middle of the summer. My mum has a conference to go to and my father is going with them. They decided that would trust me by myself as long as I sent them owls.”

Harri nodded, “Alright, that makes this easier then.” She summoned her bag to her, ignoring the snakes shouts of protest, and pulled out three bracelets similar to the ones she had given Bruce and Clint. “Here, put these on.” She handed them each a bracelet and watched to make sure they all had them, “Those are special bracelets. They’ll tell me if you’re hurt and if you press the phoenix in the center I will know that you need help. Also, they are portkeys that will take you to where I’m staying. I’ll be occupied for most of the first month so try not to come over until a week before my birthday. Of course if you find yourself in trouble then you can come over sooner, but try not to get into trouble.” She looked between the twins pointedly, they blushed and looked away, Lee chuckled. Harri rolled her eyes, “When you’re ready to come over press the tip of your wand to the phoenix and say ‘Avengers Assemble’.” Harriet loved the activation she had set; she had heard those words so many times from Steve even when Tony teased him about the cheesy line. “It will only work with your wand pressed to it, that way you don’t accidentally activate it.”

“Got it.” The three boys chorused.

Harri smiled, “Good. Don’t forget. If my birthday comes and you guys aren’t there I will assume something went wrong and will come after you. Consequences be damned.” She said nonchalantly, the three males looked at her with wide eyes as she sat back in the seat and closed her eyes to rest. She was so looking forward to this summer.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes:

So, the bond is rare. I did say that before but I’m sure people have forgotten or believe that the twins are willfully ignoring it. They are to an extent, it is so rare that is has fallen into legend even in the wizarding world and no one knows a lot about it so it make things difficult for them.

On the animagi showing up in the mindscape. They are her different forms, you’ll find out more later about the merging Glacia talks about but I figured that as they are parts of
her they could and would show up in her mindscape.

Aw, fox cuddles.

The burning day.... we will talk about it more in ch. 24 but remember earlier I talked about younger phoenixes need to go through a burning day once a year. The older they get the further apart those burnings will be; but Harri has, at this point, only had Glacia for coming up on two years. The first burning brought her back, this next one will be the first regular one she has gone through.

Yes I'm going with the magical twins thing. I figured it would be obvious but I will say something about it. While in this threesome I wont go into a lot of "twincest" they will be 'lovey' with each other but more like the twins on Ouran High School Host Club and not full on sex with each other. They do share a bed, but that's because they feel more comfortable with their twin close rather than anything else. At most they'll hug, kiss, and cuddle but that's it.

"We'll court her properly." That will be fun, you know prankster are going to go overboard courting a fellow prankster. In case your wondering. They will consummate the bond by the end of fourth year, though their cuddles and kisses and such will progress as we move on from here.

Her calling Sirius a dramatic little shit about taking revenge refers to him yelling 'only one will die tonight' and cackling like the mad Black he is.

How she was named Godiva totally has something to do with the muggle chocolate. It wont come out until the twins learn their names and the story behind them. It really does mean 'gift of god' though.

The date of the supena and the Expo were pushed back because Tony wasn't dying and thus didn't feel the need to make a big deal out of everything. So the government didn't pull him in until this month and the Expo won't start until next week in this world. Also, because Vanko didn't see the press conference until now he never attacked Tony at the Grand Prix. They will deal with him but not until after Harri has the backup ready to bring to the Expo's aid aka after she rescues and helps Bucky.

Of course Tony would tease Steve for saying 'Avengers Assemble' especially if he said it when they were already together. "Avengers Assemble!" "Cap we're right here. Assembly not required." lol

See ya next time!
Hey guys! How’s it going? Sorry for posting so late. I got caught up planning my spring break and just managed to finish in enough time to post. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When the train arrived to the station Harriet expected Molly and Ginny accosting her as well as having to temper the twins’ overprotective reactions to their scheming family being so close to her. What she did not expect was to be greeted by Severus as she exited the train station platform. She stopped and raised an eyebrow, “Professor?”

“It would seem that the Headmaster expects you to make a run for it.” Severus said exasperatedly, “I am here to escort you back to your relatives and ensure that you are received by them.”

Harri looked amused, “Well, I can’t say I didn’t expect something like this.” She walked over to him and held out her hand expectantly, “Take me to my prison Professor.” Severus rolled his eyes and took her hand, apparating her in the next instant. Once they had landed in the park near Number 4 Privet Drive Harri released his hand and sighed, “Let’s get this over with.” She started off toward the place where her childhood was ruined.

Severus walked with her, a frown set on his face, “You’re not really going to stay here are you?”

“Of course not Professor.” Harri snorted, “I have things to do this summer and play house elf to a bunch of animals is not one of them.” She flipped her hair over her shoulder, “I’m just going to let you see enough of the usual interaction between myself and my wardens so you can make believable memories for Dumbles to look over in your mind, then I’ll renew my threat, probably let the Marauders get in a few shots, and then leave. I have stuff to do before I can get ready for my interview and photoshoot tomorrow.”

*Yes!* James hissed excitedly, *I’m going to show these assholes they shouldn’t have messed with my daughter!* 

*Sweeet Revenge!* Sirius crowed, Remus didn’t say anything but he too was excited for the chance to put the Dursleys in their place.
“Interview? Photoshoot? I thought you didn’t like the fame Potter.” Severus said, his sneer in place.

Harriet rolled her eyes at him, “And I thought you understood when I said I would use that fame to my advantage.” Harri looked up at him, “I would rather stay in the shadows like I said however, being who I am and wanting to take on Dumbledore like I am, I can’t do that. If I let the media and the public interpret my actions on their own there is the chance they will skew them the wrong way and it could backfire on me. If I give them the facts I want them to know and look as if I’m cooperating, then they will be less inclined to turn on me when Dumbledore eventually goes after me. This is what Pepper taught me. Use the media to your advantage.”

“If you say so Potter.”

“I do.” Harri said brightly.

“So what is it you have to do later?” Severus asked curiously.

Harri raised an eyebrow at him, “Why do you ask?”

Severus stopped as they reached the ward line and studied her intently; she kept still, wandering what was on his mind. Finally he looked away, “Just wondering.” He said in monotone.

Harri’s other eyebrow joined the first, “Ah, I see. Those you previously worked under kept things from you which left you in a bind sometimes and you wanted to see if I would do the same.” She smiled, “Severus, I’m not going to lie and say that I will tell you everything. Even if we become close friends or even family I will only ever share somethings with my mates. However, if I ever have plans that may affect you in any way I will inform you and for certain plans I don’t have a problem sharing.” She turned and eyed the house in front of her with deeply ingrained distaste, “As for later, I need to go to New Mexico to set an alarm that will alert me when the Bifrost touches down. From all the stories Thor and Jane told me of his banishment and Jarvis and Clint’s input on the matter I have narrowed down the time of his banishment to sometime in the next week or so, I need to know when he lands so I can know when to go to Asgard to rescue Loki.”

Severus blinked at her several times, “I see.” He looked back to the house, his mind going a mile a minute with the information Harri had shared so nonchalantly. “Shall we?”

Harri gave a short nod, “Just let me get in character.” She closed her eyes and drew in a deep breath, as she let it out she changed. She hunched over and her eyes dulled; all positive emotion fell from her
face, replaced by resignation, sadness, and a tinge of fear. She looked up at Severus and let the faux
fear creep into her voice, “Do I really have to go back Professor? They don’t want me here.”

Severus was shocked at the sudden change in demeanor and, as he gazed down into the eyes that
had once belong to his best friend, he was close to folding under her gaze but he steeled himself and
turned away from her with his sneer firmly in place, “Nice try Potter but the Headmaster already
warned me of your exaggerations. You will be going back to your family one way or the other.”

“Yes Professor.” Harri said sullenly, she trudged up the drive behind him, her feet heavy and her
head down. Snape knocked on the door sharply and drew back a step to wait, his eyes drawn to the
downtrodden looking Harriet, she was an amazing actress.

The door flew open a few minutes later and they were greeted by Dudley who slouched there with a
candy bar hanging halfway from his mouth. He looked up at Snape questioningly before his eyes fell
to Harriet and disgust came over his features, “Mum! Dad! The freak is back!”

“What!” came a roar from inside, Harriet flinched. There was a loud series of thuds that served as
the whale’s footsteps before the door was yanked open further and Vernon appeared behind Dudley,
his eyes settling on Harri who shrunk under his gaze. Vernon’s eyes gleamed at the reaction and he
reached around Dudley to grab her by the wrist in an unforgiving grip, “The other freaks decided to
return you did they girl?” he drug her after him into the house, not caring that the awkward angle
created by Dudley’s presence threw her against the door frame.

Severus had simply watched all of this with wide eyes, not believing that the man would treat her
like that on his front porch. “Who are you?” Snape blinked and looked down at the pig like boy who
was still chewing wetly on his candy.

“I’m Severus Snape, a Professor at your cousin’s school.” He said flatly before pushing his way past
the boy and into the house, ignoring the child’s protests. He heard a screech and ducked into the
living room in just enough time to see Harriet’s bag being flung against the wall, the three snakes
falling halfway out with the force. Petunia was standing on a chair, looking fearfully at the snakes
while Vernon glared at Harriet.

“How dare you bring those filthy animals into our home!” Vernon roared, he backhanded Harriet
who stumbled backward into the wall, “Isn’t your freakishness enough?”

“Potter I think this is quite enough for me to being going off of for the future.” Severus said loudly,
the Dursleys all looked to him in surprise and confusion as he felt the Headmaster’s wards turn fuzzy
then a secrecy ward slam down around the front room where they had gathered. Harriet was up from
the wall in the next instant and she delivered a right hook right into Vernon’s nose, sending the
whale to the ground.

“Aw, what’s wrong Uncle Vernon? You can dish it but you can’t take it?” she cooed sweetly, eerily
reminding Severus of Bellatrix.

“How dare you hit your Uncle!” Petunia screeched, said Uncle was struggling to his feet slowly.

“How dare I?” Harri snapped, “How dare you forget the lesson I so nicely taught you last time!”
Petunia paled and ran over to hug Dudley protectively. Harri rolled her eyes and walked over to her
bag, she picked it up and then moved past the secrecy ward line to stand in the dining room.
“Professor come over here so the secrecy ward won’t effect you.” She said nonchalantly as she pulled
the snakes free and set them on the floor gently. Just as Snape reached Harri’s side Vernon lunged at
them and Harri grinned as she put up a containment ward just inside the secrecy ward, the man
bounced off of it and fell on his backside. “I’m sure you remember this one Uncle. Just sit tight, I’ll
deal with you in a minute.”

“What did you do to the Headmaster’s wards?” Snape asked as Harriet cast diagnostics on the dazed
snakes.

“It’s called the Black Ward Scrambler. It allows the wards to remain active but leaves them
essentially useless.” Harri said as she cast a general healing spell to get the three Marauders past their
shock of being thrown against a wall.

“That’s incredibly useful.” Severus mused.

“Yeah, the Black Grimoires have a whole bunch of great spells like that.” Harri said as she canceled
Remus’ transformation, “If you want to learn it you’ll have to ask Sirius, as the Lord he is the one to
yay or nay a non-family member learning Black Magic.” She cast the diagnostics on Remus again,
“You okay there Moony?”

“Fine.” Remus muttered, rubbing his head, “I’ll be sore in the morning though.”

Harri chuckled, “I bet.”

Just then James and Sirius transformed back with groans, “Fuck that hurt.” Sirius groaned.
“You said it Pads.” James said, stretching slightly and wincing.

“What is going on!” Vernon roared, he had managed to stand up again and was banging on the containment ward. “Get this freakishness out of my house this instant.”

Harri stepped from the group of wizards and crossed her arms as she stared at Vernon, “Your house Uncle? Come now, with all the money you owe me its more mine than yours.”

“We owe you nothing!” Petunia screeched, “We took you in, fed, and clothed you for ten years! We deserved that money!”

“You took me into abuse, fed me scraps only if I pleased you that day, and made me wear rags that I wouldn’t give to a street urchin!” Harri snarled, “You deserve nothing but a painful death.” The four wizards looked at her in surprise, they agreed but they hadn’t seen this vicious side of Harriet yet. Harri slid out her wand and twirled it around her fingers, “Luckily for you I can’t do that yet. I’m just here to reiterate what I expect from you and to make sure you understand your place.”

“Don’t forget to let us get in a couple shots!” James growled, pulling his wand and stepping up to Harri’s side.

Petunia squeaked and held on to Dudley tighter, Harri grinned, “I see you recognize my father Aunty.” She tapped her pointer finger against her chin and smoothed her face into a thoughtful look, “You know, I told him about my time with you guys.” All three Dursleys paled, “Funnily enough, it didn’t go well.” James threw the first hex at Vernon who screamed as painful boils broke out all over him, Harri smirked but laid a hand on her father’s arm, “Just remember you can’t kill them yet, and nothing permeant.”

“Got it.” James said, Remus and Sirius moved to flank him as Harri stepped back to enjoy the show.

“You Potter’s are always so dramatic.” Severus snorted from where he was leaning with his arms crossed to watch the Marauders Justice unfold. Remus was currently playing up his status as a werewolf to frighten Petunia even more as Sirius tormented Dudley with stinging hexes and nightmare charms.

“Says the man who deliberately billows his cloak as he walks to make himself look intimidating.” Harri shot back playfully, the corner of Severus’ mouth twitched upward. “Besides, it’s much more
fun like this.”

“Are you really going to kill them eventually?” Severus asked after a few minutes of comfortable silence.

Harri glanced at him, “Yes. Does that bother you Severus?”

Snape looked down at her in surprise when she said his name, “No.” he said after a few seconds of studying her, “However it might bother those three.” He said tilting his head to the Marauders, “Even though they participated in the last war and two were Aurors, they never killed unless absolutely necessary. At some point they will wonder why you don’t stop at bone breakers and cutting curses.”

Harri nodded, “They have yet to see real war. According to Madeye the last war was nothing like the one to come.” Harri said, she got a faraway look in her eyes, “The second Wizarding War was a million times worse than the first. Even the Order members who held strong to Dumbledore’s projected front of peace, tolerance, and forgiveness killed with hesitation near the end. There was simply no other way.” She blinked and shook herself, “Of course I will also do anything to protect my family. I was like that even before my phoenix animagus, however afterward the drive to protect them got stronger. Merlin help anyone who decides to hurt ones a phoenix sees as flock.” She brushed at her pants agitatedly, “Like I said, I was protective before but the day after my phoenix emerged one of the soldiers staying at the castle made comment to Tony that made him withdraw into himself in a way that rarely happened. Previously I would have threatened him just enough for him to see that I was serious but that day with my new instincts kicking in I beat the man so badly that he was in the hospital wing for a month.”

Again, Severus was surprised, he shook it off, “I thought phoenixes were solitary creatures.”

Harri laughed, “Males are solitary after they reach maturity until they find their mate, then they rejoin their original flock or their mates flock. Females however are very family oriented creatures. They attach themselves to other phoenixes and protect them whether the other birds want them or not. When they mate and have young, those become the most important to them but they are still protective of their flock.” She shifted, “For me it’s a little different because obviously I’m human as well. My flock are the Avengers and a few others. That paired with the way I was raised makes me latch on to certain people quickly. I’m extremely protective, even beyond phoenix standards because of losing many of the people I loved to the same man, the person who was only targeting them because he was coming after me.”

“I see.” Severus said quietly.
Harri nodded, “So, yes, I know they might not agree with me killing but I will do what is necessary to ensure that my family is safe.” She gave a lopsided smile, “And Avenge any of my family I can’t protect. That’s what an Avenger does after all.” Severus chuckled. Harri pushed off from the table and walked over to still the Marauders wands, “That’s enough for now.” The Dursleys were all laying in various levels of disarray on the front room floor. Dudley was blubbering under the effects of the nightmare charm and his arms and legs were red after so many stinging hexes. Petunia was shaking under Moony’s gaze, her arms littered with small cuts and blisters. Vernon was by far the worst, he was shaking as he lay there with his left arm at an awkward angle, the blisters starting to burst painfully, and his legs pressed together as he recovered from being magically castrated. Harriet looked to her father with amusement, “I said nothing permeant but I can’t say I’m unhappy by the development.”

James grinned, “Thought you’d like it!”

Harri giggled before looking back at the Dursleys, “Well this was fun huh?” they all glared at her only to flinch when the Marauders flanked her and stood there menacingly. “Now that they’ve had their fun let me remind of you the new rules of this house. You will continue to pretend I live here during the summer until I’m seventeen, you are still prevented from telling anyone about this,” she leaned forward and tapped on the wards which rippled into view around them, “So I wouldn’t try unless you have a thing for pain. Get your story together, you’ll need one. If you don’t do this and this gets back to me or you try to run, I will ruin you in every way possible. Your money.” She said looking at Vernon before looking to Petunia, “Your reputation. Everything. It will all be gone and once you’re more miserable than I was growing up here I will take the last things you have to give me. Understood?” they nodded dejectedly, “Good.” She drew her wand, “Don’t expect all this to be gone when you wake, this was very much real.” In the next second, all three were asleep. “Someone fix the broken arm; the rest can stay. They’ll fade eventually.” She said as she took down the wards.

“Yes Boss.” Sirius said cheekily.

Harri rolled her eyes and turned to Snape, “You want to come with us to New Mexico? Or do you have things to do?”

“I have to report back to Dumbledore.” Snape said with a shake of his head, “Send me a portkey if you need me otherwise I’ll see you next year.”

Harri held out her hand to him and he shook it without hesitation, “See you then Professor.” Snape released her hand and nodded to the Marauders before walking from the house. “Ready to go?” Harri asked.

“All done cub.” Remus said, dropping Vernon’s newly healed arm none to gently on the ground.
Harri nodded, “Good, we need to go to the ward line in the backyard so we can flame to New Mexico.” She said, leading them through the back sliding doors.

“Do we need to be snakes again?” Sirius whined.

Harri chuckled, “No, you’re good until tomorrow.”

“Yes!” Sirius exclaimed, he stretched, “It’s so good to walk around for a bit.”

“What, our morning training wasn’t enough for you?” Harri teased.

“No that was just exhausting.” James complained.

“Well you stronger for it so I don’t see why your complaining.”

“Because it’s fun?” James replied in a ‘duh’ voice.

Harri rolled her eyes and stopped just beyond the wards, once the other three were past the line she cut the ward scrambler. “Grab hold.” She said, James and Remus took her hands while Sirius placed a hand on her shoulder. Her blue flames engulfed them and in the next second they were standing on the edge of a tiny town, just under a huge sign that proclaimed ‘Puente Antiguo, Home of the Vikings’. Harri looked up at the sign and nodded, “We’re here.” The Marauders released her and followed as she darted through town, they kept watch as she put specialized detection runes across certain doorways that she was sure that Thor would pass over as well as a large dormant ward around the town that would help protect it from damage once the Destroyer set foot within the circle.

Finally, they snuck over to Jane, Darcy, Erik’s field lab. “How is this going to help find where the Bifrost touches down?” James whispered to her as they crouched behind the old diner under notice-me-not and disillusionment charms.

Harri rubbed at the back of her neck, “It won’t actually. I should have said something different when I was describing it to Severus. According to Thor and Jane’s story of how they met, Jane, Darcy, and Erik were storm chasing when the Bifrost hit. I can’t be sure where exactly it comes down. I can, however, try to take a look at their notes and see where they’re focusing and try to get a more
accurate hit based on that. Push comes to shove I’ll really be able to pinpoint it after Thor arrives and can come place more detection runes around the site. It won’t take long and I won’t have to keep it up long either. Thor ended up only being banished for something like three days.” Harri said with a roll of her eyes.

“What really?” Sirius snorted, “I was kicked out of my house longer than that when I was eight.”

Harri sighed and nodded, “Yeah, it’s a tad ridiculous but Odin is a push over when it comes to punishing Thor and Thor himself will change quickly enough in the face of a pretty girl.” Harri giggled, pointing to where Jane was stepping into view, a pencil tucked behind her ear as she ranted to Erik. Darcy was lounging in one of the rolling chairs, playing on her phone.

“So that’s Thor’s wife?” James asked, sizing the woman up.

“No yet.” Harri laughed, “But yes, if things go the same way this time this is the future Queen of Asgard.”

“Who is the other woman?” Remus asked, his eyes a little wide as watched her tongue stick out a bit as she focused on what she was doing.

Harri’s eyes shot to Remus and she grinned, “That’s Darcy Lewis, Jane’s friend. She’s pretty huh Moony?”

The werewolf jolted and looked away from her with a small blush, “Um, no.”

“Prongs, Moony has a thing for a girl he hasn’t even met yet!” Sirius crowed.

“She is quite the looker there Moony.” James chuckled.

Harri looked between Remus and Darcy who had jumped up with her arms set in the touchdown pose, prompting Jane and Erik to laugh at her enthusiasm for whatever it was she was celebrating. “I could see it. You guys would be cute together.”

Remus was blushing even worse now, “Just figure where we need to set things up and let’s go.” He
grumbled.

Harri giggled but turned back to diner, she pulled out a small pair of binoculars and looked over what papers were visible. After several minutes of nothing she sighed and put her binoculars back, she bit her lip and ran through different scenarios in her head. Finally, she brightened with a snap of her fingers and led the Marauders around the building where she climbed onto the hood of Jane’s van.

“What are you doing Princess?” James asked as she started marking small runes around the windshield.

“When Thor arrives he hits their windshield. Since they were storm chasing I don’t have a specific place to look but these runes will tell me when a body impacts the glass. I’m, like, ninety percent sure that Jane will only hit one person with this van in the next couple weeks.” Harri said excitedly, “After that I can come and set up the runes around the Bifröst sight.”

“Better finish quickly then.” Sirius said, “I hear them coming out.”

Harri nodded and sped up as much as she could, three runes away she heard Erik’s voice coming closer. “Go around the corner!” she hissed, the Marauders ran around the corner to hide as she finished the next rune. Two runes later she rolled from the hood and then underneath the car just as Jane, Darcy, and Erik came around the corner. She changed to Godiva and crouched in place while the three got into the van, once all the doors were closed she darted around the corner to the Marauders.

Godiva changed back to Harriet in an instant and she grinned at the Marauders, “Let’s go home.” All three grinned and she flamed them to Potter Manner. Home.

The next day around noon found Harriet under a cloak making her way toward Gringotts. She had just finished with her interview and Photoshoot with Rita at the Leaky Cauldron. It had been long and tedious but she had pushed through to finally get her plans going. It would be up in a few days after she was tucked safely away at the Manor for the summer. Now she had just sent the Marauders back to the Manor to wait for Luna and get ready for their night out while she was going to meet with her mate’s older brothers and retrieve the weapons she had requested from her vaults.

As she stepped into Gringotts her eyes drifted over the occupants and her eyebrows rose when she saw a group of red heads standing near a desk, arguing with a goblin. As she took in their identities she breathed in a sigh of relief, glad that she had changed out of her uniform and into the clothes she was wearing out with Luna later before she left the leaky Cauldron, if she had shown up in her school uniform there was sure to be questions. Standing at the counter was not only Charlie Weasley but also Percy Weasley, who seemed disgruntled, and her mates, looking determined as they argued.
She made sure her hood was in place and walked over to the high desk and cleared her throat delicately.

All of the Weasleys looked back at her with frowns which she ignored and looked up to the goblin, “Greetings, may the gold be flowing in your favor today.” She recited, out of the corner of her eye she saw the twins relax as they recognized her voice. “What is the problem here?”

“And may your enemies be trembling before you today.” The goblin responded, “Only one of these people have been summoned to a meeting and he brought his brothers with him without warning or consent from the summoning partying.”

“I see.” Harriet willed all of her rings onto her hand and held it up for the goblin to inspect, “I am the summoning party and while they should have warned us beforehand…” she said with a quick look to the twins who looked sheepish, “I will allow them into the meeting at this time.”

The goblin inspected her rings, his eyes going wide when he came to the Ambrosius and LeFay rings. “As you wish Lady LeFay. Griphook is expecting you.” He straightened and Harri let her hand fall back down to her side, “Do you know the way to the meeting room or shall I call an escort?”

“I know my way, thank you. May your gold ever flow.”

“It’s my pleasure Lady LeFay.” The goblin said with a bow, “And may your enemies fall before your blade.”

Harri inclined her head and motioned for the Weasleys to follow behind her as she walked over to the double doors that lead to the offices. As soon as the door closed behind them Harri pulled her hood off and looked to the twins questioningly, “Warning would have been nice.”

The twins scratched at the backs of their necks unison and looked down, “Yeah, sorry.” George started.

“We didn’t even think about not being able to get in.” Fred said.

Harri rolled her eyes and tutted jokingly, “You need to think before you act, this is what almost got you eaten by a Cerberus.”
“What?!” Percy exclaimed, his eyes wide.

“We never told them about that.” Fred muttered.

Harriet grinned, “I thought not.”

“You did it on purpose.” George pouted.

“Of course.” Harri grinned before turning, “Now, onward. You can have that discussion later.”

“Don’t think you’ll get out of that one.” Percy muttered to the twins fiercely, they latched onto Harri with exaggerated pouts on their faces.

Harriet ignored the interaction and pulled her mates forward as she continued on to the meeting room; luckily, since it was a meeting room meant for client-client meetings, it wasn’t too far away. Harri stepped through with the twins to see that Griphook and Bill were already seated at the table, Griphook on one side with a big bundle of cloth in front of him and two files while Bill sat on the other looking nervous. Harri shook the twins off gently and went around to sit next to Griphook even as Bill looked to his brothers in surprise, they all sat with him. Charlie went to ask a question but Bill held up a hand to him in warning.

Griphook pulled a ward stone from under the table and set it on top, “In the Gringotts Meeting room everyone will be placed under a secrecy ward before proceedings start. To protect the one who called the meeting their blood will be tied into the ward so only they can give permission for the information to be released freely to those not in the room. Those of you who don’t wish for this to be placed on you, please exit without sound.” Griphook paused for several seconds but the Weasley brothers stayed in place and he nodded, “Lady LeFay, if you would.” Harri nodded and conjured a small ice blade, she cut across her hand just enough to draw blood, and pressed it to the ward stone. The ward sprung up around them and settled quickly, Griphook nodded, “Now we may proceed.”

“What is this all about?” Bill asked right off the bat.

Harri raised an eyebrow at him before looking to Griphook, “You didn’t tell him anything.”
“Just that his employer wished to talk to him.” Griphook said.

Harri sighed and looked to the twins, “Do you want to take this? I have the proof to back it up so if you would feel better talking to your brothers about it you can.” The twins shared a glance and nodded, Harri smiled and slid one of the files over to the twins, “I’m right here if you guys need me to help explain anything.” They nodded and moved their chairs so they were sitting facing their brothers, George taking the file into his lap. While that was starting Griphook unfolded the bundle of cloth with Harriet’s requested weapons and opened the second folder, she began inspecting each one, filling out the paperwork for the item, and then storing them in the dimensional pocket Loki had taught her to create.

The twins glanced at their brothers nervously; while they knew that their brothers loved them, they had always been set apart from the family by their pranks and their own close bond. They were very rarely taken seriously and the toleration for behavior that was normal for a pair if magical twins fluctuated on a day to day biases. Hell, their own father seemed to forget them most of the time for the eldest and youngest of the group and their mother often acted like they weren’t even her children. Would their brothers even believe them? Would they side with their mother and younger siblings? Would they need to be obliviated?

Their slowly spiraling thoughts were halted when they heard a soft humming behind them, they looked back to see Harri filling out a paper with a sheathed dagger in front of her. She glanced up through her eyelashes and smiled softly as she went back to the paper and continued humming. The twins looked to each other and their resolve strengthened, For Harriet. They thought as one.

“Fred? George?” Bill asked, looking between them expectantly, “Talk to us.”

Fred took a deep breath, “It’s about Mom, Ron, and Ginny.”

“And to a certain extent Dumbledore but he is a whole other problem.” George said.

“They have been stealing from Harriet.” Fred said with a scowl.

“And dosing her with a whole bunch of potions.” George added.

“And putting compulsions on her.” Fred threw in.
“They planned on having Harriet marry Ron to get control of her fortune.” George growled, angry at the mere thought of Harriet being joined to anyone other than himself and Fred. Fred’s growl joined George’s at the thought and the humming picked up a little, instantly calming them down. “Dumbledore and a muggle born are in on it as well though we’re not sure what all they’re getting out of this.”

“Probably power and knowledge.” Fred grumbled. They looked at their brothers, curious about their reactions. Charlie, who had already heard this, had his jaw locked and was staring at the file in George’s hand; Bill and Percy looked skeptical. The twin’s anxiety grew a bit.

“The file Fred, George.” Harri hummed gently.

George remembered the file and opened it. The first page was a copy of the third test parchment that Harriet had gotten that day a year ago. It had a full list of every compulsion, potion, and block that had been on Harri that day as well as the horcrux before she had them all removed, even the ones the twins hadn’t known about. George handed it to Bill, Percy and Charlie leaned over both of his shoulders to look at it, all of their eyes widening as they read.

“Manager Griphook is this document legitimate?” Bill asked with wide eyes.

“I ran it myself Curse Breaker Weasley.” Griphook responded, not taking his eyes from the documents he was currently signing, “I also participated in the long difficult rituals that removed all of those long set in items from Lady LeFay’s body.”

“Hurt like a bitch.” Harriet muttered under her breath, Griphook chuckled.

“What does a soulmate suppression potion have to do with stealing from her and trying to control her?” Percy asked, his eyes dragging over the list of potions.

“If she found her soulmates they wouldn’t be able to enact what they had been planning.” George said.

“Soulmates? As in more than one?” Charlie asked in surprise, “How do you....” his eyes widened, “You two are her soulmates!” Bill and Percy both looked from the paper to the twins in shock.

“Yep!” the twins said in unison, puffing up their chests proudly, Harri smirked at that.
Charlie grinned, “So she is your girlfriend!” Bill chuckled while Percy rolled his eyes; the twins just blushed, remembering their stuttering denial before they had known the truth, Harri giggled.

“Do you have proof of the thefts?” the ever serious Percy asked, getting them back on task.

George opened the file again and pulled out a whole stack of withdrawal and payment orders authorized by Dumbledore going back as far as the day after Voldemort attacked as well as documents stating when Dumbledore took artifacts or books from Harriet’s vaults. Bill, Charlie, and Percy all split the stack and started looking over things.

Bill, who had the oldest documents, frowned, “Who are the Dursleys?” everyone looked to Harriet curiously.

“My muggle family who I was placed with after Voldemort’s attack.” Harri said flatly, her hands tightened on the spear she was holding and the gem embedded in the point started to glow, “Dumbledore authorized those payments to them not to subsidize my living with them but to further his own agenda. They already hated beings with magic but Dumbledore paid them that amount to mistreat me, to beat me, starve me, bully me psychologically, to the abuse me to the extent that I would need saving.” She sneered the last word and her magic rose, seconds later two foxes appeared before her and she calmed instantly. She smiled and put down the spear to rub at their ears, “It’s easier to control someone who craves approval and acceptance. If they are happy and confident it’s a real struggle to control them. So Dumbledore set that monthly payment with the stipulation that they treat me as they did.”

All of the Weasleys were looking at her with wide disbelieving eyes, “That….that can’t be…..but Dumbledore.” Bill rasped, Harri’s eyes flicked up to him and the twin foxes pressed closer to her.

“I swear on my magic that what I have just told is true.” Harri said flatly, she glowed for a second before casting a lumos. Once the light spell lifted into the center of the room Bill shrunk in the face of Harri’s gaze. The twins abandoned their stunned brothers and walked around the table to hug Harriet, she sagged into them even as the foxes rubbed against her arms reassuringly.

Percy cleared his throat awkwardly and Harri looked to him from her spot in the center of the twin circle, “So I assume that from all of this that Dumbledore is not in fact your Guardian.”

“No, he illegally placed himself in that spot with the help of a corrupt goblin.” Harri said.
“A goblin who has since been taken care of.” Griphook gruffed, “The disgrace.” Bill paled, knowing exactly what the punishment was for something like this, beheading. “Even if he was legally her Guardian, which again he is not, he would only have been able to take out a small set amount each month to be used for Harriet alone. All of the payments to various accounts well exceed that amount and the artifacts and books he took shouldn’t have been able to be accessed at all.”

Percy and Bill nodded in understanding, going back to their papers when Charlie spoke up, “What was all this leading up to? Just the marriage?”

The twins tightened their grip on Harri who shook her head, “No, once I had been married off they would wait until I had produced an heir and then I would ‘have an accident’. After I was dead all of the accounts would be accessible to my husband to care for the child unless otherwise stated in my will. If I had continued on under the potions and such I would never have thought to make a provision like that, leaving them to split up all of my assets between them.” The twins were gripping her almost painfully at this point while the other three Weasleys looked horrified.

“That’s line theft!” Bill exclaimed.

“Yes, it is.” Harri said, she stopped petting the foxes to calm their younger counterparts. “Calm down guys.” She said softly, “It won’t happen. We caught it in time.” Their grips only loosened a bit as they buried their faces in her shoulders.

“Alright.” Bill said, tossing his stack down, “I believe you, but why bring us into this?” Percy and Charlie nodded and looked to Harri.

She planted herself with the twins still clinging to her, her face turned hard. The foxes, sensing the seriousness coming through the broken bond their power was clinging to, sat in front of her at attention with their tails wrapped around their fore paws and their ears up straight. “I brought you into this so you would know what was going on, but also so the twins wouldn’t lose all of their family.” She felt them tense at her back, “Make no mistake, no matter what happens they will be punished for stealing from and plotting against me in such a way. How they are punished depends on if they continue on as they are currently as they scramble to regain control of me or if they admit their mistakes and attempt to atone. If you chose to side with them I will not hesitate to bring you down with them. If you chose to be neutral, then I will leave you be but you will have no protection from whatever comes after. If you side with me, you’ll be safer. I won’t lie and say it’ll be perfect but I never abandon one of my own and I would rather the twins have some family in this trying time.” She held up a hand when Charlie opened his mouth to speak, “Don’t answer now, it’s a big thing. You need to truly think it over; I won’t be responsible for regret later. However, I do expect an answer within the next week. If you don’t answer before then I will come and obliterate you to keep my mates and myself safe. Do you understand?” all three nodded solemnly.
Bill raised a hand awkwardly and Harri raised an eyebrow in question, “What does this have to do with you having me contracted under Griphook?”

“It doesn’t have anything to do with this.” Harri said flatly, “No matter what you choose I would like to keep you contracted with Griphook at the moment. You remember reading about the horcrux in my scar right?” he nodded, “Do you know what horcruxes are?”

Bill’s eyebrows furrowed, “They’re dark magic. A soul container.” He ended uncertainly.

Harri nodded, “A wizard or witch will split their soul by the killing of an innocent. As long as there is a piece of them on this earth in the form of that horcrux they can’t die.” Charlie and Percy’s eyes were wide, “The horcrux contained in my scar was a piece of Voldemort’s soul.” Bill’s jaw dropped open, “He made others as well. A few are protected by strong wards and curses, I need the expertise of a Curse Breaker.”

“I. I see.” Bill stuttered.

Harri nodded, “Good. You need to go think things over. I will expect your answers within the week.” They nodded weakly and left silently. Harri watched as Mischief and Mayhem disappeared and then she stored the spear which was the final requested weapon, a present for Loki. She looked over to Griphook and he took all of the finished acquisition forms and left with a bow. Harri tugged gently on the twins’ shirts, “You guys okay?” they loosened their grip enough for her to turn and face them. She nudged their chins up so she could smile at them, “Smile my mischief makers. You don’t look right with frowns.” Their lips twitched upward and they relaxed just the tiniest bit, “I can’t help if you don’t talk to me.”

“What if they side with mum?” they asked as one. Fred’s brow furrowed, “The promise of money was enough for Ron and Ginny.”

“What if Bill, Charlie, and Percy are taken in by that?” George asked.

“Or worse,”

“What if they choose to be neutral?”
“Essentially ignoring all of us one way or the other!” the twins said with wide eyes.

“Those three don’t strike me as ones to be drawn in by promises of money or power, empty or not.” Harri said soothingly, “And if I saw any indication that they were drawn to the others way of thinking I would not have let them leave.” She rubbed gently at their arms, “If, for whatever reason, they do decide to side with them I know it will be a hard pill to swallow, betrayal of any kind always is, but you will always have me by your sides.” They relaxed completely at that so she decided to tease them a bit, “Or you know, right between you, as you seem to like me as the center in a twin sandwich.”

They chuckled and squashed her between them in said twin sandwich, “A twin sandwich with Harriet filling.” Fred laughed.

“They best sandwich since a peanut butter and jelly.” George crowed.

Harri giggled and continued to tease them even as she prayed to anyone that was listening that Bill, Charlie, and Percy sided with them. For the twins’ sakes.

Chapter End Notes

No time to write notes to get this out on time so Review with any questions about the chapter!

The only thing I will comment on at this point is the three day banishment for Thor. I'm not sure if that's the real amount of time or what but the movie was never very clear on that, its one of the things that movie failed at. It SEEMED like a very short time. Also, I was watching the Honest Trailer and they mention it that as the time frame, so that's what I'm going with. If you haven't looked at Honest Trailers or Cinema Sins on YouTube, DO SO! They are awesome and hilarious!

See you next time!
Slow Burn

Chapter Notes

What's this? An early chapter? How is that possible?
Hey guys! Here is an early update for you! Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Over the next few days while staying at the Burrow, Bill, Charlie, and Percy watched their family that had at some point grown apart. The twins spent most of their time in their room and, during the few times they weren’t in their room, they glared at Ron, Ginny, and Molly. Arthur seemed oblivious to it all, he would treat everyone like he always had, he didn’t even seem to realize the twins’ absence most of the time. Once they were really focusing on the interactions they saw that Molly acted different as well, she seemed almost disgusted by her surroundings and babied Ron and Ginny all the time. Ron and Ginny themselves seemed almost delusional, Ron talking about how Harriet was surely falling in love with him and Ginny proclaiming that they were sure to be the best of friends the second they met.

During those days after the meeting Bill, Charlie, and Percy also saw how everyone truly treated the twins and how much it affected them. Arthur would pay attention to them but the moment another child or his wife came along he completely abandon what he had been doing with the twins while if the other children had been there first the twins would be sent away. The older three felt worse when they realized that the same things usually happened when they were involved. Molly seemed to ignore them all together, only talking to them if it was to scold them for one thing or the other, almost acting as if they weren’t her children at all. Ron and Ginny followed Molly’s example, only laughing when the twins got in trouble. No one seemed to take the two seriously, no matter their tone and they often ignored them just because their answers to certain problems came in twin speak; again, the elder brothers felt worse when they realized they did the same. The twins seemed to accept all of this behavior as normal, though the hurt and disappointment was still visible in their eyes at times; it was no wonder they spent so much time by themselves in their room.

Three days after the meeting the entire family was sitting down for breakfast. At this point, though they had not sent Harriet their answer, Bill, Charlie, and Percy were feeling protective of the twins. They had shuffled their seating arrangement with little more than a glance at each other so that Bill and Charlie flanked the twins and Percy sat across from them, taking up extra room by having his books at the table. The rest of the family gave a few complaints but after the three refused to budge they had just accepted it; the twins had shared a frown but shrugged it off. The three eldest children were still on the fence about the Harriet issue with all the information and behavior they had been taking in over the last couple days; they didn’t know their minds would be made up before breakfast was over.

“Mails here!” Arthur called jovially as several birds flew into the small dining room through the
window. The twins perked up when they recognized the snowy owl gliding gracefully through the window just before Errol hit the glass, the twins ignored Errol’s most recent crash as Hedwig landed primly between them and offered the letter held in her beak.

“That’s Harriet’s owl!” Ron exclaimed, pointing at Hedwig with his sausage link. The twins ignored him as they took the letter from the snowy owl and pet her feathers gently before she took off. She swooped over to snatch Ron’s sausage before flying out to the twins’ laughter.

“I wouldn’t point meat at Hedwig!” Fred laughed.

“She takes offence to it!” George added as he brought the letter up from his lap to read.

Ron ignored their comments and glared at the twins, “Give me that! It’s obviously meant for me.”

“Hedwig brought…”

“the letter to us.” The twins said with raised eyebrows.

“Why would the-girl-who-lived want to write to you?” Ginny practically sneered, Bill and Charlie looked at her with wide disbelieving eyes.

“The bloody bird just brought it to the wrong person.” Ron said, holding out his hand expectantly toward the twins.

“Ronald! Language!” Molly scolded before looking to Fred and George, “Boys, if the letter is for Ron give it to him. There is no reason to make a big deal of this.”

“It’s addressed to us!” the twins argued.

“Nonsense. Ron’s friend will be wanting him to get her letter.” Molly admonished them, with a flick of her wand she summoned the letter from the twins over to the table in front of Ron, “There.”

The second Ron’s hand touched the letter it glowed red and started a loud beeping which switched
over to honking which then switched over to a wailing before going back to the beeping. Ron sat frozen and the longer he held the letter the louder the noise got, making everyone but the twins cover their ears; the twins were slumped over in their seats laughing. Finally, Ron dropped the letter making it fall silent.

Without a word Bill levitated the letter in front of him, “Mum, it is addressed to Fred and George. I’m pretty sure that we should let them have it unless you want to hear that muggle car alarm noise all morning.”

Molly huffed as the twins took their letter back and focused on the Daily Prophet Owl that swooped in through the window, she took the paper from bird and placed her payment into bird sack before she opened the paper. “What’s this?!” she screeched, her eyes looking over the paper.

“Molly,” Arthur said patiently, “Just make the copies and pass it around.” She made the copies and passed it around without letting her eyes stray from the front page. When the eldest three children received the paper they could instantly see what their mother was Screaming over.

On front page under the glaring headline of ‘Our Abandoned Savior!’ was a big picture of Harriet gazing shyly at the camera, every so often she would draw hair behind her ear before it fell in her face again; she was wearing her school uniform and her snakes were wrapped around her in various places, Raion was around her neck while Toshi was wrapped around her left forearm and Tenrou was curled around her right bicep. Next to that picture was an article by none other than Rita Skeeter.

Dear Readers, you would never guess who I ran into at Diagon Alley the other day. Our Savior, Harriet Rose Potter, The-Girl-Who-Lived! I was quick to ask for an interview and the shy dear graciously agreed to allow my line of questioning. However, I never expected what I was about to learn. I hope you are all sitting, because this exclusive interview knocked me for a loop!

Rita: Thank you for agreeing to this interview Miss Potter.

Harriet: You’re welcome Miss Skeeter. Are you sure people will want to read about me?

(I almost cooed at the shy girl readers, she is so sweet!)

Rita: I’m sure, you are our Savior! The people will be delighted to hear from you!
Rita: So, how have you been adjusting coming back into the Wizarding World after ten years away?

Harriet: It’s been a quite a bit of culture shock to be honest. I wasn’t even aware that I was a witch when my letter arrived so this was, understandably, a big adjustment for me.

(I was shocked dear readers and I had to ask....)

Rita: You didn’t know you were a witch? Didn’t your relatives tell you of your illustrious background.

Harriet: No, they did not. They despise anything they do not deem ‘normal’ though, so I can see why they did not.

Rita: I see, if they didn’t tell you that you were a witch then how did they explain your accidental magic? (Miss Potter started to draw in on herself and refused to meet my gaze. My readers, I am not a coldhearted person but I knew you would demand truth from my reporting.) You don’t need to go into detail dear.

Harriet: They knew it was me of course, so they reacted rather... (she paused and bit her lip) violently in an attempt to...stop my magic’s reaction.

(I was stunned dear readers! Stunned! Could she be implying what I thought?)

Rita: Oh dear, that cannot have been good. Surely they knew that you had no control over that.

Harriet: It didn’t matter to them; magic wasn’t part of their definition of ‘normal’. Since I had magic it meant I wasn’t normal and that scared them.

Rita: Did no one ever check on you? Surely your Magical Guardian wouldn’t have allowed that sort of behavior!
(Miss Potter looked at me with genuine confusion.)

Harriet: I have a Magical Guardian?

(I could not believe this readers! I had to say something to the poor dear.)

Rita: Yes, every magical orphan is assigned one. I assume this means your Guardian never came to check on you?

Harriet: Not that I’m aware of Miss Skeeter. (she glanced over at the clock in the bar and I could see a bit of fear come across her face) I’m sorry, I need to be getting home before I anger my relatives.

Rita: I see; may I talk to you again some time dear?

(Readers, how one who had been through so much could give me such a bright smile I will never know.)

Harriet: I would like that. You’ve been very kind.

That, readers, is the end of my short interview with Harriet Potter, The-Girl-Who-Lived. However, it was not the end of my questions I assure you! Eleven years ago when dear Harriet defeat the evil Dark Lord to grant us these years of peace, were we not assure by Albus Dumbledore that our Savior was safe and loved? It certainly doesn’t sound like she was safe with those who “reacted rather violently” to accidental magics that children have no hope of controlling and how much was our Savior loved if she is afraid to anger her relatives? Why did Dumbledore never check up on our Savior after he placed her with that family? Why did her Magical Guardian never present themselves to their charge to protect her? Have we, those who have enjoyed peace due to a little girl’s sacrifice, abandoned our Savior to those who feared and hated her because she was born a witch? I don’t know these answers dear readers but be assured that I will not rest until I have brought you the truth!

Rita Skeeter,

Daily Prophet Correspondent

Silence reigned at the Weasley’s table until Molly exploded, “How dare that woman question
Dumbledore! He did what was best!” the twins glared at their mum from where they sat clutching their copy of the paper.

Arthur frowned, “Molly, Rita couldn’t say it in the article but it sounds like those people are abusing Harriet. Maybe we should do something.”

The youngest two startled at that but Molly was quick to shut down Arthur’s thoughts on the subject, “Nonsense Arthur, that girl is just blowing this out of proportion. Girls of her age can be quite dramatic and then Skeeter just blew it out of proportion like she always does.”

Arthur tilted his head a little with a frown before relaxing and nodding, “If you’re certain dear.” Percy and Charlie frowned at each other, they hadn’t really noticed before how much their father let their mother think for him.

“Of course I’m certain!” Molly exclaimed, “Dumbledore would never do anything that wasn’t for the greater good.”

“How is sending Harriet to abusive relatives for the greater good?” Percy asked, “And why wouldn’t he or anyone have checked on her? She is a very important person in our world.”

Molly scoffed and waved him off, “You’re too young to understand Percy.”

“Then explain it to me.” Bill jumped in, “I’m old enough. Where was her Magical Guardian in all this? She’s the magical worlds hero. Dumbledore was the one to place her, he should have checked on her too.”

“She’s just blowing her punishments out of proportion for attention.” Ron piped up, “There was no reason to check on her.”

“Whether that part was true or not, someone should have checked on her.” Charlie pointed out, “Magical children develop different and are susceptible to different things than muggle children. She should have been checked on by her Guardian to make sure she was alright. They would have had to make contact with her to make sure she was okay.”

While the family continued to argue, the twins slipped from the table unnoticed and ran up to their room. They collapsed onto their pushed together single beds and ripped at the envelope from Harriet.
Once they had it open a smaller packet fell out with a folded sheet of parchment, Fred took the parchment and unfolded it carefully. “To my Mischief Makers,” He read, “I’m sure you saw today’s paper and have drawn conclusions about Rita’s article. I have a pretty good guess of what you’re thinking so I have written to make sure you two stay out of trouble for the moment. I don’t need rescued; I’m not staying with my relatives like the article implied but no one knows that yet. I’m quite safe so don’t worry. I’ll see you in a couple weeks.” Fred looked over to his brother, “How did she know we were going to come after her?”

“She knows us too well.” George said with a smile, Fred grinned in response and nodded. George picked up the smaller packet and looked at it, “This has the Marauder’s seal on it.” He said excitedly, Fred leaned into his brother as he took in the seal from the workshop on the envelope. George opened it and pulled out a small stack of thick card like objects and another slip of parchment, “To Harriet’s twins, We assume you saw the picture of Harriet in the paper today and we thought you might like a copy of that one as well as a few others. We heard that you said you would miss her over break, so this is the best we can for you in the absence of your other half. Signed The Marauders.” He frowned and leaned closer to look at chicken scratch that looked to be added last minute, “P.S. Don’t try anything funny with the pictures, you won’t like what I’ve charmed them to do. -Prongs.”

The twins both blushed at the insinuation as George tossed the parchment down. Fred groaned, “They’ll be around every corner, ready to prank us for looking at their little girl the wrong way.”

“We’re never getting laid.” George moaned.

Chuckling from their door alerted them to the fact that they weren’t alone anymore; Bill, Charlie, and Percy stood leaning in the doorway looking at them in amusement, “I think you two are a little young to worry about never getting laid.” Charlie laughed.

“Or getting laid in general.” Bill grumbled under his breath.

“You don’t understand who we’re up against.” Fred said with a slightly traumatized look; they had read and memorized the Marauders Journal and Compendium after all, they had a pretty good idea of what would be coming at them.

“And that’s not taking into account if her brothers get in on it.” George muttered.

“I wasn’t aware that she had brothers.” Percy said, instantly the twins were on guard. Harriet hadn’t told them if it was okay to tell others about that and their brothers hadn’t chosen a side yet.
Bill held up his hands in a placating gesture once the twins tensed, “Easy you two. We won’t push at the moment. Right Perc?” he nudged Percy who sighed and nodded, “We just wanted to see how you guys were doing after mum went off like that.”

“We’re fine.” They said shortly, in unison.

Charlie smiled at them, “Calm down guys. I think this morning made it pretty clear what we’re going to choose.” The twins tensed even further, they drew close together and edged their wands out in preparation to take Harriet’s portkeys to her and warn her immediately.

“Yes, clearly mom has gone off her rocker with her blind faith in Dumbledore.” Bill plowed on, noticing the twins going for their wands and not wanting them to do anything drastic, “And if she knew about the abuse and wanted it to work in her, Ron, and Ginny’s favor then obviously she is not who we thought. We’ll send Harriet our acceptance before lunch.”

The twins relaxed instantly and smiled at their older brothers, hope making its way tentatively onto their faces, “Thank you.” They said softly. Their older brothers walked closer and pulled them into a group hug, when they separated the twins glanced at each other before looking at their brothers nervously, “You know we…”

“Won’t be able to tell you….”

“Anything else until Harriet give the okay,”

“Right?”

Bill stepped back and sighed, “Yes we know.”

“Just don’t expect me to be happy about it.” Percy grumbled, his brothers all laughed good naturedly at him.

While the Weasley boys were bonding, Harriet was skulking through the desert fifty miles outside Puente Antiguo, New Mexico with Luna swaying behind her. Harri smiled at her sister, she wasn’t one for sneaking but she had simply latched onto Harri when she had made to go and mark the Bifrost sight. Since it was more of a recon mission Harri didn’t have any problems with her coming
along, especially with her so close to her burning date; she had already been having weak spells and moments where her body felt like it was moving through water. It made her feel better to have someone with her to sit with her through those moments.

They had already marked the Bifrost to alert Harri once Thor stepped inside the circle and called Heimdall, now they were just checking on Shield. It was three in the morning here in New Mexico but they knew that the Shield base would still be up and crawling with agents trying to figure out Thor’s hammer, later this evening they would get a visit from Thor himself but they weren’t aware of that yet.

Harriet drew Luna gently down next to her as she knelt on a rise just a little way from the makeshift base, “For all their problems Shield is pretty efficient.” Harri murmured as she allowed Glacia to come forward just enough to enhance her eye sight. She could see the agents walking around and testing Thor’s hammer even at this early hour.

“I’m not sure how, almost all of them have heads full of wrackspurts.” Luna hummed, her eyes on the base below, “It’s a wonder you can see for them all Harri.”

“I knew to expect them.” Harriet said, “After all, they are controlled by the Council. Those idiots have armies of Heliopaths helping them.”

“Whole armies?” Luna asked in what looked like genuine surprise.

Harri nodded distractedly, “More than Fudge even.”

“Oh dear.” Luna said, “That is serious.”

Harri nodded again as she focused in on Mjolnir and hummed, “What do you think Luna? Chances of me getting down there to talk to Mjolnir?”

Luna cocked her head and looked down at the hammer, “You being who you are could probably pull it off, but the Nargles seem positive that one of your weak spells are about to hit. So I would say no.”

Harri huffed but nodded, “Fine, I’ll wait.” She crossed her arms and pouted a bit, “Stupid burning day.” She rolled her eyes as Glacia protested in her head. She gave an exaggerated sigh, “Alright,
we’ve done all the damage we can do for now sister. Let’s go home.” She made to stand up but the second she put weight on her legs they turned to jelly and she collapsed.

Luna moved over to her and pulled her head carefully into her lap, “Sorry big sister, looks like it happened faster than the Nargles anticipated.”

Harri smiled softly up at her sister, “It’s not their fault, these things like to come at the most in opportune times.”

Luna combed her fingers through Harriet’s black hair as they waited for the spell to pass, stopping every so often to play with a feather. “The Nargles have been telling me the smaller stories from the other timeline lately.” Luna mentioned.

“Oh?” Harri asked with a slight slur; having her hair played with was like being petted in her ocelot form. It was very relaxing.

Luna giggled at Harriet’s reaction to her ministrations, “Is it true we will find the Crumple-Horned Snorkack?”

Harri grinned up at her sister, “You bet! The poor dear was injured when we found him with the Asian poachers, we cared for him until we could release him. There was a whole herd.”

Luna’s eyes brightened, “You’ll show me and daddy right? We’ve been looking for years!”

Harri chuckled, “Of course Luna. We can go next summer. Other than Steve waking up there shouldn’t be too much to get in the way of that.” Luna gave a squeal and leaned over Harriet to give her an awkward hug. They both froze as the screech of a hawk answered Luna’s squeal, the blonde sat back up and Harriet looked upward. “That’s Clint’s hawk.” She whispered as she just managed to make out the female hawk in the dim light overhead provided by the base’s flood lights.

Just as the hawk swooped down toward them there was a faint sound of boots creeping through the dirt toward them, Harri strained her hearing in that direction and smiled when she heard the familiar soft sound of an arrow being pulled from a quiver. “Hello Hawkeye.” She called softly, the movement in the dirt just beyond the nearby bushes halted. Harri raised her arm shakily upward and whistled, the red tail hawk landed on her arm as gently as possible and crooned at her softly as she lowered her arm to her stomach. “Hello pretty girl.” Harri hummed, brushing at the hawk’s wings with her free hand. “Have you been taking care of him?” the hawk bobbed her head, “Good girl.”
The hawk drew herself up proudly.

Harriet felt her strength returning to her and knew they had to leave so as not to rush Clint, “Alright girl, can you tell him something for me?” the hawk cocked her head and Harriet heard the soft whisper of clothes as Clint shifted a bit. “Tell him that there will be an unarmed intruder after dark tonight. We all know he could easily take down this person.” The hawk kreed and nodded in agreement, Harri giggled, “Yes, I know, but he must let the intruder get to the hammer.” Harri could just imagine Clint’s frown, “He can take him down after that but the intruder is just a spoiled brat who needs to learn a lesson. He won’t learn unless he fails to pick up the hammer. He has to be allowed to fail. After that you guys can take him down even easier than before, he’ll be very emotional. Got it?” the hawk clacked her beak and rubbed her head against Harriet’s hand, “Good, we have to go now. Make sure to tell him alright?” the hawk kreed again and took off to hover over them, Harriet felt Luna latch onto her for the ride but never took her eyes off the hawk, “Goodbye Hawkeye.” She called gently before operating herself and Luna back to Potter Manor.

Luna gave Harri a lopsided smile, “Sorry Harriet.”

Harri shook her head and sighed, “I promised to wait until he was ready, I had to keep my promise.” She pouted, “He was so close.”

Luna giggled, “He’ll listen to your instructions. The Nargles are sure of it.”

Harri sighed, “Good.” She rolled and stood up carefully, “Ow.” She cracked her neck with a grimace, “I wish I could just do the burn now. Glacia wanted to do it when this first started.”

“Phoenixes aren’t meant to put it off.” Luna said serenely from where she was still kneeling on the floor, “If you had been in your phoenix form all the time you would have lost feathers all last week and then burned after you felt the first few weak spells.”

“I know, but I wouldn’t be recovered in enough time to help Loki if I had done it when it first hit.” Harriet said, “Glacia said since we’re so young it will take a week to recover after our first few burns. The last one was only different because of the situation.” She stretched and huffed, “Fawkes is so lucky. He’s old enough that he doesn’t even have the egg stage of his burn, he comes straight from the ashes and is all recovered within the day.”

“You want to be old Harriet?” Luna giggled.
Harri frowned a little, “Just in this instance.”

Luna smiled at her sister and stood to give her a hug, “Alright. I’m going to go tell Daddy about next year’s trip. I’ll come back after you have hatched.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Harriet said, embracing her sister. “See you in a couple days Luna.”

“Bye!” Luna said with a wave before skipping out of the ballroom where they landed to go use the fire place to go home.

Harriet sighed and checked the wards to find out where the Marauders were, they needed to have a talk about the next couple days. She had been putting it off so they had some time to relax after the school year but she couldn’t put it off any longer without leaving them in a lurch once she hit the limit for her burn. She found them in the play room playing Wii bowling, listening to music on the desktop computer.

“Harriet! You’re back!” Remus said cheerfully from where he sat, waiting for his turn.

“Hey Princess!” James greeted from his own spot in the computer chair. They had all acclimated to the technology rather well but it was the rolling, spinning chair that James loved the most. Harri loved teasing him about it.

Sirius also greeted her but his was more of a distracted wave as he concentrated at little too much on the game in front of him. He rolled and watched intently as the ball rolled down the alley, it hit and scattered all the pins but the two at the very edges of the arrangement. “Damn.” He muttered, he looked over to Harriet, “Hey pup. Did you do what you needed to?”

“Yep. All done.” Harri said with a small smile, she looked around to include the other two, “We need to talk.”

Remus frowned and James started to look worried but Sirius deadpanned, “Are you breaking up with us?”

Harriet blinked before giggling, “No, I’m not breaking up with you guys.”
Sirius pressed the back of his hand to his forehead and sauntered over to drape himself over Moony, “She’s lying Remy, she’s breaking up with us!”

Remus chuckled and joined in, “She’s going to tell us that it’s not us, it’s her.”

Harriet had descended into full blown laughter when James decided to join in, he stood up and walked over to her with wide eyes, “Don’t break up with us! We can change!”

“No! Stop!” Harri said, laughing so hard she was clutching her sides.

“We can change!” Remus and Sirius repeated as they stepped up on either side of James. Harri laughed even harder but the mood suddenly flipped when another weak spell hit Harriet, making her collapse.

Only James’ quick reflexes managed to save her from hitting the floor, “Princess?” he asked frantically as he swung her up into his arms carefully, “Harriet? Are you alright?” Sirius and Remus gathered closer to her worriedly.

Harriet smiled weakly up at them, “This is what I needed to talk to you guys about.”

“Oh dear Merlin!” Sirius said, grabbing Harriet’s hand in his, “She’s dying!” James’ arms tightened around her and Remus’ eyes went wide.

Harri sent weak stinging hexes at them, “I’m not dying. Calm down.” They all focused on her intently, “Let’s sit.” They nodded and all walked over to one of the couches, once they were all sat down and she was essentially sprawled out over top of all of them she began. “I’m not dying; I’m going through my second burning day.” She said flatly, “In fact, right now I’m overdue to have burnt.”

“That doesn’t sound good.” Remus said, “Burnings are supposed to be good for phoenixes. Shouldn’t you let it happen?”

“I should, I’m holding it off right now though.” Harri sighed, “Since I’m such a young phoenix my burning and recovery will be a little longer than the older ones. Like, Fawkes can burn and recover within one day, but since I’m so young it will take me about a week to recover. I can’t burn right now otherwise I won’t be able to save Loki.”
“And why are you just now telling us about this?” James asked sternly.

Harri looked sheepish, “Well, I already knew I would have to put it off until after I got Loki and you guys were relaxing after the school year…”

James rolled his eyes, “Harriet, we need to know these things, no matter if we’re relaxing or not.”

“Definitely, it will be a lot more stressful if we don’t know what we’re going into. Alright?” Sirius added, Harri gave them a small smile and nodded.

“Good.” Remus said, patting Harri’s legs gently where they sat on his lap, “Now tell us about your burning.”

Harri tucked her hair behind her ear, “Well, since I’m so young I will have an egg stage instead of coming straight from the ashes. According to Glacia I will hatch after about a day, then I won’t be able to change back until my tail feathers are two feet long, which she said was about a week.”

James frowned, “Why do you keep talking about Glacia as a completely separate person? Our other transformations have their natural instincts but they’re still part of us.”

Harri bit her lip, “That’s because she feels like a separate being at the moment. See, phoenixes are born knowing certain things, things beyond just instincts, things about the world and magic in general. I’ve only had Glacia for two years now, one of which was fighting a war and the second was planning Dumbledore’s demise. I haven’t had time to merge with her completely or to take in all the knowledge a natural born phoenix would already have. Glacia holds that knowledge and I haven’t learned that information from her yet so she still feels separate.”

“Wow. That’s pretty awesome cub.” Remus said with a smile.

Harriet nodded, “It is but it’s also a pain in the butt. It means that I have to spend copious amounts of time meditating. I haven’t really had time for that so Glacia’s been annoying about it. She wants me to do some during our recovery since I won’t be able to do much anyway.”

Sirius ran his hand through her hair and smiled at her, “Okay, pup. Now tell us what we’ll need to do
to take care of you during your recovery.”

Harriet blushed red and looked away, “I’m basically going to be a baby again. A baby bird. You’ll have to treat me like one.”

All three males blanched and James scratched at the back of his head, “Um, that may be a problem.”

Harri blinked and looked over to them, Sirius let out a nervous chuckle, “Well, see, your mum was always the best with the…well mothering.”

“We’re terrible at it.” Remus admitted fully, slumping in place. “We tried but we’re just not made for that.”

Harri lost her embarrassment in the face of her fathers’ discomfort and snickered, “Glacia says I should retain my mind, so I will try not to be too much trouble. You’ll just have to make sure I’m fed small, soft, easy to swallow foods and keep me cold until my feathers come in to regulate my temperature.”

“Cold? Not warm?” Remus asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Of course, I’m an ice phoenix.” Harriet said, “I need cold not heat. Too much heat when I don’t have my feathers can make me sick and draw out my recovery.”

Sirius nodded, “Alright, feed you small soft foods and keep you cold. Anything else?”

Harri tilted her head, “I’ve already made up my nest in my room and had the house elves ready a whole bunch of ice packs but the only really big thing you need to remember is this. If I, for some reason, can’t hold off the burn until after I get to my nest you have to gather my ashes and put them in my nest with my egg. They hold a whole bunch of nutrients for a phoenix and help our feathers come in correctly.”

James looked serious as he nodded at her, “Feed you small soft foods, keep you cold, and keep your ashes close to you.” He pointed a finger at her, “And you remember to tell us about stuff like this when it happens not days before it happens.”
“Yes dad.” Harri said with a soft smile, she perked up, “I guess I should tell you now that this will happen every year for the next thirteen years then.”

“What?!”

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes:

Me keeping Arthur mostly oblivious is my way of giving me room to bring Arthur over if the opportunity presents itself. I actually like the muggle loving wizard so in the spirit of not completely locking him out, he’s mostly oblivious at this point.

Sorry about the article, I’m not the best with news article type writings.

Also, keep in mind with it, that Harriet has a contract with Skeeter. She looked over and approved everything that was in the letter. She's trying to create an image for herself, so its not going to be in character but she's also not going to come right out and accuse Dumbles. She wants so build up while not alerting the Headmaster to his upcoming demise.

The only reason Harri knows that Dumbledore is her Magical Guardian (illegally, remember) was because she went to Gringotts. He never told her so, if she's playing dumb, she has to act like she doesn't know she has one at all.

Harriet can't see that wrackspurts without specter specs but she knows to trust Luna when she says their there. While I think Luna is hiding some of her intelligence behind the dreamy facade I hate to think its all a mask because she is absolutely adorable the way she is.

Right, so in the cannon Luna never explained what attracted Heliopaths but the only one she ever commented about having them was Fudge so I figured they were probably attracted to corrupt politicians or politicians who like the spotlight (hence the spitting fire). The council can be argued as corrupt politicians, hence the armies of Heliopaths.

The talking with Mjolnir thing is my sisters input though a part of an idea I share. Being such an ancient magical object, in this story, Mjolnir will have a consciousness. Much like Hogwarts consciousness but only somewhat like the hats consciousness. She, cause the hammer is totally a female according to Dakota, will be able to project feelings and low level concepts to people who have PATIENCE enough to listen and interpret her thoughts. AKA, Harri, Luna, and Loki can talk to the hammer, Thor (Gungho God of Thunder and Poptarts with a thing for battle and no restraint) will not be able to (not without some serious time and training).

Harri is just calling Artemis 'the hawk' because she doesn't know what Clint named her yet. Just mentioning that so there is no confusion, since the chapter is from her point of view and she doesn't know it yet she's just calling her 'the hawk'.

Harri talks to Artemis even though she greets and says goodbye to Clint. She doesn't
want to rush him to much so she talked to Artemis but I figured she wouldn't want it completely ignore him either.

"We need to talk." those four dreaded words! lol

Every year for the thirteen years and then she can start going longer between burns.

Well, there's that.

There WILL be a chapter on Thursday. We will FINALLY be rescuing Loki!

See you then!
Rescuing Loki

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Here it is! Loki's rescue!

Before we start there are some things that I need to address from the comments:

First, I COMPLETELY forgot about Neville(sorry Nev!). I was attempting to not drag down the story too much since its already full of different aspects but someone pointed out that I introduced that line of thought and then kind of just abandoned it. So I will try adding him back in as we go. We do mention him a little from chapter to chapter so for now let's assume they have become friends but Harri was so distracted with the twins and all that was going on that she forgot about the wand thing. That will be addressed in second year!

Secondly we got a review from someone logged in as a guest on FanFiction and my sister ended up deleting it(oops, sorry. she's new to this, we're not ignoring it). First off Guest named Alice. If you have problems with the time travel/manipulation tropes then this is not the fanfiction for you and we wish you luck in finding something that you do like. Also, as you addressed, we have not shown a motivation for Hermione's inclusion in the scheme by Dumbledore and certain Weasley's. That hasn't shown up for two reasons; first, its a bit of an inside joke between my sister and I, MOST of the stories with these sorts of events don't really show what big thing drug Hermione into the mix or what she's getting out of it(we've mentioned that question in the twins musings). Secondly, we do have a reason however at the moment, the people who are joining Harri(the 'good' Weasleys) are more focused on the chaos within their own family. We will talk more about Hermione's involvement once Harri shows the twins and the other three Weasley brothers her memory of her child's death and the battle that followed. The final thing you asked about was the changing dynamic between the twins and Harri since she is mentally older than them, that will be addressed later as well when the older Weasley boys corner Harri to be all protective over their little brothers. If you decide to continue on with this story we will do our best to clear up these things. If you decide not to brave this fic in light of your dislike of time travel/manipulation stories then we wish you good luck with others.

Guys this chapter is VERY short, especially considering what I've been putting out lately but this is just focused on the rescue of Loki and the immediate aftermath NOTHING else.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Harriet sat in the play room with her fathers, waiting patiently for the final alert to tell her it was time to go to Asgard. Earlier, she had felt the Bifrost sight activate to bring the Warriors Three down to Midgard and she knew it was getting closer to time. She had made sure to pack light, only taking what she could carry on her person; her throwing knives at her belt, her wand, an emergency trans-realm portkey, extra strength pepper up potions to counteract her weak spells, and some chocolate.
All in all, she was ready to go save Loki. It was her fathers who were having a hard time.

James was pacing agitatedly in front of her, Remus sat off to the side with his leg bouncing distractedly, and Sirius was leaning against the wall twirling his wand as he watched Harriet like a hawk. “You three need to calm down.” Harri commented, “This is a simple retrieval mission. I’ll be fine.”

Sirius snorted while James rounded on her, “A simple retrieval mission? You going to another realm via strange pathways to essentially kidnap the God of Mischief out from under his brother and father’s noses while attempting to put off your burning day which hits you with random bouts of weakness at unspecified times!” James exclaimed, he ran his fingers through his wild black hair, “We won’t be able to get to you or help you!” his eyes were wide, “What if the burn happens while you in Asgard? What if you get captured? What if you can’t make it back? What if…” He stopped when Harriet stood and calmly slapped him across the face. He blinked and faced her again, “Princess?”

“Get yourself together!” Harri demanded, “I will be fine. If something goes wrong, then I’ll adjust. Have a little faith in me.”

“It’s not you we don’t have faith in cub.” Remus piped up, “It’s the universe and the shitty Potter luck we don’t trust.”

Harri softened a little, “I will be fine.” She repeated, “I have all my bases covered.” She smiled over at Remus, “I’m even carrying chocolate.” Moony’s mouth twitched upward.

Suddenly, Harri felt her alarm go off; Thor was at the sight, calling for Heimdall. “Was that it Princess?” James asked nervously.

Harri nodded shortly, “Yes, I just have to wait for Heimdall to activate it.” She looked between the three with a serious expression, “You remember all we talked about right? In case by burn hits before I can explain things?”

“Yes pup.” Sirius said, “Loki won’t know about Midgard magics because our wards hid us from Asgard’s sight.”

“He will most likely be violent and emotional due to the things he just went through so try not to go ‘fangirl’ on him.” Remus added, frowning at Harri for the term she had assigned their worship of Loki. She simply smirked at him.
“Keep an eye on your bracelets in case your brothers need help.” Sirius threw out, jiggling the bracelets on his arm.

“Lock down the wards as soon as you arrive to cut off any trail Asgard might try to pick up.” James finished.

Harriet nodded again, “I will bring us back into the parlor, so wait there. Loki’s rooms are already set up, you know where. Keep calm.” They all three nodded just as she felt the Bifrost activate, “I’ll be back as soon as I can alright?”

“Be safe.” Was the last thing she heard from her father before she apparated away, directly on to one of the branches of Yggdrasil.

She quickly ran along the path that Loki had shown her how to navigate. Harriet clenched her jaw as she felt a bit of fatigue creep up on her and flexed her magic to keep her going, not wanting to stop in the middle of the world tree during such a vulnerable time. A few minutes later she tumbled out of the special pathway, right into the royal paddock.

Harriet collapsed against the fence next to her as a weak spell hit, “Oh come on.” She hissed, she reached for one of the pepper up vials and, with a bit of effort, uncapped it for her to drink. She leaned her head back to wait for the potion to kick in. A minute later she was just starting to get feeling back in her limbs when she felt and heard hoof beats approaching her rapidly. Harri pulled her wand and sat up as straight as she was currently able but froze when the horse she had heard came into view.

This particular horse, a dark dappled stallion with a wild mane, had eight legs.

In the last timeline Loki had spoken of his children more and more as they grew more comfortable with each other, but it was always with a tinge of guilt and regret. And of course a healthy dose of anger at his adopted father.

Harriet smiled, though she didn’t lose her tenseness, as the horse approached more slowly now that she was in view. His head was lowered and his eyes locked on her in a way that would have been intimidating if she wasn’t used to his mother’s thousand-yard stare. “You must be Sleipnir.” Harri greeted weakly, the stallion made a soft whickering noise and let out a long huff. Harri hadn’t met him in the last timeline but she had a pretty good guess of what he said, “Your mother speaks of you often.” Sleipnir drew back and his hooves began to beat at the ground in agitation. “Woah there.”
Harri said, holding up her hands weakly, “I mean him no harm. In fact, I’m here to save him.” Sleipnir stilled at that and stared at her again, after several tense seconds he came closer and nudged her wand with his nose. “Yes, I have magic.” A hoof stomped and he nudged her wand again, Harri frowned, “I’m not sure what you’re asking bubbly.” Sleipnir drew back and let out an agitated snort, he thrust his head toward her again and tilted it sideways with his mouth open. Harri frowned when she saw Sleipnir’s bit and bridle was tightened to the point it was wearing at the already delicate skin of his face. “Aw, sweetheart. You should have said something sooner.” Harriet reached forward and, with her slowly returning strength, allowed ice to freeze the metal to the point where she could shatter it easily. “There you go.” She soothed, as she took the offending piece away and rubbed lightly at the horse’s muzzle.

*Why am I not surprised that my mother’s friend can be just as reckless as he?* came a voice in Harriet’s mind.

Harriet blinked several times before huffing, “I’m not reckless. And I’m sure your mother would have a few words to say about you calling him that.”

*Taking off that bridle could have been disastrous for yourself and you barely looked at it.* Sleipnir huffed in her head, *As for mother, he is very cunning unless he is pursuing knowledge, then he is almost as reckless as my Uncle.*

Harri giggled, “Okay, that I’ll buy. I’ve been on a few trips with him when he was going after a rare book or scroll.”

Sleipnir bobbed his head with an affirming snort, *Now what is this about saving mother? And how do you plan to with a tiny piece of wood?* he nudged her wand again.

Harriet heaved herself to her feet and sheathed her wand, “Your mother has gotten himself into a bit of trouble with his current scheme and if it continues he will allow himself to drop into the void.” Harri said, Sleipnir’s head jerked back in alarm. “As for the saving him, I won’t be doing it with this. I pulled my wand out to defend myself in case you were someone who wished me harm. It focuses my magic to make it easier to use.”

*I know of the current scheme you speak of.* Sleipnir said, *But how do you know of mother dropping into the void?*

“It’s a long story.” Harri said, she spun when she heard a whooshing sound and saw lights flashing out of the corner of her eye. “I don’t have time right now though. I have to go get your mother.” She changed into Glacia in the next instant, barely noticing her bedraggled feathers and bald patches.
where her feathers had already disintegrated.

Before she could take off one of Sleipnir’s hooves came down in front of her, *You are a phoenix lít stórmerki? And one close to its burning. What is my mother to you that you would risk yourself like this?*

Harri turned back and looked up at Sleinir, “He’s part of my flock.” She answered without hesitation, if Sleipnir could identify her and the fact that she was so close to her burn she was willing to bet that he would know the importance of calling Loki flock.

Sleipnir bobbed his head and leaned down to nuzzle her hair, *Are you going to take him to safety? His scheme will not be well received should he stay here. Your status as a phoenix will not help at this time.*

“Yes, I will be taking him away until things calm down.” Harri said, reaching up and patting the horse’s cheek.

*Do you have room for one more?* Sleipnir questioned.

Harri grinned up at him, “I do.” Thunder sounded off in the distance and Harri’s grin fell, “But we must go now.”

Sleipnir drew his head up, *Yes, we must. Get on lít stórmerki. Save your energy for saving my mother. I will get you to him.* Harri nodded and stood, she jumped as high as she could to latch onto the horse’s enormous form. Sleipnir nudged her up onto his back with his nose as she pulled herself along, *Hold tight lít stórmerki. Don’t fall off.*

Harri clutched Sleipnir’s mane as she settled onto his broad back with a light sticking charm, in the next second Sleipnir took off like a shot. His eight hooves, shimmering like the Rainbow Bridge, hit out an odd rhythm as he charged in the direction of his mother. Harriet’s breath caught in her throat when he vaulted over the fence of his paddock and hit the ground without breaking his stride. They galloped through the city, startling the more common peoples of Asgard who all scrambled out of the way of the Allfather’s magnificent steed.

They reached the rainbow bridge in just enough time to see Thor hitting the bridge for the final few times; they were halfway down the bridge when the dome fell off into the abyss, attempting to Loki with it. A streak of gold arced over them and in the next second Odin was kneeling along the edge,
catching Loki with his spear. Harriet couldn’t hear Loki’s words but she knew them well enough from comforting him over them. Sleipnir skidded to a stop, his back legs bending beneath them, just as they made it close enough for Harriet to hear Odin say, “No, Loki.”

“Loki! No!” Harriet screeched as he released the end of his father’s spear, her voice covering Thor’s own yell. Odin and Thor turned around in surprise in time to see Harri jump from Sleipnir’s back and change to Glacia midair. She swooped off the bridge, her flames surrounding and driving her forward as she dove into space. Glacia spun around Loki and gripped the back of his armor with her talons before shooting back toward the bridge, her wings beating furiously to fight the pull of the void.

“What…” Loki started as Glacia set him down on Sleipnir’s back but Glacia didn’t stop to answer. She screeched threateningly at Odin, her coal eyes glaring and her wings spread wide in warning as she landed on Sleipnir’s head. Glacia arced her wings up over her head as her flames rose to encompass all three of them and then, they were gone.

The second Harriet had disappeared the three Marauders had raced down to the foyer to wait for Harriet and Loki to arrive. James was standing stiffly by the currently exposed ward stone, his hand already cut and hovering at the ready. Remus was pacing by the stairs, Moony trying to push his way forward and go hunt for their cub. Sirius looked outwardly calm but his hand was gripping his wand tightly and his eyes darting around the foyer, looking for any sign of Harriet’s return.

It was a tense fifteen minutes later that blue flames exploded into existence in the center of the foyer, sending ice over the floor, walls, and the three worried wizards. The second the fire died down James pressed his hand onto the ward stone, slamming centuries worth of family wards down around them protectively. The three quickly shook off the thin sheets of ice that covered them and looked to the center of the room. There stood an eight legged horse with a disheveled and bewildered god on his back and an ice phoenix perched on his head looking a little worse for the wear.

“Harriet!” James exclaimed, coming forward as the phoenix flew shakily from the horse’s head and changed back in a heap right next to the animal.

“Told you it would be fine.” Harri said weakly as her father pulled her into a more comfortable position.

The horse walked forward a step and James clutched Harriet closer, the horse simply bowed its head closer to Harri and James heard a soft voice in his mind, *You need to burn lítt stórmerki. You are not looking too good.*

Harri gave the horse a lopsided smile, “I’ve been holding it off for a week Sleipnir. Of course I look
“Does someone want to explain to me just what is going on here?” Loki demanded imperiously as he slid from Sleipnir’s back with ease, he looked down at Harriet and frowned, “And who are you?”

*You don’t know her mother?* Sleipnir asked, taking a startled step back.

“I most certainly do not!” Loki snapped, he glared at Harri and Sleipnir joined him, “Explain yourself!”

Harriet struggled to her feet with James’ help, “It’s a very long story. I promise I’ll explain but….“ She stopped and a pained look came across her face, “I need to burn.”

Sleipnir looked torn but Loki just frowned, “No, explain NOW!” Harriet didn’t even flinch under his harsh gaze, used to it after so many years.

James pulled Harriet closer, “I’ll get you to your nest Princess.”

Another pain hit Harriet and she clutched at her stomach, “No time.” She gasped, “Back up.”

“Oh no you don’t!” Loki said stepping forward.

“What? No!” James said worriedly, ignoring Loki’s protests.

Harriet shoved her father back as hard as she could even as Sleipnir dragged his mother backward. In the next second Harriet burst into blue flames; power came from her in a wave, moving people even further back as the ice allowed them to slide. A moment later the fire sucked in on itself and all that was left was a pile of ashes and a blue, green, and black swirled egg.

Chapter End Notes

Well….that's sort of a cliffhanger. Maniacal laugh, I guess.
Chapter Notes:

On the subject of the Emergency Trans-Realm portkey. It is a REALLY last minute option for her. It's more dangerous than a regular portkey and even some of the more iffy travel options. She only has it to put her dads at ease.

Ah Moony's chocolate addiction. One of the things Harri does that she picked up from Remus specifically is carrying chocolate at all times, even into battle. I love adding that little thing in.

Asgard doesn't know that Midgard's magical peoples survived, the last they heard from them was the Witch Trials and then nothing due to the new specialized wards. I decided to have it like that so Loki has more of an incentive to stay. Away from the other realms, Midgard's magic will have developed differently than others, giving Loki 'new' knowledge to learn.

"Um, hey author, why is Harri surprised that Sleipnir can talk?" She's a witch who has spent years around magical creatures, magic, gods, monsters, and superheroes. Would you be all that surprised? Especially considering who Sleipnir's mother is?

IDK if the freezing metal thing actually works. It works in cartoons and at the moment that is my specialty.

'lítt stórmerki' means 'little mystery' or 'little notable thing' in old Norse. Or at least it does according to a website I found called Vikings of Bjornstad. I don't know if its correct but I thought it was a cute name to have Sleipnir call Harri since she didn't exactly introduce herself.

Yay! Sleipnir's going with us!

I was a little iffy on the time Harri should be in Asgard but went with fifteen minutes to be safe.

BAM! Hope you enjoyed!

See you next time!
Thor and Odin stood on the edge of the destroyed Rainbow Bridge, both staring wide eyed at where Loki and Sleipnir were both just engulfed in blue flames. Thor looked over to Odin, “Father? Was that….”

“It would seem that your brother has gained the protection of a phoenix.” Odin said slowly, “An ice phoenix.” He swept his cloak out behind him, “We must go seek council on this matter.”

“Yes Father.” Thor agreed, hooking Mjolnir to his belt. His father latched onto his arm and in a swirl of gold they stood in the throne room.

The doors of the throne room blew open not a minute later to let in a small group of people led by the worried looking Frigga. The Queen walked as quickly as she could, while still keeping her decorum, up to meet her husband and son on the dais. “Are you well?” Frigga asked in a soft whisper as she looked over her husband and son in turn.

“We are well wife.” Odin said, “Nothing that cannot be mended in a few days.”

“And what of my other son?” Frigga demanded, her eyes hard. “Where is Loki?”
“Peace wife.” Odin said, “We aren’t sure.”

“You aren’t sure?” Frigga hissed in disbelief.

“Mother he was saved by a phoenix who disappeared with him.” Thor explained in a surprisingly low tone, “So we aren’t sure.”

Frigga glared at Odin, “You will find my son. Or my displeasure will be known through the realms.” She gave them both a warning look before settling in her position next to the throne stiffly.

Odin settled on the throne, Thor standing on the opposite side of Frigga, and looked over the small group who had joined them. Sif and the Warriors Three stood off to one side, subtly supporting a slightly weak looking Heimdall who looked determined to remain here. General Tyr and a few soldiers were also present, holding a shaking stable boy captive between them. “Where shall we begin?” Odin boomed out, “The direct defiance of my orders?” he asked, looking to Sif, the Warriors Three, and Heimdall who had attempted to assist Thor in his exile. They all bowed their heads. “Or what led to a stranger stealing my steed and, directly after that, my younger son.” the stable boy shrunk in on himself at the mention of Sleipnir and General Tyr looked sour at Odin calling Loki his son.

“Your Majesty.” Fandral began, stepping forward with a bow. “We only wished to support our friend in his time of need and alert him to the schemes Loki was enacting upon Asgard.”

“I cast Thor out to learn his lesson on his own, if I thought he could learn that with you four with him I would have cast you out alongside him. Are you questioning my judgement?” Odin boomed, Thor gave a barely noticeable wince as his friends all bowed their heads.

“No sire.” They all chorused.

Odin dismissed them as his eyes turned to Heimdall, “And you Heimdall. I expect better from you old friend. Your personal opinions of the person on the throne should not supersede your loyalty to the throne and Asgard themselves.” Heimdall bowed his head, thoroughly chastised. Finally, Odin looked to Tyr, his soldiers, and the stable boy, “What of the stranger?”

“We cannot find anything conclusive at such an early point sire but we did find a stable boy who saw something after we were alerted to Sleipnir’s run through town.” Tyr said, he pushed the stable
boy forward roughly making him stumble and fall to his knees.

“Your name?” Odin asked, looking down his nose at the boy.

“Endre.” The boy squeaked fearfully.

“What did you see?”

“Sleipnir started acting strangely right before the incident. He went into the deep pasture which he usually only does in the mornings.” Endre rushed out, his eyes wide. “I followed to make sure he wasn’t hurt or sick. I saw the girl take off Sleipnir’s bridle.” He said, taking the broken piece and laying it in front of him. “The girl turned into a bird and then back, then Sleipnir took her onto his back and they ran off.” Endre finished all in one breath, his eyes wide and his hands fidgeting nervously.

Odin nodded, “I see.” The second he looked away from the boy, Endre let out a relieved breath. “General, take your men and find what you can about this stranger and how she got in.”

“Yes sire.” Tyr said, bowing before he and his soldiers walked out to get started immediately, Endre following behind uneasily.

Next, Odin looked to Heimdall, “Once you have recovered, retake your post. Also take that time to rethink your priorities. Old friend or not, if something of this nature happens again I will have to take action.”

“Of course sire.” Heimdall said, bowing his head.

“Once you have returned to your post begin searching the realms for Loki and the stranger.” Odin ordered.

“Yes sire.”

Finally, Odin looked to Sif and the Warriors Three, “You four have been warned before that your status as my son’s friends and brothers and sister in arms does not give you the right to break the
laws we hold sacred or to ignore orders given by your superiors. You will be punished for your
blatant disobedience.”

Sif stepped forward, “Sire, we did attempt to request passage from Loki before we disobeyed. We
only wished to help Thor…”

“Silence!” Odin demanded, banging Gungnir on the ground. Sif shrunk back a little, “Your excuse
does not change a thing. I gave the order before The Sleep took me. Loki, the acting ruler, denied
you your request. You disobeyed both of us, your Kings, who you have sworn loyalty too. You will
be punished. There will be no arguments. You will be relieved of your weapons and warrior status
for two months and spend one of those months working in the fields. Now leave us!”

The Warriors Three and Sif looked to Thor but when he made no move to interfere with his father’s
order they bowed and left dejectedly, taking the still weak Heimdall with them. Once the family was
alone Frigga looked to Odin with a raised eyebrow, “Husband? You did not handle as I expected.”

Odin sighed, “If we are to see a phoenix among us once again I can no longer overlook things I once
did. Especially if this one views Loki as Flock.” He looked to Frigga, “You remember what
happened the last time.”

Frigga’s lips twitched in her effort not to smile, “Do I remember the mass exodus of phoenixes from
our realm after you ignored the warning of a sorcerer’s familiar and locked the man away from the
phoenix leading to the destruction of the Palace and the creation of the Phoenix Laws? No husband,
I do not.”

Odin did not look amused at his wife’s little tirade, “Yes wife, I see that you don’t.” he said dryly,
“That incident, as terrible as it was, was only after I locked the sorcerer away and with an ordinary
fire phoenix. If Loki has gained favor with this female ice phoenix who has the ability to change into
a bipedal form, things could be much worse this time, especially if I attempt to punish him for this
latest scheme of his.”

Frigga’s borderline smile turned to a frown of disapproval, “If you had been honest with him from
the beginning he may not have attempted to enact this scheme. And I highly doubt your punishment
would be fair considering the person and circumstances involved.”

Odin let out a heavy breath, “Yes, wife. You’ve made your displeasure at how I have conducted
things in regards to Loki known for quite some time.”
Frigga glared at him for several seconds before descending the dais, “You will continue to look for him until he is found. I will pray that the Norns bless me with a vision in regards to my youngest son. Until he is found I shall be in my chambers.” She said primly as she walked from the room.

Odin let out another sigh and let his face fall into his free hand, Thor frowned between the door and his father. “Father, if I remember my lessons correctly phoenixes are very protective of those they choose to protect. Will this one not take issue with what has been done to Loki in the past?”

Odin looked up at his son and shook his head, “I’m afraid I just don’t know Thor. I have never heard of a phoenix having a form like ours. I’m not sure how that will affect her perception of slights against one she may see as flock.” He looked forward again and tightened his grip on Gungnir, “We will just have to be prepared.”

Down on Midgard, Clint was sitting on top of one of the Shield SUVs with Artemis perched on the ski rack next to him as they watched the other agents scurry around, taking down their field base now that the hammer was gone. Clint was stroking Artemis’ wing and, even though he looked attentive, was deep in thought.

Yesterday he had ‘met’ Harriet.

He wasn’t sure how exactly he felt about that.

She had promised not to come to him until he was ready and, to be honest, he had been close to calling her several times, especially after he had received the miracle pain reliever and bruise remover but having her show up before he had called had put him a bit off balance. He had been prepared to shoot and bring her and the blonde with her in to be interrogated but when he had gotten a good look at her she had been laying there looking a bit weak. So he had listened to her talk to him through Artemis. He was grateful that she didn’t push him, even knowing that he was there. On the plus side, it hadn’t seemed like she was even there for him. She had talked about the intruder and given him information about what was coming without one mention of him calling her to meet officially and then disappeared with her friend.

So Clint was a little on the fence about their ‘meeting’.

He glanced down at the bracelet connecting him to the strange girl.

Clint didn’t like to admit it but he was worried for her. He had looked her up like she had invited him
to and that was where the worry had begun. Being only eleven she had a very small bit of
information on her but what little there was alluded to some very disturbing things. After the
documentation of her parent’s deaths there wasn’t anything at all (including medical records) until
she had suddenly showed up in a Primary School with multiple documented visits to the nurse’s
office within the first week that had led to a report of child abuse. A report of child abuse that had
been miraculously ‘forgotten’. After that the visits to the nurse’s office had stopped completely, not
even for the normal little kid excuses. Abuse was reported a few more times but those were either
ignored like the first or had come away as way too perfect to be real. There had been only two
school pictures with the file and from just looking at the small, hunched over, much too thin girl with
dull eyes and an emotionless expression Clint could tell something was wrong. He had looked into
her guardians and glared at the obvious difference in health between the small girl and the various
Dursley’s. But in her first letter she had said they were being taken care of so he had just tagged their
presence within the Shield data base and shoved it to the back of his mind.

This morning though, Clint’s worry had risen a bit more. Just after the strange people had shown up
looking for ‘Donald’, Clint’s bracelet had shimmered and the cool, comfortable presence that he had
learned to associate with the band had disappeared and was replaced a few moments later by a
warmer, slightly overbearing presence. The bracelet had never done that before and, while he could
still feel the protection that kept him at a constant temperature and protected him from the elements,
the change in the bracelet’s feel had thrown him off a little bit. He wanted to know what had
happened to cause that because he had no doubt that it had been caused by something happening to
Harriet. Then later, just about twenty minutes after Hammer Time and his own personal cosplay
posse had left, the bracelet had flashed again, exuding a quick shock of cold before going back to the
warmer presence. To seemingly ratchet up his worry even further, Artemis had cooed at the bracelet
after that and rubbed her head against it.

“Agent Barton.” A stern voice interrupted his thoughts, he blinked and looked down to see Phil
looking up at him with his usual slight smile, wearing his usual bland suit, and standing in his usual
stiff stance that he still miraculously remained comfortable in. Clint cocked his eyebrow at the use of
his title, “You didn’t answer me the first couple times.” Phil answered his non-verbal question. Clint
gave his handler a sheepish look and jumped from SUV, in the next second Artemis glided down to
perch on his shoulder and looked at Phil with the same expectant expression as Clint. Phil gave the
hawk a small smile and offered her a piece of chicken he pulled from somewhere in his pocket, Clint
smiled at their interaction. After Artemis had eaten Phil turned back to Clint, “Report.”

Clint sighed and relaxed a little under his handler’s order, “I’m worried about her. I already told you
she was here yesterday looking like she wasn’t feeling well. But the bracelet has been acting up
today which made Artemis coo at it, something just doesn’t feel right.” He hung his head, “I’m afraid
those Dursleys have done something to her. Or worse.”

Phil tilted his head at Clint, “In her first letter she said they were being taken care of and neither of
her letters indicated she was in distress.”

Clint frowned, “I know, but since I put the bracelet on it hasn’t changed. Sure it glowed a bit when I
was hurt but then the second letter came, I took the meds, and the glow died. Now it doesn’t feel cool, it feels warm and it doesn’t give of a feeling of comfort, it feels overbearing, like Nat when one of us is severely wounded. And then just a little bit ago it gave off this spike of cold that made Artemis coo at it! This is the most active it’s been! She said it would tell her if I was healthy so I assume its connected to her in some way!

Phil put a calming hand on Clint’s shoulder as he got more and more worked up, both he and Natasha were a little worried about Clint becoming so attached to someone he had never even met. They too had looked over the file of one Harriet Rose Potter and agreed with Clint’s assessment of the information given; however, they were content to sit back and wait until the mysterious child requested help, Clint though had formed an instant connection with her even without meeting the girl. They weren’t sure what would happen when the two met and so they tried to calm Clint’s worry and help him think through things beforehand.

“Clint calm down. Don’t do anything rash.” Phil counseled easily, “Breathe.” He ordered, the archer immediately drew in a deep breath and let it out slowly, “Good. We’ll have a bit of a break while I’m finishing the paperwork for this operation. Why don’t you send Artemis to her with a note? She said you could. That way you could check on her without doing anything rash.”

Clint let out another breath and nodded shortly, “Yeah, I can do that.”

Phil gave him a small smile, “Good. You go do that. I’ve got everything here.” Clint gave Phil another nod and a lazy salute before walking off with Artemis on his shoulder, she preened his hair as he thought about what to write.

Bruce was trekking through a forest on his way to yet another remote village when the bracelet on his arm let out the pulse of cold. He stopped instantly and frowned down at it, Bruce went rigid when Hulk tried to push his way out in a fit of worry. Villard swooped down and landed on his shoulder, he hooted at the bracelet and cocked his head at it.

“Do you know about this?” Bruce asked the owl. The bird clacked his beak and flapped his wings in a pseudo answer. Bruce sighed and looked down at the bracelet as if it would tell him what he wanted to know.

He had already noticed a change in it earlier this morning; the feel of it had changed, enough that Hulk had noticed and had attempted to push his way out. What had surprised Bruce though, was that Hulk wasn’t pushing to get out because of the usual overwhelming rage that he felt coming from his other half, but a deep worry that took him off guard. Bruce had already had suspicions that Harriet had somehow contacted the Hulk when he had transformed last, especially since he had woken up with a sheet over him, but he wasn’t sure how far that went. The Hulk hadn’t seemed too agitated
when Bruce thought of her; in fact, what little agitation he did feel was more because the Hulk seemed to want to go to her.

Bruce sighed again and bit his lip before looking to Villard, “Should I write her?” The owl perked up at that and gave an enthusiastic series hoots in response. Bruce chuckled, “I guess I can check on her and then thank her for those potion things she gave me.” And maybe hearing from her will calm down the other guy. Bruce thought with a slight grimace. With that in mind he set off to find a rock where he could sit to pen his letter.

Albus Dumbledore was a man of many plans, plans that he had most often see fulfilled. Now, his current plans were being thrown into chaos because of one naive eleven-year-old witch who had stupidly agreed to an interview with that meddling bitch Skeeter. True, many of his backup plans had been failing him first; James had finally died under the strain of the potions, Sirius had died in Azkaban because of what appeared to be a disease, Remus had committed suicide a couple weeks later, the stone had somehow been stolen without Harriet facing Voldemort, and his inside Goblin had been beheaded for embezzling, throwing his monetary backing into question. Now his main plan was being shook up as well and he was less than happy.

The new goblin in charge of Harriet’s accounts, Griphook, had said that he hadn’t yet had a chance to review all of the accounts dealings since he was so busy going over the recent reopening of one of the banks largest accounts. He had, however, said that he did not find any documentation of Albus’ official guardianship of Harriet and would not allow a marriage contract to be activated for his client until the documentation was found or presented. Albus knew he had to find a way to make a document to that effect to make sure that the late Potter’s wills were not opened and that didn’t lose control of the girls deep vaults, not to mention have the items he had taken from her reclaimed by Gringotts. It took all Albus had not to kill the damn goblin where he stood for leading him along the path to losing his biggest asset.

The girl herself was being difficult. For some reason the potions weren’t taking. He knew she had received them and he could tell from the level of magic he felt from her that the bind was still in place, so he knew she hadn’t had them removed at Gringotts, he just couldn’t understand why they weren’t taking effect. She wasn’t hostile towards the Slytherins (though she didn’t particularly like them either), she wasn’t interacting with Ron or Hermione at all, she wasn’t acting beaten down from the Dursley’s care (care he had paid good money for), and she wasn’t struggling in class like she should have been with her magic bound and no prior knowledge of the wizarding world. He couldn’t understand how she had even managed to get her letter, the Dursely’s were supposed to keep it from her so Hagrid could ‘save’ her and plant some ideas in her head early. Luckily she had met the twins and Lee before any of the friendly students from the other houses, he really would have had to change his plans if she had managed to land in Slytherin.

Oh course she just had to cause more trouble by coming back into the wizarding world before the next school year and meeting Skeeter. Ever since the article he had been swamped with mail demanding answers to questions he had hoped would never be posed. His presence had already been
demanded by the Wizengamot and he knew they would demand to be given Harriet’s location, he just hopped that he could stall them long enough to get the house cleaned up and the girl under the imperious long enough for the home to be checked and the claim to be unsubstantiated. He also had to make sure that the girl knew he was her guardian without a doubt and that he was the only one with her best interests in mind.

He *could not* lose his control over the girl-who-lived at such an early date. Not if he was to reach his goal.

Chapter End Notes

Endre means 'he who rides alone' and he may show up again later. He's Sleipnir's personal carer and the horse likes him.

Odin didn't assign anyone to guard the bridge while Heimdall recovered mostly because without the Bifrost dome there isn't much to guard at the moment(they can't really guard all the other ways into Asgard aka. the secret paths that Loki takes).

I have Odin call the Odinsleep 'The Sleep' mostly because it sounds pretty stupid when he says it. Like.... "Odin no talk now, Odin sleep!" Like some caveman bullshit. So when the Alldude talks about stuff that he has inserted his name into I will call it 'The (whatever it is) aka 'The Sleep' or 'The Force' (first off, lol, but I'm talking about the Odinforce that is accessed with Gungnir).

Note, that Odin thinks that Harri is a phoenix who can somehow turn human, not the other way around. She'll have fun dicking with him once she knows that's what he thinks.

Also, I'm not trying to turn Odin into a good dad. He's a jackass and both I and Harri have our issues with this idiot. He's not doing this because he 'suddenly cares for loki' or 'cared all along but was misguided' because that's not where I'm taking this. He does care for Loki as a son but the sudden want to be fair is mostly because Loki now has a phoenix on his side who he believes could destroy the realm if she views their treatment of Loki unfair(she could of course with a good enough plan but that's not her goal).

Frigga on the other hand I always saw as a good momma and when she meets Harriet she will be sure to take her under her wing. Frigga didn't agree with Odin's plan but because he's the king she must defer to her husband despite her own view of his idiotic plan. She loves Loki as her own and that will never change.

Thor is a bit OOC aka 'quiet for once' in this but I did that so we could get a view of what was going on without his posturing. Just take it as he is thinking over the fight and what has been going on and is willing to let his father take lead on this.

"Hey author why didn't Clint react to Harriet apparating away with Luna?" He's a shield agent, he sees weird shit all the time. Besides, he already knows there is something different about Harriet, what with the trained hawk, special arrow multiplying rings, bird armor that gives Artemis powers, special bracelet, and potions. Therefore, disappearing? No big deal.
"come away as way too perfect to be real" meaning that the check didn't have any red flags at all. They would have at least put down the real reason for whatever tipped them off to the abuse was in the first place.

Yay Phil!

The Bruce part is short, sorry, but at the moment he doesn't have much going on besides the usual.

Dumbles knows the stone was taken but he assumes it was Voldie.

Harriet's magic IS NOT BOUND. She keeping it in tight control to fool the old man.

Dumbles knew that if the bind was taken off then the potions would have been taken out as well.

So that's that. Probably not what you guys were wanting but I promise the next part is coming. I am writing it from Loki's POV so, like I said, its a bit of a challenge for me. See you next time!
Eggcellent

Chapter Summary

It's mostly Loki oakie dokie?

Chapter Notes

Happy National Old Stuff Day! I've got my old people and that will have to be enough because there's no way I'm using any TV that's thicker than two inches! lol

Here is today's chapter. It was like pulling teeth trying to make this seem genuinely Loki and I'm still not sure I pulled it off!

Either way, hold on to your butts and lets get started!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Loki wasn’t sure what was happening. When he had released Gungnir and let himself drop into the Void he had been prepared to float and slowly lose his sanity. What he hadn’t expected was to feel something grab at the back of his armor, lift him past the pull of the Void, and drop him onto the familiar form of his son Sleipnir, who was miraculously free of the bit and bridle that stopped his ability to speak and bound him to the Allfather’s will respectively. Then flames that burned cold, cold enough to begin turning his skin blue, had surrounded them and they had appeared in a large foyer. Then the bird, an ice phoenix he had noted with surprise, had turned into a small black haired girl.

Now, just as he was demanding answers, Sleipnir grabbed the back of his armor in his teeth and pulled him backward just as the girl shoved the male away from her. In the next second the girl burst into blue flames; power came from her in a wave, moving people even further back as the ice allowed them to slide. A moment later the fire sucked in on itself and all that was left was a pile of ashes and a blue, green, and black swirled egg.

Loki blinked down at the egg and ashes, this girl who was not only a phoenix but a phoenix close to her burn date had rescued him even in such a state? How in the nine realms had she even known he’d need rescuing? He hadn’t even had an inkling that everything would go this terribly until Thor had destroyed the bridge. Loki shot a glance at his son but Sleipnir was focused on the egg in front of them.
“Harriet!” someone exclaimed, Loki looked up just in time to see a male with wild dark hair and a strong jaw slide onto his knees next to the egg. ‘Harriet,’ he mentally corrected himself, ‘The one who saved me from the insanity of the Void is called Harriet.’ Loki watched as the wild haired male lifted the egg gently from the ashes to hold, tucking it carefully against his chest. Loki was about to demand answers again when the wild haired man looked back to the bearded man, “Gather the ashes, like she said, get them all.” He looked to the sandy haired man, “Have the house elves get the ice packs ready.”

Loki’s eyebrows rose, ‘House elves?’ Loki thought, ‘Where exactly am I? It’s not Jotunheim. I felt the wards, maybe Vanagheim? Svartalheim?’ Loki watched with a frown as the bearded man pulled a length of wood from his sleeve and waved it over the ashes; the frown turned into fascination as he saw lines of magic fall gracefully from the end of the piece of wood and swirl around the ashes, drawing them together into a clear containment bubble. “I have traveled the realms and have never seen magic like that.” Loki muttered to his son who was watching with the same interest. “It was so quick. He didn’t say any incantations or anything.” Loki didn’t let his eyes leave the magic bubble but he angled his head toward his son. “Sleipnir, can you feel where we are?”

*I’m sorry mother. I cannot. The wards are cutting off all of the outside world wherever we are.* Sleipnir whispered in his mind.

Loki patted his son’s neck soothingly even as his eyes snapped over to the sandy haired man who had snapped his fingers, a small wrinkly figure appeared before the man with a pop, “Master Moony be needing Cherry?”

Loki watched as this ‘Moony’ person smiled at the little creature, who he assumed was a house elf, and nodded, “Yes Cherry, Harriet’s burn has hit, we need the ice packs put in the nest please.”

“Of course Master Moony.” Cherry said, the creature bowed and disappeared with another pop.

Loki looked back over to the two darker haired men to find that the bearded one wasn’t even focusing on his little bubble of magic, he was stroking the egg gently even as the wild haired man cooed it. “Come on, we have to get her to her nest.” The man holding the egg said. Loki followed them curiously with Sleipnir walking along behind him, the halls being thankfully big enough for the large horse to navigate easily.

The trickster God knew that the three men wouldn’t answer his questions until the egg was in its nest and settled in, so he just followed behind them. Taking in every detail he could and keeping one arm free to grab Sleipnir if he needed to make a quick exit. ‘If I can get out.’ Loki amended to himself as he brushed his magic against the wards curiously. They were like nothing he’d seen before. Some felt old, not as old as himself but still, old enough to have quite a lot of power packed into them from years of being reinforced by new magics. There were also brand new ones that he concluded came
from the young ice phoenix as they felt cool and welcoming to him, but he knew instinctively they would feel unbearably cold to any trying to breach them from the outside. The wards were all tied into a specific blood, the blood of those in front of him he assumed, but they were also greeting him warmly, including him and Sleipnir in their protection without hesitation. However, as much as the wards were protecting them, there was one in particular that was keeping everybody in. It was another of the ice phoenixes wards so he wasn’t sure if the three men ahead of him were even aware of it, but it was keeping them all contained. He had never met a phoenix, since the Allfather had managed to drive them from the land before he was born, but he knew they were powerful, especially if the Phoenix Laws were anything to go by; so he wasn’t sure if he could force his way through that containment ward, let alone with Sleipnir in tow.

Loki focused back on the three men before him as they came to a stop in front of double doors that had a stylized phoenix with its wings arced overhead burned into each door. Moony pushed open the doors and Loki followed as far as the threshold to take in the diamond shaped suite before him. To the right was two rather large desks littered with parchment, stray quills, and various other materials. Just beyond the desks, set into a wall, was a half open door leading to a dark room that Loki guessed was a washroom. The rest of that wall was blank before leading to a circular indent in between the two sides of the room that held a grand round bed with a frame that came up farther on one side to form the headboard, the bedding was dark grey with black accents and the multitude of pillows were black and green. In the center of the bed was a hollowed out pile of emerald blankets that Loki knew were for the egg. The circular walls around the bed held four covered windows, two on each side. Moving to the final two walls there was a clear space and a small table at the final corner that held several devices that Loki had never seen before, one being a large flat box with a shiny face that was angled toward the bed.

With the new room investigated, Loki turned back to the men who were now perched on the bed, carefully burying the egg in the ashes the bearded one had brought to the room. “Make sure to get her completely covered Sirius.” The wild haired male was saying, “She said to make sure she was in contact with the ashes all around.”

“I am, James.” Sirius grumbled halfheartedly, his eyes were locked on the tiny egg that was currently being cradled by all of them. “Calm down, freaking out won’t help her.”

“Who’s freaking out?” James exclaimed, his voice rising in pitch. Both Moony and Sirius threw him an exasperated look and he deflated, “Fine, but I feel like when I was waiting for Lilly to go in labor. I want to see my baby girl now.” He whined, rubbing at the egg gently with his thumb. Loki’s eyebrow rose again, ‘Is this man really her father or is he referring to someone else?’

“It’s only a day James.” Moony reassured, “Not another nine months.”

“Like that makes it any better.” James grumbled, Loki smirked a little at how petulant he sounded.
Loki watched closely as the men extracted their hands from the egg once it was covered, waiting for them to relax enough for him to remind them of his presence and demand answers. However, now was not the time, as Moony drew a length of wood similar to Sirius’ and waved it over the nest while muttering a few words. Loki leaned forward a little as magic came from the end of the stick again and swirled into a ball before becoming a little fluffy cloud that promptly began to let loose cold air and snowflakes. “Her own personal flurry.” James said, not sounding surprised, just fond. “Nice Remus.”

Moony/Remus smirked, “Variation of our storm cloud spell.”

“Classic prank.” Sirius snickered. None of them had taken their eyes off the pile of ashes as if they believed that the phoenix would hatch at any time.

After several seconds of nothing Loki cleared his throat pointedly and the three men almost instantly had their sticks out to point at Loki who simply raised an eyebrow, “Now that your leader is taken care of, would one of you to care to explain?”

The men all blinked, their eyes swept over him then Sleipnir before darting back to him where their eyes went wide and their mouths dropped open. “You’re Loki!” James said breathily.

Loki frowned, “Yes, who were you expecting? Does your leader often go around collecting people?”

“You’d be surprised.” Moony/Remus murmured, his own eyes wide where they were locked on Loki.

Sirius was starting to hyperventilate as he looked at Loki, “The God of Mischief and Chaos is standing in Harriet’s bedroom.” He rasped, his eyes almost fever bright.

Loki’s eyes narrowed and he stepped closer to Sleipnir protectively, “If you have issue with me…."

“What?! No!” Remus shouted, standing so fast he almost stumbled.

Sirius also shot to his feet with his hands held up, “No its just… We’re such big fans!”
Loki’s eyes widened, “Fans?”

“Yes!” James exclaimed, he finally jumped up to stand by his friends. “Your biggest fans!”

Before they could go further they were interrupted by Sleipnir’s whickering, amusement clear on his surprisingly expressive face, *You should see the look on your face mother!* Sleipnir projected to the entire room, *Completely poleaxed!*

“Mother?” Remus stuttered, all three’s eyes immediately looked to Sleipnir who shifted uncertainly under their gazes, “You must be Sleipnir!”

“Dear Merlin, I have the God of Mischief and his first born standing in my manor!” James exclaimed, he reached over and shook Sirius, “Siri pinch me!” Sirius was looking torn between staring at Loki and staring at Sleipnir but his hand came up and pinched James anyway, “Ow!” James exclaimed before he gasped and threw his arms around Sirius, “It’s real! Harriet said but I didn’t truly believe it!”

Loki watched, bewildered, as the men fell apart at his mere presence here. He had had people that had admired him before and people enjoy his work but he had never had crazy fan people like Thor had. Loki shook himself slightly and straightened up, “Now that your leader is taken care of, would one of you care to explain?” he repeated, a little more loudly this time.

The three men froze and looked a bit sheepish, “Sorry,” James mumbled, “Harriet said not to fangirl.”

Loki blinked at the sudden change, “While unexpected there is no harm done. To make it up to me you can explain exactly what is going on here. Why your leader saved me. How she knew to save me. Where exactly am I. And what magic it is that you are using.”

Sirius snorted, “Harriet’s not our leader.”

Loki raised an eyebrow at that, “Her position is clear.”

James shook his head, “No, she’s my daughter.”
“She’s kind of our leader.” Remus mumbled, ignoring Sirius and James’ looks.

Loki gave Remus a pointed look before moving to the next point, “You’re her father?” he asked, looking at James, “Does that mean you are also a phoenix?”

James blinked several times before shaking his head vehemently, “No. I’m not a phoenix. Harriet is but she isn’t.” Loki opened his mouth to question that but James plowed on, “See, our magic allows us only two animal transformations after a series of steps. Harriet’s second transformation is a phoenix; she wasn’t born like that.”

*The lítt stórmerki has a magical transformation?* Sleipnir asked, *She must be very powerful, especially since her magical transformation is that of a great fire bird.*

All three men puffed up proudly, “Our pup is very powerful.” Sirius bragged, Remus nodded with a smile.

“The most powerful witch on Earth!” James continued, his eyes shining with pride.

“Earth?” Loki questioned.

“Sorry, Midgard.” James corrected himself, “The most powerful witch on Midgard.”

Loki snorted, “There are no magicals on Midgard. They died off some nine hundred of Midgard’s years ago.”

Remus looked amused, “I can assure you that we are very much alive, though thriving would be taking it too far.”

Loki’s face hardened, “Do not think to lie to me.” He said, his voice low and dangerous, his magic flaring around the room, “Do not forget what else I’m the God of.”

Sirius and Remus stepped back toward Harriet protectively but James simply stared Loki down, an
action which surprised the God. James held up his wand, “I, James Charlus Potter, swear on my magic that I am a wizard born and trained here on Midgard by other Midgardian wizards and witches.” His wand flashed to signal the acceptance of the vow before he flicked his wand and a light orb appeared from the tip.

Loki’s magic settled but he remained tense, “How have you hidden yourselves from Asgard?” he asked stiffly, then a slight bit of vulnerability entered his tone as he asked, “Are we hidden now?”

“When the muggles began to burn us for practicing magic we created wards that hid us from them.” Remus said softly, “Our whole society went into hiding under these strong wards. Apparently they also worked to hide us from Asgard.”

“And yes, we are hidden now.” James said soothingly, “We are under hundreds of years of family wards plus ones Harriet put up specifically against Asgard’s eyes.”

Loki relaxed a little, “And my other questions? Why has your lea… your daughter saved me? How did she know I needed saving?”

Sirius bit his lip, “That’s a bit more complicated.”

Loki’s eyebrow rose again, “More complicated than an entire race hiding from the all-seeing eyes within Asgard?”

“Oh definitely.” James said, he sighed and ran a hand through his wild hair, “Harriet is really the one who could explain this the best.”

*Maybe you should just start at the beginning.* Sleipnir threw in helpfully.

Sirius gave a bit of a crazy sounding laugh, “Where exactly do you begin when talking about time travel?”

“And when half of the story doesn’t exactly answer the question.” Remus asked, drawing a hand over his face.
“Are you saying that she traveled back in time and because of that knew I would need rescuing?” Loki asked dryly.

“Yes!” Sirius said, perking up, “Woo, that wasn’t so hard after all.”

Loki’s lips quirked up a little, “I would still like a little elaboration.”

James nodded shortly, “Well, according to Harriet, in the future she had put together a family for herself. A family that you were a part of. When a war killed all of you, she accidentally traveled back in time with her first burn as a phoenix. Now she is trying to draw her family back together.”

Loki blinked, he hadn’t thought he would ever trust anyone enough to view as family after what he had discovered a few days ago. Not after he discovered he had been lied too. Sure he thought that his scheme to destroy the Jotunheim would earn him Odin’s approval and prove that he had just as much right to be king as Thor but he knew in the back of his mind that he never would have truly trusted in any affection from his so called ‘family’ again. Now he was being told that he had someone who viewed him as family and cared enough to save him from insanity within the Void.

The trickster God turned to his son when he nudged him gently, "She called you flock, mother. That is why I trusted her enough to bring her to you.”

“Flock?” Loki breathed, he had never actually seen a phoenix in person before today, had only seen drawings of them around the palace, but he knew enough from the legends told in Asgard as well as the extensive laws in regards to the creatures that those seen as Flock were the most important beings to a phoenix; right behind the phoenixes mate. Somehow his future self had come through the betrayal he just had and had gained the position of flock to such a powerful creature. “How?” Loki rasped, “I’m a monster. Why would she want me as flock?”

Sleipnir let out a violent snort and the three men before him looked confused, “Why would you think you’re a monster?” Remus asked.

Loki looked at him before turning away, he couldn’t stand to see the adoration he rarely got turn to disgust, “I’m a frost giant. A monster. The stories mothers tell their children at night to get them to behave.”

“So you’re a frost giant. Why does that make you a monster?” came James’ genuinely confused voice through Loki’s little pity party. “From what Harriet told us they are their own society who just
had a hate campaign lobbied against them by Asgard for a war that happened about a thousand years ago.”

That stopped Loki’s thoughts right in their tracks and he looked over to see all three looking at him with confusion but no less awe and excitement than before. Sirius’ brow furrowed, “Also, wasn’t Odin’s mother a Frost Giant?”

“Frost Giantess.” Remus corrected, not noticing how both Loki and Sleipnir had froze at the new topic. “And yes, at least in the legends Bestla was a Frost Giantess.”

“Odin’s running a fear campaign against his own mum, harsh.” James said.

“Harriet did say he was a jackass.” Sirius mused.

Loki cleared his throat once more, this time a bit hesitantly, and once again they all looked to him, “I will have to get more details once… Harriet is recovered. What exactly was she expecting me to do here?”

James gave him a soft smile, “She wasn’t expecting you to do anything. She just wants you safe, happy, and healthy. Though she did say that it would best for you to stay in the manor for a little bit to throw off any trail Asgard may have picked up.” Loki nodded a bit at the wisdom of those words. “Just two doors down the hall to the left is the rooms she had set up for you. You can call a house elf if you ever need anything and feel free to explore the manor, we have nothing to hide.” He looked to Sleipnir and bit his lip, “I don’t think she was expecting to bring Sleipnir along but the intensive wards do extend about half a mile out from the manor itself so there is plenty of room to run, though you can stay inside if you want.”

Loki nodded slowly, “I will work on breaking the lock Odin put on Sleipnir’s shifting so it will be easier for him to stay inside.” He let out a shaky breath, “Thank you, for accepting us in your home.”

James smiled brightly, “No problem! Any family of Harriet’s is family of ours!”

Loki nodded once more, dazed, but left quickly with Sleipnir on his heels. He followed the directions James had given him and soon found himself in front of double doors similar to Harriet’s, these ones however had his intertwined snake symbol burned into the doors. He pushed them open and found himself in a comfortable sitting room, it had a plush carpet of emerald green with gold swirled into it. The soft chairs and couch that were angled around a currently empty fire place were a dark grey
color with green accent pillows, the side tables that were situated between them were stained cherry wood with gold inlays. Along the walls on either side of the fire place was half full shelves of books and along the mantle were little gold trinkets that each seemed to have meaning, though he could only guess some. Along the opposite wall was a simple door, when Loki passed through it he found a large plush bed with bedding done in his colors, a large carpeted area of free space, another door which led to a wash room, a currently empty wardrobe, a bed side table which held four small figurines that represented each of his children, and a large desk that was currently holding an eight-foot-long case of some sort and an envelope with his name on it in calligraphy.

*This place is very nice mother.* Sleipnir commented, walking carefully past him and nosing the figurine version of himself, *Look! She got my rainbow hooves right!* 

Loki gave his son a soft laugh, “Yes, it very nice here.” ‘But how long will it last?’ Loki thought to himself. Loki drew himself over to the bedside table with Sleipnir and looked at the figurines, “She has all of your siblings here.” He said quietly, he picked up the tiny Hel. The little figurine of his daughter was accurate down to the very shape of her antlers.

By this time Sleipnir had moved over to explore the desk and sniffed at the envelope, *Mother, this letter smells of the lítt stórmerki!* 

Loki turned with raised eyebrows and set the Hel figurine down before walking over to pick up the letter, he opened it carefully and pulled out the thick parchment paper folded within. He opened it and began to read;

Loki,

If you are reading this, then my burn hit before I was able to talk to you. I apologize for the inconvenience and hope my fathers didn’t freak out too much.

I am Harriet Rose Potter, The-Girl-Who-Lived, The-Woman-Who-Conquered, Savior of the Wizarding World, Lady of the Houses Slytherin, LeFay, and Ambrosius, Heir to Houses Potter, Gryffindor, and Black. I traveled back in time after a tragedy took all those I hold dear from me, one of those people being you. I hope I can recover quickly so that I can explain things to you in depth. For now, I will just be passing some knowledge to you.

First and foremost, you are NOT a prisoner here. I ask that you stay in the wards to throw Asgard off the trail but I will not force you to be here. You are part of my family, my flock, and I will see you both safe AND happy; something I know you will not be if you feel trapped. If you leave, the wards will welcome you back at any time, as they will any related to you by blood.
On that note, if you wish for your children to join you then I have no problem with that. The manor is plenty big enough for all of you and I wouldn’t keep them from you even if it weren’t. In the previous timeline we found Jörmungandr in the center of the Bermuda Triangle in a cave underneath the water. Hel, I know, has her own realm to look after but she is also welcome for a visit. I’m not sure how you would go about getting Sleipnir or Fenrir but they too are welcome to stay.

Also, as you can probably see, I have left you a gift. Sort of a ‘welcome (back) to the family’ sort of gift. You often wielded one like this in the other timeline so I thought you might like it. The gem is able to store magic of course, its goblin made so it’s near indestructible, and it’s about the same size as Gungnir so I’m sure you can make use of this.

Loki stopped reading long enough to pull the lid from the box and looked down at the heavy ornate spear that looked vaguely like Gungnir. It was gold with silver and onyx inlays along the shaft and at the top, set into the pointed head, lay a large marquise cut emerald that glowed when Loki sent power into the staff with a brush of his fingers. Loki picked up the spear and smiled faintly at the comfortable weight in his hands, he nodded and sent it to his dimensional pocket before going back to the letter.

Finally, I have assigned a house elf to attend to your needs while you’re here. Her name is Peri and she knows to come when you call for her. I have given her instructions to take your measurements and collect you a full wardrobe of clothes that are more geared for the different Midgard cultures you may come into contact with. She also knows your food preferences as I last remembered them but don’t be afraid to speak to her about them.

I hope that you are taking this well and wish to stay. I will be recovered fully within a week but feel free to visit after my hatching if you’d like!

Harriet R. Potter

Loki let the letter drop from his hands and backed up until he was sitting on the bed. *Mother? Are you alright?* Sleipnir questioned, coming around to stand close enough for Loki to stroke his forehead.

“Everything is… fine dearest.” Loki said, “Fine but confusing.” He looked into his son’s eyes, “She may not have meant to take you with her but she plainly stated you were welcome here.” Sleipnir’s ears perked up at that. “She also extended the invitation to your siblings, going so far as to tell me the location of Jörmungandr.”
Sleipnir chuffed out a soft breath, *Are you going to bring them here then?*

Loki frowned, “I’d like to but I need to observe more to make sure that there really is no danger here.” Loki sighed and leaned forward to press his forehead to his son’s, “I also need to sort myself out. I’m not the best parent for you guys right now.”

*At your best or at your worst, you know we love you mother.* Sleipnir answered softly.

Loki let out a breath and pulled back to smile weakly at his son, “I know Sleipnir, but I can’t help but want for my children to only see me at my best.” He lay back flat on the bed, “I’ll observe the people here for the week of the young phoenixes recovery, meditate, unblock your shifting ability so you can be in the manor more comfortably, converse with the young phoenix, and then collect your siblings if things go well. Alright?”

*Very well mother.* Sleipnir answered, bobbing his great head, *Now, did that letter happen to mention food? It's been quite a day.*

Loki chuckled and sat back up with a small smile as more of the tension drained from his shoulders, “It did. Peri?” he was answered by a prompt pop.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes:
Let’s just get these comments started with what I’m sure would have been one of the first complaints/questions. "How is it that Sleipnir can get around the manor so easily, he's a huge horse." Well, Purebloods like to show off their wealth with big manors and the like so I'm just going to go out on a limb here and say that their halls and doorways would most definitely big enough for a horse to fit through (you also can't tell me that James wouldn't have wondered around his home in his deer form just to mess with Dorea and Charlus).

I never found conclusive facts on which realms had magic so I just named a few. Sorry.

"I have traveled the realms and never seem magic like that.” He means he's never seen it so quick and easy or 'lazily' done. Midgardian magic, since the people are mortal, has become all about what can bring about the results desired the quickest and with the least power. There are other differences we will explore when Harri and Loki get talking.

I know the 'wait and see' approach doesn't seem natural for the manic Loki that was shown at the end of the Thor movie but I would think that the shock of being rescued in
such a manner would shock him back into his real personality even if only because the current situation could be dangerous to him and his child.

When Loki is feeling the wards he feels a containment ward but then in the letter Harriet says he's not trapped. That containment ward is keeping all magical signatures from leaking out that may be used to track them, an altered version of the regular containment ward. However, Loki has never felt a normal Midgard containment ward to feel the difference, he can only feel that it is keeping something inside.

I've always liked the style of circular beds so I had to put one in. Plus it adds to the whole 'nest' thing.

Okay, so the times for the 'dying off of the midgard magicals' may be a bit off but to be fair I never specified a date and I wanted some time for them to evolve into something Loki had absolutely no clue about.

YES, according to some Bestla (Odin's mom) was a Frost Giantess. Odin is a jackass one way or the other.

IDK if its cannon that Loki's children can shift but he is a shapeshifter so I'm going to give them varying levels of that skill. Sleipnir is his first born and so I will be giving him the ability to shift into a human. Odin of course locked this ability because of the last comment, he's a jackass.

I know technically Loki has six kids but I'm only going to put Sleipnir, Fenrir, Jörmungand, and Hel in this story.

Harri doesn't like her titles, we all know this, however titles are important on Asgard and Harri knows that the first time she introduces herself she has to use at least some of them in her introduction to an Asgardian. It also tells a lot about a person so she tells Loki all of them so he can draw conclusions from them.

In case you don't want to look up marquise cut jewels its an oval shape with two pointed ends (for better magic storage and directing).

Strange ending but I didn't want to keep rambling on and I want most of the magic questions to be answered by Harri as a type of bonding. So that will be part of next chapter.

I'm sure a lot of you wanted to see more of the Marauders freaking out over the egg but there's not a lot they can do but wait. The craziness will happen more once she hatches (especially since we will be back to more of a third person POV).

Also I hope I did Loki justice. He is a harder character for me to write, especially at a time like this where his emotions are a little wonky.

See you next time!
Hey guys, here's the chapter for this week. It's real long. Whoo!

BTW, Happy annual Get Over It Day! It's also national meatball day and annual Panic day but I Got Over It!

READ THIS PART BELOW IF NOTHING ELSE IN THE INTRO!!!!!!!!

Even though she is in her phoenix form I will be referring to her as Harri instead of Glacia, this is because its purely Harriet who is talking, Glacia's instincts are saying to sleep until they are recovered. Don't be confused!!

Here you go! Enjoy!

The Marauders all stared intently at the pile of ashes before them. They were waiting. They had been waiting for twenty-four hours now. Waiting and watching. Watching and worrying. Worrying and waiting, in a vicious cycle. Hands were fidgeting, rolling wands and bunching bedcovers, a tanned hand reached toward the ashes only to be slapped away by a paler one.

“Moony!” James whined, holding his hand with a pout.

“Don’t touch her.” Remus growled irritably; the longer they were waiting the more Moony was pushing forward, demanding that they protect their little cub from everything.

“Why hasn’t she hatched yet?” Sirius huffed, “It’s been a day already!”

“It’s only just now been a day.” Remus said, but he moved closer to the pile of ashes.

James bit his lip, “Come on Harriet. Daddy’s freaking out here.” He muttered.

Sirius pushed away from the bed quickly and began to pace, “What if something went wrong? How would we know?” James’ jaw locked and he reached toward the egg again only for Remus to slap it away once more and give him a light glare.
A slight tapping broke their squabbling and they all rushed over to the pile of ashes which had begun to shake slightly. On a particularly hard tap some of the ash shifted to reveal the egg once more, another tap had a hairline crack appearing along the edges of a black colored swirl. The Marauders watch in fascination and anticipation as the crack grew bigger and created more cracks that branched from it with every tap. After several minutes a piece finally broke away revealing a tiny tan beak which promptly opened and emitted a cheep.

“Aw.” James and Sirius cooed, Remus just smiled and Moony settled for the moment. James grinned over at Sirius, “Get the camera!”

“Harriet will kill you two.” Remus chuckled.

“Don’t care!” Sirius sang, “This is going in her baby album!” he grabbed a camera from Harriet’s desk and came back quickly to snap a picture. In fact, he snapped pictures every few seconds as the egg continued to be chipped away and more and more of the baby bird was revealed.

“Why are her eyes clouded over?” James asked worriedly as the little bird was slowly climbing her way out of the hole she had created in the egg.

“From what little I could find on Phoenixes it seems that they are born blind. Phoenixes eyes can see many things we can’t as well as the already specialness of avian species eyes. To not overload her, she will be blind until she is recovered from her hatching. It’s another thing that will lessen the more burns she goes through.” Remus replied softly, his eyes gentle as he watched the tiny featherless hatchling tumble from the egg with a startled cheap.

Sirius snapped another picture before looking at Remus, “How will she know it’s us then?”

Remus smiled, “She said she’d retain her mind so she should know but I assume she will know the feel of our magic.”

James watched the featherless bird pinwheel her tiny limbs in an effort to turn over and bit his lip, “Can we touch her?”

Remus frowned, “I don’t see why not, but she’s supposed to be kept cold so if your hand gets too warm put her down.”
In a flash James was leaned closer to the nest with his gaze locked on the hatchling, “Harriet?” he asked softly, the bird stopped its motion and cocked her head over toward him, “I’m going to help you up and back into your ashes okay?” he heard a soft rustling of Remus collecting her egg from the ashes to make room, Harriet cheeped an affirmative and James picked her up gently. James stared in awe as the little featherless bird snuggled into the curve of his hand and closed her eyes trustingly, “Padfoot! Moony! Look!” the two men drew closer and cooed over the little bird in his hand.

Sirius got a teary look in his eye and lowered his head to Harriet’s eye level, “Hi there, I’m your Godfather.” He cooed to the little bird. Remus snorted and James rolled his eyes, Harriet’s eyes opened and she gave him the best amused look she could in her current state. Sirius ignored all of them and used one finger to stroke along her tiny bare wing.

James turned back to the nest and carefully set Harriet down into the indent left by the egg before smoothing more of the ash over her so only her head was peeking out. James smiled down at her, “Do you need anything right now?” Harriet cheeped again before opening her beak insistently, “Right.” James said with a short nod, he snapped his fingers. Plimpy appeared in an instant, “Plimpy I need you to get me the chest I pulled from storage two days ago.”

“Of course Master Prongs!” Plimpy replied, popping away.

Harriet closed her beak and cocked her head at her father curiously, James smiled, “Don’t worry Princess. Daddy’s here to take care of you!” he puffed out his chest and Harriet’s featherless wing came up to cover her still cloudy eyes in a face palm. In the next second Plimpy appeared with a large chest, “Thank you Plimpy!” James said as he went to his knees by the trunk and opened it.

“I don’t think this is what Harriet needs.” Remus said as he looked down into an entire chest full of Harriet’s baby stuff. It had her baby blanket, old onesies, the original small stuffed animals they had gotten her before they replaced them with bigger ones as she grew, old bottles, some cloth diapers, a photo album with Harriet’s name on it, and a newer paper bag that was on top.

“This is exactly what she needs Remus.” Sirius said as he bent down and picked up the small wolf, dog, and stag stuffed animals, sending a glare at the rat one. “She said she’d be basically a baby again.”

Remus snorted, “I’d like to see either of you attempt to diaper a baby bird.” An indignant cheep sounded from the nest, “See? I doubt she’s going to allow that.” Another series of cheeps confirmed that.

James rolled his eyes as he pulled a tiny rubber spoon from the chest and opened the bag to take out
a small jar of baby food. “I wasn’t going to try.”

“Sure you weren’t.” Remus muttered as Sirius tucked the three stuffed animals into Harriet’s nest with her.

James opened up the baby food as he walked back to Harriet, “Alright Princess. Open up!” the little bird opened her beak and raised her wings up to keep her balance. “Aw, who’s daddy’s adorable little girl.” Remus and Sirius snickered, Harriet let out a harsh cheep before opening her mouth insistently again. “Alright alright.” James chuckled; he fed her the fruity mush carefully, cooing each time a little bit of the food got away from her. Sirius and Remus took turns feeding her too, wanting to take care of their little girl as well. Harriet seemed to be humoring them, not that she had a choice not to, and turned to each one in turn when they took over the feeding. Once the feeding was done Harriet snuggled down into her ashes, her eyelids drooping. Remus renewed her personal flurry before the three men climbed onto the bed. Remus and James took the head of the bed and Sirius turned into Padfoot to curl against the bottom of the nest. They settled in to sleep with Harriet.

Loki sat on the floor of his new bedroom, Sleipnir was lying on his side in front of him with his great head in Loki’s lap. Both had their eyes closed and Loki had a hand on Sleipnir’s forehead as his magic pulsed around them gently. Loki was in the process of unlocking Sleipnir’s shifting and it was proving to be difficult, it was tied up with threads of power from Odin that had been added to over the three hundred years of Sleipnir’s life at several intervals. It was a tangled mess and Loki resisted the urge to sneer at the work, he took care with his spell crafting but Odin clearly did not. Loki had already picked free most of the strands but now he was working through the hardest of the bunch. He very gently pried apart a knot, freeing two threads that he’d already unwoven from the rest of the mess. An hour and a half later he had the last one free and he let out a steady breath before opening his eyes and looking down at his son.

“Try shifting Sleipnir.” He said softly, running his fingers through his son’s soft mane. “Focus on your secondary form, pull on your magic, and relax into it.” Sleipnir let out a snorted breath and his entire body relaxed into the carpet beneath them, a second later Loki had a considerably smaller head in his lap. “Good job.” Loki praised with a smile, taking in his son’s human features for the first time. He had short but wavy gray-brown hair, a strong lined face that matched Loki’s own, he had bright hazel eyes, and a small, slim frame that looked like a Midgardian preteen. As Loki peered closer he saw that his son’s finger and toenails still shimmered like the rainbow bridge and had gold flecks within his eyes that reflected his strong magic.

Sleipnir opened his eyes and focused on Loki with a grin before jumping up and running over, quite naked, to Loki’s wardrobe to use the mirror within. Loki stood and watched with amusement as his son inspected himself carefully, flexing his different muscles, twisting his new limbs. “This will take some getting used to.” He commented before perking up, “I don’t have to project my thoughts anymore!”
Loki chuckled, “No, you don’t.” he opened the second door of the wardrobe and pulled out one of the new pieces that Peri had gotten him, a robe, something she told him that wizards wore. “This will have to do before I can go explore and find you some clothes.” He helped Sleipnir slide his arms into the long robe which hung off him almost comically, as it was meant for his much taller and broader mother. “Now, are you hungry? We’ve been at it for quite a while.” Sleipnir nodded enthusiastically and Loki chuckled, “Very well. Peri?”

With a pop his elf, a tiny female wearing a uniform with a crest he was informed was the LeFay crest, appeared, “Master Loki be callin Peri?” she squeaked questioningly before looking around, hoping to anticipate her Master’s request. Her eyes stopped on Sleipnir and she took in his robe, “Young Master Sleipnir!” she exclaimed, “You have shrunk!” she waddled toward him, tutting as she pulled at the robe he had on, “You should be callin’ Peri sooner. Peri take your measures. Peri make sure you have good clothings.”

Sleipnir went to his knees before the elf, “How did you know it was me?”

Peri clucked at him, “Young Master can’t fool Peri, Peri can feel Young Master’s magic. All house elves be knowin their charges magic signature.”

Loki smiled down at his son and the little elf, “Peri, we didn’t call you for clothes. We just spent several hours unlocking his shifting ability and we are quite famished.”

Peri nodded, “Peri be bringing you food. Measures of Young Master afterward though.”

“No, Peri you don’t have…” Loki stopped as the elf disappeared and sighed, “I have a feeling that I won’t be the one getting your clothes Sleipnir.”

“Peri be getting them.” The elf said, popping back up quicker than before with a large tray floating beside her, “Lady LeFay be sayin to getting her family all they need.”

“She doesn’t need to do that.” Loki insisted, “If custom clothing here is anything like on Asgard then it’s quite expensive. When learning about finances I saw how much we, as the Royal family, spent on fabrics and designers. It was quite a large amount.” And he knew without a doubt that all the clothes that had shown up in his wardrobe were custom, they were all fitted perfectly to him and the magics that were woven into the wizarding wear felt brand new.

Peri snorted, a very strange sound coming from the tiny elf in front of them, “Lady LeFay is bein’ the
head of several wealthy pureblood lines were she be the only one around. Clothings for Young Master won’t be makin’ a noticeable bite from her vaults.” She set the tray on the bed, “Peri be back when Masters finish to take Young Master’s measures.” With that she disappeared.

Loki sighed, “I should really talk to the phoenix.”

Sleipnir climbed onto the bed and opened the tray to find two large bowls of hearty vegetable soup and a stack of warm, soft dinner rolls. Sleipnir made a happy sound in the back of his throat and dug in, “Mother, you told me she hatched when you came back last night. You could go talk to her now.” Sleipnir said between bites.

“She is still a hatchling Sleipnir. I don’t know if she’ll be able speak with me. When I watched her hatching she was only able to cheep at her father and the other two.” Loki said, climbing on the bed to eat his own soup. He hadn’t been able to resist watching the phoenix hatch, he was just so curious; afterward he had gotten a good bit of amusement from the three men who couldn’t seem to stop cooing at the bemused bird.

“Phoenixes are supposed to grow fast right? Maybe she’ll be able to project her thoughts now, like I did.”

Loki tossed the idea back and forth as he ate, even if she wasn’t able to he might be able to get more information from the three that were taking care of her and she did say to visit. If she was able to project her thoughts, then he would be able to get more important answers and find out more about this different timeline where he had apparently earned his placed as her flock member. “I shall try.” He said, Sleipnir beamed at him. Loki returned the smile and slid from the bed, he put a monitoring spell on Sleipnir who rolled his eyes but accepted it, then teleported straight to the young phoenixes room.

His eyebrows shot up when he found the three men passed out around the young phoenixes nest, he assumed they had slept last night after the young phoenix fell asleep and then woke again this morning. It was barely noon so he wasn’t sure why they were sleeping. He stepped closer and peered into the nest over the sprawled form of James. The little phoenix had grown overnight and now had thick covering of down over her, she was perched on top of her mound of ashes now and had her eyes closed. Power was drifting out from her in calming waves before drawing back in and starting again.

Tentatively, Loki let his magic out of his tight hold to float around him. When the young phoenixes magic flowed outward this time, it mixed with his comfortably and it didn’t draw back in, it stayed with his and tugged at it playfully.
*Loki?* came a soft voice in his mind, he looked up from where he was watching their magic interact to see the young phoenix looking at him with piercing black eyes. *Are you alright?*

Loki shook himself and pulled his magic back in abruptly as he straightened, “So you can project your thoughts. You didn’t with these three yesterday.” He said, gesturing to the three men passed out around her.

Harriet let out several short squeaks that sounded like laughter, *I had to get my amusement somehow. I’m stuck like this for another four or five days.*

Loki let out an involuntary chuckle before cutting it off, “Are you up for a conversation?”

The little bird tilted her head at him, *It would be better face to face.*

Loki raised an eyebrow, “If you truly knew me before then you know I don’t take waiting well when the answer is within my reach.”

Again she let out the laughing squeaks, *I wasn’t suggesting that. Sit with me, look into my eyes, and I will pull you into my mind so we can talk and I can show you the proof I know you want to see.*

Loki hesitated for only a moment, he couldn’t stop with the knowledge so close and he was sure that he could pull free if need be. He hefted James into his arms easily to move him over by Sirius who instantly clung to the man, “What did you do to them?” Loki huffed.

*They were getting overbearing and I needed to concentrate so I put them to sleep. The sleep spell is simple enough for me to do without my wand.* Harriet said as Loki climbed to sit cross legged on the bed with Harriet, he looked down into her eyes and she settled in, *Just relax. I won’t hurt you.* she murmured as he felt something tug at his mind. Loki let out a huge breath and let his mind be dragged forward. Everything was black for several seconds before he found himself in a large room with floor to ceiling windows overlooking a large city. There were several couches set in the center of the room around a large flat box with a shiny front that looked like the one Harriet had in her room. On the back of the couch was perched a sleeping down covered hatchling like the one Loki had just left in the real world and below it was a lanky cat sprawled on its side, napping. Standing directly in front of him though was a girl with wild black hair and brilliant green eyes smiling at him openly, “Hello Loki. It’s a pleasure to meet you again.” She said holding out her hand.

Loki stepped forward and gripped her forearm, which she returned with no hesitation. “The pleasure
is all mine.”

Harriet laughed, “I’m sure.” She released him and waved him after her as she headed over to the wall that had no windows. “We’ll talk while we head down to your floor.”

“My floor?” Loki questioned as he followed after her. She led him into a small room that only had the door they had come in, she turned around toward the door and pressed a button the had his symbol next to it. The doors closed and he jolted as the tiny room began to move.

“Yes, your floor. I organized my mind like the tower our family lived in. All the memories centered around you or information on things I associate with you are kept on your floor.” Harriet explained, “It makes it easier for me to find.” She looked over at him expectantly, “Now where would you like to start?”

Loki mulled over his options, “You know that I am not Æsir correct?”

Harriet laughed as the room came to a stop and the door opened on a completely different floor. It was the same as the one they had left except it didn’t have the couches or the flat box on the wall. The walls that weren’t windows were book shelves filled with books of all sizes and ages, along the window were pedestals with different things on them and in the center were three different full sized figurine Lokis. One was him in his full battle armor, another was him more relaxed in simple clothes and a soft smile, but the third was him in his full Jotun form wearing more traditional Jotun garb, his red eyes piercing but a smile still on his face thought this one was more hesitant. Harriet walked over to the blue figure, “No, I had no idea.”

Loki frowned at her, “How can you stand to have a monster for a family member? A member of your flock?” he startled when she darted forward and flicked him on the forehead, he stepped backward, “What was that for?!” he spluttered.

“I don’t have a monster for a family member. I have Jotun mage who was raised Æsir because of an old man’s stupidity.” Harriet corrected calmly.

Loki snorted, “Please, I’m a monster to both worlds. A monster to Asgard because I’m Jotun and a monster to Jotunheim because I’m a runt.” Harriet reached up and flicked him on the forehead again, he glared at her and rubbed at her head, “Stop that.”

Harriet raised an eyebrow, “Then stop saying stupid things.” She crossed her arms over her chest,
“You are the God of Lies. You can spin anything into a story Silvertongue. Look past what you have been told by the Allfather, someone whose credibility you personally know is shit, and look deeper. Think with your own mind.” She stepped backward as Loki calmed, his mind whirling, and tilted her head toward the figure of his Jotun self, “Do you know why you are so small? Jotuns with high levels of magic are meant to be small. The others are giant to compensate for the magic they lack.”

“They still abandoned me.” Loki said weakly, looking into his own red eyes, “They left me at a temple.”

“No they didn’t.” Harri said softly, “You were in that temple to be protected along with the Casket. The warriors protecting you were killed in the battle to claim the Casket and that’s when Odin found you.”

“How do you know all this?” Loki rasped.

“We went to Jotunheim last time to ensure that the Jotun’s joined us or stayed neutral in our war against Dumbledore and the Mad Titan. Several lower ranked warriors attacked us even after we had agreed to a cease fire for the negotiations. You were less careful about being touched since you knew you were a Jotun and by the end of the fight you were completely changed. The current King, your brother Helblindi, recognized your kin lines and talked with us about it.” Harriet explained, tapping on the lines on the figurines body when she talked of the kin lines. “They thought you had been killed.”

All the information he had just received swirled around in his mind and all Loki could say was, “Oh.” He frowned, “Wait, what does Thanos have to do with this?”

“He and Dumbledore were who we were fighting against at the end.” Harri said, she bit her lip, “He is also the one who found you in the Void the first time.”

Loki blanched, “The Mad Titan would have found me in the Void? I’ve heard stories, he’s insane. He would have….”

“Tortured you.” Harri said softly, Loki’s eyes hardened. Harri looked torn before she took his hand gently and pulled him over to a door. She opened it and walked into another room, there was a large swirling bubble of color in the center of this room but Harriet ignored it. She took him over to another door which opened into a closet, this one also had a swirling bubble of color but it was much smaller than the other one. Harriet touched the bubble and it settled onto a picture of an enormous green lady holding a torch, Harriet stepped into the bubble, pulling Loki along behind.
In two steps they found themselves standing on a walkway in front of the enormous green lady who
was stood on top of a platform. Around them people were screaming and things were exploding,
Loki looked around, trying to find out what was going on. “Where are we? What is this?”

“A memory.” Harriet said, she pointed a little way across the grass that was dotted with burning
patches. Loki saw an older version of Harriet; this one was clearly grown up, with a curvy and lithe
figure. On either side of her was a red head, all of them working to get the screaming people to
safety. “This is the first time we met.” Harri said, this time gesturing up toward the platform the green
lady stood on. Another Loki stood up there in full battle armor, cackling, and shooting spells from a
spear; even from here Loki could see that his eyes were glowing blue instead of his normal green.

It only took him a second to connect the dots, “He took over my mind.” He whispered in horror.

Harriet heard him and nodded grimly, “You told me that you were in the Void for quite some time,
long enough for you to begin to slip into insanity. Thanos found you and tortured you, trying to get
you to talk of secrets. You didn’t and managed to lock away the most important things but that and
the torture broke you just enough for him to slip in and control you. You led an attack against
Midgard under his control but were able to leave enough holes in your plan to allow the realm’s
protectors to stop you. Thor returned you to Asgard where you hoped that the distance and the
beating you took from the Hulk would knock him from your head but it didn’t. He retook control
even at a distance and had you escape, you fought back for a long time but there were still times, like
this…” she gestured again to where the blue eyed Loki was now destroying the green lady, ignoring
Harriet and the red heads evacuating the humans to emergency boats. “That he took back control.”

“I was stopped right?” Loki said, swallowing hard as he saw himself explode a chuck of the grand
statue and the debris fly toward a woman covering a baby protectively. One of the red heads with
Harriet ran over to the woman and lifted a hand, a magic shield bloomed in front of them just before
the debris struck them.

“Of course.” Harri soothed just as thunder and a high pitched whine filled the area. Loki and Harriet
looked up at the same time as their memory counterparts did to see Thor and a red and gold armor
flying toward them at high speed, a large aircraft behind them.

They all landed near Harriet and the two red heads, people piled from the aircraft as Thor boomed,
“Brother! Stop this destruction now!” both Lokis snorted at the command and Harriet giggled even
as her memory-self rolled her eyes.

“Thor, don’t waste your time trying to negotiate with crazy cats!” came a voice from the red and gold
armor, “It’s never worked before so what makes you think it will this time?” the armor and Thor
charged toward Loki and a shorter spiky haired blond started shooting arrows at him.

“Thor was never accused of being the God of Intelligence.” The Loki watching this muttered, Harriet laughed.

At this point a man wearing a brightly colored suit was walking over to Harriet and the redheads, “We have been watching you three.”

“Have you now?” Harriet asked, looking amused.

“You’re bad at it.” One of the red heads said.

“You couldn’t even find our house.” The other threw in without missing a beat.

“And you’re really easy to evade.” The first added.

“Worst Aurors ever.” The second commented.

“Stop.” Another man said, he had long brunette hair and a metal arm that gleamed from his dark leather armor. “You two are making me dizzy.” The two grinned, “Just tell us if you’re working for Loki.”

The answer came from the Loki with the spear who laughed loudly just as he threw Thor and the armor away from him with a shockwave that destabilized the archers position, “Why would I employ three insignificant average mortals to keep me from damaging other mortals?” he snarked, his blue eyes flashed and the Loki watching the memory noted that the Harriet in the memory narrowed her eyes when it happened, not at the comment. The memory Loki’s gaze landed on her and a lecherous grin spread across his face, “Though this one is rather pretty. I could use a servant here on Midgard.” He aimed his spear at her and she was caught in a bubble of green magic that picked her up off the ground and brought her toward him. “Yes, you’ll do nicely.” He said as he leered at her.

The Loki who was watching was surprised as the two redheads who had flanked Harriet before glared at him but did nothing, “Who are they? Why aren’t they doing anything? They don’t look like they like what I said.”
“They’re my soulmates.” Harriet said with a smile, “And they don’t like what you said, but at this point I thought that you were under the Imperious curse. So I told them to stay back and only send me their magic through our connection. If things went badly they still would have been able to get to me through the bond.”

Loki looked down at her with a raised eyebrow, “This is your memory, why aren’t we hearing that conversation?”

Harri grinned at him, “If we were viewing it from my point of view we would but I thought you would like outside view so that’s what I gave you.” She turned back to the scene, “This is what you would see in a pensive. It takes the ambient magic in the world around you and connects to your magic to allow you a larger view of what happened.”

“Interesting.” Loki commented before also turning back to the scene in front of them.

The Harriet in the bubble was listening to Loki’s monologuing with an amused expression, “Are you done?” she asked when he stopped for a breath, he glared at her and she rolled her eyes. Magic burst out from her, popping the bubble she was in and making her drop to the ground in front of him. Loki looked shocked briefly, his eyes turning green for an instant before they turned blue once more and he swung the spear at her, Harriet jumped over it and rolled back a few feet. She held out her hand and a silver sword with a ruby in the hilt appeared in her hand, she blocked the next two swings before Loki stepped back to circle her. Before he could hit her from behind Harriet drew her wand and a spell jumped from it to hit in him the chest, throwing him backward and making him lose his grip on the spear.

The Harriet watching the memory with Loki took his hand and in the next second they were closer to their counterparts. The memory Harriet scrambled over to Loki and cast another spell that had him tied up in ropes; she knelt at his side, set down her sword, and put a hand on either side of his face before locking eyes with him. Power pulsed from them in a wave that sent cracks up the already damaged statue and along the cement under them; Loki screamed, something made even more eerie by the fact that his eye remained opened, forced that way by the connection to Harriet. Blood started to trickle from Harriet’s nose as the blue began to fade from Loki’s eyes, it fought her but eventually it was banished and his true green eye color prevailed. Both sagged, their breathing heavy as they recovered.

“Brother!” came the boisterous voice of Thor, both sets of Harriet and Loki looked over to see Thor and the armor coming over the lip of the platform they were on, holding several of the others who had come from the aircraft. Harriet reached for her sword and gripped its hilt tight with one hand before letting the other grab Loki by the front of his armor. A pop announced the arrival of her soulmates, one grabbed Loki’s spear quickly before they both put a hand on Harriet’s shoulders. In the next instant they all four disappeared and the Harriet and Loki who had been watching were pushed out of the memory.
Harriet looked over to Loki who was silent as he took in all of what he had just saw. “After that we retreated to our home for a couple of days to allow you to recover then we went to explain things to them and their agency. Eventually we did the same on Asgard and you were pardoned for what happened after you dropped into the Void. Of course Odin still wanted to punish you for what happened before but Frigga managed to get him to lessen it due to what you were put through in the Void. You had to help the Avengers, the group of mortals with Thor, to protect Midgard. I and my soulmates, Fred and George, had been asked to be consultants for them and agreed after getting the go ahead from the American Ministry for Magic. You lived with us to learn Midgardian magic at first but eventually we all got comfortable enough with the others to move in with them at the tower.” She gestured around her, “We became a family with them and a few others slowly but surely and we were together until the very end.” Her face darkened and her eyes went far away, “You all died within twenty-four hours of each other, until it was just me. My phoenix, Glacia, forced our first burn day and used the extra power to bring us back in time and merge with our weakened self. Now, here we are.” Her eyes cleared after several silent seconds and she smiled at him, “This is a lot to take in. Do you want to know anything else before we take a break for the day?”

Loki blinked slowly, “Can…can I see this…family of ours?”

Harri smiled, “Of course.” She took his hand again and pulled him after her again, back through the room until they were back in the moving room. They went back up to the room he had appeared in and Harriet drew him to the empty spaces behind the couches. “Alright. There’s me, you, and your brother who you already know of course.” She concentrated and the current versions of Fred and George appeared before them grinning, “These are my soulmates, Fred and George Weasley, as they are right now. They are magical twins. They are also wizards like my fathers. Fred’s specialty is potions and George’s specialty is spell craft. They are well known pranksters.” She waved and Mischief and Mayhem appeared in their places, “These are their animagus forms. In the last timeline you named them Mischief and Mayhem after they pulled off a prank on the Allfather. A memory I will show you later.” She added when she saw him perk up in interest. “They are also fans of yours.”

Loki looked to her with a raised eyebrow, “They didn’t seem like it from the memory.”

“You were being controlled and we were in the middle of a battle; unlike my fathers, my mates know when to rein it in.” Harri laughed, “We also weren’t sure if you were the Loki from the Norse Pantheon or someone just using your name.” Loki nodded and Harriet waved her hand again, this time a dark haired man with facial hair and a smirk appeared, “This is Tony Stark, genius, billionaire, playboy, philanthropist. Also known as the Iron Man. You remember the red and gold armor from the memory?” Loki nodded, looking the figure over, “That was him. He created that armor without magic, just Midgardian muggle science.” Loki looked suitably impressed, “I have a hunch you’ll be meeting him sooner than you might expect.”

The figure changed again into the long hair brunette with the metal arm and dark armor, “This is James Buchanan Barnes but we usually call him Bucky. He’s known as the Winter Solider when
we’re in the field. He’s a super solider, he was injected with a special serum developed here on Midgard to make him faster and stronger and such. He’s not actually from this time period. He’s from seventy or so years ago. He was captured by the enemy and brainwashed, he is currently used by them as an assassin. Once I recover from my burn I will be rescuing him and breaking the mind control.” Loki nodded in understanding, making sure to take in every detail he could.

The figure changed again, this time into a blond man in jeans and a plaid shirt with a soft smile on his face, “This is Steven Grant Rodgers or Steve. He is also known as Captain America. He is a super soldier as well. He is also from seventy some years in the past. He put a plane carrying bombs down into icy waters to protect innocents and the serum used to make him super strong and agile put him into stasis when the ice froze him and the plane. He’s considered our leader most of the time but there are certain situations where he hands the reins to those with more experience with the situation.”

The figure changed into a small unassuming man with dark curls and a square jaw, “This is Bruce Banner. He is a genius on par with Tony but while Tony is more of the technical sciences, Bruce is more geared to what Tony calls the mushy sciences or the human body, chemistry, and such.” The figure grew and Loki stepped back with wide eyes as Banner turned green and huge, Harri grinned, “This is Bruce’s other half. The Hulk. He’s basically indestructible.”

“He’s the one who I thought would clear Thanos from my mind?” Loki rasped.

“According to the stories I was told, during the invasion the Hulk confronted you and slammed you around into marble floors multiple times, effectively putting you out of commission for the rest of the invasion and clearing your mind a little bit for a short period.” Harri said looking up at Hulk with a smile before looking back to Loki. “When you meet him this time there won’t be any history between you and he will accept you. You just have to accept him. Don’t fear him. He is very protective of those he sees as his. If you can’t then we’ll have to work a little bit. I was told that Tony accepted him before he even met him and Hulk was fine with him but he accepted the others as they grew more comfortable with him. He’s really a big teddy bear.” Loki nodded shortly, his eyes roving over the Hulk curiously.

The figure shrunk drastically, this time it settled on the visage of the archer Loki had watched shoot at his mind controlled self. “This is Clint Barton. He’s an expert archer with above average eye sight that gave him the name Hawkeye. He is also considered to be a master assassin. Currently he is working for Shield as an agent there. He’s like a big kid. He likes to play video games and binge watch movies and TV shows. He is a movie nerd. He is also fond of high places and hiding in ventilation systems.” Loki quirked an eyebrow at that and Harriet chuckled, “We all have our quirks.”

The figure changed once more, this time to a curvy red head woman with a dangerous look in her eyes. She was wearing a skin tight body suit that Loki took one look at and knew it held a multitude
of weapons, “This is Natasha Romanov also known as the Black Widow. She is an assassin of the highest caliber; she has never failed a mission. She is very slightly enhanced and is a master of most weapons and martial arts. She is, perhaps, the most guarded of all of us, however once you gain her hard won trust she is loyal to a fault. At this point in time she is attached like this only to Clint and an agent, her and Clint’s handler, who I never got the chance to meet.”

Harriet looked to Loki, “That’s everyone who fought with us, everyone that you considered family last time. There are a few others that I consider family and you knew but weren’t as close with so I won’t go too far into them at this point. There is Pepper Potts, Tony’s PA currently and CEO of his company in the future. She was like my sister, you talked with her sometimes but you weren’t close. There is Luna Lovegood, my little sister in all but blood, you’ll meet her before the week is up. And finally Lee Jordan, who is the twins best friend and a friend of mine as well, he ran the twins joke shop in Diagon Alley while we were over in America.” The figure changed with each person and Loki had just enough time to give them a once over before it changed again, Harri smiled, “That’s the family.”

“And...they all accepted me as family?” Loki asked hesitantly.

Harri’s face softened, “It was a bit hard for some of them at first because of what happened with the invasion but even then the longest any of them held out was a year and a half. We were a family after that and nothing could have changed that. Like I said, we were all together until death.” She clasped her hands together, “Except for me, but I didn’t intend to come back in time. I intended to die and join you all in the afterlife. That didn’t happen but it gave me a chance to try and change things. I am working to make sure it won’t happen like that this time.”

Loki gave a slow nod, “You have given me...quite a bit to think about.”

Harriet gave him an understanding look, “Take your time. I don’t expect things to be instant. Come back and talk to me whenever.” With that Loki felt a gentle push and suddenly he was in his body, sitting on the bed in front of Harriet’s nest once more. She waved a downy wing at him and he smiled in response before disappearing back to his rooms.

Loki found Sleipnir napping on his bed, still in the oversized robe he had been in earlier but Loki figured it would take a little bit for his wardrobe to come in. He settled on the floor at the end of the bed to meditate, wanting to sort through all the information he had received over the last week or so and consider how to move forward. One thing was already clear in his mind though, he wanted to attempt this strange…accepting family Harriet had proposed to him. He wanted that more than anything he remembered wanting before.

The next morning an explosion jolted Loki and Sleipnir from their sleep and they were out of bed.
and at the ready in an instant. Another explosion sounded and this time they caught a direction, “Stay here.” Loki ordered his son as he swept out of his rooms, his full armor appearing around him. When he stepped out into the hall he ran into the sight of James, Sirius, and Remus in a tangled pile on the floor and a pale blue feathered, finch sized phoenix hovering unsteadily in the air.

“Harriet get back here!” James demanded, “You’re not ready to fly yet!”

Another boom sounded and Harriet cheeped angrily at them before flying off with a slight wobble in her flight pattern, she was beating her tiny wings furiously just to stay airborne. Loki followed after her without hesitation and the three other males followed him as quickly as possible. As they drew closer to the explosions, which they had quickly placed as coming from the foyer, they heard a voice shouting angrily. They only had a little way to go when the shouts became more clear, “Show yourselves fuckers! I know you have my sister here somewhere! Bring me Harriet Potter and I won’t blow this place to smithereens!”

Harriet clacked her beak and alighted on the railing that overlooked the foyer shakily, *Really Tony? Smithereens? What are you? A fucking pirate?* Harriet called down to where the fully suited up Iron Man was blowing up pieces of furniture and putting smoking holes in various walls, there was a large hole in the ceiling as well.

“You’ve been able to communicate this entire time!” Sirius shouted indignantly from behind Loki, he was ignored.

Loki watched as Iron Man craned his neck upward and the mask flipped open to reveal Tony Stark’s face, “Glacia? No, you spoke so, Harriet? You’re okay?”

*I’m not a hundred percent but I’m okay Tony.* Harriet replied, *Why are you blowing up my house?*

Tony looked around sheepishly, “I…uh, thought you were in trouble. You weren’t answering your phone.” Instantly his mood switched to anger and he glared at her, “Why the hell weren’t you answering your phone? Do you know how worried I was? What the hell Harriet?!” he blinked then and squinted at her, “Why are you tiny?”

Harriet ruffled her feathers and tipped off the side of the rail she was on to glide down to Tony who held out an arm to for her to land on. *I’m sorry Tony, I didn’t mean to cut of communications. Everything got busy and I completely forgot to text you about my burn this week. And I didn’t respond to any texts afterward because I locked away my phone so it wouldn’t be pranked while I’m out of commission.*
Tony huffed, “What got you so busy that you forgot to shoot a quick text or open up your connection to Jarvis and give him the run down?”

Harriet wiggled her short tail feathers excitedly, *I was able to bring in another of our family!*

Tony’s eyes widened a little and he looked up to see Loki descending from the balcony gracefully, his armor disappearing into more relaxed clothing as he went. Loki stepped closer hesitantly and cleared his throat, “Hello, I’m Loki, God of Mischief and Lies.” He greeted softly, his hand held out.

Harriet took off momentarily as the suit peeled away from Tony before setting back on the arm and watching the scene before her. Tony grinned and took Loki’s hand without missing a beat, “Pleased to finally meet someone from this mysterious family of ours! I’m Tony! Tony Stark! Genius, billionaire, playboy, philanthropist, and Iron Man!” Tony babbled while pumping a surprised Loki’s hand, “A God huh? That’s awesome! Could you tell…..”

Loki relaxed as the calming steady babble continued and a genuine smile spread across his face, he answered what he could when Tony stopped to take breaths and soon they settled into an easy conversation. Harriet looked on happily; her family, her flock, was finally beginning to come back together. She let out a quite happy trill from her spot on the armors arm; no matter how slow it was going, things were progressing.

Chapter End Notes

I tried to make the hatching funnier but it seemed to bog things down too much. Apologies.

Yes, Loki had never seen Sleipnir's human form. He set him at Odin's feet when he was still a colt and the ability was bound before Loki could teach him to use it. He knew it was there but was resigned to never being able to see his son use it.

I figured if someone can sift through your mind you could welcome someone you trust into your mindscape and as a Occlumens she would have to have a proficient way to organize and protect her memories so I chose the Tower.

Things have a weird description to them because this is supposed to be mostly from Loki’s view.

The figurines show the different ways Harriet sees the person in question. Like for Tony it would be the Iron Man suit, him in his lab clothes, and him in a business suit and sunglasses.

Loki may not care overly much about people outside his circle but he would never leave
a child to be harmed.

In the memory Harriet can call Gryffindor's sword to her because she is Lady Gryffindor. Right now she is only the Heir so she won't be able to unless it comes directly from the hat or Fawkes.

This question has come up many times. "Why hasn't Harriet told Tony about the others?" Tony would want to go find them NOW and while his overbearing and babbling can be good sometimes, I think it would hinder a situation like this. They all have trust issues so they either need to be introduced to each other in a time of crisis where they are forced to rely on each other or very slowly by another trusted individual (coughHarrietcough).

Other questions that have come up recently:

Why no Natasha? She has probably the worst trust issues out of all of them so Harriet is working on Clint first and will introduce herself through him.

Why no Pepper? I have plans for that meeting and unfortunately that means we need to wait until the Hammer attack at the expo in several chapters.

When do we save Bucky? Two chapters from now.

When are the twins coming back? Two and a half to three chapters from now.

Will the twins really get the whole story? Yes, on her birthday, but I won't reiterate the whole shabang like I did in chapter 7 so all YOU GUYS will see is a few memories Harri shows them and then a paragraph about her talking to them over food or tucked in bed together for cuddling I haven't decided yet.

Question...ideas for Harriet and the twins superhero code names? We have a list but none of them seem right so we are taking suggestions!

Next Chapter: The letters arrive, Dumbledore discovers a curious lack of people at Privet Drive, Harriet's tail feathers are two feet long, and saving Bucky planning!

See you then!
Albus Dumbledore apparated onto Privet Drive with a sour look twisted onto his face. He had just dealt Wizengamot’s summons. As he predicted they had demanded to know the location of the girl to check on her thoroughly. It had taken him much maneuvering and subtle, roundabout threats to get the Wizengamot to put off the visit to Harriet’s house to check on her. The story he spun about her relatives seeing the article and expecting a visit only got him a four-day extension though, as they had demanded an oath from him stating that he would take a group of aurors to the girl’s residence before the end of the week.

Now he only had to make sure the house was in order, the girl was under the Imperious, and that the Dursley’s behaved themselves; the final task being one he knew would be harder than anything he’d done before. Sure he had helped throw the muggle child services off several times before but he knew that the Dursley’s wouldn’t take well to wizards searching their house and questioning them. He could put them under the Imperious as well but muggles tended to come off more monotone when under the curse than magicals, the aurors would notice that right away.

“Maybe just strong compulsions?” Albus mused to himself as he walked up the driveway of Number 4 Privet Drive. He wasn’t sure if the strong compulsions could completely hide the Dursley’s hate for magic though. Albus shook himself and knocked crisply on the door before folding his arms behind his back. After several seconds of nothing he knocked again with a frown on his face. When no one
answered Albus took a glance around and for the first time since his arrival noticed the empty driveway, slightly overgrown garden, and the complete and utter lack of sound from within. Dumbledore’s frown grew and he checked the street for muggles before sliding his wand free and unlocking the door with a quick charm.

The door swung open to reveal a completely abandoned house. Albus looked around with wide eyes, anger beginning to creep in throat as he saw the completely empty front room and kitchen. Not a single dish or piece of furniture occupied the rooms. On the wall there were darker areas of paint where pictures sat previously, allowing the sun to bleach the surrounding paint. Albus hurried upstairs and found the same situation in the bedrooms. Only the room he knew to be Harriet’s had anything in it and that was broken down mattress, a small rickety desk, and a closet with a single wire hanger.

By this time Albus was scowling, his wand tip glowing ominously. He wanted to cast a magic detector but knew that it would be faint since the Dursley’s would punish Harriet for anything even perceived as magic, the girl would likely avoid that at all costs. So, Albus cast a general signs of life detector as he walked back through the house and found it very faint. Albus snarled and put his wand away before letting out a breath, fixing his serene mask back in place, and apparating through his wards straight back to Hogwarts. He walked calmly to his floo to call Severus through.

Once he had made contact he walked back over to his desk to have a clear path for pacing. Where could the Dursleys have gone? Had the new goblin stopped their payments? What had they done with the girl? Albus glanced over at his many trinkets and quickly found the one he had locked onto the girl’s life force when she was five to monitor his biggest investment. It was still spinning away steadily, emitting a light hum as it went. “At least she’s alive.” He muttered to himself.

Seconds later the floo flared to life and Severus stepped through in his usual dark attire, “You called?” he drawled.

“Yes,” Dumbledore said seriously, leaning on his desk, “This morning the Wizengamot demanded that I take them to the Dursleys to investigate the article that came out a few days ago.” Severus inclined his head for Albus to continue, “I went to make sure they were still there and had not been tipped off and discovered that they had moved. Did they say anything about this to you?”

“No.” Severus said stiffly, “They did not.”

Dumbledore frowned, “I didn’t think you would leave something like that out.” He let out a sigh, “I’m afraid we need to search for them. They left no forwarding address and there was no sign of Harriet. They need to be under those wards to keep Harriet safe.” He made sure his face was showing concern as he looked to Severus, “I know you were brewing my boy, but would you be able to hold off and help me find Harriet? She could be in grave danger.”
“I have to go banish my current concoction so that it doesn’t explode in the interim and then I will begin the search Headmaster.” Severus said shortly.

Dumbledore smiled. “Thank you Severus, it is appreciated.” Snape gave a half bow and disappeared through the floo as quickly as he had appeared. Dumbledore let out a breath and popped a lemon drop into his mouth. He had to salvage this plan. He just hoped he could find the Dursleys and Harriet before he was forced to show the abandoned house to the aurors at the end of the week. If he could get the Dursleys back and the claims thrown out he might even be able to get rid of Skeeter by the end of this. With a smile Albus went to start a tracking ritual, unaware that a shimmering white doe patronus was bounding off of the Hogwarts grounds at that very moment.

Over at the Potter Manor everyone was gathered in the main dining room with papers scattered across the table and a court room pensieve, that was currently playing several memories on loop for Tony, who sitting watching them carefully while drawing on a Stark Pad he had gotten Daisy to bring him. Harriet, who was now about the size of a parrot, was hopping along the table as she chatted with Loki and the Marauders, her foot-long tail feathers trailed after her. Sleipnir was curled into Loki’s side but was watching the pensieve curiously and every so often peeked at what Tony was drawing on the Stark Pad.

After they had introduced themselves and Tony’s babble had slowed a little bit Harriet had suggested that they move to the dining room for breakfast. Loki had gotten Sleipnir and joined them all for a family breakfast. Harriet had mostly let the conversation steer itself as Loki and Tony felt each other out and settled the more they figured each other out. After breakfast Harriet had them moved to the play room and Tony took over as he introduced the two new members to the wonders of TV and movies. Lunch was a less formal affair as they were in the middle of watching Star Wars and none wanted to leave the room. Harri had insisted on the dining room for dinner though before they went back and Tony proceeded to show Sleipnir video games as the Marauders and Loki traded pranking stories. They had ended up all dozing off in the play room to sleep the night through, much to the anger of their various house elves who woke them up the next morning for breakfast in the dining room once more. Once everyone had coffee in them (expect for Sleipnir, to his disappointment) they started talking about when the rest of the family would come together and soon Loki had brought up Bucky and his upcoming rescue.

Harriet had been keeping the identities of the rest of their family from Tony since she had first told him of their existence since she didn’t want him to rush them so, hearing another name, Tony had latched on. Harri had caved, only because she was so close to rescuing Bucky and because she would have had to bring him in at the end of her burn anyway to get his expertise on Bucky’s arm. So she had brought him up to speed on what she knew of Bucky’s story and how he had fit into their family the last time. Loki had conjured up a double of him from Harriet’s memory and, of course, Tony was immediately drawn to the metal arm. It hadn’t taken long for him to want to make one and to ask if there was a way to see it in action.

Which led them to now. Harriet had gotten her father to pull her memories free for the courtroom
pensive and then she had one of the house elves bring her the plans she had made up before her burn of the Hydra base she had found Bucky in. Now, she knew that Tony was listening with half an ear as he watched her memories of Bucky and the few times she had seen the arm off or opened up for maintence and she went through her plan with Loki.

“I can’t believe Hydra is still around.” Tony muttered when Loki was looking over the layout the base Harri had spread on the table.

*Oh their around alright.* Harriet said, hopping toward him. *We fight them a lot. More than Doom but he’s a bigger pain than all of our usual enemies put together. Mostly because he refuses to do anything other than speak in the third person.* she ruffled her feathers in a fake shiver.

Tony look up from his Stark Pad and quirked an eyebrow at her, “You’ll give me enemy names but not the names of our family?”

*Victor Von Doom is an asshole, feel free to go bother him. Maybe you’ll eliminate him as a threat.* Harriet said, *Not that getting to destroy his horrible attempts at robots wasn’t fun.* she tilted her head, *On second thought, don’t mess with him too badly. I may need a little bit of the therapeutic destruction of Doombots.*

Tony chuckled as he turned back to the memory of the older Harriet sparring with Bucky, “Don’t completely destroy him. Got it. I’ll only destroy him a little bit.”

“Harriet?” Loki called, Harri hopped back over to him quickly and she cocked her head in question, “Wouldn’t it be more efficient to simply teleport in?” he tapped the circle that identified the gate, “Going from there will leave us open to many other factors that can interfere along the way.”

“Us?” Sirius jumped in, “Does that mean you’re coming on this mission with us?”

Loki blinked, “I’d like to. Is that a problem?” he looked to Harriet.

*You can come with if you’d like Loki. I didn’t mention it because I didn’t think you’d want too.* Harri reassured before looking over to her fathers, *I’m still not sold on you three coming though.*

“What?!” James exclaimed, “Of course we’re coming!”
Harriet rolled her eyes, *It’s been a really long time since you guys have been in any sort of field situation. Cap would make you sit out until he was sure you were ready.*

Remus frowned, “We’re coming. No matter what your Captain would do.”

Harriet shook her head, *Whatever.* she muttered, she turned her full attention back on Loki, *I didn’t plan on any magical entry for several reasons. One, while I have basic layout of the base, they were smart enough not to write down what is where in there. We would be going in blind. Second, it has a greater possibility of us getting caught. Teleportation is silent but it has a bigger energy output to the right sensors and I don’t want them managing to get our signatures. Apparition, what you once called cheap, lazy teleportation, has a lower energy output but that is countered by having the accompanying ‘pop’ sound. My flames are much to flashy for this and portkey’s have the same going in blind problem. So unfortunately going in this way is the best option.* Loki mulled this over and eventually nodded his understanding, Harriet ruffled her feathers, *Once we get in and have Bucky, getting out will be the easiest. Last time Hydra hadn’t managed knowledge of Midgardian magicals so they didn’t know how to make antiapperation wards. We can come straight back to the manor.*

Again Loki nodded, “Where Tony and Sleipnir will be waiting to help with any injured.”

This made Tony look up, “Excuse me? Where I will be waiting? I want to go!”

Harriet turned her head to look at him, *This is a stealth mission Tony. I hate to be the bearer of bad news but a red and gold two ton robotic suit isn’t anyone’s idea of stealthy.* she said lightly.

Tony huffed, “I could be stealthy.” He muttered dejectedly, going back to the arm with an exaggerated pout. Harri hopped over to him and rubbed her head along his arm soothingly until he cracked and pet at her wings gently.

“Harriet.” Came an airy voice, interrupting the phoenixes petting. Everyone looked to the doorway to see Luna standing there with Clint and Bruce’s fully armored birds on her shoulders.

*Luna!* Harriet exclaimed happily, she took off and flew over to her sister with a pleased trill. Harri landed on Luna’s outstretched arm and cocked her head at her, *I thought you would be here sooner!*
“Daddy was very excited about next year’s trip. I was making sure he wasn’t going to pack now.” Luna said with a smile, “But the Nargles alerted me to some upcoming excitement so I tied Daddy to his desk while he was working on this week’s Quibbler and came right over. When I was walking here I picked up Artemis and Villard.”

Harriet let out the sharp squeaks that was her laughter in this form, *I see. Well, welcome to our planning party!* she turned around on Luna’s arm carefully so she faced the table of males, three of which were looking Luna over curiously, *Tony, Loki, Sleipnir, this is my little sister Luna Lovegood.*

All three birds took off from Luna as she bowed to Loki and Sleipnir, “Prince Loki, Prince Sleipnir. Pleased to meet you.” She said formally with the same dreamy look on her face.

Both blinked in surprise but Loki recovered quickly enough, “A pleasure Lady Lovegood.” He returned.

“Hi!” Sleipnir pipped up, not used to people greeting him.

Luna’s gaze focused on Sleipnir, “Your hooves are looking very shiny today Prince Sleipnir.”

Again, Sleipnir blinked but glanced at his finger nails before grinning, “Thanks!”

Luna inclined her head before looking to Tony, “Hello Tony Stark, genius, billionaire, playboy, philanthropist, and Iron Man.”

Tony’s lips quirked before transforming into a full blown grin, “Hey there! I guess if you’re Harri’s sister that makes you mine too!”

Luna’s smile widened a bit, “I would like that. It’s been just me and daddy for the longest time. It will be nice having some siblings.”

Harriet landed back on the table with the two other birds flanking her as Luna continued to converse back and forth with Tony, Loki, and Sleipnir. Harri turned to the two birds who each held a bit of folded up paper in their beaks, Harri took each paper in time for a house elf to appear with a bowl of water and six mice for the two tired birds. Harriet hopped a little bit away from them as they ate so she could focus on the first real communication she had gotten from her two brothers. She unfolded
the first piece of paper, a rectangular piece of paper that looked to be ripped from a journal with worn edges all around, and began to read.

Harriet,

I’m still not sure if this is a good idea but I have a suspicion that you have already come in contact with the other guy because he doesn’t seem at all wary when I think of you. If you have managed to earn the trust of him somehow then you can’t be all bad.

I have finally contacted you because of what happened a couple days ago. The feel of the bracelet changed and had the other guy worried. Then a little bit later it flashed blue. He has been struggling to get out and go check on you. I will also admit to worry and a healthy bit of curiosity. Are you alright? I realize I wouldn’t be much help all the way out here but if you have a way for us to communicate I may be able to give you some medical advice from here.

Bruce

P.S. Thank you for the potion things. They are very interesting. Could I have the formula for the blue one?

Harriet rolled her eyes fondly, of course Bruce would want the formula for the calming draught. She didn’t know the bracelets would reflect what was happening near its counterpart so closely but she guessed that’s what had happened, the change of feel would be her giving the bands to Sirius to hold and she assumed that the flash was her burning. That hadn’t been too close to the bands but she had used a bit of her tears to give the little phoenixes their sparkle and to make the bracelets magic more tightly woven so she assumed that had helped.

“Harriet?” a voice interrupted, she looked up to see everyone looking at her worriedly. Tony was the one who had spoken though, “What’s with the birds?” he asked.

Harri waddled forward a bit, *These are the birds I sent to two others of our family to give them companionship, an introduction to myself, and a way to contact me when they felt comfortable enough to.* Harri said, *With the first letter I sent them, I sent bracelets that monitor them so I can help if they’re in danger or hurt and they can call me if they need me. Apparently the bracelets reacted to the change in the person wearing them and flashed when I went through my burn. They’re just checking on me.*
“They felt the bracelet changing to me?” Sirius asked, he looked down at the bands curiously, “How?”

Harriet raised her wings in the best shrug she could, *I’m not entirely positive but those control bracelets do connect to the magic of the wearer to keep the person alerted to the situation on the other end. I just didn’t realize that it would affect the bracelets on the other end.*

“You do they get birds?!” Tony demanded, looking over at the two birds who were now perched on the back of a chair to rest.

“And why birds?” Loki asked, “They’re interesting creatures but they aren’t exactly what people think of when they want companionship. A cat or a dog maybe.”

*The hawk was chosen for one of them because that person loves hawks of all kinds. The owl isn’t exactly the other person’s favorite animal but with the risks that person runs into and how he is currently traveling, an owl was the better choice. Plus they were meant to act as a first way of communication between the other two and myself.* Harriet said, *I didn’t want to move too fast with the more instant communications.* Harri looked over to Tony, *And I didn’t get you a bird because that didn’t seem like a pet you would like. The wizarding world’s mail birds are intelligent enough to take care of themselves mostly but even then they need some care. Also, I didn’t really need to manufacture a way to communicate with you. I went slowly with you by contacting Jarvis first.*

Tony huffed, “Fine. I guess I couldn’t really have a bird just flying through the lab whenever.”

Harri nodded before going to the other paper, this one was just a blank sheet of printer paper, and opening it to read.

**Hey!**

*If you’re getting this, I guess Artemis really does know how to find you. I really have to thank you for her too, she’s great! I should also thank you for the arrow multiplier and the miracle meds. Phil is always saying I should remember my manners so thank you!*

*I’ve actually been debating calling you to meet for a while but still wasn’t sure, but after seeing you the other day and the bracelet acting up I thought I should at least check on you with this letter. Are you alright? Was it those Dursleys? I looked you up like you said I could and saw them. I’ll come rough them up if you need me too. I don’t know how their paying off those child service people but*
their shoddy records are ridiculous. I know you said they were being taken care of but I can be pretty scary if I need to put someone in their place. I might even be able to talk my friend into adding her presence, she’s extra scary!

Let me know you’re okay or I’ll send another letter and follow Artemis!

Also….do you have a cell phone? I don’t want to keep sending my awesome partner out on letter duty.

Hawkeye

Harri smiled internally at the note. Clint, at least, was getting used to the idea of her. If she gave him her phone number though, there was a good chance that she would get the shovel talk from Natasha and their handler via text or an actual call if they felt she was enough of a threat. It would be a great way to get in touch with them.

“Same things?” Loki asked.

*Yes, though this one seems to think it was my relatives who hurt me and caused the bracelet to act up.* Harri said, *He offered to threaten them for me.* she added with amusement.

“Still going to play the no name game?” Tony grumbled from his spot as he was putting the finishing touches on the arm design.

Harriet clacked her beak at him, *I’ll compromise and use a couple of nicknames you used for them last time and see how far you get. That sound like a plan?*

“Bring it on throw pillow. Ow!” he exclaimed as she pecked at him, “Fine, not throw pillow. I’ll come up with another nickname for this form!”

Harri rolled her eyes at him, *The hawk belongs to someone you called Cupid and the owl belongs to someone you called your Science Bro.* Tony looked extra curious at the last one.

“Harriet!” he whined, “You can’t dangle a Science Bro in front of me and not tell me who they are!”
Harriet gave her squeaky laugh and was about to reply when a flash by the window drew their attention in just enough time for them to see a doe patronus jump through window and bound over to the table.

“Who’s patronus is that?” James asked as Harriet hopped over to the edge of the table near the doe.

*Snape’s.* Harri said shortly and James’ jaw clenched, knowing what gave the potions master such a patronus.

The doe zeroed in on Harriet and stopped, “Your article created a stir. The Wizengamot demanded to see you and your living situation. Dumbledore put them off but found your house empty. The Dursleys ran. The Headmaster ordered me to find you. I’ll hold him off as best as I can. How would you like me to proceed?” came the message from the doe before it quickly disappeared.

The room was silent for several seconds before Luna piped up, “Ah, this must be the upcoming excitement.” Harriet snapped her beak harshly and disappeared from the table with a smaller amount of flames than usual, there was a small panic from the Marauders who shot to their feet before Harriet reappeared, with a box under her feet this time.

“Who are the Dursleys?” Sleipnir asked curiously.

*My relatives.* Harriet said with a slight growl from her mental voice, *They made my childhood a living hell. I warned them not to try and run.* she descended into low barely discernable mutterings as she awkwardly opened the box with her beak and pulled out a couple rolls of parchment before hopping over to Luna. The younger girl opened the first scroll without prompting as Harriet brought a talon to her face and biting into it hard enough to draw blood. She slammed the bloodied talon down onto the sheet and it glowed gold before disappearing. Luna and Harriet repeated the process with the second scroll just before Harriet’s wound closed.

“What did that do Princess?” James asked hesitantly.

*One was a formal request for the goblins to capture the Dursleys for their standard fee. The second was the order for Griphook to seize any and all assets they have that can be used to pay back the debt they owe me, with interest of course.* Harriet said smugly.

“Remind me never to introduce you to Pepper.” Tony muttered.
Harriet rolled her eyes at him, *Luna will you play secretary for a bit?* she asked, Luna smiled and nodded before calling an elf to bring her parchment and a quill. Harri hopped over to the Marauders, *Can you go to my room, get a couple of the extra journals I have under my bed, and hook them together so I can write back and forth to Bruce?* she asked Remus.

“Of course cub.” Remus said with a smile before getting up and walking out.

Harri turned to her father and held out her wing, *Can you pluck a feather from this wing and weave a web of stasis spells over it?* James nodded solemnly and carefully plucked one feather, biting his lip when Harriet gave a slight squawk of pain.

“What about me pup?” Sirius asked, looking at her attentively.

*Um…can you call Hedwig?*

“That’s it?” he pouted.

Harri gave a bird shrug, *Sorry Siri. I don’t really have anything else that needs done at the moment.* Sirius huffed but let out the piercing whistle that would call the snowy owl down from the owlery.

“Who is Dumbledore? Isn’t he the one you said was working with Thanos?” Loki asked with a frown, “And why is this Snape person trying to hold him off?”

Harriet turned to him, *He’s not working with Thanos at this point. Dumbledore is the Headmaster of my school, but mostly he’s a manipulative old man who is trying to use me. He is the one who put me with the magic hating Dursleys and paid them to abuse me worse than they more than likely already would have. He has also been stealing money from my vaults, dosing me with potions, set a bind on my magic, and a whole mess more. He’s currently who I’m trying to take down.* Harriet forced herself to calm, not wanting to continue ranting to Loki who was still relatively new to this situation. *Severus Snape is my potions professor. He’s working with me to take down Dumbledore and a Dark Lord who at this point, with the time travel and Dumbledore to put it in perspective, is more of a nuisance that I have to take care of rather than an actual threat.*

Loki blinked at the sudden influx of information before his eyes narrowed, “Am I to assume from your small rant that the ‘whole mess more’ is worse than stealing from you, having you abused, and
binding your magic?"

Harriet thought to her child’s death and the death of her mates all in an attempt to get to and kill her just to claim conquest rights for power, money, and knowledge. *Yes.* she said shortly, not dropping Loki’s gaze.

He seemed to weigh the truth of her statement before he quirked an eyebrow at her, “What are you planning for him?”

*The slow and torturous loss of his long crafted image and reputation, humiliation, and loss of everything he holds dear before I kill him.* Harriet said without hesitation.

Loki’s eyes lit with a fire that Harri had always associated with his crazy God act that she had thought was remnants of the time under Thanos’ control. Apparently not. “He warrants such?” Loki asked lowly.

“And more.” James muttered under his breath as he worked, Sirius nodded in agreement.

*Definitely.* Harriet answered. Loki didn’t drop her gaze and Harri pushed a light impression of the anguish she had experienced over the death of her child into Loki’s mind with a brief memory of the event that had left her and her mates so empty.

Loki tensed under the memory and his jaw clenched, “He was behind that?”

Harri nodded slowly, *As well being behind the deaths of the rest of our family and personally involved in four of them.*

Loki sat back and nodded, “Yes, he warrants what you have planned and more.” Loki said with deadly calm.

Harriet nodded and hopped over to Luna who was sitting with parchment and quill at the ready now, *Ready Luna?* the blond gave Harri a salute with the quill before dipping it into the ink, *Alright, first one is to Skeeter. Write ‘Rita, Our last article caused a stir. It seems that a certain Headmaster is trying to calm things down again. However, my lovely relatives have made a run for it. Now would be a most opportune time for you to discover my last residence at #4 Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey, and draw a few more conclusion. Especially around evidence found in the*
cupboard under the stairs and the room on the second floor that has several locks on the door. Allow the public the truth at your quickest convenience. Play it how you wish but you will have the chance to interview me again before school so keep that in mind. Happy Writing, H. Potter’.

Harriet dictated, Luna wrote quickly and neatly before signing as Harriet without hesitation.

Tony watched this with a raised eyebrow, “This is a reporter?” Harri nodded and Tony let out a groan, “Pepper taught you that move didn’t she?”

Harriet laughed, *Yep, she taught me all I needed to know to use the press to our advantage in case she wasn’t around and we needed something quick.*

“Two Pepper’s.” Tony muttered, tapping through the plans for wiring Bucky’s arm, “The world is going to burn.”

“Nah, it will just be a little scorched.” Luna said with a giggle as she rolled the parchment, sealed it, and wrote Rita’s name on it. “Professor Snape next Harri?” Luna asked, prepping the next sheet of parchment.

*Sure.* Harriet said, she quickly thought over and ordered what she needed to say before starting, *Alright, put ‘Severus, Thank you for the warning. We are putting things in motion to counter the old fool’s current plans. You shouldn’t have to hold him off long. By the time the next Rita article comes out they should be safely out of reach in the Goblin’s custody. After that I’m sure he will still want to find me but his attention should be divided enough with trying to call off the politicians. Keep me posted. Harriet’.* Luna rolled and sealed that one pretty quickly before Harriet brought the two rolls over to Hedwig who had arrived seconds ago, *Hedwig, take these to Rita and Severus. You don’t need to stick around for an answer, just drop and go alright?* Hedwig gave a hoot of understanding before taking the two rolls in her talons and flying off.

Remus came back in the room then holding two leather bound journals, “Alright pup, I have these two enchanted to be able to message each other. I didn’t add the endless page charm but I did make sure that when you started running out of room, the oldest messages will disappear to make room.”

*Thank you Moony. Dad, have you finished with my feather?*

“Yes, ready to go Princess! I even made sure to waterproof it.” James said, laying the feather down next to Harri.
Alright.* Harri opened one journal with her talon and carefully placed the feather inside before closing the book and carrying the journal over to Luna, *The Big Guy first Luna. Write ‘Hey Big Guy, I’m sorry to worry you. I’m perfectly fine. I promise. I just didn’t realize that your bracelet would act up when things on this end changed. I am part of a species that has a yearly time of renewal where I am out of commission. I transferred my bracelet counterpart to one of my trusted so that you wouldn’t be without protection while I was out of it for this week. It should go back to normal once I am fully recovered from this. Yes, I contacted your other half. I am sorry for not mentioning it when I sent the potions. I only came to make sure that you weren’t taken in or managed to injure any innocents as I know you worry about. I did get a chance to talk to your other half and was claimed as a sister so I can understand why he is worried. To make sure we can communicate and that you don’t have to spend long amounts of time without Villard I have sent along a journal. Write in it and I will be able to respond in real time. I know you hate having a phone on you so this is the best I can do for now. I also put a feather in there. The scent should calm your other half. As for the formula of the calming draught, the making of it is a very delicate process. If we ever manage to meet in a laboratory I will teach you to make it. Stay safe, Harriet’. *

“We have a family member who doesn’t like phones?” Tony asked horrified.

Harriet shook her head, *He doesn’t want to be tracked Tony. He’s being hunted by the government. When we bring him in and make sure that he is protected he will take a phone.* Harri said as she peered down at Luna’s writing, happy that Luna had known to change ‘Big Guy’ to ‘Bruce’.

“Well alright then.” Tony huffed, “I won’t live with people in the stone age.”

Sleipnir snickered, “Wait until he meets Uncle Thor.” He muttered to his mother, Loki smirked and Harri hid her break in her wing.

“It’s ready Harriet.” Luna called, holding out the rolled up parchment to Harri. The young phoenix took the roll and attached it to the journal with a light sticking charm just as Villard swept over to her eagerly.

*Take this to your Master, Villard. Keep the open end in your claws so that my feather doesn’t fall free. Alright?* Harri said, nudging the book with the scroll over to the owl. Villard bowed to her with his wings spread out before grabbing his package and flying off. Luna had already prepared the final sheet with Clint’s name at the top and Harriet’s phone number on the bottom with a cheeky ‘Call me’ written above it. *Alright, now to respond to Cupid. Luna?* she nodded, her quill poised over the paper, *Write ‘Cupid, I’m glad you like Artemis. I knew she would be the best choice when I was picking out your bird. The arrow multiplier and the meds were just to make sure you were safer and healthy. No need to thank me for those. I’m sorry I worried you but I promise that I am fine. Due to some parts of my biology I have to go through a yearly period of renewal where I am out of commission for about a week. The change in the feel of the bracelet was me giving it to one of my trusted so you wouldn’t be without that connection if you needed it and the flash was the renewal
starting. No need to worry. Once I’m recovered I will take the other bracelet back. The Dursleys are about to be permanently taken care of so no need to go intimidate them, though I appreciate the offer. Finally, don’t feel rushed about deciding when to call me. I will wait. Feel free to text me though. Harriet’.* Luna hummed as she finished up and rolled the parchment up neatly. Harriet took it and hopped over to Artemis who was taking one last drink of water, *Take this to your Master. Continue to watch over him.* Artemis bowed to Harri like Villard had before flying off with the letter.

“Was that the last thing you needed to take care of Princess?” James asked.

Harriet nodded as she drooped a bit in place, *Yes, now I’m thinking about a nap. I shouldn’t have flamed to get those documents earlier.*

“If you weren’t ready to do so then no, you shouldn’t have.” Remus said sternly as he leaned over the table to pick her up gently.

Tony chuckled and stood up, “Well if you’re going to nap I’m going to have Daisy to take me back home. I have enough to put together an arm for Bucky to use until I can get more precise measurements and readings.”

“I should probably go untie Daddy.” Luna mused softly.

Loki snorted at that but stood as well, “I am going to take a look at the library now.” He looked at Tony and Luna, “I assume you two will meet up with us here the day after Harriet’s return to her true form to enact this rescue?”

“You bet!” Tony said as Daisy appeared by his feet, “I’ll have the arm ready by then. Don’t worry! Bye!” Daisy popped him away.

“I’ll be here to wait with Tony and Sleipnir.” Luna said with a small smile; she walked over to Remus, rubbed at Harriet’s wing, and cooed at the already dozing bird, “See you in three days big sister.”

Two days after that found the inhabitants of Potter Manor in the playroom after dinner standing around a tall perch where a full sized phoenix Harriet sat squirming impatiently. “Stop moving pup. I can’t measure your tail feathers if you keep this up.” Remus said as he tugged on her tail feathers lightly, he took the measuring tape out again and settled the tip as close to her skin as possible before drawing it out to the end of her longest feather. “And….2 feet and a half inch!” Remus announced.
James, Sirius, and Sleipnir cheered and Loki simply smiled.

All of them were forced back a couple steps though as the phoenix before them gave a happy cry and took off. They all shielded their eyes as light covered her form and she shifted to her natural form midair. Harri landed on her feet with her arms up and a huge smile on her face. “Yes!” she exclaimed, “It’s good to be back!” With one swift motion she pulled her wand out and cast at Sirius who squawked in surprise as his hair turned to a clump of seaweed, “That’s for taking pictures of me like that!”

James collapsed into laughter even as Remus hugged Harri and spun her around, “We missed you cub!” he pulled back to look at her with a lopsided smile before his eyes went to her hair, “Your hair has more feathers and blue in it now.”

“What?” Harri exclaimed, she looked over Remus’ shoulder as her father popped up behind him with a mirror, Harri plucked at the blue strands with a huff, “Damn, remind me to burn in my phoenix form next time. Hopefully it will go away.”

“I kinda like it.” James offered with a smile.

Harri burrowed into Remus’ arms with a pout, “It doesn’t go with my eyes.” She whined.

“Pup.” Sirius huffed, ignoring her hair problems for his own, “Make it go away!” Harri rolled her eye but slid from Remus’ grip and switched his hair back.

Harri turned to Loki and Sleipnir who had been standing off to the side and held out her hand to Loki, “Pleased to meet you officially. I’m Harriet Rose Potter.”

Loki looked amused as he gripped Harriet arm for the first time in the real world, “Prince Loki Friggason and this is my son Sleipnir Lokison. The pleasure is all ours.”

As soon as Loki released Harriet’s hand, Sleipnir threw himself at her and wrapped his arms around her waist, “Thank you for saving my mother.” He murmured quietly.

Harri softened and wrapped her arms around him, “You’re quite welcome Sleipnir.” Loki smiled at the scene.
Sleipnir drew back and grinned at Harriet, “If you ever need a grand steed to make an entrance on
I’ll be there! No problem!”

Harri giggled, “Thanks. I’ll keep that in mind.” She took a step back and rubbed her hands together,
“Now, I’m going to loosen the wards a bit so we can go for a run then we can come back in to get
ready and rested for tomorrow’s mission. You two want to come?”

“Yes!” Sleipnir exclaimed, changing to his horse form in his excitement and causing everyone
around to fall to the floor with the sudden expansion. Laughter broke from the group on the floor.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes:
If the idiot had cast the magic detector, yes he would have seen faint signs from the
Marauder retribution but when the aurors come along later to check his signature will
cover up that trace. Meaning, he's going to have some splaining to do!

The monitor attached to Harri's life force will only tell Dumbledore is she is alive, dead,
or close to death. Nothing more, nothing less.

Courtroom pensieves can view memories without someone having to go 'into' them.
They are played on a screen. It's not cannon but I do see a lot of people use these sort of
things in fanfictions. After all, if ALL of the Wizegamot was going to try and fit around
that bowl to see a memory I'm sure it would be confusing not to mention crowded.

I wasn't positive if the Quibbler was a daily, weekly, or monthly but after considering
the source, the competition, and such I decided on weekly and then special editions if
need be.

I'll admit I completely forgot how far poor Artemis and Villard would have to fly to be
going back and forth constantly. Then of course, Artemis is Clint's backup. So...I had to
scrap that idea and go with the more instantaneous ways of communication now that
they requested it and Harri feels better about not rushing them.

Tony has too many nicknames for people. *facepalm*

Dumbledore was behind the deaths of the rest of the family simply because he was one
of the leaders of that side. Though he does share part of that blame with Thanos, the
biggest part is on his shoulders.

Again, remember that Harri has a contract with Rita. She will only give interviews to
Rita and Rita will write in her favor, if she doesn't then Harri will receive a hefty
percentage of all Rita's earnings for any and all articles she wrote on Harriet and Harri
will inform the Ministry of Rita's illegal animagus.

Villard and Artemis bow to Harri because of her status as a phoenix, Hedwig didn't
because she's Harri's personal owl.

Abrupt ending I know but I didn't know how else to stop it.

Don't forget to check out the Outtake!

Next time on This Gonna Be Good: Harri v. Hydra
Chapter Notes

Hey there everyone! Happy Annual Cuddly Kitten Day! Have you cuddled with your kitten today?

For those of you here on Ao3, when your done with the chapter you should check out the two new Outtakes available as part of this series! They're great fun!

So here is today's chapter! Harri v. Hydra!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Charlie was grateful that he had managed to get a whole month off from the reserve to deal with the family problems that had come up. With Bill actually having to be at work he wasn't sure if Percy would have been able to hold back the twins on his own.

Ever since the article had come out and he, Bill, and Percy had agreed to join their side, the twins had been more open with them; they still guarded what little of Harriet's secrets they had but they were more open personally with them, telling them about what they were working to create and what they already had made as well as their plans for a joke shop grand enough to rival Zonko's. The rest of the family, however, where apparently fair game for the twins more brutal pranks, the only way they currently had to voice their displeasure at what the others were planning for THEIR soulmate.

The three eldest tried to temper things, just to keep the house livable but they were beginning to understand that the only one who would truly have a chance of that was Harriet. They had yet to manage actually stopping one of the twins’ pranks but they had kept the heat off the twins for the worst ones (Charlie himself had ended up taking credit for the exploding concoction they had put in the sink that had left Molly bald for the better part of an evening). The twins had proudly taken credit for the ones their brothers hadn't jumped in front of and had only glared as Molly shouted at them.

The three older brothers could see that the twins were getting more antsy as time passed and that was only being made worse when Molly, Ginny, or Ron mentioned Harri or the twins overheard them talking about their plans for her. Charlie knew that the twins would be going to see Harriet in a week or so but he honestly wasn't sure if the Burrow could survive that long.

Charlie glanced over to the twins who were currently sitting on one of the sofas and staring intently at an almost violently twitching Ginny who was at the kitchen table eating a late breakfast. Every time she reached for food or her drink she would shoot a glance over to the twins who would simply smirk. Needless to say, it had been fifteen minutes and she hadn't consumed anything.
Charlie’s gaze was drawn to the stairs as footsteps thudded down toward them, soon Arthur stood there fixing his clothes on his way toward the floo to get to work. "Has the paper arrived yet?"

"Not yet dear." Molly called from her spot in the kitchen where she was cutting up vegetables to simmer in a pot for lunch.

Arthur frowned, "Dear Merlin, why is it so late today?"

"Some reporter must have sent in an article at the last minute." Charlie said with a shrug.

Arthur sighed, "Well, I can't wait any longer. Save me a paper for later. I'm off to work dear." He called to Molly before stepping over to the floo and leaving.

Charlie went back to the amusing sight of the twins and Ginny in just enough time to see her brave a drink from her pumpkin juice and end up with a beak and electric blue hair. The twins snickered as she shrieked and ran up the stairs, pushing aside Ron in the process. Ron glared at the twins before he looked to Molly, "Mum! The twins gave Ginny another weird potion."

Molly huffed and spun from her cutting to glare at the twins, "Did you two experiment on your sister again?!!"

"No, mum..."

"We didn't, we..."

"Used an already tested..."

"Potion on her." The twins answered unapologetically.

Molly huffed and pointed the knife at them, "I don't know what has gotten into you two but it better stop! One more of these and you'll be grounded!" She turned back to her cutting, "Honestly, it’s like you two lost all common sense over the last school year. It has to be that girl." The twins tensed,
"She's a bad influence! Ill mannered! That's what I heard!" Charlie stood and blocked the twins direct path to their mother who couldn't sense the danger, "Ronald when you start dating that girl you be sure to teach her manners. Teach her to be a proper lady."

Charlie was so stunned by his mother’s comment he only just managed to grab the twins by their collars to keep them back when Ron replied, "Of course mum. I'll get her to behave."

"Oh look!" Charlie said loudly to draw the conversation away from this increasingly dangerous conversation, "The paper finally showed up!"

"Well it’s about time!" Molly huffed, "Charlie can you make the copies? My hands are a bit wet."

"Of course mum!" Charlie said as the owl rerouted to him, Charlie moved the twins back to the couch with a warning glance. Charlie paid the owl before taking a paper and casting the copying charm. Just as Charlie was handing Molly her copy he caught sight of the headline and dread filled him. The twins were going to lose it if the conversation over this went in any way like the last one.

'Our Savior’s Life with Muggles: Princess or Slave?'

Charlie glanced over to the twins who had taken their copy from him when he wasn't looking. Their hands were tight on the edges of the paper as their eyes ran over the article that occupied the entire front page. Charlie heard his mother take her copy and decided he had better read it to see if he would be able to do anything to stop the impending explosion.

Hello once again readers! After my last article detailing my interview with our young Savior I simply could not get those questions out of my head. Had we really failed our Savior? Had we really left her to people who hated her? It kept me up at night readers, wondering if young Harriet Potter was truly safe where she returned to when I had seen her last. It was this worry that drove me into the muggle world to seek out and check on the girl-who-lived.

Through various muggle means I managed to procure our Savior's address and made my way there with all haste. So imagine my surprise, dear readers, when I found the address abandoned! The whole property seemed void of life! Including our Savior! I couldn't help myself, I had to see if dear Harriet was inside. I had to see if she was safe. I managed to get inside and saw that everyone seemed to have moved out. I checked every nook and cranny, hoping for a clue to our Savior's whereabouts.
It wasn't until I checked a cupboard under the stairs that had a curious lock on it that I got any clues at all. However, it wasn't a clue leading me to the previous inhabitants, no, it was a clue to our Savior’s life with these muggles.

In the cupboard I found a ratty little mattress from a child's crib laying directly on the floor, several old dresses that were worn to the point of holes, muggle cleaning supplies, and a few child's drawings that were hung to the wall; one of them proudly proclaiming 'Harri's room'(see picture on right). I was shocked readers; could our Savior really have lived in this cupboard? Was this where she spent her days while we were enjoying the peace she granted us? I leaned forward to take a closer look at the pictures and, to my horror, found browned spots of what could only be blood.

At this point readers I just had to call the aurors. Upon their arrival, they took my statement and I showed them the pictures from the cupboard. Dear readers it was blood! A fact confirmed by the aurors forensic spell! Blood from at least five years ago! What have we left our Savior to?

Unfortunately, I was not allowed further onto the now crime scene but that did not stop me readers. Not at all. I decided to go speak with the muggles in the neighborhood to see if they could help me find our lost Savior.

A curious neighbor was already outside and I was able to get a statement from her first.

"A second child? Petunia never told us of another child. Unless your speaking of her niece. Petunia would never stop complaining about the girl. Said she was a delinquent. Can't tell if it's true though. Never saw the girl out of the house myself."

That sweet girl I met a delinquent? Surely not readers! Harriet Potter was shy and gentle when I met her. I decided to move to another neighbor. The house right next door to our Savior's prison held an elderly lady who shed some light on what went on in that house.

"I saw the girl out of the house many a time. If it wasn't for her Petunia never would have won that gardening award. She worked the poor child day in and day out doing all sorts of work that a grown adult should be doing for years. And of course I heard them screaming at her all the time. Vernon called her a freak. There may be walls and a yard between us but that Vernon had a right set of lungs he did."

Miss. Potter's uncle called her a freak? And for what dear readers? Well I can only assume, after my interview with the girl in question, it was because of her magic. Our Savior was screamed at, kept in a cupboard underneath stairs, and bloodied all because she was born with the gift that is magic. And the Aunt, working a little girl all the time for years? Doing things a grown person should do?
What all did these muggles have our precious Savior doing? What did these muggles DO to our Savior to have five or more years old blood within the CUPBOARD with a LOCK on it they had her sleeping in? Where is our Savior? Is she safe or is she still in the clutches of these wicked muggles who have treated her as a slave? How, readers, has Miss Potter gone through all of this and still remained sane and sweet?

All these questions have answers readers and I will find them!

Rita Skeeter

Daily Prophet Correspondent

Charlie blinked several times, staring at the paper and the picture of the truly tiny, dirty cupboard that had small pictures posted haphazardly along the back wall. This was going to cause a stir, especially once the public was notified of Dumbledore knowing Harriet’s location and not doing anything about it. Charlie assumed this was discovered with Harriet’s okay but he couldn’t understand how she could allow this sort of thing to be paraded out in front of people.

“What a load of hogwash!” Ron exclaimed, making Charlie look up and immediately look over to the twins. They were glaring at Ron, their paper folded in their laps. “What’s a little bit of garden work? We do that all the time! That’s not being a Slave, that’s just chores.”

Molly was nodding her head in agreement, “That muggle must have been exaggerating. Skeeter obviously is. Honestly, at least the muggles gave her her own room. The muggles can’t use expansion charms. That was probably the only room they had available when she showed up.” Molly huffed.

“And it’s not like her Uncle was wrong.” Ron muttered, just loud enough for the twins and Charlie to hear, “She is a freak, with those snakes and that weird…” Ron was stopped before he could finish his hateful thought by two identical fists to his face. Charlie pulled the seething twins backward by their collars as Ron started cursing and holding his bleeding nose and Molly shrieked as she rushed over to Ron.

Molly looked up at the twins with her eyes blazing, “What in Merlin’s name has gotten into you two?! What has poor Ron done to deserve this?” she gestured at his gushing nose and glared at the twins, “You two are grounded! And don’t for one second think I’m not going to tell your father about this!” she let out an angry shrieky breath, “I may even take this to Dumbledore and get your school privileges revoked!” she pointed up the stairs, “Now go!”
The twins glared at her before they stomped up the stairs, their twin connection tight and only one thing running through their currently collective mind. Get to Harriet.

Halfway through throwing everything in their trunks Percy rushed into their room looking winded, they stood in front of their trunks, their faces blank. Percy gave them a lopsided smile, “Charlie told me what happened. We are going to try and temper mum’s reaction to keep this from dad and Dumbledore.” He waved his wand around the room, making the rest of the twin’s things pile into their two trunks. The twins blinked as another two swipes of Percy’s wand had their trunks closed and shrunk to pocket size, Percy picked them up and handed the trunks to the twins. “Get to Harriet. Check on her. Tell her what happened.”

Percy was caught off guard as the twins came forward as one and hugged him together, his eyes went wide as he was squeezed between them. “Thank you Percy.” They muttered into his shoulders.

Percy brought his arms up around them hesitantly to return their hug, “You’re welcome. Stay safe. Keep us posted.”

The twins pulled away and grinned at Percy, “Will do!” they chorused, saluting him.

Percy rolled his eyes at the twins, “Go, I don’t know how you’re getting to her but Charlie has mum sequestered in the kitchen right now. The floo should be clear.”

The twins nodded and snuck down the stairs as silently as possible, they heard Charlie talking to his mum in the kitchen and saw Ron still sitting in his kitchen chair with his head thrown back to attempt stopping the bleeding. Fred and George moved quickly across the open space of the living room and to the floo, Fred grabbed floo powder and threw it into the floo making the floo flare green. “Lee Residence.” They whispered in unison as they stepped together into the floo, the flames whisked them away.

They stepped out of the floo seconds later at Lee’s house, the floo leading them directly into the small foyer where it was placed. “Oh hello boys.” Came a light voice, the twins looked up to see a tall willowy woman coming from the main part of the house, “I wasn’t expecting you for a week or so.”

“Sorry Mrs. Jordan,” George said.

“Had a little tiff with our brother,” Fred sighed.
“thought we would come see Lee while things calmed down.” George finished.

Mrs. Jordan’s mouth quirked up on the side, “Let me guess, your mother has gone off the rails.” The twins nodded and Mrs. Jordan nodded, “I’ll cover for you if she calls. Lee is up in his room.”

“Thanks Mrs. Jordan!” the twins chorused as they swept into the main house after her and ran up the stairs toward Lee’s room. They found his door easily and went through without knocking, effectively scaring the boy within who fell from his bed in his fright, “Hey Lee!” the twins called.

Lee popped up from the far side of his bed and glared at the twins, “Couldn’t you have knocked?”

“Nope!” they laughed.

Lee rolled his eyes and sighed as he climbed back onto his bed, pulling up the comic book he had dropped in his fright, “What are you two doing here? We aren’t set to leave until next week at the earliest.” His eyes narrowed at the twins when they shared a look, “What did you do? Are you on the run?” he sighed and flopped back onto the bed, “I knew this day would come. You’re on the run form aurors and now you have come to me hoping that I will harbor two fugitives simply because they’re my best friends.” He groaned as the twins simply raised an eyebrow at him, trying to hold in their laughter, “Well I will of course but I’m not prepared for it. I thought you’d at least wait until we were out of school!” Fred and George burst out laughing and Lee simply rolled his eyes at them, “Laugh it up assholes, we’re going to have to go to America and beg for protection because you couldn’t wait to start your criminal careers until I had gathered all the necessary supplies for us to run. Do you know how bad the tea is in America? Not one of them can make a decent brew.”

Fred and George’s laughter died off but their amusement remained, “We aren’t on…”

“the run from aurors but…”

“it’s nice to know your…”

“ready for the inevitable!”

Lee raised an eyebrow at them, “Then why are you here early?”
“We may have punched Ron in the face,” George said, rubbing at the back of his neck sheepishly.

“In front of our mum, who grounded us.” Fred finished.

Lee frowned, “Why did you punch your brother?”

“He deserved it!” George defended.

“He called Harriet a freak!” Fred growled.

“How did this come about?” Lee asked calmly, “And why have you run?”

“Didn’t you see today’s Prophet?” George asked, pulling the folded up paper from his pocket and handing it to Lee.

Lee took it and read over the first page, his eyebrows raising the further he read, finally he looked back up to the twins, “And you ran because…”

“Mum lost it!” Fred said, “Said she would tell dad and Dumbledore!”

“And from the way you started glaring at him over the year I assume its Dumbledore you want to keep away from.” Lee surmised, the twins nodded shortly, “He’s the enemy?” again nods, “So you want to go tell Harriet because obviously she will know what to do about this. Right?”

“Yup!” the twins answered.

Lee bit his lip but nodded and got up to start packing his trunk, “We’ll have to talk to my parents. They won’t like us just disappearing out of the blue.”

“Shouldn’t be too hard…” George said.
“Your mum loves us!”

Lee snorted, “Of course she does. You’ve always played innocent with her and she seems to believe it!”

“What do you mean play?”

“We are innocent!” the twins pouted.

“Don’t tell bad jokes you two. It’s unbecoming.” Lee said with a smirk, the twins grinned at him. “I can see why you two are foxes.” The twins helped Lee pack his trunk quickly, thankfully he had left most of what he needed in his school trunk when he came back from school so it was easy to just pack summer clothes as well as his uniforms in case something happened to keep them with Harriet until school time. Once everything Lee wanted was packed in his trunk they made their way down the stairs and into the living room where Mr. and Mrs. Jordan were.

Mr. Jordan was sitting in an arm chair with a paper in his hands and Mrs. Jordan was working at a typewriter with a muggle radio playing low in the background when the boys came in and both looked up, instantly spotting Lee’s trunk. “It seems the time has come early dear. Lee has decided to move out.” Mr. Jordan said with a slight smile on his face.

Mrs. Jordan turned fully away from her typewriter, “I see. Remember we expect you around for Sunday dinners each week Lee.” She teased.

Lee dropped the end of his trunk down and rolled his eyes at his parents, “I’m not moving out. I and the twins want to go over to a friend house for a couple weeks.”

Mrs. Jordan raised an eyebrow at that, “A couple weeks? Is this okay with this ‘friends’ parents?”

Lee tugged at his clothes but the twins came up on either side of him, “We do have permission from this person’s parents Mrs. Jordan.” George said politely.

“We were given an open invitation to come over this summer.” Fred continue with a small smile on his face.
Mrs. Jordan shook her head, “Come on boys, you’ll have to do better than that. I’m a writer remember.” She looked directly at Lee, “The truth young man.”

Mr. Jordan shuffled the paper as he turned it around, “Does it have something to do with this?” when the three boys looked over to the paper they found the Prophet headline staring back at them once more.

“Well?” Mrs. Jordan prompted.

Lee sighed and looked over at his mum, “Harriet is the twins’ soulmate!” he blurted.

“Lee!” the twins exclaimed.

Mrs. Jordan just perked up though, “Oh how sweet!” she practically squealed, the twins blushed dark red.

Mr. Jordan raised an eyebrow at the twins but focused on his son, “And this is the Harriet you’ve been talking about since you came home? Harriet Potter, the girl-who-lived, one of the most famous witches in the world.” Lee nodded, Mr. Jordan gestured to the paper, “Is she safe for you three to go to? This doesn’t sound like it.”

“She’s not staying with them.” Fred piped up.

“She sent us a note after the first article saying that she was safe.” George added.

Mr. Jordan studied the twins for a moment before nodding, “So she’s…what? Using the media?”

“We’re not sure.” Lee admitted, “She won’t tell us anything more until we perfect Occlumency.”

Mr. Jordan’s eyebrows rose, “That’s a very advanced skill. Have you had any luck?”
“We’ve got it!” the twins exclaimed proudly.

Lee nodded, “I’m almost there. I should have it by the end of the summer or maybe a little before.”

Mrs. Jordan smiled, “Well as long as you can send us updates so we know your safe I don’t see a problem.” She looked to the twins, “I’m sure you two want to check on your soulmate.” She gave a dreamy sigh and all the males gave a slight shudder, “It’s just so adorable. You’ll have to tell me how you found out! I bet you’re going to sweep that girl off her feet and ride off into the sunset, on your brooms of course, Lee told me you were all on the Quidditch team together.” She leveled her gaze on the three boys, “You three better bring her around so I can meet her. I need the full visual! I saw that picture in the paper but in person would be better.”

“Yes Mrs. Jordan.” The twins gulped.

“Of course mum.” Lee laughed shakily.

Mr. Jordan just looked on, amused at his wife’s antics, he knew once she had caught the scent of a fantastic story she wouldn’t rest until she got the full thing. “Dear, they need to go check on Harriet first. I’m sure we can meet them in Diagon Alley at the end of the summer to get their school supplies and meet Harriet at the same time.”

Mrs. Jordan’s smile widened, “Perfect!” she clapped, “I expect you four to show up with enough time for me to talk to her properly!”

“Yes, ma’am.” All three replied.

Mr. Jordan smiled, “Lee, take the emergency portkey with you. If you need help, don’t hesitate to come home and call me.” He put the paper down, “I’m sure this article will cause another stir but I won’t bring in the aurors unless absolutely necessary.”

“Thanks dad!” Lee said happily, he tugged at his trunk so he could drag it again, “We’ll owl you when we get the chance!”

“Thank your Mr. and Mrs. Jordan!” the twins chorused.
“Thanks mum, thanks dad!” Lee said, “Bye! We’ll see you at the end of the summer!”

“Bye boys!” Mrs. Jordan called as they all headed toward the foyer, “Be safe!”

“We’ll see you later!” Mr. Jordan added.

The boys all made it to the foyer where the wards were relaxed enough to portkey. Lee grabbed the small African pendant necklace that was the family emergency portkey and put it around his neck, “Alright, ready!”

All three pulled their wands and pressed the tips to the bracelets Harri had given them, “Avengers Assemble!” they called together. They were pulled away instantly.

When the swirling stopped they found themselves in the huge foyer of a pureblood manor. Straight ahead of them was hallway leading deeper into the manor and twin’s stair cases arched over it that lead to the upper level. “Merlin this place is big!” Lee exclaimed.

A pop alerted them to the arrival of a house elf, one that stood a little way ahead of them, “Welcome to Potter Manor!” the elf squeaked, “You must be bein’ Young Lady Harri’s guests!”

“Um, yes, I’m Fred Weasley.”

“And I’m George Weasley.” The twins introduced.

“I’m Lee Jordan.” He added after the twins.

The elf nodded, “Welcome young masters!”

“Is Harriet here?” the twins asked in unison.

The elf shook his head, “Young Lady Harri is out retrieving Master Barnes. You can bes waiting for her with the others. Come, Poe will show you!” the little elf turned away from them and trotted away into the hallway under the stairs. The three boys shrugged and followed after the elf, Lee leaving his
trunk in the foyer.

Poe eventually led them to a large mostly empty ball room. At the closest end was a table sat up with three people around it. Two of them, one a girl with long blonde hair who was wearing a jumper and radish earrings and the other a boy with brown hair that had gray dappled through it who was wearing slacks and a dress shirt, were playing a game of wizard’s chess. The final one, the only one the twins recognized, was fiddling with what looked to be a metal arm that was laid out on the table in front of him.

“Hey Tony!” the twins greeted, making all three heads swivel over to them.

Tony grinned, “Hey! It’s Harri’s twins!” they blushed but came over with Lee following behind, his eyes going wide as he realized who this was.

“You’re Tony Stark.” Lee rasped, his eyes never leaving Tony’s face.

Tony raised an eyebrow before he patted himself down, “Last time I checked.”

“Bloody hell you’re awesome!” Lee exclaimed, he pushed through the twins lightly and shook Tony’s outstretched hand enthusiastically, “I’m a big, big fan Mr. Stark!”

Tony looked amused but let Lee continue shaking his hand, “You must be Lee Jordan, Jarvis told me about you.”

“Tony Stark knows my name.” Lee squeaked.

Tony chuckled as Lee finally released his hand, “Indeed I do.” He looked over to the twins who were watching this with barely contained laughter, “What’s up? Harri said you wouldn’t be here for a while.”

“Got into a bit of trouble.” Fred admitted.

“We came to tell Harriet in case it ended up effecting her plans.” George added.
Tony arched an eyebrow, “You’ve only been away from her for two weeks. What could you have done in that time?”

Lee snorted, “These two? I’m surprised they didn’t end up burning the Burrow to the ground while pining for her.” He said lowly, his eyes still fixed on Tony.

“We just punched Ron for badmouthing Harriet.” George pouted.

“Besides we wouldn’t burn down the Burrow without Harriet there to be impressed by our skills.” Fred said with a smirk.

The boy playing chess chuckled, “I couldn’t see her being impressed by a burning building.”

The twins turned to this new addition, “It’s not the burning…”

“that would impress our mate…”

“But the way we burned it down.” The twins insisted.

The boy snorted, “I see.” He held out a hands to them with his arms crossed, “I’m Sleipnir.” He greeted.

The twins caught the peculiar arm placement as they each took a hand to shake, “I’m Fred…”

“And I’m George.” They greeted. “Sleipnir huh?”

“After The God of Mischief’s first son?”

“Wicked.” They ended together.
Sleipnir’s lips quirked up a little, “Quite.” He said as he dropped their hands.

The twins turned to the girl who was sitting there, “And you?” Fred questioned.

“I’d say a Malfoy but they only have one son.”

“Prat that he is.”

“So Lovegood?” George asked.

She smiled and held out her hands in the same crossed form that Sleipnir had, “I’m Luna Lovegood.” The twins took her hands and she tilted her head at them, “And yes, your mate is instructing people on the proper greeting for you.”

Fred and George shared a look but shrugged, “That’s Harriet.” They chorused, Luna laughed. Fred and George looked between the three before them, “So, where exactly is Harriet?”

Harriet was currently crouched in a line of undergrowth that grew along a dirt path half a mile from the Hydra base she had found Bucky in. She kept her breathing slow and even so her breath wouldn’t cloud too much in the cold Russian air. Harriet was grateful that her battle suit had shown up yesterday during their run, the temporary mission clothes she had been using really wouldn't have kept her as comfortable as the suit was.

Of course comfort was just a perk. This mission suit was really the quality she had been hoping for and made her look amazing if she was being honest. The suit fit her like a glove but was made for easy movement. It zipped up and the front and was a dark shimmering gray, the shimmer holding the specially charmed fibers that gave the suit all the protections she had ordered as well as the ability for the suit to fix its self should it get damaged. It was a real quality piece of work.

To complete her look Harriet had her wand in a thigh holster on her right and her gun in a thigh holster on left thigh. Extra clips and her throwing knives were attached to a belt around her waist. Over her suit and belt she had a knee length, long sleeved jacket with a deep hood that was made to conceal her face and that would fully conceal it in shadow to those not in the know once she had finished her personal rune work on it. She had soft leather boots to finish the look off.

Harri hissed in annoyance as her passengers tightened around her upper arms and neck, *Why did you insist on coming if you were just going to be in your snake forms?*
*We'll change back once we’re in the truck.* Sirius said, *You’re just better at the physical stuff than we are.*

Harriet clenched her jaw to keep from snarling back something that was less than kind. She drew in a calming breath; she knew she wasn’t really angry, she was just very, very, very annoyed.

Next to her, Loki, in his light armor and without his helmet, shifted in place to look at the snakes, “Are they going to be a problem?”

“More of an annoyance.” Harri muttered, “The only times I’ve gone into battle with a snake, it was Jörmungandr in his smaller form and he stayed around my neck so he didn’t restrict my movement.” She continued, pointedly ignoring the Marauders protests at being called annoyances.

“You trusted one of the most venomous beings in the nine realms in close proximity to your throat?” Loki asked in surprise, “Weren’t you afraid of him?”

“Nah, we were friends.” Harri said, she lifted her head as the trucks they were waiting on came within hearing distance. “Besides,” she started, distractedly, “venomous and scary he may be but he’s still the same snake I remember having to help you nurse back to health because he thought it would be a good idea to eat two enormous acidic jello monsters. I could never be truly afraid of him after watching him whine in a pile of blankets and pillows for a week straight.”

Loki’s lips quirked up at that but he asked, “We nursed him as a snake? Wasn’t his shifting unlocked?”

Harriet nodded as the first of the supply convoy came into view, “Yeah, but Jörmungandr preferred his snake form. He only shifted if he absolutely had to. He liked to ride around with you, me, and Tony, though he rode with him mostly because they both enjoyed freaking people out with his presence.” Harri glanced up to the snow filled tree branch above them, “Okay, it looks like only four trucks. Once the second one passes I’ll hit the branch to blind the third truck momentarily and we’ll jump into the second. Got it?”

“It’s almost like you think you’re talking to Thor.” Loki grumbled, getting ready.

Harri smiled but didn’t let her eyes drift from the approaching convoy. Once the second truck was in
front of them Harri sent a quick spell at the branch above, making the snow pour down toward the windshield of the third truck. Harri and Loki were instantly on the move, slipping from the underbrush and jumping into the back of the truck, pushing the canvas covering back into place just as the snow cleared from the other trucks view.

There was only one guard in the back of the truck with a semi-automatic rifle clutched in his hands. Harri was quick to stun him and dive into his mind to gather information. Harri pulled out of the man’s mind and obliviated him before casting a sleep spell on him. *Stay as snakes.* she grudgingly told the Marauders.

“Did you get anything from him?” Loki asked.

“I have a better idea of Bucky’s location and a rough estimate of how many are at the base.” Harri answered, she turned to one of the creates and opened it magically, “I also saw what will happen to the trucks as soon as we get there.” She pulled free the first tray full of new handguns and ammo before pulling out the last three together and tucking them safely into her pocket dimension with her other weapons. “It will be best for us to hide under these weapons with a muggle repelling ward. According to the information I got, the room this will be taken to for accounting and storage is in the same wing as Bucky.”

“What a good bit of luck.” Loki said, stepping over to the crate and enlarging the space directly below the top rung that would need to hold the weapons with a simple wave of his hand.

“Show off.” Harri giggled as she set the crates lid on top of the weapons tray.

“I have no idea what you mean.” Loki said with a smirk as he climbed into the crate and sat down.

Harri climbed in and sat opposite of Loki as she pulled the tray of weapons and the lid back on over top of them. Once it was in place Harriet wove a strong muggle repelling ward just above them before casting several disillusionment and feather weight charms on them, Loki examined the charms attached to him as they continued the ride. Harriet smiled at the genuine curiosity, it reminded her of all that time she and the twins had spent teaching Loki of the Midgardian magics. She smiled and pulled her wand free, handing it to Loki.

Loki’s eyes widened a bit, he knew what this was but didn’t think any of them would have allowed him to touch one. He knew any magic wielder would be very protective of tools used to focus their magic, especially one that was so closely attuned to one’s magic signature. Loki glanced at Harriet but she seemed unbothered by him holding her wand; she was actually looking out through one of the holes in the crate, checking on what was happening outside. Loki pushed a little of his magic into
He jolted when a blinding light came from the tip of Harriet’s wand for a second before she turned and clapped her hands over the tip, she smiled at him, “Careful.” She kept her hands curled around the tip, “Midgardian wands don’t just channel magic they give it a boost. It’s all about getting the best results with the least amount of magic. So our wands are made from woods that conduct magic well, the cores within are the special bit though. We use cores made from pieces of magic animals, the better you connect with the core the better it will amplify the magic you send into it.” Harri explained quietly as she felt the truck come to a stop, Loki was completely absorbed in her lesson though, “You will connect to this core rather well because it’s one of my feathers. I see you as flock so the connection, though this isn’t your wand, is a good one. You will need only the slightest bit of magic.” she carefully opened her hands, making sure that the light had gone out, “Alright, now use maybe a fourth of what you usually would.” Loki pushed just the barest bit of magic into the wand with the intention of making his light orbs, a rather bright green orb pushed its way from the tip of Harri’s wand. Harri smiled and nodded, “See?”

“Curious.” Loki commented, his eyes on the orb.

They were interrupted by a shout from outside of the truck and Loki dispersed the orb with a wave of his hand as he gave Harriet back her wand. They stayed tense and at the ready as their crate was taken from the truck and carried inside. Harriet drew the wards around them tighter as they were set down and angry sounding Russian was shouted overhead. The top opened and she heard the scratching of a pen before hands went around the tray above them, Harri fingered her gun but released it as the hands disappeared and the lid was replaced. They waited until the room around them went quiet and Harri peaked out through the hole in the crate, “Alright, all clear.” She pushed up as she released the wards, popping the lid off once more and setting it on a crate next to them.

“We’re lucky they didn’t stack anything on top of us.” Loki said as he climbed out of the crate after Harri.

“It’s the bipolar Potter luck.” She said as she pulled the snakes free, “It can flip any moment. Fate hates me.” The Marauders transformed back, each wearing dueling robes that Harri shuddered thinking of having to fight in. “Code names, we don’t need them getting anything substantial.” She warned, Harri looked over to Loki, “You should be fine. They will probably think your name is a code.” They all nodded and Harri started off with them close behind.

They set a quick pace as they moved through the base, going toward a stairwell that Harriet knew they needed to climb to get to the floor Bucky was on. They were clearing most of the distance without trouble when Harriet felt something familiar brush up against her magic and froze. “What is it Godiva?” James asked, Remus was keeping an eye out behind him and Sirius further ahead as Loki
spread his magic out to try and feel what had stopped Harriet.

“The Scarlet Witch is here.” Harri hissed to them, feeling the energy coming closer. Harri hadn’t spent much time in close contact Wanda or, as she was better known, the Scarlet Witch. In the last timeline, before they had moved into the tower but after they had become consultants to the Avengers was the first time Harri had heard about her. The team had come home from a mission and they had been invited over for the debrief when Loki had sensed a foreign energy on Tony. It was after that they found out that Tony had a small encounter with her that had him already planning an AI to police the world a bit better, Harri knew that it would have turned out badly. Harri, the twins, and Loki had been sent out to capture her and they had in record time. She wasn’t a real witch, one of the worlds Ministries of Magic would have caught her for showing her magic to muggles if she were, but she was a rather powerful mutant who could be a pain in the ass if Harri didn’t deal with her quickly.

Wanda’s energy came closer and Harri ran her magic along it as she motioned everyone against the wall. Harri pulled her wand and tracked the energy coming toward them, its progress slow now that it had sensed another power in the area. The second the brown haired mutant stuck her head around the corner Harri shot off a stunner making the girl drop to the ground. “Keep watch.” Harri ordered the Marauders as she flipped the girl over and crouched down, Loki next to her. “Shit.” She whispered as she took in the young features, “She would be younger now I guess.”

“What are you going to do with her?” Loki asked, “I assume she was one of our enemies since you never mentioned her.”

“She’s a mutant.” Harri said, “When we met her last time she was older and the ideas she had were already planted deep. I was going to just take her out, she is a danger to us, especially with her hatred of Tony, but right now she’s still a kid.” Harri sighed and ran a hand over her face. “I’m going to send her to the Professor. Hopefully he can sort her out. If I come across her as an enemy again though I won’t hold back.” Loki nodded solemnly as Harri pulled out one of her throwing knives and transfigured it into a more harmless flat metal phoenix, she didn’t know the exact coordinates of the X-men school but she had been there before. She hoped if she set a wide enough area the portkey would leave her somewhere she wouldn’t drop onto students. Harri focused on the training simulator room she had the pleasure of seeing and cast the portus spell. Harri dropped the phoenix onto Wanda’s stomach and said the activation, sending the girl far away.

“Is that all Godiva?” James asked and Harri looked up to her father, her eyes narrowing when she saw him watching her while standing slightly around the corner instead of keeping watch on that hallway.

Harri was about snap at her dad when the muzzle of a gun appeared at his head from around the corner, “Freeze!” a voice said, Harri heard other boots approaching around the corner, “Identify yourself!”
James’ eyes were wide but Harriet moved into action immediately, Harri cast an *accio* on her father while sending a cutting curse at the guard’s wrist. The man lost a hand as James flew toward Harriet, she cut the spell and side stepped her father as she rolled forward and gripped the stump that vaguely reminded her of Wormtail in the graveyard. Harri pulled the screaming man forward to throw off his balance as she struck out with one of her knives, slitting his throat. Harri and Loki moved forward in tandem toward the other guards, Harri slipping into step with Loki with the ease of many battles fought together. They took out the four other men easily, the last one slumping to the ground at Harri’s feet without a head.

Harri sheathed the two knives she had been using and looked back to her stunned fathers with hard eyes, “When I say keep watch, I mean it. If you want to continue to come on missions with us, you need to keep focused on the task at hand.” She whirled and started off again with Loki only a step behind.

“Why did you kill them?!” Sirius whisper shouted as they all practically ran after her.

“You could have just stunned them! They were just muggles!” James added.

Remus looked a little green from what he had seen, “Why did you have to make it so messy?”

Harriet glared back at them as she opened door to the stairwell, “Quiet. We are sssneaking around and your bitching isssn’t helping.” She hissed, a little bit of her parseltongue sneaking through in her anger.

Loki raised an eyebrow at them as they followed him through the door, “Besides, would you rather she left that man to kill you?”

“She could have just disarmed him.” Remus stated before remembering that Harri had literally taken his hand off and probably could have taken the man’s entire arm instead.

“And left them more men to attack with later?” Loki asked with a quirk of his brow.

“What if he was innocent?” Sirius snapped, “He was probably just following orders.”
“We could have stunned him and brought him in!” James said.

Harri’s shoulders went tense and she spun to face them, “In where?” she snapped, “We aren’t aurors, we aren’t Shield agents, and we sure as hell aren’t Dumbledore.” She snarled the name like a particularly nasty curse making the Marauders eyes go wide. Her eyes were like chipped ice as she regarded them coldly, “Besides, if we took them in like you suggested they would have snapped their suicide pills rather than crowd up my cells for more than a few seconds.” She said harshly before continuing up the stairs.

Loki raised an eyebrow at the three Marauders, “You Midgardians have a funny way of going about war if you’re too afraid to kill, even to keep your family and comrades safe.” He followed after Harriet quickly.

After they had gone up two floors Harriet stopped at the door to the hall that lead to Bucky, she opened the door quickly with her wand at the ready. Thankfully she only saw one set of patrolling guards heading away from her, Harri ran forward silently and took the two guards out with minimal effort. Another set came around the corner ahead of them and Loki stepped forward to deal with them in two quick swings of his spear.

Harri and Loki glanced at each other before Harriet motioned to the left hall and Loki nodded. The Marauders followed behind as Loki took lead into the hall this time, Harri following after. They both took a side of the hall, peering into each room, looking for Bucky who Harri knew would be in this hall in one of the rooms training, eating, preparing to go back in cryo-sleep, or getting wiped; the only thing she knew for sure was that the Winter Soldier had a logged mission two days ago so he should still be active not sleeping. When Harri found the training and the dining rooms empty she felt dread enter her.

“Harriet.” Loki whispered urgently, Harri was over at his side in an instant to peer in the door he was at.

“Fuck.” She growled as she saw the chair meant for wiping Bucky’s memories surrounded by scientists ready to go to work and Bucky himself being dragged toward the chair for reprogramming or just a wipe, either way, Harri had to stop it. She pulled her gun and made sure she had a full clip before her hand went for the door handle.

It was stopped by another hand grabbing her wrist and Harri looked over with a frown to see her father staring at her, “Don’t kill them.”

Harri’s eyes narrowed at him and her lip curled up in a Snape worthy sneer, “I will do what is
necessary to protect my flock.” Glacia screeched in her head, ready for battle, ready to take out those trying to hurt a member of their flock. Harri shook her dad off just as Bucky’s screams started.

With a wave of Loki’s hand, the door disintegrated and Harri and Loki stepped through, Harri with her gun raised and Loki with his full armor appearing around him. “I would suggest giving us the Solider.” Loki said in a low dangerous voice as the gem in his spear glowed ominously.

“Protect the asset!” one of the scientists ordered the small squadron of thirty guards meant to protect and contain Bucky.

Harri erected her full shield with barely any movement from her wand even as she darted forward, Harri emptied her clip swiftly and efficiently into the vital points of the first twelve soldiers who came at her. Harri left the rest of them to Loki as she focused on the scientist and the chair holding Bucky. Harri holstered her gun as she fired curses at the scientists, she killed two with cutting curses to the throat before throwing one of her knives into a third’s forehead and hitting the last with Severus’ Sectumsempra and stepping over his writhing form to the control panel as he bled out. Harri heard Loki taking care of the last three of his guards as Harri found the button to stop the machine.

Harriet quickly came around to the front of the chair, ignoring the bodies she had to cross, as it sat Bucky back upright. Harri placed a gentle hand on his shoulder as she pulled the mouth guard from him carefully, “Easy there Bucky, it’s alright. Breathe.” She soothed softly as he sucked in large amounts of air. Harri hit him with a close range sleep spell. Harri moved to pick him up in a fireman carry but Loki nudged her out of the way and picked him up with little issue. As Loki took Bucky out of range of the chair Harri cast fiendfyre and directed it to consume the chair, Harri held it until the torture device was nothing but a puddle of liquid metal on the floor then cut off the flames.

The sound of running boots alerted Harri that the agents were no longer unaware of their presence. Harri looked over to the Marauders who were looking over the carnage before them with sick expressions, “We need to get out of here. Get over here. Now.” She ordered, they jolted into motion as Harri grabbed onto Loki’s staff with him and her flames began to swirl around them. Once the three had a hand on her Harriet pulled on her flames more and they rose to encompass them, drawing them away a second before the next person entered the room to find their comrades dead on the floor and the asset gone.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes:
I'm not completely happy with the article but its done it purpose.

"She let out an angry shrieky breathe." no, its not a typo. It's supposed to be like when
you scream with your teeth clenched, that sort of trilled scream.

Aw, Percy is so sweet.

Lee is an awesome best friend, ready to go on the run when the twins become wanted wizards.

Sure, Sleipnir was named after himself. Lol.

Jor was family through Loki but he wasn't brought into the family until Loki felt it was truly safe last time and that was about a year before the attack that killed Harri's baby.

Hot Damn! Action Scenes!

Don't forget to check out the new Outtakes in the Series! I've got a few from their school years and Ron's Proposal!

See you next time!
Hello All! Welcome to another Chapter of This Gonna Be Good!

As usual I would like to take a moment to address that were brought up in the comments.

Fire and foremost, for those of you saying I forgot Peitro. I know! I did it on purpose! :) MANY, MANY of you asked to see the Maximoff twins in this fic and I agreed however what I was originally going to do was just have Harri send them to the professor and leave it at that. This would not have them stick in the story and I don't believe Harriet would be very open to accepting them beyond that what with their hatred of Tony. However, now Wanda can get her head on straight off screen and then search for the one who rescued her for help to save her brother, something Harri will be able to relate to. This will hopefully give the Maximoff twins more staying power in the story rather than just a cameo. So, that will happen next summer(story timeline wise).

Secondly, I had one negative review for last chapter and that's fine, however what was brought up in that review is probably running through some of your heads as well but you didn't want to say it, so I will clear things up. The review said: "I found the Marauders inaction and griping while at the Hydra base to be irritating, frankly unbelievable and VERY out of character for all three of them. This made enjoying that portion of the chapter quite hard. These are three men who were involved in a war over ten years ago. Even if the events and battles of that war did not change their attitudes of stun and capture then the years afterward should have. After all one of them was in prison for a crime he didn't commit, the second was drugged into a barely alert state and the third is a freaking werewolf. Given these characters' pasts and what they have been through their lack of action and accusational comments while at the Hydra base simply don't fit."

Alright guys, so before I go into that I want to tell you that if you have things you don't like about the story you can tell me. I either have a reason for it(whether to further the story or a personal headcannon) and will explain or I honestly forgot about something. In this case it is the first is true. In regards to the inaction, yes, that is VERY out of character for the Marauders however Harri didn't really give them a chance to do anything. After James' slip up in the hall she and Loki took care of everything quickly and efficiently. During the last war they were all well in Dumbledore's web and wouldn't do anything to go against the man let alone kill as anything but a last resort. Sirius, though he was in prison, held onto Dumbledore's ideology even after that because he was so afraid of turning into his family, the only person he's ever wanted to kill was Peter and that was because he caused deaths of his pseudo brother, and Azkaban certainly wouldn't have made him a hardened criminal, from what we see in the movies that prison is made solely of solitary confinement cells, one of the cruelest ways of being imprisoned(look up Adam Ruins Prison to see why solitary confinement is bad), it would make him insane but not necessarily murderous. James was kept in a drugged state, yes, but I fail to see how that would make him willing to kill. He never knew the war ended, he didn't know how things had changed, he didn't have time to see that maybe Dumbledore's way of thinking wouldn't last. He still had faith in Dumbledore and his ways until Harriet told her what happened in the last timeline. And
Remus, Remus being a werewolf is why is afraid to kill in my eyes, he wouldn't want that temptation for Moony to become 'wild', he is hesitant of anything that would encourage him losing himself to his instincts. So, while yes, it was very annoying of them this is why I have made them as they are in this story.

There rant done.

All that being said, I'm not terribly happy with how the confrontation with the Marauders went. I rewrote it four times and this was the best of the lot. *sigh*

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Let me get this straight.” Lee said from where he was sitting at the table with the twins, Tony, Luna, and Sleipnir. “Harriet Potter, Fred and George’s itty bitty soul mate, has gone to the secret base of an evil military organization to retrieve her brother who was brainwashed and is being held captive by them?”

“Yes.” Tony said, looking amused.

“How is she able to do that?” Lee exclaimed, “I mean yeah she’s pretty advanced in her magic but how can she take on armed men? And how is she even using her magic out of school anyway?” at Tony’s amused look he deflated, “I’m not allowed to know yet huh?”

“I’m sure you’ll be able to know soon.” Sleipnir said with a smile.

Lee dropped his head to the table with a huff, “No, not until I perfect Occlumency.”

“What’s Occlumency?” Tony asked.

Lee’s head came up off the table like a shot and he stared at Tony, “You don’t know?” the genius shook his head, “And Harri told you?” Tony nodded and Lee’s face drew into a pout, “Why can you know without learning it?”

“Because I’m a genius.” Tony said with a smirk.

“How does that help protect your mind!” Lee exclaimed.
Luna turned to the twins as Lee, Tony, and Sleipnir continued arguing. “How are you two taking this?” she asked, her eyes clearer than normal.

“We knew our mate…”

“was badass but…”

“we didn’t think it…”

“went this far.” The twins responded.

Luna inclined her head and eyed them, “And?”

Fred and George shared a glance, “Our mate is awesome. We’ll support her in whatever she does.”

Luna’s gaze never wavered from them, making the twins start to feel a little wary, “You have only known her for ten months. What if she does something you don’t agree with?”

Fred frowned but George cocked an eyebrow, “Is that likely? She’s our soulmate.”

“Harriet does many things, some seem a little questionable, but they are all for the good of her family and you two.” Luna said evenly.

Fred nodded, “We would hear her reasoning. We’re pretty likely to do things she won’t like either.”

Luna’s mouth quirked up, “She’s on a bit of a different level than wild pranks.”

George rubbed the back of his neck, “With the way we acted just because of some trash talking from Ron I don’t think we’ll be too far behind.”
“I’m positive Harri will not be angry at you two for punching Ron in the face.” Luna said with a small smile, the twins smirked. Luna’s expression flipped and the twins felt the chill of fear go down their spines, “That being said, I will be very angry at you if you break my big sister’s heart.” Luna said, her eyes frighteningly clear and her voice low, “I am a seer and I will do all in my power to destroy you if you break my big sister.”

The twins pressed into each other’s sides as they stared down at the terrifying little blonde girl, “Got it.” They gulped.

Luna’s eyes went out of focus again and a serene smile made its way on her face, “Good.” She stood up and walked around the table to stand staring at the rest of the ballroom.

Sleipnir bounced up from his seat, “What is it? Is mother coming back?”

“Yes,” Luna said airily, “Sleipnir you’ll need to drag the other three away.”

Sleipnir cocked his head, “Has something happened?”

“Just a difference in leadership styles.” Luna said, waving him off. Sleipnir nodded and stood by Luna as the rest at the table got up to stand behind them.

Blue flames burst to life in front of them and swirled into a large dome before dispersing, leaving six people in its place. Sleipnir didn’t hesitate, he wrapped his magic around the three Marauders who were around Harri and drug them backward as Loki put away his spear and laid Bucky on the ground. Harri threw her hood off and knelt by Bucky’s head as Tony rushed over with his tools and the new arm; Harriet flicked her wand over Bucky’s form, running the standard diagnostics to see what she would need as Tony examined the metal arm and how it connected.

“Will you have any problems?” Harri asked Tony as she read over the list of injuries Bucky had collected from his most recent mission. It wasn’t bad, he hadn’t been fighting or anything drastic, just taking out a few targets, but at one point he must have landed wrong because he had a cracked rib and several cuts that littered his body. The rest was more geared toward the problems the cryo-chamber had caused. Harriet snapped her fingers and one of her LeFay house elves appeared with a bag of medical potions.

“No problem.” Tony said as he opened the maintenance vents on the arm, “I just have to find the release, mine should fit on no problem.” Harri nodded shortly as she pulled out a mild pain potion,
Skele-Grow, a general healing potion, and a nutrition potion before beginning to administer the potions.

“Harriet!” James called from where he and Sirius were being held back, Remus was just watching with wide eyes, “We need to talk young lady!”

“A little busy!” Harri snapped, not moving her eyes from her brother.

“No! I won’t have you going around killing people!” James bit back, his eyes hard. The twins and Lee tensed, their eyes going to Harriet.

Harri glared up at her father, “This conversation will still be here once I make sure Bucky is on the mend.” She caught sight of her mates out of the corner of her eyes and went rigid at their disbelieving looks. Harri forced herself to look back down at Bucky, “This first.” She muttered, Glacia screeching in the back of her head to gather up the real members of her flock and take them to safety.

“Harriet!” Tony said urgently, she looked up from her work to see he was gazing down into the arm in horror. “They put in a bomb. It’s started count down.”

Harri cursed, “Can you disarm it? Or take the arm off before it blows?”

“If I take the arm off it will blow before we can get rid of it.” Tony said, as he examined the bomb, “The countdown is two short for me to attempt taking it apart. Hydra may be scum but they do know how to make a good bomb.”

Harriet pursed her lips and looked up at Loki who had been watching everything, “Loki, can you help?”

Loki’s helmet and heavier armor melted away and he went to his knees next to Tony, “What do you need Harriet?”

“I need you to rip the arm off and throw it as far as you can down the ballroom, I’ll put up the containment shield and it will take most of the blast.” Harri said as she settled her knees on Bucky’s shoulders to brace him. “Luna!” the blonde came over and sat on Bucky’s legs, Harri nodded and looked to Loki who was moving Tony out of the way.
“It will short out as soon as its free from the base.” Tony said, “So pull and throw fast there Lokes.”

Loki nodded and rested a hand on Bucky’s chest while grabbing the metal arm by the wrist, “Ready?” Harri nodded, wand at the ready. Loki pulled the arm away with a single harsh twist, making Bucky arch against their holds in pain, before throwing it far down the ballroom, Harri’s shield going around it just a second before it exploded. The force shook the room despite the shield around it, the fire within burning strong and fast before black smoke took over.

Harri let out a sigh of relief as she let up her hold on Bucky, “Thank you Loki.” The God inclined his head as he moved out of the way for Tony to continue, now just having to take away the bits that had stuck to the base plate. Harriet went about the task of getting the last two potions into Bucky.

“Wait…”

“Loki?” the twins asked, “As in…”

“God of Mischief Loki?” they looked to Sleipnir when they were ignored, the boy just grinned and nodded before running over to his mother. The twins looked at the God in awe, even more so when they saw that the God seemed to be subconsciously edging toward Harriet almost protectively.

Harriet let out a breath as she got the last potion down Bucky’s throat, he would need more to get him back to full health and to get rid of the side effects of cryo as well as extensive time with her in his head to comb through the memories and destroy the programming but for now he was okay. She kept her eyes locked on the man in her lap as she steeled herself for the talk to come. She wasn’t sure why her mates were here so early but she couldn’t and wouldn’t deny the accusations her father threw at her. Harri bit her lip, the look she had caught on their faces when James yelled at her about the killing was going to haunt her, she was sure.

“Harriet.” Came a soft voice, she looked up at Loki, he cocked his head toward the Marauders and she sighed before nodding. Harri conjured a pillow to put under Bucky’s head before she stood and faced the Marauders with her arms crossed and all of her emotions locked tight behind her Occlumency walls.

“Say your piece.” She said coldly, she saw the twins flinch at the sound of her deadened voice. Her heart ached but she knew she wouldn’t be able to handle this if her emotions were running wild.
James and Sirius matched her stance but certainly not her emotionless façade. “What in Merlin’s name where you thinking! Killing those people?! Stunning them would have worked!” James exclaimed, “How can you just kill them like that? What if they had been innocent? We could have turned them in or something!”

Harri’s jaw clenched and she turned her gaze to Sirius, “And you?”

“I just can’t believe that you would kill those people. You didn’t even give them a chance!” Sirius said, doing a rather good impression of Dumbledore’s disappointed face, enough for Harriet’s anger to crack at her shields. “I mean they were just muggles! They didn’t stand a chance! They were just following orders.”

Harri let them stew for a second, making sure they had gotten it out of their system, before she began, “I have not nor will I ever enjoy killing.” She stated flatly, “However I will do so to keep my family safe now and in the future.” Her eyes narrowed at her father, “And don’t you dare, for one second, think that I would just go around killing innocents. I’m not Voldemort!” she hissed, “Those people there at Hydra know exactly what they are getting into when they join, you don’t get to be the most notorious Nazi Terrorist organization in the world without what you stand for being advertised to all who look you up. Those people want to kill the real innocents, overthrow governments, take over the world. None of them are going in blind, none who have taken their oath are innocent. So there is no way in hell I’m letting them stick around to cause more havoc or attack us later. Did you even listen when I told you that they were who we fought against the most last time? The ones who Bucky and Cap were fighting even back in World War 2?”

“We could have just brought them in.” James grumbled, “They wouldn’t have been a threat here.”

Harriet’s eyes narrowed, “What exactly do you hear when I talk to you?” she snapped, “I told you they would snap their suicide caps the second we captured them! Would you have blamed me for that too?” James flinched, “You need to understand something. Right. Now. Hydra agents would rather die than compromise their precious cause.” She sneered the word cause, showing what she thought of their mission, “They will steal for their cause, kill for their mission, commit atrocities that are still written about by muggles today to bring about their envisioned world so they sure as hell will die to keep knowledge of that away from their enemies.”

“They’re just muggles.” Sirius repeated, “They didn’t stand a chance!”

The feathers in Harri’s hair started to flame, she couldn’t believe they were still arguing this, “Really Sirius? Are they just muggles? I hadn’t noticed.” Harri snapped uncharitably.
“Do. Not. Underestimate. Muggles.” Tony jumped in, coming to stand next to Harriet definitely, “We’ve made war an art form. I should know. I was called the Merchant of Death. I made weapons. Weapons that could kill hundreds in seconds and those were just the ones I was allowed to sell.”

“And the typical wizards and witches have no way to protect against it.” Harri said, “Do you even know what it takes to make a standard protego bullet proof? Not my advanced shield but the simple one. The one most magicals would whip out first in reflex? Way too much magic. And only enough to protect from one standard round from a hand gun but that’s it. That doesn’t even take into account higher caliber bullets, armor piercing rounds, grenades, bombs, missiles, and everything else that muggles have come up with to wage war against each other.”

“You three want to leave power like that to live another day? To threaten real innocents again?” Loki asked, stepping up on the other side of Harriet, leaving Sleipnir and Luna to watch over Bucky. “You want to scold Harriet for taking out those she KNOWS will be threats to us in the future?” Sirius and James flinched, Remus shrunk back.

Harriet kept her back straight, her head up, “There are no second chances for the guilty. I learned that last time when a certain rat escaped after I spared his life, only to pop up a year later to kill a friend and help the Dark Lord rise again. In fact, the only reason I haven’t killed him already myself is because you guys said you wanted to take care of him.” Harri clamped down on her own disappointment and took comfort in the family on either side of her as she delivered her ultimatum, “You have a choice,” she began as her flames rose around herself, Loki, Sleipnir, Luna, Bucky, and Tony, ready to take them away as she knew she wouldn’t be able to stay with her fathers like this. “You can believe and accept that I kill to keep my family safe now and in the future and continue on with me or we can break off knowing that if you ever present yourself as a threat to my family or myself in any way, I will take you out of the equation.” She stated flatly, “Next time we see each other, make it clear.” She growled, her flames arched high around them with a dull roar, easily accepting Lee and the twins as they ran to her, before they disappeared from Potter manor, leaving behind the three Marauders.

When the flames disappeared the group was in a strange rounded room with marble floors that’s walls and ceiling were just undulating mists of a steel gray color. The twins looked at Harriet whose Occlumency shields were starting to loosen enough for her to feel, they felt something close to panic grip them when Harriet looked at them with uncertain and sad eyes that held just a hint of resigned acceptance. “I can send you back.” She said quietly, her voice wavering slightly.

Fred and George didn’t hesitate, they swept forward and wrapped Harri in a hug. “We aren’t going anywhere.” They murmured, Harriet melted into their embrace with a soft whine at those words, making them hold her tighter.

Tony cleared his throat, making the twins look up at him but not let Harriet go, only allowing her to spin in their arms to face her brother. “I know you need some…time.” He said awkwardly, “But we
need to get Barnes here settled so I can put his new arm on properly.”

Harri wiped at her eyes quickly and nodded, “Right, sorry.”

“Where are we?” Loki asked, he was over at one of the walls poking at the thick mists that seemed solid up close. Three pops alerted them to the arrival of house elves, Loki looked down and raised an eyebrow, “Peri?”

“Daisy?” Tony questioned, seeing the closest elf.

“Master Tony!” the small house elf exclaimed as Peri went over to dust at Loki’s armor, chiding him for getting it bloody. “You has come to see LeFay Castle! Daisy is so glad youse here!”

Lee looked around with a frown, “No offence but this doesn’t seem like much of a castle.”

The third elf, an older and stern looking female eyed Lee before looking to Harriet, “Welcome to LeFay Castle young Lady LeFay. The castle has been in lock down since the death of Lady Petra LeFay almost a century ago. The preservation mists as well as the castle’s personalization magic have built up to what you see now. If you put your bare skin on the floor beneath you the personalization magic will change this castle to your preferences.”

Everyone looked at the well-spoken elf with poorly concealed shock except for Harriet who was levitating herself slightly as she pulled her boots free of her feet, “Thank you Dianna. I’m aware of how to control the Castle. Please have a light lunch prepared now and dinner by six. The rooms will settle quickly, send a few elves over to Potter Manor to collect all of the electronic equipment from there and bring them here to set up in the common room in the family wing and the stuff from my room in the Queen Suite. Also send someone to grab my clothes and personal effects. Peri, Daisy, which room belongs to who should be rather obvious so bring over what Loki, Sleipnir, and Tony will need once its settled. Dianna I will be assigning Lin to Bucky, have her go to Potter Manor and transfer what he will need over here.” Harriet put her feet back on the floor, magic pulsed through the marble and up into the mists around them. The mists began to undulate and colored lights swirled through them before all of the mists blew backward in one harsh movement, revealing a huge marble floored foyer with a grand staircase leading up into the rest of the castle.

“Yes Lady LeFay.” All three elves said, bowing before they popped away.

Harri went to pick up Bucky but again Loki beat her to it and picked him up to lay over his shoulder.
with ease, Harri nodded at him and led the group up the staircase to the rest of the castle. Everyone only caught glimpses of the various areas they were passing as Harri led them deep into the castle. “What’s with all those ledges and holes in the walls up high?” Lee asked as his eyes darted around, trying to take everything in.

“One of my brothers likes to crawl around in vents and perch in high places.” Harri said, “Obviously castles don’t have actual ventilation systems like muggle buildings but since the castle responds to my preferences I made artificial ones for him.” Lee nodded in understanding.

Finally, Harri led them to double doors that had a large LeFay crest in the center of them. Harri pulled the door open and led them in, “This is the family wing, where we’ll be staying. It’s three floors. Only the bottom two have suites available. The ones already made up for family members are marked.” She looked to Lee and the twins, “You can pick any of the others.”

“Like the twins won’t be staying with you.” Tony snorted, the twins blushed and Harri rolled her eyes with a small smile playing on her lips.

“They can stay where they like.” She responded nonchalantly, the twins’ gazes shot toward her. They were interrupted by a grunt from Loki followed by a thud, Harri spun to see Bucky running back toward the doors of the family wing in a panic. She cursed in parseltongue and quickly ran around the group and toward Bucky. Him being disoriented and off balance with only one arm helped her catch up in no time. She jumped at him and locked one leg around his torso and the other over his good arm before flipping around him and dropping him to the floor with the move Natasha had taught her. Harri landed sitting on his chest, he instantly reached up with his good arm to grab her by her throat and rolled them so he was over Harriet, she growled and managed to get her feet up enough to kick him in the stomach. His hold loosened and gave Harri enough of an opening to cast another sleep spell, he growled and fought it this time, but it gave Harri time to actually pull her wand for George’s stronger super soldier version of the stunner which quickly put Bucky on his back. Harri stood and sighed as she began to wave her wand around Bucky in a complicated pattern to put him into a magical coma.

“Holy shit!” Harri looked up to see Fred, George, and Lee staring at her with wide eyes. She started to close off her emotions but Fred and George exclaimed, “That was awesome!” Harri blinked.

“Why did your spell wear off?” Loki asked curiously.

“He’s a super soldier, regular defense spells only work when they are already vulnerable.” Harri said with a sigh, “I didn’t think he’d be well enough to throw it off so quickly after the mission he was on
and the wipe.” She stood up and levitated a now comatose Bucky, “I’ve put him in a coma now. He won’t wake up until I take it off. It will be better for him to remain like that for a little while after my first rearranging of his mind anyway.”

“You have to mess with his mind?” Tony asked as the group once again followed her down the hall, they got to the very end before they stopped at a door that had a steel gray circle with a red star in the center on it.

“Yes, I will have to help him through all his memories but right now, so he can relax a little, I will be locking the Soldier’s memories up and bringing his original memories forward before suppressing as much of the programming as possible and tying up the triggers Hydra implanted with new reactions so the programing won’t take back control should he ever hear the trigger phrases.” Harriet said.

Tony blinked, “Wow, you can do that?”

“Yes.” Harriet said with a small smile. She opened the door and led everyone in to a sitting room that only she knew had weapons stashed in every corner so Bucky would never be without one, of course she would have to add some guns later as the castle didn’t currently have any in its armory to pull from. Harriet led them further, into the bedroom that had a queen size bed done up in grays and reds as the center of the room but also included a fire place, a full bathroom, a walk in closet, and a hidden door that would lead him to his own personal armory when opened. Harriet set Bucky down on the bed and Tony immediately went over to his armless side with the replacement.

Harriet took off her jacket so she would be comfortable for the long legilimency session she was going to be doing and smirked to herself when she heard familiar sharp inhales once her tight battle suit was revealed. She heard Lee mutter, “Hot damn.” Before yelping at two smacks to the back of his head. Harriet gave a smug smile as she conjured a hair tie and pulled her messy mane up into a bun, it was nice to know even after earlier and in her younger form she elicited such responses from her mates.

She spun to them with an innocent look on her face, noting their red faces and how they were suddenly very interested in the ceiling. Harriet looked over to Loki who was watching with amusement “Legilimency doesn’t take a lot of physical or magical strength but it does take quite a lot of mental power. I will most likely go to bed as soon as I’m done, something that will take maybe a couple hours considering how his mind is right about now. You don’t have to wait around if you don’t want to. The castle is free reign for you to explore except for already taken rooms in this wing, your room is on the floor below this one, the common room is above us.” She looked to Sleipnir, “You can stay with your mother or take one of the empty rooms. Either one is fine.” Harriet looked to Lee and the twins, “You can claim one of the unclaimed rooms as well.” Harriet turned to Tony, “Your room is on the floor below and is connected to your lab space here. It doesn’t have much in it but your welcome to bring over whatever you want, you’ll just have to adjust it to run on magic. Questions?” she asked, looking around only to see shaking heads and she nodded, “Alright.”
Harriet gathered her magic and pushed outward steadily until the obsidian walls began to crack, with one strong push it collapsed completely and chaos exploded around Harriet. Memories flew past her and she stood strong against them, not wanting to be pushed out of Bucky’s mind. Once the memories settled into place around her Harriet began to long task of sorting the memories around her, knowing that she would need to get past all of them before she could find Bucky’s center, where his personality from before and the Winter Soldier programming would be fighting for dominance.

At first, all Harriet got was the horrific memories of the Soldier; missions, kills, being wiped, reprogramming, torturous arm upgrades, brutal training, and punishments by Hydra agents when he had made one of his few mistakes. Harriet made Bucky’s mind a simple three drawer file cabinet for her sorting, she put these Soldier memories down in the bottom without looking too closely so she could focus instead of getting overly emotional. Pieces of information that Bucky had learned that were important enough to have split from the memories like his knowledge of weapons, hand to hand combat, languages, and technology, Harri put in the second drawer. The first one she was keeping for his memories of before the Soldier, they were still frighteningly few.

Harriet didn’t know how long she had been in Bucky’s mind but she eventually found the better memories, the memories of the time before. Harri laughed with some of the memories, memories of the Howling Commandos and of Steve, memories of the pretty dames he had danced and flirted with, memories of his mother. Harri lovingly stored those in the top of the file cabinet for easy access. Finally, she was finished sorting through the memories and she locked the drawer with the Soldier memories. Those would have to be gone through slowly and sorted further to help him deal with them better.

With the field of memories finally cleared Harriet could see a with door with a red star on it which she knew would lead her to Bucky’s center. She went to it quickly and pulled it open without hesitation. Entering she found the younger Bucky fighting against the Soldier Bucky helplessly in the middle of old fashioned barracks. Harri growled, a sound loud enough to draw both Bucky’s attentions. She planted herself in place and made sure she exuded authority, “Stand down Soldier.” She ordered in a flat dangerous tone.

Instantly the Soldier released Bucky and stood next to his gasping form at attention, “Handler acknowledged. Asset awaits orders.” He said, his voice monotone.
“At ease.” Harri said, “Await further orders.”

“Order acknowledged.” The Soldier said, falling into parade rest.

Harri nodded and walked over to the younger Bucky, she pulled him up and with a wave of her free hand changed the room to match the sitting room out in the real world, the Soldier didn’t react to the change at all. Harri dragged Bucky over to the couch and sat him down, “Easy Bucky, breathe. Deep breath in.” she directed, he drew in a full breath, “And out, slowly.” He let out the breath as long as he could, turning a little shaky near the end. “Good, again.” She stayed and rubbed his back until he was calm.

After he was breathing steady he looked up at Harri in confusion, “What…what’s going on? Who are you?” he looked over at the Soldier, “How did you get him to stop? I’ve been fighting him for… a long time.”

“I know Bucky; you won’t have to fight him anymore.” She soothed, “I just made him see me as his handler.”

Bucky blinked and focused back on her, “And who are you?” he asked, “Where are we?”

“I’m Harriet, I’m a friend.” She answered, “As for where we are, we are in your mind.” She tilted her head toward the Soldier, “He’s the embodiment of the programming that Hydra forced on you.”

Bucky blinked again and rubbed at his head, “When they…wiped me?” Harri nodded, “And how are you in my head?”

“I’m a witch.” Harri said with a soft smile, “Like you and Steve met near the beginning of your deployment.”

“Steve!” Bucky yelped, shooting to his feet. “Where is he?” he demanded.

Harri stood as well and held up her hands, “Whoa there Bucky, calm down.”

“I can’t calm down!” Bucky yelled, “Last thing I remember…what’s the last thing I remember? The
train?” his face scrunched up, “No, its…”


“What?!” Bucky yelped.

“Ten hut!” Harriet commanded, Bucky immediately snapped to attention. Harri narrowed her eyes at him, “You will sit. You will listen. Then and only then will you react. Am I understood?”

“Yes Ma’am!” Bucky shouted in return.

Harri’s face fell into amusement, “At ease Sergeant.”

Bucky shook himself and frowned at her, “Why did you do that?”

Harri cocked an eyebrow at him, “You were freaking out. Luckily, you army boys have that reaction drilled into you.”

Bucky let out a breath and chuckled, “I guess.” He said as he dropped onto the couch.

Harri sat back down with a smile, “Steve, contrary to popular belief, is not dead. He is currently being defrosted by Shield after he was frozen in the arctic.” Bucky opened his mouth to ask something but closed it at Harri’s look, “Now, I know you’ve had some awareness of your time with Hydra but it has been seventy some years since you fell from the train.” Bucky’s eyes widened, “There is quite a lot for us to go over later but right now I wanted to make sure you knew you were safe and out of Hydra’s hands. We can talk about everything else when you wake up. Currently I have your physical body in a coma to help your healing and I will wake you in a couple days once you have rested correctly. Alright?”

Bucky nodded solemnly before he bit his lip, “What about him?” he whispered, pointing over to the Soldier.

Harri smiled, “He is now a part of you, but I’m going to suppress him so he can’t forcibly take
control and adjust the triggers so he can’t get out with that.”

“Triggers?” Bucky asked in alarm.

Harri nodded, “Triggers, phrases to make the Programming reassert itself. I’m going to cut them from that particular function and attach them to a different set of commands so they won’t be able to order you to do anything.”

Bucky frowned and eyed her warily, “What kind of different commands?”

Harri smiled at him calmly, “Bucky, I promise you that I will never hurt you or cause you to hurt others. I consider you and Steve part of my family, I would never take advantage of family like that.” She said solemnly, he studied her for several seconds before nodding, “As for the commands,” she continued, “I was going to have the programming still reassert itself but instead of asking for orders I was going to have the command be to get to a safe, defendable location and wait for one of our family before letting you resurface. Does that sound doable? Or would you like to change something.”

Bucky looked to consider that, “That sounds good but can you make it so I don’t hurt anyone in the process? I don’t think I would be able to handle it if I managed to get to safety at the expense of others.”

Harri gave him a soft smile, “I can make that happen, but I will make sure that doesn’t apply to those who attempt to hurt you or Hydra agents.”

Bucky’s face hardened, “Good.” He growled, “Those assholes deserve it.”

Harri nodded as she stood up, “They sure do.” She said flatly as she moved over to the Soldier, she put her hand on his shoulders and let her magic wash over him. The form of Bucky’s current physical appearance disappeared into an undulating tangle of threads, Harri huffed at the mess the muggles made of mind control. With her plan in mind she started in; she cut out the undesirable pieces and reshaped certain parts, with the Triggers she cut off the command threads and created new ones with the new commands in their places. Once she was done she double checked that everything was as it was supposed to be before she pulled out the pieces she had cut and incased them in a sphere of her phoenix ice, the sphere wouldn’t be able to be broken by anything less than a fire phoenix. That done, Harriet pulled her magic out of the programming and let it reform with a grin on her face as the new form became clear.
“What the hell?!” Bucky exclaimed as Harriet calmly went to put the ice sphere down on one of the coffee tables. “What did you do to it?”

Harri looked over to him innocently, “To make sure you won’t have to fight for dominance in your own body it had to be weaker than you.”

“I guess…but why did you make it that?” Bucky asked in exasperation and a healthy dose of embarrassment as he pointed to the little embodiment of the Soldier.

Harri smiled and picked up the little creature; it was Bucky but he was only about a foot tall with paws instead of hands and feet, even his metal arm ended in a paw. His face still looked blank and dangerous but he had an adorable nose and wide eyes above the muzzle. On his head were two pointy gray ears and a ringed tail rose from his back. “I saw a picture of our family as these little creatures once, it was drawn by a fan. They were cute.” She held out the creature to Bucky, “Isn’t he adorable?”

The man stepped back at the murderous look on the little creatures face, “No!”

Harri laughed and stroked at the Soldier’s ears, she smiled as the little thing closed its eyes and gave a purr, “Aw, Bucky, he’s part of you. You have to at least get along with him.” She walked over to set the little creature down on the couch gently, “Besides, who would be afraid of the Winter Soldier like that?”

Bucky eyed the creature like it was grenade that was going to blow, his head snapped around when he heard the door open. “Wait, where are you going!?”

Harri looked back at him and smiled, “Bucky you need to rest. I just reordered your mind and you’ve not had real sleep in over seventy years. Just relax. You don’t have to fight the Soldier anymore, your safe. I’m going to leave your mind or I will interfere with the resting. I promise I will wake you up in two days. Alright?”

Bucky fidgeted slightly and the Soldier stared at her blankly, “Swear on your magic. The witches we met talked about that. You will have to keep your word.”

Harri smiled softly, “I swear on my magic I will wake up James Buchanan Barnes from his magical coma two sunrises from now.” She glowed slightly as it took and he relaxed a little before nodding, “Alright Bucky, sleep well.” She stepped out and closed the door before letting herself be drawn
back into her body, letting Bucky’s eyes close once she was out.

Harriet moaned a little as she straightened from her kneeling position, her legs were asleep and her back ached from being in that position so long. Instantly she felt arms around her and she gave a startled squeak as she was lifted completely from the bed. She blinked as she looked up at Fred before a blush spread across her face, Fred chuckled, “Hello dearest.”

George came up next to his brother near Harriet’s feet so she could see him, “Have a nice trip?”

Harri smiled tiredly as her fatigue started to roll over her, “Can’t complain. The in-flight snack was terrible though.” The twins laughed. Harri looked around the room to see that it was empty, which she expected, “How long was I in there?”

“Well it’s a quarter ‘til seven…”

“so about five and a half hours.” The twins said.

Harri winced, “That’s longer than I expected.”

“Shall we take you to your room then?” Fred asked, gripping her slightly tighter.

Harri’s blush come back, “That would be appreciated.” She said softly.

The twins nodded and George grabbed her jacket from where she had left it, “Tell us where to go Harriet.” Fred said as he walked from Bucky’s rooms, George closing the door behind them.

“Upstairs.” Harri murmured, her eyelids starting to droop.

Fred and George looked down at their beautiful half asleep mate and smiled softly. They slowly made their way up stairs so they didn’t jostle Harriet, at this point they were roughly the same height so Fred had to be careful with that. They made it up the stairs and found themselves in a large common room that had floor to ceiling windows on two sides and several large comfortable looking couches were in a half circle along the only wall that was made of stone, it had several pieces of muggle equipment that Harriet had mentioned to them before attached to the wall and on shelves
The twins walked through this area, giving it only a quick glance as they proceeded to the far wall where a small hall led them to three more steps and a smaller set of double doors. These doors were marked just like the others but the picture of this one was of two foxes sitting back to back but with their heads turned toward each other, a stylized phoenix rose above them with its tail feathers falling between them. The twins shared a look at that but pushed the doors open regardless.

They stepped into a grand sitting room with plush furniture settled around a large fire place, the walls were covered in bookshelves that were packed full. Across the room was another small staircase done in warm toned wood with a door at the top and a door behind the staircase. Not sure which one to go for, George opened the one underneath the stairs first, the twin’s eyes widened when they found a replica of the lab Harriet had shown them in them at Hogwarts. They closed that door, their minds racing, and climbed the small staircase to the second door.

This was the bedroom.

The bed was enormous, easily a full Emperor sized bed with deep red bedding that had gold shot through it and several pillows. Across from the bed was a large fire place that currently empty with a marble mantle across the top that held several odd looking trinkets and above that was another of the muggle devices, what Harriet had called a TV, attached to the wall. To the left of the fireplace was several long windows that were currently covered with thick curtains. To the right of the fireplace were three more doors before there was a small sitting area and glass double doors that led out to a balcony that Fred and George couldn’t quiet see through the thinner curtains hanging over the doors. The floors were a dark hardwood but had a few plush wine red carpets strategically placed around the bed.

“I think we’ve just stepped into a catalogue.” George muttered in amazement as he took in the room.

Harri giggled, drawing the twins’ attention to her, “Morgana had a high standard of living. Even with my own preferences controlling it, this is as simple as it will go.” She smiled sleepily at them, her going a little unfocused, “Fred, can you set me down? I need to go shower the blood off.”

He blinked but nodded and set her down on the edge of the bed, she stood carefully and started off toward the bathroom. “Harriet.” George called, she turned around at the first door, “Do you want us to go or…” they left the sentence to actually trail off this time.

Harri smiled at them, “If you two are comfortable with it I’d like for you to stay but it’s your choice.” With that she slipped into the bathroom and closed the door gently.
Fred and George looked at each other as they weighed things over in their joined minds. In the end it was too good of an opportunity to waste, they had missed Harriet so much even with only having been away from her for two weeks and she needed a bit of reassurance that they weren’t going to leave after the revelation that she had killed people. They didn’t particularly like the thought of their mate killing but for them it was more of a problem with the effect it had on her, they had understood the explanation she had given the three they assumed had been the Marauders and agreed with her; they had both known without a doubt that they would do the same if it was her safety in question. They were actually a bit disappointed with their idols for not understanding that and for yelling at their mate.

A pop drew them from their internal musing over their connection, they looked to see Dianna standing in front of them, “Will Lady LeFay’s Soulmates be staying with her?” the elf asked with a tilt of her head.

“Yes.” They said as one before George leaned down, “How did you know we were her Soulmates?”

“We are connected to the Castle, the Castle is connected to our Lady, our Lady is connected to you, we can feel you, even without the bond being completed.” Dianna said, “Can I take your bags?” the twins blink at the little elf but handed over their trunks. She nodded and snapped her fingers to draw down the covers of the bed before disappearing with the two trunks. Seconds later their night clothes appeared on the edge of the bed. With a shrug they quickly changed and sat on the edge of the bed, feeling a little awkward as they waited for Harriet.

Harriet reappeared from the bathroom several minutes later in cute sleep shorts and a tank top with her hair wet and her eyes half lidded in relaxation and exhaustion, the twins blushed at the sight. She smiled at them and dried her hair with a wave of her hand, “Thank you.” She said softly.

“For what?” they asked as they stood and pulled her into a hug.

“For staying.” She murmured.

They held her tighter, “Always.”

They all climbed into bed, the twins keeping Harriet between them protectively as they settled on the pillows. George pulled the blankets up over all of them as Fred wrapped his arms around Harri, once George stopped moving Harriet tugged him closer. The twins settled comfortably, like they had been sleeping with Harriet for years.
It was just as they were drifting off that Harriet’s voice drug them back to the edge of awareness, “I can start telling you guys everything tomorrow.” She sighed sleepily.

“Start?” Fred questioned into her hair.

“Hm, fourteen years’ worth of material will take more than one day.” She mumbled as she slid into unconsciousness.

“Fourteen years?!”

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes:
Yes, Tony being a genius is protection enough from those trying to read his mind. NOBODY can keep up with all the things that race through his head at the speeds they do and when Harri tried in the timeline before she go a headache just skimming the surface let alone trying to go deeper.

Aw, Luna's shovel talk! I've been wanting to put that in somewhere since the start of the story!

Yes, Steve, Bucky, and the Howling Commandos met witches and wizards in the war but are under a secrecy charm about it. They didn't learn a lot, just the basics, you know, "Yes there is magic. There are people who can use this magic on this planet. Yes it can do bad things. It can also do good things. It is helpful to have a magic user as back up in battle."

Sorry about the little raccoon Bucky, I couldn't resist!

Emperor sized beds are fucking enormous! They are 85in x 85 in. I mean...wow that's a lot of bed to work with.

The poor twins, Harri left them with a cliff hanger.

We will get more of an explanation of the Castle, LeFay history, and Dianna next chapter.

Yes, the twins really will get to know about the time travel next chapter.

If you haven't checked out the Outtakes from the previous timeline do so! They're great fun!

See you next time!
Hey everyone!

It's finally here! The chapter you've likely been waiting for, the ones where the twins find out!

Before that I want to address somethings as usual.

First, between fanfiction and Ao3 I have lost a comment that I could have answered and I forgot where it was. Harriet can put her hair up with the feathers in because they are semiplume feathers. Correct me if this is totally out of left field but from what I've seen semiplume are more flexible wispy feathers. That is what Harriet has in her hair, not a lot but a few, enough to make it look like her hair is on fire when they 'shed flames'.

Second, I get A LOT of comments asking when the next update is, demanding more updates, etc. I expected something like that if the story went well but my sister wasn't aware that it would be that many. Her idea was to make a tumblr page for this fic so that I could keep you guys updated on what was happening in regards to the story. I have it up but if it doesn't get over ten followers by next week I will take it down, there is no use telling everyone how my writing is going if no one is going to use the news. So... if you would like news about the story and how it is progressing throughout the week as well as want to join in on some discussions you can go to tumblr and find the thisgonnabegoodfic blog and join us!

So... here's this weeks chapter!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Harriet woke up feeling warm and safe, wrapped in the arms of her soulmates. She was on her back with Fred and George turned toward her on either side of her. Harri smiled as she looked between the two sleeping redheads, they looked peaceful and innocent in their sleep, something that they definitely weren’t when they were awake.

Harri shimmied into a sitting position without waking the twins, making their heads land on her lap as she sat up against the headboard. She knew since she had woken up on her own she wouldn’t be able to go back to sleep so she figured she would need to start her day. She cast a quick tempus and saw that it was four-thirty in the morning. A fact which surprised her as she hadn’t thought she had been exhausted enough to sleep two and a half hours past her usual times. Harriet laid her back against the headboard and ordered her thoughts, thinking through her to-do list for the day. She had a lot of things she needed to accomplish this summer, the very least of which being slight review for her OWLs at the end of the summer, but most of the stuff she wanted done depended on other people, their plans, and their reactions to things she put in motion. She wasn’t even sure about the latest Rita article because she had been out on the mission when it arrived yesterday. Harriet sighed and
snapped her fingers, thanking whoever was listening that her mates were sound sleepers.

Dianna appeared on the foot of the bed, looking at Harriet attentively, “How may I serve you this morning Lady LeFay?”

“Just two things at the moment Dianna. Breakfast needs to be at six-thirty to be served in the smaller dining room. I would also like you to bring me some parchment and a dicta-quill so I can get things started without having to wake my mates.” Harri said softly.

“Yes Lady LeFay.” Dianna said, bowing before she disappeared. Seconds later several blank parchment scrolls appeared on Harriet’s lap along with a dicta-quill. Harri threaded her fingers through the twins’ longer hair as she levitated the first scroll and began to softly dictate a letter to Griphook. She liked the twins’ hair as they had worn it after Hogwarts, it lent an extra element to their crazy inventor personalities, but this longer hair was more fun to play with.

Grinning past her words she focused on Fred’s hair as she twisted the longer strands into a little braid. It wasn’t as long as it would be in their sixth year but Harri could still make a recognizable braid in the red locks. As Harri was moving onto Bill’s letter she switched to George’s hair, making an identical braid in his hair. Once it was done she moved back to Fred’s, this time conjuring up a piece of ribbon to add to the braid. She did the same with George’s hair as she went on to Charlie’s letter. While she was writing out Percy’s letter she stopped her playing but considered summoning a sharpie to draw on her mates.

Before she could decide, she felt the twins stirring. Harri cast another tempus, five oh five, and smiled, she would have just enough time to give them the basics before they had to go wake everyone for breakfast. Harriet finished dictating her letter to Percy and rolled it up with the others, she banished the quill to one of the bedside tables and began the process of sealing and making a portkey out of each letter.

“Harriet?” George mutter, the first to reach semi-awareness.

“Good morning George.” Harri said with a small smile.

“What are you doing up so early?” Fred whined.

Harri gave a soft laugh, “I don’t usually sleep more the five or six hours unless I’m exhausted enough to pass out or injured. It’s a miracle I slept this long.” She finished the last letter and stacked
it with the others, “Besides. Five is hardly early Fred. Now if it was two in the morning maybe.”

George shifted a little so he could look up at Harri without moving from her lap, “Do you remember what you said before you went to sleep?” Fred perked up and looked up at her as well.

Harri gave them an innocent look, “Something about strawberries maybe? Blueberries? I can ramble when I’m half asleep.”

“Harriet.” George pouted.

She laughed, “I guess that means you two are up?” they gave exaggerated sighs but sat up on either side of her. Harriet waved her hand over the letters and they disappeared, going to Dianna for her to send off. Harri pulled her legs in and crossed them in her upright meditation pose. “We have about an hour until we have to go gather everyone for breakfast. We can start now.” She took a soothing breath as they both angled so they were facing her, her eyes lighting with a mixture of apprehension and excitement. “Alright, so, the reason I know all that I do and can what I do is because...I’ve traveled back fourteen years in time.”

The twins’ jaws dropped open as they looked at her. Harriet fidgeted as the silence from her mates stretched, making her wonder if she should have broken it to them more slowly. “Prove it.” They said finally.

Harri blinked at them before letting out a short laugh and smiling at them, “Meld your minds and look into my eyes. I’ll pull you into my mind and show you.” They nodded and George laid his head on Fred’s shoulder with his eyes closed. Fred locked eyes with Harriet and she tugged them gently into her mind, directly into her center.

The twins landed in front of Harri where she stood behind the couch in the Tower common room. Both Godiva and Glacia were awake and looking at the twins excitedly, Harri smiled as they looked around curiously. “Welcome to my mind.” She took their hands and drug them over to the elevator. “Where to start?” she mused as the elevator descended toward their floor of the tower, where she kept anything and everything related to her mates. “Montage maybe?”

The elevator opened and their floor was revealed, with the two figurines in the center being the twins’ current appearances with their mischievous grins spread across their faces. Harri led them past that and into the room that was once their bed room in real life. There was a swirling bubble filled with all manner of memories with her soulmates, Harri drew her hand across it to set it to her intent before pulling the twins into the bubble with her.
Light and colors swirled past them until it stopped and they found themselves in in a compartment on the Hogwarts express with Harriet and Ron, the twins were standing in the doorway looking at Harriet who was smiling and holding a chocolate frog card.

“Well hello,”

“Who might you be?” the younger Fred and George asked.

The other Harriet smiled up at them, “I’m Harriet Potter. Nice to meet you!”

The twins shared a surprised look before both thrusting their hands out to her, “Nice to meet you, Harriet, we are Fred and George Weasley!” they said as one.

Harriet giggled again but dropped her chocolate frog card so she could shake both hands at once, “A pleasure, Fred, George.” She said, nodding to each in turn when she said their names.

Light and color swirled around the current trio and the scene changed. Now the twins, looking like they did now, were in their dad’s flying car and pulled right up next to Harriet’s barred window, she was looking at them with wide eyes.

“What are you two doing here?” she asked incredulously.

“We’re here to…”

“rescue the fair maiden!” the twins answered with huge grins, causing Harriet to giggle. George leaned out of the passenger seat to hook a rope to the bars.

The scene changed. Into the hospital wing at Hogwarts, Harriet was lying on the bed and the twins were sitting on her right.

“Honestly Harriet, how could you…”
“go face a basilisk without us?”

“It’s almost like you hate us!” the twins pouted.

Harri smiled at them, “You’re just mad I didn’t bring back ingredients to play with.”

“I mean would a little venom be too much to ask?” Fred teased with a grin.

Harriet rolled her eyes with an amused expression and the scene changed again.

Now all three were sitting on steps in a stairwell of the Astronomy tower looking over the Marauders Map, Harri was frowning, “How exactly will this help sneak me to Hogsmeade?” she questioned, her eyes roving over the map.

“It shows several ways out of the castle.” George said, pointing over to the tunnel that lead to the basement of Honeydukes. “The biggest problem will be keeping you out of sight once we’re there.”

“Oh, that I have covered.” Harriet said mischievously, pulling the invisibility cloak from her robes.

The scene changed again.

The entire Weasley clan, Hermione, and Harriet were in the stands of an enormous Quidditch arena decked out entirely in team gear. The voice of an announcer came overhead, “Victor Crum has caught the snitch! Bulgaria wins!” The twins, looking older and in their Ireland attire, booed while Harriet cheered with a grin on her face and took money from Hermione who looked disappointed.

The scene changed.

Harriet and the twins were in one of the hidden nooks at Hogwarts they used for planning. Harriet was pacing, her breathing fast and erratic, “What the hell am I going to do? I don’t want to compete in some bloody tournament!”

Fred stepped in front of her and caught her shaking hands, “First you’re going to breathe.” He
ordered, Harri looked up at him and let out a shaky breath.

George stepped up next to her with a solemn face, “Then we’re going to plan.”

“So you’ll be able to kick everyone’s ass!” they ended together, Harriet relaxed slightly and smiled at them.

The scene changed.

They were in a crowded Great Hall, dancing. Harriet was spinning around elegantly in an off the shoulder Gryffindor red ball gown that had gold trim. Fred was dancing with her but when they neared the edge of the dance floor and he spun her, George switched out with him seamlessly. When Harriet rejoined George from her spin she rolled her eyes before stating, “Why Fred, you’re looking awful George like this evening.”

George chuckled, “How did you know?”

“Please, I’ve always been able to tell you apart.” Harri laughed.

The scene changed.

They were back in the infirmary, Harriet once again in the bed but this time the twins sat on either side of her and where rubbing her back gently as she cried and shook with fear. George was reassuring Harri that she was safe and that they would stay with her while Fred was glaring at Madame Pomfrey who was standing at the end of the bed, trying to get the twins to leave while staring at Harriet with pity in her eyes.

The scene spun into another.

Harriet, Fred, and George were all lounging in one of their hiding spots in Hogwarts, the twin’s hair looked significantly shorter. “Bloody toad.” Fred was saying.

Harri nodded while George looked thoughtful, “Maybe she’ll mellow if we give her one of the portable swamps. It’ll keep her froggy skin from getting all dry and making her irritable.”
Fred snorted, “Do we really think Umbitch deserves to be happy?” He asked, his hand going over to Harriet’s and thumbing the angry red letters on the back gently.

The scene changed.

Harriet, the twins, Luna, Neville, Ron, and Hermione were all running through a room filled with falling shelves that held glowing white orbs, Death Eaters were close behind them. The twins threw spells blindly behind them and high fived mid run when they heard a Death Eater yelp on his way to the floor. Harriet grinned at them before leading the group out a door that led right to a drop. They all fell, screaming all the way.

The scene changed.

The twins, looking older especially with their hair spiked up, were sitting at a table in a small kitchen as Harriet cooked at the stove.

“So, did you like…”

“our grand opening Harriet?” the twins asked.

She turned from the stove with a bright smile despite the dark circles that appeared under her eyes, “I loved it. I think your shop is going to be a hit!” she turned back to the stove to flip a pancake before it could burn, “I hope you guys made plenty of stock. I’ve never seen product move so quickly.”

The twins shared a look before grinning at her, “You could help us stock up.”

“That way you have an excuse to stay away from your relatives for the last three weeks of summer.”

“And you can relax.” The twins offered.

Harri sent them a grin over her shoulder, “I’d love to help you guys!”
“Then its set!”

The scene bled into another.

They were in the same kitchen but this time Harriet, looking slightly older from the last scene and more well rested, was sitting with them at the table as they ate. “Gringotts will be able get you the most information. Make sure you get copies so we can go over things when you get back.” Fred was saying.

Harri rolled her eyes but gave him a fond look, “You’ve told me this how many times already?” Fred stuck his tongue out at her childishly as George laughed.

This time the change was a bit shorter and when the scene appeared Harriet was wearing the same outfit from the last scene as she stood in a room of various prank items.

"And these potions you had to get cleared out?" Fred’s voice was saying from the other side of the wall.

"A whole bunch. Compulsion potions, loyalty potions, a love potion, and a potion to block my soul..." Harriet said, she stopped as George stepped into view and they locked eyes. Harriet let out a breath before she stepped forward and George met her, drawing her into his arms and kissing her passionately.

"Georgie? Harriet? Are you two..." Fred asked, coming around the corner. He froze when he saw Harriet and George but when his eyes met Harriet’s he strode forward, only allowing George to move a little out of the way before he claimed his own kiss from a breathless Harriet, "What was that last potion they cleared from your system dearest." He asked, pulling away slightly.

"A soulmate bond suppression potion." Harriet said in a daze.

Fred and George's eyes met, "You're ours." They growled possessively in unison, tightening their grips on her.

This time when the scene changed, the Fred and George watching were blushing while Harriet just looked smug.
The new scene was back in the kitchen from before, the twins were sitting at the table with only pajama bottoms on while Harriet was perched on Fred’s lap wearing one of the twins long sleeved dress shirts with her feet tucked under George’s thigh. They were looking over a file full of papers on the table. “Obviously we’re coming with you to hunt the Horcruxes.” Fred said seriously as his eyes skimmed the papers and he played with Harriet’s hair.

“We can get Lee and Verity to hide here to protect themselves and the shop.” George said. “Then we can get going.”

Harriet smiled, “Sounds like a plan but we need to wait until after Bill’s wedding or people will talk.”

“Fine.” The twins sighed exaggeratedly.

The scene changed.

This scene was rather quick, just Harriet and the twins running through a forest, looking weary but determined.

Another scene popped up, this time all three were in a tent sitting around a table.

“It’s simple.” Fred said, “We’ll just have to break into Gringotts!”

George snorted and Harriet’s head thumped down onto the table with a groan, “Simple he says.”

The scene changed.

The Fred and George who were watching gaped when they saw their older selves with Harriet on the back of a white dragon, flying over Diagon Alley and away. “See!” Fred yelled over the wind, “Simple!” Harriet let out a bright, adrenaline filled laugh.

The scene changed.
They all stood in the ruined and abandoned courtyard of Hogwarts, surrounding a tall, slim, snake faced man with red eyes. His gaze was fixed on Harriet, “Little Harriet Potter, the girl-who-wouldn’t-die.”

“Voldemort.” Harriet snarled in return, her wand at the ready.

“I suppose you won’t be a good girl and just let me kill you.” Voldemort mused.

Fred and George chuckled from behind Voldemort, “Do you even…”

“Know what you’re asking?”

“It’s like asking a mouse to fly.”

“Or a fish to walk.”

“Or a dragon to meow.”

Harriet giggled but didn’t let her gaze move from Voldemort who was becoming increasingly irritated, “Basically, not a chance in hell.” She raised her wand, “In fact we’re going to give ending you our best shot. Feel free to make it easy on us.”

Voldemort snarled and flung two vicious curses at Harriet who deflected them while the twins cursed Voldemort in retaliation. The four fought back and forth for a while before Neville’s voice rang out over the court yard, “Do it now!”

Harriet’s eyes narrowed at Voldemort as she held up her hands in apparent surrender, “Alright old man, I’m tired. Just give me your best shot.” Voldemort’s eyes flashed and he cast the killing curse at Harriet with a snarl.

Before the green curse could hit its target light bloomed from Harriet, Fred, and George and connected together in a dome. The killing curse bounced off the shield in front of Harriet and began to ricochet around the dome much to Voldemort’s horror as he tried to dodge the wildly flying spell. “What have you done!” he yelled in horror.
Harriet looked at him, her eyes glowing the same green as the curse flying around in the dome and her hair lifted in the white power around them, “My mother’s love sent that the curse back at you that night all those years ago and now the love between myself and my soulmates will send it back at you today.”

“No!” Voldemort screeched, still jumping out of the way of the curse even as he began to tire, “Death is only the beginning! I’ll be back!”

“No you won’t asshole.” George growled. His and Fred’s eyes were glowing golden from the power of the bond.

“We’ve destroyed all of your horcruxes!” Fred added, sounding smug, “You’re mortal!”

Voldemort’s eyes widened in panic and he turned to mist to try to escape but Harriet and the twins stepped forward as one, tightening the dome up and making the curse strike the mist dead on. It dropped onto the ground as nothing but dust and the light from Harriet, Fred, and George drew into them.

The scene swirled away.

Now Harriet was standing on a doorstep with Fred on one side and George on the other with his arm around her waist. Rita Skeeter was off to the side and Ron was knelt down in front of Harriet with a bouquet and a ring outstretched to her. Behind him was a large crowd of onlookers.

“However, that’s not the biggest reason I won’t marry you Ronald.” Harriet was saying, looking down at Ron

“That’s right!” Fred exclaimed.

“You can’t have her!” George said smugly.

“Because she’s ours!” they finished together. Fred slid his arm around Harriet on the side opposite of his twin as their audience exploded into chatter.
Harriet gave an amused smile, “So dramatic.”

“Aw, you know you love us dearest.” The twins chorused.

“Of course I love you. Would I put up with random explosions in the kitchen if I didn’t.” Harri teased.

“Hey, at least a fourth of those are yours.” George laughed.

“And half are Fred’s.” Harri snickered.

“It’s not my fault you distract me.” Fred answered good naturedly.

The scene swirled away.

Harriet stood on the steps of Gringotts with the twins flanking her, at the bottom was a huge crowd with Dumbledore at the head with Hermione and Ron on his left and Molly and Madeye Moody on his right.

“Harriet Rose Potter.” Dumbledore said, his voice projected by a sonorous, “You have shown to be a rising Dark Lady, for the safety of people of Magical Britain you and your two associates are under arrest!”

Harriet and the twins stared at him in genuine shock before they saw Molly’s wand rise and shoot a spell toward them. Harriet shielded from it easily and glared at them, “Are you crazy old man? I’m not a dark lady!”

“We know you have held a piece of the Dark Lord’s soul within you since you were a baby. You can’t lie to us.” Dumbledore said, his tone disappointed.

“I got that removed by Gringotts over a year ago with the rest of the potions you gave me. Something you should have done if you already knew about it.” Harriet snapped.
"Even if that is true you’ve proven you’re too far gone when you killed the Dark Lord to take out your competition.” Dumbledore said, he drew his wand, “Come quietly.”

The twins flicked their wands into their hand as Harriet slid into her dueling stance, “We’re not going anywhere with you, you manipulative old bastard.” Harri snapped.

The spells flew, but the superior numbers pushed the three of them back. A particularly strong spell from Moody brought Fred down. Harriet flung three nasty curses in retaliation as George shielded them and grabbed hold of her and Fred. A portkey dragged them away a second later.

The scene changed.

Harriet and the twins were standing with near a group of people on an island with an enormous green statue on it. A man wearing a brightly colored suit was walking over to the three of them, “We have been watching you three.” He said.

“Have you now?” Harriet asked, looking amused.

“You’re bad at it.” Fred said.

“You couldn’t even find our house.” George threw in.

“And you’re really easy to evade.”

“Worst Aurors ever.” George finished.

“Stop.” Another man said, he had long brunette hair and a metal arm that gleamed from his dark leather armor. “You two are making me dizzy.” The twins grinned, “Just tell us if you’re working for Loki.”

This scene bled quickly into another, their older selves were wearing the same clothes but now they were in a living room. Harriet was sitting on a couch with a handkerchief pressed to her nose with the twins sitting on either side of her while Loki was sitting across from them in front of an armchair, eyeing the three of them warily.
“So you’re really Loki?” Fred was asking excitedly.

“Like God of Mischief and Chaos Loki?” George insisted.

“Yes?” Loki said, his voice defensive.

“Wicked!” the twins chorused, they sat forward while Harri smiled at them through her handkerchief. Loki was still looking a little uncertain but it fell away to shock when the twins announced, “We’re your biggest fans!”

The scene changed again.

Now Harriet and the twins were standing on one side of an oval table, opposite of them was the group of people from the island. Two of them the twins watching recognized as Tony and Bucky, albeit a cleaner and more relaxed version of Bucky. In the center of the group was a black man with an eye patch, looking at Harri and the twins expectantly.

“With the blessing of the American Ministry of Magic we would be happy to join the Avengers Team as consultants.” Harriet said.

Tony grinned and answered before the man in black could, “Awesome! Welcome to the crazies! Movie nights are Thursday night! We’ll put you in rotation. Takeout after a fight is mandatory and may or may not lead to gaming marathons depending on injuries.” His eyes focused on the twins. “Now, what’s this I hear about you two being geniuses? Because now that we have four of us we may need to start a club.” He looked over to a curly haired man, “What do you think Bruce? T-shirts?” Fred and George laughed.

The scene changed.

Harriet and the twins were sitting at a table with a man with short spiky blond hair and curvy redheaded woman while Bruce moved around in a kitchen behind them.

“Have you thought about your field names yet?” the blond man was asking.
Harriet waved him off as she typed on her phone, “I let Fred and George decide, as long as it wasn’t too ridiculous.”

Fred and George grinned at the two in front of them, “We thought about it”

“and decided after much debate.”

Harri looked up curiously as the twins pushed her chair away from the table and bowed to her at the waist, “Harriet is our Queen and we are her Knights of Chaos!” they said together.

Fred took her left hand kissed the back, “Knight Havoc at your service my lady.”

George took her right hand and kissed it, “Knight Disorder at your service my lady.”

Harriet blushed dark red even as the blond man let out a full bellied laugh, the red head looked amused, and Bruce rolled his eyes at them fondly.

The scene swirled away.

This time they looked older again but only slightly, they were spread out with members of the Avengers and Loki in the middle of a room that looked like the center of Harriet’s mind. All of them were looking a little worse for the wear, sporting various injuries in different stages of healing, their clothes were torn and ripped.

“When’s the food coming?” a short haired blond who looked to be cuddling a bow whined.

“Jarvis?” Tony called, he was one of the cleanest and least injured among them but he still had slashes across his cheek and a bad looking burn on his right arm.

“Another twenty minutes at most sir.” Jarvis reported.
Harriet whined and buried her face in George’s shoulder, “It’s already three am. I just want to go home and get to bed.” George nodded in tired agreement as Fred rubbed Harriet’s back gently.

Despite the lethargic feel of the room Tony looked over to Bucky and Bruce who both lifted their heads as the rest of the team shifted; one of the blond men, the one wearing a red, white, and blue suit and resting his head on a shield in the same colors, looked over to Harriet and the twins. “Actually, we were wondering if you wanted to come live here, with us.” He said softly, Harriet and the twins tensed slightly and they shifted a bit to look at the rest of the team. “Loki too.” The man added, seeing that Loki was moving a little closer to Harriet, Fred, and George. “I mean you spend a lot of time here with us anyway, about the same time that we spend over in your guy’s house. We thought it would be better with all of us here together.”

George looked to Loki while Fred and Harri studied the rest of the team, looking for sincerity. Loki looked back at George and nodded slightly. Fred relaxed first, then Harri who smiled, “We’d love to live with you guys!”

The whole team relaxed and smiled at the group, Tony clapped his hands, “Great, but I vote we eat and sleep, then move you in tomorrow. I don’t think I can lift more than my fork right now.”

“Seconded.” The everyone said as one.

The scene swirled away.

This scene showed just Harriet in front of floor to ceiling windows standing on a thin mat. Her eyes were closed and her hands pressed together in front of her while her right leg was tucked up under her, leaving her balanced on one leg. There was a soft whoosh somewhere in the background and then two red blurs hit Harriet, making her tumble to the ground with a yelp. She looked down on her lap and blinked at the two foxes staring at her intently with bright eyes before she grinned, “You managed to change!” she exclaimed, “Awesome!” the foxes nodded and chattered at her. She pet at their ears, “Aw, you two are adorable.”

The two foxes jumped off of her with indignant squeaks, Harri rolled her eyes, “Don’t give me that.” She sat up from where they had tackled her and looked at them intently, “Go on, give me a look.” The two strutted around her, their chests puffed out and their bushy tails swaying happily. Harri watched them with a proud look on her face, “Good job Fred, George.” She tugged on the black tipped tail gently, grinning as the fox attached caught her wrist between his teeth gently. “I’m still working on mine but it shouldn’t be too far off. Now, does anyone else know?” they both shook their heads, Harriet’s grin turned into a mischievous smirk, “Shall we go have a little fun then?” they pounced on her again with happy yips and she laughed.
This time it started with Harri and Loki sitting in an enormous library and reading through stacks of dusty books. Loki was wearing his light armor and Harri was wearing a rather old fashioned gown in a green that matched her eyes. Claws skittering across the expensive flooring drew their attention from their books and the looked up in enough time to see Fred and George in their fox forms running toward them. They slid on the slick floors but managed to make it under Harriet’s chair to hide in the folds of her gown.

Loki raised an eyebrow at Harriet who shrugged, before either of them could question the twins a door banged open loud enough to ring through the shelves of books around them. “LOKI!” someone roared. Both Harriet and Loki shot to their feet, Loki stepping in between Harriet and the oncoming threat while a sword with a ruby in the hilt appeared in Harriet’s hand. Their tense readiness switched to rigid control over their amusement the second the threat stepped into sight.

Odin came from the bookshelves, his one eye blazing with anger and his cheeks red with embarrassment and rage. His hair, usually white and gathered behind him in an elegant manor, was now fluorescent pink and in an enormous afro that shook and shuddered every time he moved. Gungnir had been bedazzled and his elegant and kingly armor was now a sparkly white suit with a high collar and a low v neck.

“Your majesty.” Harriet choked out as she dipped slightly in a curtsey.

Odin ignored her, his eye locked on Loki, “What reasons to do you have for this Loki?” he demanded, “You claimed to be here seeking answers to help the Avengers yet you cause mischief and mayhem? Did you think I would not punish you simply because of your guests?”

“I did not do this.” Loki said, his voice a little wobbly as he tried not to laugh, “I am truly looking for answers to the Avengers current problem. I certainly did not come to spread mischief nor mayhem.”

Odin let out what amounted to a growl, “Then who, Loki, could have done this and for what purpose?”

“Mayhap Amora.” Loki responded, face serious even with the subtle shake in his voice. “She has been rather put out lately, what with Thor’s recent engagement to his Midgardian. This may be her way of acting out. You know she has had maturity issues in the past.”
Odin narrowed his eye at Loki, “Do not think I won’t find out the truth Loki.” Odin rumbled before he turned and stalked out.

The second they heard the door slam Harriet and Loki broke down into laughter, Fred and George appeared in their human forms behind Harriet, both grinning like loons. Loki wiped at his eyes, “I may not have come to cause mischief and mayhem but I certainly brought them with me.” He laughed, “Truly inspired Fred, George.

Harriet laid her head back so she could see the twins, her eyes bright from laughter, “I think we have found your Marauder names.”

“Wicked.” The twins replied.

Loki nodded as his laughter died down, “Yes, Mischief and Mayhem certainly suit you.” Fred and George shared a grin and high-fived.

The scene changed.

This time Harriet was on a battle field wearing her tight suit and hooded jacket, she was shooting spells and bullets in a fluid dance as she moved around, avoiding what appeared to be human sized ears of corn with faces that were running through the streets. Close by was what looked to be an enormous green giant that was trashing hoards of the corn people who were attempting to gang up on him.

“Double Trouble inbound.” Came Tony’s voice from nowhere.

Harriet immediately made her way over to the giant and forced the corn people back with strong shield, “Hey big guy, can you give me a toss?” she asked nonchalantly.

“What way Hulk throw?” the green guy rumbled as he picked Harriet up delicately by the back of her jacket.

“Toward home buddy!” Harriet chirped as she curled into a tight ball. The giant nodded and chucked Harriet through the air easily, everything was just blurry color and wind for several second before she was caught by an amused looking George who was riding on his broom. Harriet grinned up at him, “Hello George.”
“Harriet.” He greeted with a grin before helping her slip around to sit behind him.

“Why do let him throw you like that?” Fred huffed from where he was flying next to them.

“It’s fun?” Harri said with a smile. The twins rolled their eyes at her comment, just focusing on flying. Harriet tapped something in her ear with a finger, “Gather them as much as possible. We don’t want the fireworks to have to chase them too far.”

“Got it.” A female voice said.

“Fireworks chasing corn people. How did we get here?” Tony’s voice whined.

“I’m pretty sure we found an alternate earth.” Said another voice.

“There was no portal!” a booming voice commented, carrying static along with it.

“I see you have yet to learn sarcasm.” Came Loki’s dry response.

Harriet rolled her eyes at the discussion even as they came to a stop over the space where the corn people were being herded. Harri waved her wand in a circular motion and a blue and green shield surrounded the three of them in a bubble. Fred pulled out two long cylinders from his pocket, he lit each with an incendio and threw them directly down toward the pile rabbling group of corn people. Half way down the cylinders exploded into enormous firework dragons that charged at the corn people who started screaming.

“Burn them! Burn them all my pretties!” Fred cackled with a huge grin, Harri and George chuckled.

George pulled a small box from his pocket and offered it to Harriet, “Wildfire Wiz-bang milady?”

Harriet grinned, “Why thank you good sir!” George dropped the box with a smile and Harriet threw a stunner at it. Once the spell hit the box it exploded violently into fireworks, the fire and effects raining down to catch any of the corn people that had been missed by the dragons.
“Holy shit! That’s awesome!” a bright voice said.

Fred and George grinned at each other as they tapped the metal pieces in their ears, “Thank you!”

“Thank you!”

“Be sure to tip your waitresses!”

“We’ll be here all week!” they said dramatically, laughter floated to them through the air.

The scene swirled and the light dimmed as Harriet pulled her mates from the memories. The next memories would be choppier and would have left them confused as she had removed the birth and death of their son to the basement of her tower to keep it locked away. Harriet wasn’t sure if they were ready to see it. They had just learned of the time travel and she knew they would ask about themselves, she didn’t know if they could handle knowing they had a son and he was killed before he was even an hour old. They certainly didn’t need to see their own deaths, it was a torture tactic and would cause more harm than good. Harri released their hands and looked to them, “So…believe me?”

“Bloody hell.” Fred rasped, running a hand down his face.

“How?” George asked simply.

Harri gave him a sad smile, “It wasn’t planned. My second animagus, Glacia, is an ice phoenix. Before Dumbledore could kill me she ripped me from the curve of our timeline with our first burning and traveled back along it until we found a point where my younger body was weakened. We merged with our younger self and here we are.”

“What…what happened to us?” Fred asked, “Why didn’t we come back with you?”

Pain washed over Harriet, showing clearly on her face, “At the end we were at war with Dumbledore and the one he made a deal with, Thanos. Thanos was getting impatient and Dumbledore had to deliver but he knew our family wouldn’t engage without purpose. So Dumbledore had you…” Harriet drew in a shaky breath, “he had you killed.” Tears welled in her
eyes and she wiped at her eyes quickly, “It all happened so fast, I couldn’t get to you in time.” Fred and George exchanged stricken looks but Harri didn’t seem to notice, her eyes had dropped to the floor, “I tried everything so save you, everything but my magic was exhausted before I could even begin to make a difference.” Her tears were quickly beginning to build again, “I tried. I’m sorry.”

Fred and George couldn’t take it anymore; they drew Harriet into a tight hug as she cried. They looked at each other over the top of Harriet’s head, feeling helpless. They couldn’t imagine having Harriet die and then suddenly finding themselves back in time where a younger version of her still lived. All they could do was hold her and whisper reassurances to her as she cried.

It took a while but eventually Harriet’s sobs died down with her only letting out a sniff occasionally. Fred and George, desperate to cheer her up and get her mind off their deaths, tugged at her gently until she looked up at them inquiringly. “So…what was”

“That thing about a shop?” they asked.

Harriet sniffed again but a small smile appeared on her face, “Your joke shop.” Their eyes lit up and her smile grew a bit, “Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes in Diagon and then Prewett Pranking Emporium once you took on the mantles of the Lords Prewett and we escaped to America.” She wiped at her cheeks and nodded her head back toward the memory bubble, “Want to see?”

“Yes!” the exclaimed in unison.

Harriet giggled softly but put her hand to the bubble again. This time it stopped on one image and the three stepped in to it together. Colors swirled around them until it stopped, leaving them in a bustling Diagon Alley. This time they felt like they were actually standing there instead of just watching it on a screen. Harriet pointed up ahead of them and the twins caught their first sight of their shop from afar.

It was in a purple building that had red windows all over its front. The rounded windows at the corner held an enormous statue of what looked to be the two of them blended into one person, the statue had a huge grin and was putting on and taking off a hat, every other time it did so a mouse appeared on top of the statues head. Around the building were signs that had a purple and orange logo with two wizards and a W on it.

Harriet led them closer, following the older Harriet through the crowd. The older Harriet in front of them hopped up the steps easily and instantly ducked a boomerang coming toward her as she looked around the shop with a grin on her face. The younger Fred and George looked around with excitement, taking in everything as quickly as they could. “It’s so busy!” Fred said in awe, “People
really like our stuff?”

Harriet laughed lightly, “Oh they loved your pranking products. If it hadn’t been for Dumbledore
driving us across the pond you two would have bought out Zonkos. Your account manager was
already preparing for negotiations.”

“Whoa.” George breathed, “Is this opening day then?”

Harriet shook her head as she pointed to her older self who was tackling the older Fred while the
older George simply grinned at his twin’s misfortune, “No, this was after the war.” Harriet snapped
her fingers and the shop blurred around them before becoming clear again, the shop looked pretty
much the same but their other selves were just slightly younger and Hermione and Ron were walking
through the crowd with Harriet. “This is opening day.” Up on a staircase the older Fred and George,
who were wearing magenta robes, were talking a mile a minute to a captivated audience about
Skiving Snack Boxes. The shelves were nearly empty seconds after they finished their pitch and had
gone over to greet Harriet, Ron, and Hermione. “We can go look around while the memory plays. I
know the shop well enough for the confines of the memory to not limit us.”

Instantly the younger twins went to look at some of the products, looking things over and watching
happily as people praised the products, the comments Harriet hadn’t caught in real life then filled in
by things she had heard people say about the products at other times. Harri followed them around,
watching them as discovered their own creations. Every so often she checked on their memory selves
rolling her eyes at herself and the twins, the way they looked at each other when the others weren’t
looking. It amazed and embarrassed her that it had taken them so long to notice they had feelings for
each other, that it had taken the soulmate bond to actually do anything.

The memory had already reset twice when Harri and the twins found themselves under the stairs at
the same time as the elder twins were on the stairs above them. Fred and George looked up from the
Portable Swamp display as they heard Ron’s voice above them, “How much for this?”

“Five Galleons.” The older twins answered.

“How much for me?” Ron asked in annoyance.

“Five Galleons.” They repeated.

“But I’m your brother!” Ron snapped indignantly.
“Ten Galleons!” the twins answered back without hesitation. Harri giggled, her older self doing the same as she stood by the fireworks shelf above them. Ron huffed and walked off, the younger twins rolled their eyes.

Harriet looked to the twins, “We can come back later, but we need to go. Breakfast should be soon.” Fred and George pouted but nodded reluctantly.

The second they stepped from the memory Fred and George flanked Harriet, “Did we show you how to make all of that?” Fred asked.

“Can you show us?” George inquired excitedly.

Harri smiled, “Yes, you showed me how to make most of it. I was no good with the fireworks though so after the first explosion you kept me away from those.” She said, sounding a little sheepish. “If it wasn’t for George’s warning charm that was on the area we would have been badly injured so it was best to just let you do the most explosive products.”

“My charm?” George said, sounding a little dazed, “That’s mine?”

Harri nodded, “You created it your seventh year.”

“Wait! Bloody hell, that means we’re the second generation of Marauders!” Fred exclaimed.

“The lab under the stairs!” George realized, practically bouncing.

Harriet grinned at their excitement as she led them back into the elevator and it began to rise.

“So who is Mischief…”

“and who is Mayhem?” they asked.
Harri smirked, “George, you’re Mischief and Fred, you’re Mayhem.”

“Wicked.” The chorused, grinning at each other over Harriet’s head.

As they reached Harriet’s center Godiva ran over to meet them, rubbing happily against their legs. “So why are our animagus with you?” George asked as Fred bent and picked up the large cat with ease.

Harri’s smile dimmed just a little bit, “When the soul bond is completed we get a magic boost and our magic is sharable. I could give mine to you, you could send yours to me, and we could manifest it outside of ourselves without our wands like you saw when we defeated Voldemort. That connection left me with the remnants of your magical cores after you died. Since animagi are learned magical transformations it remained an available form for your magic to take.” Harriet blushed a little bit and focused on Godiva who was purring under Fred’s petting, “The remnants of your magic still recognize me as your mate so when I’m feeling a little overwhelmed it manifests into your fox forms in an attempt to comfort me.” She drew her hair behind her ear and gave them a lopsided smile, “Once we complete our bond this time you’ll have access to them as well as the remnants of your cores.”

“Cool.” Fred said, grinning as Godiva licked at his wrist.

Harri nodded, “We should get going. We still have to get dressed and make sure everyone else is up.”

Again they nodded in agreement and Fred sat Godiva down gently before they felt themselves pushed gently from Harriet’s mind and back into their bodies. George sat up and Fred blinked rapidly, trying to wet his eyes after so long of having them open.

Harri rubbed at her own eyes, “That always burns.” She muttered, Fred hummed his agreement, still blinking.

A small pop alerted the three of them to Dianna’s arrival, “Lady LeFay, a Goblin has appeared in the foyer with your summons. How shall I direct him?”

“Show him to the small dining room so he can join us for breakfast. Three others should be showing up as well. You can take them to the dining room as well. We will be down shortly with everyone else.” Harri said.
“Yes Lady LeFay.” Dianna said, bowing before popping away.

“Who else is coming?” George asked as they crawled from the huge bed.

“I sent portkeys to your brothers.” Harri replied, “We’ll need to talk over things and plan the rest of the summer and I’d rather have them here when we plan than have to change things later.” She stood from the bed and walked toward the door next to the bathroom’s, only shutting it halfway. The twins’ clothes appeared next to them on the bed, they began to dress. “Speaking of plans.” Harriet’s voice came from the second room, “Why did you guys come so early?” the twins tensed, their shirts halfway on, “Not that I’m disappointed or anything, I’m very happy to have you two with me but I wasn’t expecting for another week at least.”

Finishing buttoning their shirts the twins’ shared a look, “Um, yeah…”

“see when the second Rita article came…”

“Ron ran his mouth off and we may have…”

“sort have,"

“Punched him in the face.” The twins ended together.

The room was silent for a moment before Harriet’s head peeked out of the other room, “What? Seriously?” they nodded nervously but Harriet giggled and ducked back into the other room. “That’s awesome!” the twins let out breaths of relief before quickly changing into their black slacks.

“We weren’t sure if”

“it would mess anything up.”

“Mum said she would tell”
“dad and Dumbledore so we”

“thought we should come let you know what happened.” The twins said.

“Hm,” Harriet said, stepping from the other room in dark jeans with a white belt and a blue t-shirt, “it could cause some issues, depending on if and what exactly she really tells Dumbledore.”

“Charlie was trying to calm her down when we left.” George said.

“Percy said they would try to keep it from getting to him.” Fred added.

Harriet nodded as she pulled her hair up into a ponytail, being careful not to tug to harshly on her long semiplume feathers. “We’ll see what happened when they get here. There are several options to deal with things but it will depend on what happens.” Harriet stopped in front of them, “Ready?” they nodded and she led them from the room, back down through the sitting room. “So what do you want me to show you how make first? Or would you rather me just give you the memories so you can compile your own list?”

“How many products are there?” George asked as Fred said, “Probably both.”

Harri looked back at them with a quirked eyebrow, they hardly ever talked over one another. Now she was glad she hadn’t mentioned their child yet, they only did that when they had too many things running through their minds at once. Not that she could blame them of course, she’s sure she would have the same reaction if the opposite happened. “You had over three hundred products even before we left to America so yeah, both will probably happen at some point.” The twins jaw dropped at the number, “I just want to know if you want me to show you anything in particular first. Like I said, you showed me how to make everything but the fireworks, you’ll have to figure those out, though you can probably reference my memories of watching you work on them.” She said thoughtfully.

“What…what was our best seller?” George asked, a little overwhelmed.

Harri tilted her head as they moved through the common room, “Well you created and sold the Canary Creams and Skiving Snack Boxes before you left Hogwarts so those had a following that kept them quiet popular but Portable Swamps, trick wands, and the Demon Box were up there as well.” She frowned a little, “It changed week to week but those were the most common to reach the top.” Her frown turned to a smile as she looked back at her mates again, “Just let me know. Any of those we could do before bed tonight.” The twins nodded just as they reached the first floor where
Luna was waiting for them leaned against the wall reading last month’s copy of the Quibbler upside down.

“Good morning big sister.” Luna hummed, not looking up, “Loki, Tony, and Sleipnir are on their way up. Bucky is resting peacefully and has already been given his nutrient potion. Bill and Percy will meet us on the way to the dining room. Charlie will be late. Lee needs to be woken up.”

Harriet grinned, “Thank you Luna.” The twins eyed the blond warily, having an uncomfortable feeling that she was showing off her gift to remind them of her warning.

“Maybe Mischief and Mayhem should wake Lee.” Luna said, closing her magazine and ambling over to Harriet.

George frowned, “I thought they would only come out when Harriet needed calming?”

Harri scrunched up her nose a little, “Glacia said I may be able to call them without that.” She looked at Fred and George sheepishly, “I was going to try the day you two found out about the bond but it took a back seat you finding out our connection.”

The twins grinned and leaned down to give her a kiss on either cheek, “Go ahead and”

“call our foxy selves.”

“If it doesn’t work”

“We’ll just prank him awake.”

Harriet blushed but closed her eyes briefly, tugging at the broken bond like she had when she had needed to get the twins attention, she felt their magic stir but nothing happened. Harriet pulled harder, like she was bringing the twins to her forcibly. Instantly Mischief and Mayhem popped into existence, Mischief appearing perched on her shoulder and Mayhem at her feet. Harri grinned at the twin foxes, they looked to her attentively, “Go wake up Lee please.” They gave her sharp little barking sounds in acknowledgement before Mischief launched himself from her shoulders to get to one of the ledges and holes in the wall that led to the castles faux ventilation systems. Mayhem climbed up Harriet quickly to follow.
Luna smiled, “After the meeting we should go outside so everyone can see the castle.” She said, drawing the twins’ attention to her rather than Harriet whose blush was growing under their gazes. The twins loved the look of the flustered blush on their mate and vowed to make it happen more often.

Harriet cleared her throat, “Yes, I’ll have one of the elves prepare some of the herd.”

“Herd?” came Sleipnir’s curious voice from the stair well that led down to the bottom floor. They turned to see Sleipnir and Loki walking up the stairs together. Sleipnir zeroed in on Harriet immediately, “You have other horses here?”

Harriet smiled, “Good morning. Yes, we have horses here. The castle maintains a herd of 30 Abraxan winged horses that are cared for and trained by the house elves. We will go see them after our meeting so we can take a fly around the property. We also have thestrals but not everyone can see them so the Abraxans are the best bet.”

Sleipnir nodded with a grin, “It will be great to see other horses again.”

Harriet laughed, “Yes, you’ll just have to be careful. Abraxans are about the size of elephants.”

Sleipnir looked up to his mother with his head tilted to the side, “Are elephants bigger than me?”

“Yes.” Loki answered with a smile.

“Hey. Mornin’ everybody.” Tony called as he came from the stairs, as cup of coffee already in hand, he looked between Harriet and the twins, “Is there a reason I heard screaming from that Lee kids room.”

Harriet, Fred, and George all immediately adopted innocent expressions, “We don’t know what you mean.” They said in unison.

Tony raised an eyebrow at them, “That…was a little creepy, not gonna lie.” He hooked his thumb back down the stairs, “Should we go help him?”
“Nah, Mischief and Mayhem will bring him once he’s dressed and ready.” Harri said, turning and starting down the hall.

“Well that wasn’t ominous at all.” Tony mumbled, taking one last big gulp of his coffee. Before he had even lowered his cup from his face Daisy was there with a hot replacement.

Everyone followed Harri from the family wing and back into the main part of the castle. As they passed a set of double doors that led out into a garden they were joined by Bill and Percy who were walking in from the direction of the foyer, looking around in amazement as an elf led them. Harri smiled, “Hello Bill, Percy. Glad you could make it.”

They smiled at her, “Hello Harriet.” Bill said, Percy inclined his head. Both looked over to the group to find their brothers and Bill snickered when his eyes found the twins, “Nice hair guys.”

The twins frowned and looked at each other, more specifically, each other’s hair and immediately found the two braids in their red hair. They started to snicker and then they began to laugh loudly, Fred reached over and tugged at one of George’s braid, this only serving to make them laugh harder. Harriet smiled at them, relaxing as they did, their minds calmed by the prank. When the laughter died down they turned to Harri and grinned, “Nice one.” They said in unison.

Harriet gave an exaggerated bow, “Why thank you.” Sleipnir’s stomach rumbled and Harriet looked over at him, “Shall we feed the beast?” she asked teasingly.

Sleipnir blushed, “Please.”

Harriet nodded but continued to lead the group through the castle. They only had a little way to go before Harriet led them into a room about half the size of the great hall that held a long table in the middle. “This is the small dining room?” Fred asked softly from behind Harriet.

“Yes, the castle has three, this is the smallest. The largest is about the size of three great halls.” Harriet whispered back before she spotted Griphook standing by one of the windows, inspecting one of the artifacts that was set on the sill for decoration.

At the sound of rustling clothing Griphook turned and folded his hands in front of him, “Greetings Lady LeFay. May the gold be flowing in your favor today.”
Harriet gave a closed lipped smile, “May your enemies tremble before you this day.” Harri returned, “Thank you for coming Griphook. Would you join us for breakfast?”

“It would be an honor to take a meal at the historic LeFay castle, one of the best my people ever built.” Griphook said with a slight bow.

Harri nodded and waved to the table, motioning everyone to sit. Harriet sat at the head of the table with the twins of either side of her. Percy, Bill, and Griphook sat on the left, next to George with an extra seat open between Percy and Bill for Charlie. Tony, Luna, Loki, and Sleipnir sat on the right, next to Fred, with an extra seat open between Tony and Fred for Lee. Harriet went around the table and introduced everybody so everyone knew who they were dining with. Just before the introductions finished Charlie joined them and took his seat, late like Luna had predicted.

“Should we wait a little longer for Lee or…” Bill was cut off by the door opening quickly and a disheveled Lee running in before closing the door quickly and slumping against it, breathing hard. His clothes were rumbled and had suspicious sooty paw prints along them.

“Problem Lee?” the twins asked innocently.

“Demons…in the castle…” Lee breathed hard.

Harri cocked her head at him, “I would have felt demons coming through the wards Lee.” Chattering came from above and they all looked to see Mischief and Mayhem running from one of the faux vents. They jumped from the ledges and landed gracefully on the back of Harriet’s chair, staring at Lee. They dropped their ears back and made their eyes wide, “Were you talking about them?” Harri asked, her own eyes went big as she pouted, “How could you call them demons?” she said in a soft voice.

Lee’s eyes narrowed, “They’re my best friends,” he said, only needing to glance between the human twins and the fox twins once to make at least the first connection. “I don’t know how they’re doing that but I think I’m allowed to call them demons.”

Harriet let her face transform into a grin, “Fair enough.” She chuckled, Mischief and Mayhem disappeared, “Well, come sit. We were just about to have breakfast.” Food appeared on the table as soon as Lee sat down and everyone fell into different conversations as they began their meal.
It was after the food on the table had decreased to nothing but a few pastries and drinks that Harriet called everyone back to the same conversation. “Griphook, were you allowed to bring what I asked?”

“Yes Lady LeFay, since there was a good chance for bank business to be discussed it was allowed.” Griphook responded, pulling out a ward stone like the one from the conference room from his (likely expanded) pocket.

“The secrecy ward?” Bill asked, eyeing the stone, “Why would we need that?”

“While many of us can protect our minds in one way or another there are a few of us who cannot.” Harriet said, Charlie blushed and Percy shifted with a slight frown, “The Goblin’s secrecy ward is far superior to the ones we wizards use.” Griphook gave a toothy grin and nodded his head to Harriet in thanks for her honesty, which was more than most wizards or witches gave the Goblins. Harriet returned the gesture, “Goblin wards are unbreakable, the protection even expanding to the mind. Wizard wards can be broken by simply going into one’s mind and looking for it. Its why I haven’t revealed more than necessary to everyone even when we are under the wards unless they could sufficiently protect their minds. This will continue unless I can persuade the Goblin nation to make me one of their ward stones for myself, something that will probably not happen. They guard the secret of it fiercely.” Griphook nodded his head in agreement.

Everyone nodded their understanding but Lee huffed, “You told Tony and didn’t make him learn Occlumency.”

Harriet nodded, “That’s because Tony is a genius. His mind works different. The last time I tried to use Legilimency on him I wound up with a sinus headache strong enough to make me pass out.”

Tony grinned at Lee over his seventh cup of coffee, “Told ya.” Lee huffed and rolled his eyes.

Harriet’s mouth quirked up, “Fred and George are the same but only when they are connected completely through their magical twin bond. The only reason I am able to handle it is because I’m their soulmate.” She caught the ward stone as Griphook tossed it to her and quickly made a cut on her finger with a small ice blade, once she let her blood drip onto it she laid the stone down in front of her as it threw a secrecy ward over the room. Harriet sat back with a smile, “Alright. Most of you already know this and Fred and George found out this morning.” The twins drew themselves up with big grins, “The reason I know and can do what I do is because I traveled back fourteen years in time.”

Lee choked on his pumpkin juice and the three older Weasleys stared at her in shock, “What?!” Lee
exclaimed.


“Dear Merlin.” Bill muttered.

“How?” Percy rasped.

Harriet transformed to Glacia and hopped onto the table, she drew herself up and trilled at him before transforming back to Harriet in her seat. “Somehow Glacia, my phoenix took us back in time with my first burn day. We merged with our younger self.”

“And that’s how you know Tony?” Lee asked, Harriet nodded and Lee’s eyes widened. “Sweet Merlin and Morgana were you three superheroes?!”

The twins grinned at their best friends, “You bet!” they said proudly.

Harri nodded, “I was known as The Queen and Fred and George as the Knights of Chaos.”

“Her Knights of Chaos.” Fred added proudly, “I was Havoc.”

“And I was Disorder.” George grinned.

Harri rolled her eyes at them fondly, “They came up with the names, not me.”

“How do you know?” Charlie asked, frowning at the twins, “Did you come back with her?”

The twins deflated a little bit and Harri sighed, “No, they were killed by Dumbledore as a way to break me and make me and our family reckless enough to engage in a losing battle.” She brushed her hands down her pants, “I just showed Fred and George some of my memories this morning. Them deciding our field names was one of them.”
“Ironman is cooler.” Tony muttered.

Harri grinned, “Don’t be a sore loser Tony. There could be only one Queen.”

Tony pouted, “I could be Queen.” Harri quirked an eyebrow, “King, whatever.”

“We had Loki and Thor on our team as well. Just how many Kings do you think a group of eleven could handle?” Harri asked, Tony huffed and went back to his coffee and the StarkPad Daisy had brought him once he was done with his breakfast.

“My best friends were superheroes!” Lee was still on, his eyes wide as he looked between Fred and George, “And here I thought they would be criminals.”

Harri rolled her eyes, “Now that is cleared up we need to move on to what is happening now.” She looked to the three older Weasleys, “Besides Ron getting punched, how is the article being received? I didn’t get a chance to see it since the paper came so late yesterday.”

Charlie rolled his eyes at the twins who looked proud of themselves while Bill took point, pulling out a copy of the paper and passing it over to Harri, “Everyone is scrambling to find you and the Dursleys. Everyone is wondering what you went through and what has happened to you now. Most of the public is worried. The Wizengamot have also set a date to make an official enquiry on Dumbledore, since he was the only who knew you whereabouts and never checked on you or condoned the...abuse.” He ended a little warily.

Harriet looked up from the paper and smiled at him, “Thank you for taking my feeling on it into account but I’m over it. Last time Loki ended up killing them after he found out about them and they showed up in New York and this time I’ve gotten my own revenge with help from the Goblins.” Loki raised an eyebrow at this but couldn’t help a pleased smile, he had heard a little of what the Dursleys had put her through over the week of her burning during their talks and knew they had deserved what he had likely dished out. Harriet’s eyes went back to the article, skimming it, “It’s a little subpar this time, I wonder if Rita didn’t question more neighbors or if she is going to use them for a follow up.”

“So you are using the press to get to Dumbledore.” Lee said.

“Yes, I couldn’t do it all in the shadows. The people have to have a preformed opinion of me to keep
them from believing Dumbledore if he starts spouting his nonsense about me being a Dark Lady.” Harri said flatly, she looked back over to Bill, Charlie, and Percy, “Anything else or is the general reaction just worry and curiosity.”

“Amelia Bones is pretty set on finding you and finding out the truth.” Charlie added in, “She is even stonewalling Dumbledore’s attempts shut down the crime scene and to get rid of the court ordered medical examination for you that was passed when this came to light. He was raving about it down in the kitchen earlier, that’s why I was so late. I stayed to hear the rest.”

Harri nodded, “Did he say anything about the Order?”

“The Order of the Phoenix?” Charlie questioned and Harri nodded, “Yes, he said may bring them in if he can’t find you before your birthday.”

Harri cursed in parseltongue, “I didn’t think he would call them together so soon.” Harri rubbed the back of her neck, “With Sirius considered dead they will either use the Burrow or Hogwarts as their meeting place. None of the other member’s ever offered homes or even had one too offer.” Her eyes hardened a little, “Of course if Sirius announces himself and sides with Dumbledore again he will have his meeting space and will know what is happening with me.” Loki frowned at this and Tony’s face grew grim, a determined light entering his eyes. “Kreacher.” Harri called.

The little elf popped in next to Harriet, “Young Miss be callin’ Kreacher?”

Harri nodded, “Yes, I need you to tell me immediately if Sirius goes to Grimmauld Place and if he brings anyone with him without Black, Potter, or Lupin blood in them alright?”

Kreacher nodded, “Kreacher will do this young Miss.”

“Thank you, you can go home.” Harri said, the old elf disappeared with a pop, “Okay, there’s that. Severus will contact me when they get back together, hopefully he’ll know where they are meeting beforehand so I can sneak in and plant bugs.”

“I’ll have Jarvis make up ones that will connect directly to him so he can monitor them.” Tony said.

“Thank you.” Harri replied, Tony nodded.
Fred and George focused on their brothers, “Did mum tell Dumbledore”

“about us hitting Ron?” Everyone focused on the three Weasleys.

Charlie looked grim, “Yes, I tried to calm her down and make her see that what Ron said was out of line but she wouldn’t listen. She told Dumbledore about that and your behavior since coming home. She’s blaming Harriet, saying she needs trained as a proper lady and taught her place, says that she’s a bad influence on you two.”

The twins’ jaws dropped and Harriet giggled, “I think that’s the first time anyone accused me of being the bad influence in our relationship.”

“No kidding.” Lee added in.

Harri’s giggles died and she focused on the other parts of Charlie’s statement, “Wait, what behavior am I being blamed for?” the twins’ jaws snapped closed and they looked down at the table, blushing.

Bill chuckled, “The twins were going stir crazy being at the Burrow with mum, Ron, and Ginny who couldn’t stop running their mouths. They’ve been pranking them nonstop. We took the fall for the bigger ones that mum was set to blow over but we could never manage to stop them.”

“We figured you’d be the only who would ever be able to stop them.” Charlie added with amusement, “I think it was part them showing their displeasure over their plans and part them missing you.”

Harriet gave the twins a soft smile, “Well for once your mum is right. Part of that would probably be the pull from the soul bond. Even without the bond being complete Soulmates aren’t meant to spend long amounts of time apart once they have recognized each other. I didn’t think it would affect you so soon.”

“How did you not know that?” Percy asked.

“Last time I didn’t get all of the potions and binds removed until sixth year. I, Fred, and George already had a strong basis of friendship after that time and were hiding deeper feeling for each other
from each other. Once the potions were clear of my system we bonded immediately and didn’t separate much. The only reason I know of it at all is because of the separation anxiety we experienced with just a few days apart after the bond was complete and the books here in the castle on the matter.” Harri said with a shrug, “I didn’t know that it would show without us even beginning to start the bond. I mean it’s just barely there right now with us acknowledging it.” Percy and nodded in understanding, “So what did Dumbledore say about it?”

“He wants dad to enact family magic on Fred and George to order them to keep away from you.” Charlie said with a frown.

The twins jerked at that, their eyes wide, they shifted closer to their mate. Harriet growled, “That’s old magic; meant for protecting, not controlling. Is your father considering it?”

“Dad said no right away but mum promised Dumbledore that she would make dad do it.” Percy spat.

Harri cocked her head, in her memory Arthur had always agreed with Molly right away, granted Harri wasn’t around him a lot but even the twins had said that he followed Molly’s wishes without thought. Had Molly finally asked for something that Arthur refused to give or was there something else? Honestly Harri wouldn’t put it past Molly to do something like that. “Interesting.” She murmured, everyone looked to her questioningly, “Nothing, I’ll look into it.” She didn’t want to get the twins’ hopes up, it would be cruel.

“Can we do anything to stop the magic from being used on Fred and George?” Bill asked worriedly.

Harri bit her lip, “Even without being complete our status as each other’s soulmates will keep us from being separated. Unless the bond is suppressed before it starts, Soulmates trump pretty much everything. Still…”

“It could still cause them some pain.” Griphook jumped in for Harriet, “Family magic is strong. Even though their statuses in regards to each other would stop the magic from forcing them apart, the twins would still feel pain for ignoring what would be considered ‘family law’. The only way to keep them completely safe from that would be for them to disown themselves from the Weasley family.”

All five Weasley’s looked stricken. The twins recovered first and looked to Harriet, “You said we became”

“the Lords Prewett last time.” They said softly.
Harri’s heart ached as she nodded, “Yes, there was a loophole in the inheritance laws that gave the Lordships to you. Historically the Prewetts have the highest rate of magical twins born in one family, the ones who rose the family to prominence were magical twins so when the family inheritance laws were written there was a clause that stated that if there were magical twins in the succession line they were allowed to claim it over their older siblings.”

“I thought mum’s brothers disowned us.” Charlie said hesitantly.

“Fabian and Gideon disowned Molly, they never said anything about her children.” Harri said, shifting her gaze to Charlie. She looked back to her mates, “You don’t have to do it just because you did so last time. I’m not looking for an exact replica of last time. I’m just looking for us happy and safe.”

“We’re happy when we’re with you.” George said.

“And we’ll be safer away from the Weasley name.” Fred added, “We’ll do it if it means”

“We won’t be forced to leave you.” George finished. Harriet gave them a lopsided smile.

“It’s so sweet I’m gonna throw up.” Tony muttered, watching the scene like it was a particularly good soap. Loki nodded in agreement.

“If we do this then your father, as the head of the family, will know right away.” Griphook warned. “You would also be technically emancipated.”

“And you would need to come up with a cover of why you did it.” Harri added, “Otherwise we will have to drop out of Hogwarts immediately. It won’t be safe there once Dumbledore figures out I’m a rogue element.”

Charlie and Percy looked worried, “They’ll question us.” Charlie said, “We’ve made a big deal about things over the last couple weeks.”

“What if they try and order us to tell them?” Percy asked, “That I could see dad using the family magic for.”
“The ward will protect the information.” Griphook said confidently, “But you could always disown yourselves and have your brothers accept you into the Prewett family.”

Fred and George grinned at their brothers, “We would do it.”

“We’ll need your help to run things anyway.”

“We don’t know what to do with Lordships.”

“But we’re sure Percy has read up on all that legally stuff.”

Bill started to nod, “Yes…you could assign one of us Proxy and we could pretend one of us were the ones who took the Lordship and brought you over to protect you from mum and dad since we thought they had gone off their rockers.” He looked over to Harriet, “You would lose your eyes inside the Burrow though.”

Harriet waved a hand at that, “Safety is more important. Besides, if they do end up meeting at the Burrow I will be sneaking in to plant bugs in there anyway or at least sending a house elf through the wards to do so.”

Griphook cleared his throat, “So have you decided?”

The twins looked to each other and nodded solemnly, “We’ll do it.”

Griphook nodded, “Lady LeFay, Cursebreaker Weasley, please tell everyone the words they will need.” He pulled out red sheet of parchment, “I will send for the rings.”

The twins turned to Harriet and Percy and Charlie looked to Bill for the words the would need. Harri and Bill both quickly went over what they would need to say, Harri for the twins to disown themselves, accept the shared Lordship, and bring their brothers under their protection and Bill for the others to disown themselves and accept their brothers’ invitations into the Prewett family. Tony, Loki, and Sleipnir watched curiously, unused to the magical worlds laws.
Once the rings materialized in front of Griphook he nodded for everyone to proceed. Bill let out a
breath, “Shall we do the first bit all at once so we don’t have to drag it out?” everyone gave short
nods.

Harri focused just on the twins as all five Weasley boys took a deep breath and began together, “I,
Fred Fabian Weasley(George Gideon Weasley), of sound mind and sound body, do disown myself
from the Weasley family, cutting all ties with those Weasley in name and blood.” Magic rose around
them, warm and volatile, all five redheads glowed before the power blew outward in a gust of wind,
leaving all five cut from the Weasley family.

Miles away, in the Department for the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts, Arthur Weasley fainted from
magical backlash.

Fred and George looked around to make sure everyone was okay before nodding, Griphook passed
the ring box over and the twins opened them to find two pale gold rings with moonstone jewels that
had the Gemini symbol etched in the top. They looked to each other as they held their hands over the
box. “We, Fred Fabian Noname and George Gideon Noname, lay joint claim the headship of House
Prewett by our right as chosen descendants.” The rings glowed and magic centered around Fred and
George this time, the rings disappeared from the box and appeared on the twins’ hands.

The twins grinned at the rings before looking at their brothers and reciting, “We, the Lords of the
Ancient and Most Noble House of Prewett, do invite William Arthur Noname into house Prewett.”

“I humbly accept your invitation.” Bill said, bowing his head slightly to his little brothers, pride
showing on his face as he looked at them.

“Welcome William Arthur Prewett.” Fred and George responded. They copied the process again for
Charlie and then Percy, until the Prewett family was five in number.

Griphook smiled and summoned the empty ring box to him, “Congratulations all. Lords Prewett I
will send you an inventory of your holdings once I return to Gringotts. I’m sure Curebreaker Prewett
can be spared from sorting through his employers vaults for a couple days to help you look through
things.”

Harri sat back in her chair and gave Bill a considering look, “Fine, I will let off for a few days if I
must.” She said dramatically. Bill chuckled.
Griphook shook his head, “Do you need to discuss anything else under the ward stone Lady LeFay?”

Harriet shook herself, “Just a few quick things. Tony can you pull up Jarvis?” he gave her a cocky salute. Harri looked back to Griphook, “Have you recovered the Dursleys?”

“We have; they are in a holding cell at the moment.” Griphook said, “We have already sold all of their holdings to make up for the money they received for your mistreatment. They are quite whiny creatures. Very unpleasant. Many of us are itching to deal with them for their comments and demands.”

Harri gave him a toothy smile, “I gift the Goblin Nation the two elder Dursleys to do with as they wish for their crimes. I have no need of them. My revenge has been achieved.”

Griphook returned her smile, “The Goblin Nation thanks you for your gift.”

“This know their probably going to go to the mines right?” Bill mumbled.

Harri quirked an eyebrow at him, “At least there they will be useful.”

Griphook chuckled darkly, “Yes, yes they will.” He wove his fingers together on the table in front of him, “What of the youngest?”

“Oblivate his knowledge of magic and send him into the muggle system under a new name. He was the product of his environment and he did not miss his chance to redeem himself like last time, I think time in a Goblin holding cell is punishment enough for me.” Harri said, “You can pull a thousand galleons from my main LeFay vault for the work needed.”

Griphook pulled out his book and made note of it, “It will be done Lady LeFay.”

“You wished to speak with me Miss Potter.” Jarvis’ voice asked from Tony’s StarkPad.

“Hey J. Were you able to catch Vanko?” Harriet asked.
“Who?” Tony interrupted, “Have you be conspiring with my AI?”

“Just to keep you safe sir.” Jarvis responded, “Miss Potter I was able to direct the authorities to Mr. Vanko, have his weapons confiscated, and have him deported back to Russia. He is currently being monitored by myself to make sure he does not attempt to recreate his arc reactor whips or find Mr. Stark again. The Russian authorities did not have enough evidence to hold him for any crimes however, so this is all I will be able to do for now.”

“And Hammer?” Harriet asked, ignoring Tony’s muttering about him being a magnet for overprotective people with the ability to take over the world.

“His presentation for the Expo is in three days. He has been very disgruntled toward Mr. Stark and has not attempted to hide it. However, I am monitoring his network and have not found anything to suggest that he has plans to attack.” Jarvis answered.

Harri hummed, “Alright but still keep an eye out. He’s not the smartest but he has attacked us before in an attempt to get to Tony, despite the fact that our family far out gunned him. I don’t expect him to be any smarter about something like that now.”

“Very well Miss. Potter.” Jarvis replied, “I would also like to inform you that Miss Potts would like to meet you. Sir has been rather cryptic when speaking about you to her and she is quite afraid that you shall harm him despite my reassurances.” Tony groaned at the thought of Harriet, Pepper, and Jarvis all being in contact, the world really was going to burn, he didn’t care what Luna said.

Harri rolled her eyes at her brother, “I’ll come to the Expo the day of Hammer’s presentation. That way I can meet Pepper, keep Tony from sabotaging Hammer, and be there in case he does try something. Sound good?”

“Yes, thank you Miss Potter.”

Harri let out a long breath and nodded as she looked around, “Alright. Did I miss anything?” when no one spoke up Harri relaxed a bit, “Alright, let’s break for now. Luna thought it would be nice for me to show you the castle and the outside view is best seen from the air.” Dianna popped in with a large bowl filled with amber liquid before disappearing again. “Shall we?”
'We're gonna need a montage!'

The defeat of Voldie is a little cliche but whatever.

Superhero name from the suggestions of Alryetagory! Thanks!! They're awesome!

I LOVE the fact the Avengers and Magical worlds are so crazy that them fighting ears of corn are totally plausible.

In her mind Harri is more emotional, she is already behind her shields so she can't keep them away. Add that to the fact that she feels safe with her mates, she's going to react more.

There was nothing new about the interaction between the older Fred and George and the older Ron in the shop but its one of my favorite twin moments and I had to add it.

Harriet gets more blushy over the romantic or sweet things because that didn't happen a lot in the last timeline. They bonded during a war and all the needed to know was that they loved each other and couldn't be separated. They didn't really have time for the romance side of things until after the war and then it wasn't exactly important because they knew they would be together forever.

According to the Wikia Abraxans are about the size of elephants, that's not just me making stuff up.

Oh, shit, you think Loki and Tony are gonna do something to the Marauders?

The amber liquid was the single malt whiskey as a treat for the Abraxans.

Sorry for no real info on the castle, I got caught up in everything else and didn't want to ramble on too much longer.

Clint, Natasha, and Phil will be in next chapter as well as Bucky who will be waking up.

Pepper will be in the chapter after that.

Comment or I shall have to use the Elder Swear!
Progress on Many Fronts

Chapter Notes

Hello all!

First and foremost! Thank you to the 32 people who have joined us on the tumblr blog! It will stay open! Feel free to ask questions there, I will answer as quickly as possible! For those of you who haven't joined, your welcome to! I will be posting news about my writing and sneak peaks there, go to tumblr and search thisgonnabegoodfic!

Second, many of you were unhappy about Harri even considering that Sirius would go back to Dumbledore. OBVIOUSLY he wouldn't do something like that but she has to cover ALL her bases. Not just the more likely ones.

Third, a few of you wanted to know about the Elder swear I threatened you with last time if you didn't comment. There is no good way for me to explain it here. Go to youtube and search Potter Puppet Pals: Wizard Swears. You'll see what I mean. ;)

The word of the week is foreshadowing!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Flying over the expansive LeFay grounds on the back of the Abraxans was a real treat. Griphook had declined and left, saying that Goblins weren’t meant to leave the ground, but Sleipnir took to the enormous equines with a childlike excitement, especially after they bowed to him a few seconds after inspecting him. Everyone had mounted up and they had taken off as a group. Harriet pointed out the different parts of the property as they flew; from the forest that was filled with magical creatures to the mountain with an alter for rituals situated on the top, the barracks that were separate from the castle to the cabins along the beach. The castle itself was sitting on top of a cliff, tall and proud but with a slightly whimsical look.

It was after the group had spent four exciting hours flying, eaten lunch, and Harri had started a tour of the interior of the castle that Loki pulled Tony aside. In fact, he drug Tony all the way back to the family wing and into his room. Tony eyed Loki warily, he trusted Harriet who said that they had been family in the previous timeline but he hadn’t built up that trust with Loki quite yet. “What’s this about Loki?”

Loki turned at his door and leaned back against it, “We have to do something about Harriet’s fathers.”

“Yes!” Tony exclaimed, throwing up his hands, “Yes, thank you! Could you see her face when she proposed breaking it off with them? And earlier when she suggested that Sirius might go back to that
meddling old man? We totally have to do something!”

Loki’s lips quirked up, “Indeed. They seem to have a misunderstanding of the power held by the non-magical Midgardians. I hope to talk to them about war but can you come up with something about the power of Midgard’s weaponry? Maybe the damage it can do?”

Tony nodded seriously, “I can do that. I can have Jarvis compile videos of my weapons tests and some war reels. I should also be able to get Daisy to bring me some of the guns I still have and my suit so they can see just how dangerous we muggles can get.”

“Good, I will attempt to ascertain their true issues with her killing and address them along with some other things.” Loki said, he crossed his arms over his chest. “Harriet slipped into step with me flawlessly in battle so we had no trouble dispatching those agents yesterday but we would have been able take care of those first guards with less of a mess had we caught them unawares which would have happened if James had kept watch as she ordered.”

Tony huffed, “Harri said James and Sirius were Aurors. I expected them to be able to at least understand even if they weren’t happy about it and Harriet has never been shy about her end goal of killing Dumbles. Did they think she was just joking about that?”

“They seem to be having trouble balancing her original and continuing status as their daughter with her more prominent and obvious status as their leader.” Loki muttered, “She told me another of our family was considered our leader most of the time but she so clearly has a handle on the role.” Tony nodded in agreement, Loki gave Tony a cautious smile, “I think we should start with just getting them to understand for now. I don’t think Harriet will be able to handle it if she loses them.”

Tony looked grim, “I doubt it.”

“Alright. We should go in the morning. Harriet will be busy with Barnes and we can make excuses that will leave us time to act. I will say I am going after Jörmungandr. I can take us to Potter Manor.”

Tony nodded, “I can say I need to go back to the Expo, I will need to anyway to make sure everything is going alright.”

Loki nodded in acceptance, “Very well. We should get back to the group before Harriet gets too suspicious of our disappearance.” Tony gave a small snort but followed Loki from his room.
They found everyone else walking through one of the many halls with Harriet walking backward like a museum tour guide as she talked about the castle. They caught up just as Harriet pushed open a set of double doors, “This is the throne room.” She said with a grin, “For when I’m feeling like being a bit pretentious.”

“Sweet Merlin!” Charlie exclaimed as they stepped into the enormous room. It had glittering floors done in black marble with green swirls through it that seemed to be lit from within. Pillars with torches on them created shadows toward the edges of the room, partially hiding grand tapestries that all showed witches casting powerful magics. High vaulted ceilings were enchanted much like the ceiling at Hogwarts but this didn’t show the sky just outside, this one showed a gently moving starcape with a few swirled galaxies dotted among them.

“Shouldn’t there only be one throne?” Percy asked, drawing everyone’s attention up to the head of the room. There on a dais was eleven thrones, the three thrones in the center were raised just a bit higher than the others, light seemed to halo the area.

Harriet smiled, “That’s another part of my preferences. Morgana was a Queen at a couple points in her life so she insisted on a throne room where she could show that with only her soulmate being on the same level with her. So I can’t change the fact that there is a throne room but I can change the room itself based on the fact that I don’t think I could ever ‘rule’ anything without my family with me.” Harri said, throwing in air quotes around the word rule. “We used this castle in a time of war, we had many people who were fighting under us but we were the leading group. So we actually used this room to give out information and gather information from everyone, especially when we wanted to show a united front on something."

“I never thought I would have a throne.” Tony said, wiping a fake tear from his eye as he headed over to the simple gold throne with red accents that had his arc reactor symbol at the top in glowing blue gems. Tony sat down easily before rearranging himself with one leg thrown over an arm and wide grin, “Oh yeah, this is nice.”

Harriet rolled her eyes but tugged Fred and George with her gently up to their three thrones which were situated in the center of the lineup. George was sat in the throne to the right of Harriet’s and Fred in the throne to her left. Their three thrones matched for the most part, they were ornate gold chairs with red cushions that had the Gryffindor lion embroidered in the back. A ruby fox was set in the top of each of the twins thrones, Fred’s with an onyx tipped tail and George’s with a pearl tipped tail. Harriet’s throne had a phoenix with its wings arched up done in emerald. Fred and George threw themselves into the thrones cockily while Harriet sat on her throne primly with one leg crossed over the other.

Loki made his way to his throne that sat next to George and one away from Tony. His throne was more simple like Tony’s and was gold with green cushions. At the top was his intertwined snake symbol in onyx and emerald. Loki sat himself easily in the throne and nodded as he relaxed into it,
“It will do I suppose.” He said lightly.

Harriet shot him a grin, “Not all thrones can be Hliðskjálf Loki.” She teased before looking down at the rest of the group who was looking them over with amusement.

“Well you look…off balance.” Lee said.

Harriet laughed, “Yeah, you don’t get the full effect until we’re all here and in full gear or court dress.” Harriet said, her voice echoing in the empty chamber.

“What’s this places fascination with emerald green?” Bill asked, looking at the glowing swirls in the floor. “It’s in the floors, on the walls, everywhere. It’s like people had a fascination with Slytherin.”

“Ah, that.” Harri said, she stood and waved to everyone, “Come on. I’ll show you.” Everyone followed her from the throne room and she led them to a small room a few doors down. “Stay quiet. Just listen and let me do the talking.” She instructed. Harri opened it and everyone followed her into the almost eerily quiet room that had curtains over all of its walls. Harriet tugged on a velvet rope and the curtains pulled up to show the walls covered with portraits of witches of all types. However, one thing unified them, their emerald green eyes, eyes that Harriet shared. Harri dipped in a curtsey to the portrait at the head of the room, “Lady LeFay.” She intoned, bowing her head. The group focused on the moving portrait.

This woman was slim and dainty with elegant almost elf like features, raven black hair that shimmered even in the oil paints, and pouty cupid’s bow lips. Her green eyes looked Harriet over, “Lady LeFay.” She answered back, her voice low but musical. Her eyes flicked to the group behind her, narrowing slightly until she reached Luna and relaxed a bit. “Why have you brought all of these males into this chamber?”

“Apologies Mother Morgana. I know you do not like males in here. They wished to know the connection emerald has with our line and by extension our castle and who better to tell them of our great history than the founder of our house herself.” Harri said.

Morgana seemed to consider this, “Very well daughter.” She looked to the rest, “The magic of the LeFay line manifests as our unique emerald eyes. If they are a true LeFay, one who was born with our large power cores, our eyes with turn to the green of the killing curse when we are angered or when we attempt powerful magics. With such a direct connection to our strong magic emerald is woven into this castle more and more with each powerful Lady who takes on the mantle of LeFay.” Morgana’s eyes landed on Harriet again, “Have you manifested fully daughter?”
Harriet allowed her magic to pool in her eyes, the emerald immediately glowing the color of the killing curse, “Yes Mother.” Harriet answered solemnly.

Morgana tilted her head back so she was looking down her nose at Harri, “And have you already begun expanding our legacy? Completed grand feats to add to the name LeFay?”

“Yes Mother.” Harri said, clasping her hands behind her, “I have a magical animagi, have time traveled a great period, and managed to complete the requirements set forth by Merlin to gain his estate.”

Morgana’s eyebrows rose and her lips quirked up slightly, “Well done my daughter. You are a credit to the house LeFay.” She dropped her head a bit, “Return later without your male followers so I may hear more.” With a wave of her hand the curtains all dropped again.

Everyone quickly exited and turned to Harri as she closed the door quietly. “What does she have against men?” Tony huffed.

“Morgana was a very powerful witch in the middle ages when women were seen as lower life forms.” Harri explained, “It didn’t help that she had an inherently dark magic core and that her half-brother was King Arthur. She had to fight for recognition and respect. So she doesn’t really like men. The only ones I’ve known her to be kind to are Loki and the portrait of her soul mate, Accolon.”

“Me?” Loki asked, “Why didn’t you introduce us then?”

Harri giggled, “When I introduced you last time you spent four hours talking. Did you see an empty portrait frame in your room?” Loki nodded, “I had that put in there so you guys could talk. It’s connected to Morgana. Just knock on the frame and introduce yourself when she shows up.”

“I will do so later then.” Loki said, looking pleased.

“So what was with”

“the mother, daughter thing?” Fred and George asked.
“The LeFay line is strictly matriarchal because of Morgana’s hatred of men.” Harriet said, “Only women are allowed to inherit the title and head up the family unlike most families these days that allow both. With that in mind, all of the older Lady LeFays are addressed as Mother and the younger as daughter depending on who is speaking. Since that is the way the succession falls.”

“I thought that Morgana only had one child though.” Percy threw in, “In the stories Ywain is the only one talked about.”

Harri nodded, “Yes, he’s the only one talked about but Morgana disowned him once he proved that he had no magic and preferred his father’s profession. When Morgana bonded with Accolon they had a little girl, Morgan, who was the first to inherit the green eyes and the larger magical core. Morgana kept her daughter out of the spot light, especially after Accolon was killed by a wound Arthur inflicted.”

“Wow.” Percy said. “I would love to see the rest of the real history.”

Harri gave him a knowing smile and began to lead them through the halls again, “Yes, it’s quite fascinating.”

“So why would Loki get preferential treatment from her?” Tony asked.

“I’m a God.” Loki said cockily.

Harri nodded, “Yes, he is one of the Gods that Dark Wizards tend to worship or swear allegiance to. That and the fact that he is comfortable with turning himself into a woman makes him acceptable to talk to in Morgana’s mind.”

“You can seriously turn yourself into a woman?” Tony exclaimed.

“It can’t be real.” Percy huffed, “Probably illusions or a deep glamour.”

“Don’t underestimate mother.” Sleipnir warned.
“But it’s not possible!” Percy exclaimed, “Even magic has rules.”

“Ah, but I’ve never been good at following rules.” Loki said, in a flash of green he was in his female form, looking almost like an older and bustier version of Harriet, her face still held more of an angular appearance as well so she looked more like Harriet’s long lost sister. Tony choked and Bill, Charlie, Percy, and Lee’s mouths dropped open as they took in the busty female who was wearing a tight green and gold dress, her hair falling wildly down her shoulders, held back only a little by a gold head band with tiny horns on it. “And yeah.” She purred as she tucked her arms around her stomach, effectively pushing her breasts up more, “These are real.”

Harriet cackled at the four’s dumbfounded expressions, Fred and George were laughing at their brothers as well. “Sweet Merlin their faces!” George laughed.

Fred’s laughs died into more hysterical giggles, he stopped just long enough to lean around Loki’s shoulder and tease them with a quick, “You guys have got a little drool right…” he tapped to the corner of his mouth. The three eldest Prewetts scrambled to wipe at their mouths, blushing the whole way. Lee just shook himself and looked away.

Sleipnir grinned and threw his arms around his mother’s waist, “I told you not to underestimate her!” he crowed happily.

Loki patted her son’s head before transforming back into his male form. “Indeed.” He said with a smile.

Harriet settled down and continued on, “Alright, we’ll go to the library next.” Percy and Loki both perked up the most but everyone seemed genuinely excited for it, they had seen some of it during their fly over after all. It had been a glass dome that looked down into a comfortable seating area centered around what seemed to be a pillow pit with a just a glimpse of book shelves around the edge of the area. They came to yet another set of double doors and Harriet pushed them open to reveal a grand library. It was enormous and two stories high. Sunlight streamed through the shelves from the dome that was at the very back of the very deep room, “This is the largest magical library in the world.” Harriet said with a satisfied smile at her surroundings, she looked back to the gaping group of males, Luna stood among them as well but she didn’t seem all that surprised. Harriet noticed Percy was developing a slight twitch in his left eyes, Loki’s eyes were darting from row to row, and the twins were slowly clenching and unclenching their hands. “I think we’ll spend some time in here for the rest of the afternoon.” Everyone looked to her quickly, “We can stay in here until dinner, then we’ll head to the family common room for movies and food. And yes, you can take books with you to your rooms, they just can’t leave the castle.” Their eyes lit up but they didn’t move, she gave them a shooing motion, “Well go on. Before your heads explode.” The group broke in a mad dash to be the first at the shelves.
Luna was the only who stayed with Harriet, she looked to her sister, “Can you summon my book please?” she asked softly.

“Of course.” Harriet said, she held out a hand and a book flew from a nearby shelf, Harri handed it to her sister, ignoring the shout of protest. Harri and Luna made their way over to the reading area and settled in the pillow pit together with Harri propped up against one side and Luna lying next to her with her head in Harri’s lap. Harriet summoned Dianna to bring her a large scroll of parchment so Harri could make up a catalog of Fred and George’s products and what they did.

Soon everyone started showing up with books and settling into the reading area. Sleipnir climbed into the pillow pit and sat next to Luna’s legs with a book about Midgardian magical horses, Luna almost immediately shifted over to lay on his lap. Fred and George joined them a moment later and curled up with Harriet, each with four books a piece. Lee also joined them in the pillow pit, sitting across from Harriet and the twins. Everyone else settled up on the couches that surrounded the pit, Percy and Loki having the biggest piles. Harriet almost snorted when she saw that even Tony had a couple books, she had very rarely seen him with a physical book in his hands. Content, Harri let Glacia sing from within, relaxing everyone as they sank into their own worlds to read.

Harriet was just getting to the Wonder Witch product line with their descriptions when her Clint bracelet began to burn. Glacia stopped singing and, though it wasn’t out loud, everyone immediately took note of its absence, even more so when Harriet snapped her fingers for Dianna while she rolled up the half done scroll.

“Can I help you Lady LeFay.” Dianna asked politely.

“I need my battle suit, jacket, and boots and my bag from my trunk. As quickly as possible.” Harri said, she put down her scroll before sliding from under Fred and George and out of the pillow pit as Dianna popped away.

“What’s wrong?” Fred and George asked at once.

“My brother needs me.” Harri said, gesturing at the bracelet that was glowing. Dianna showed up with Harriet’s clothes, “Thank you Dianna.” Harriet did a quick switching spell so she was in her mission clothes.

“What’s wrong?” Tony asked, genuinely worried.
“Which one.” Loki questioned.

“The archer. And I don’t know.” Harri said as she adjusted her clothes so they were laying correctly before pulling up her deep hood. “If I need help I’ll come back and get you.” She took her bag and slid it over her shoulder, only pulling out her gun to holster it in place, her wand was already in its thigh holster. Harri cast a quick wandless tempus, “We have about an hour and a half until dinner time. If I don’t come back before that then somethings wrong.”

“What?!” Fred and George exclaimed, but Harriet disappeared in flames before they could finish.

Harriet appeared a little way away from where Clint’s signal was, she didn’t want to appear too close in case there were enemies or he shot her in surprise. Harriet turned to Glacia and took to the air. As she approached Clint’s signal she found herself looking at a looking at a Shield base, not the Helicarrier thankfully but still a rather well appointed base. The signal was leading her toward a high up watch tower. As she approached she saw Clint, Natasha, and another agent who she could only assume was Phil Coulson if this truly was one of Clint’s nests. They were all looking at something on the floor of the nest, Clint looking devastated as he continued to rub at his bracelet fiercely.

“You called her for this?!” Natasha hissed, “Here? At the base?”

“What was I supposed to do?!” Clint exclaimed, “We don’t have a vet on staff and I don’t know how to help her! And there was no time to move her somewhere else! My baby is dying!”

“Clint we would have done all we could to keep Artemis stable until we could get to a more neutral place.” Phil was saying gently, Harri instantly liked him.

Glacia dove toward the nest and alighted on one of the arrows that was lining the edge, she trilled and instantly had two guns and an arrow aimed at her. Glacia kept her wings half spread and focused on Clint, she cocked her head to look pointedly at Clint’s bracelet and cooed. Clint slowly put down his bow, but still kept it within reach, “Did Harriet send you?”

Harriet kept the change slow and not too flashy as she transformed back into her normal form, the three agents eyes went wide at the transformation. “Sort of.” She said softly, still very aware of the two guns that were trained on her as she slowly pulled her hood down before baring her wrist to show the other bracelet, “You called me.”

Clint blinked, “Harriet?” she nodded and her swept his eyes over her, “You look different from your
school picture.”

Harri gave him a lopsided smile, “Skintight suits do that.” She cocked her head, “Now what’s wrong? I expected a text before you calling with the bracelet. Did Artemis lose the letter?”

That seemed to put Clint back on track and he shook his head while motioning her further into the nest, that apparently signaling Natasha and Phil to drop their guns, but not put them away. “No, she has it but she was shot flying in.” Clint said worriedly, he moved to reveal a shallowly breathing Artemis who had been shot through her left wing and once more on her right side, both injuries bleeding sluggishly, her armor was stacked on the opposite side of the nest with the rolled up letter sitting on top.

Harriet nodded and immediately focused on Artemis, “It will be okay Clint, I can heal her.” She soothed as she pulled her bag around and immediately pulled out her emergency potions kit. She knew Natasha and Phil were keeping an eye on her movements, especially since Clint was so completely focused on Artemis. Harriet pulled out several vials and then her wand from its holster, “Clint, I need you to open her beak gently and pour in these three vials okay?” she said gently, handing the three bottles to the shaking archer.

“What are they?” Clint asked even as Harriet ran a diagnostic on Artemis.

“The light blue one is a calming draught. The dark blue is a mild pain reliever. And the red is a blood replenisher.” Harri explained evenly as she saw that while the wing wound was a through and through, the shot in the hawk’s side still had the bullet lodged inside. “Give her the pain reliever first then the calming draught. I have to pull out the bullet from her side, its lodged in one of her air sacs.” Clint nodded jerkily and carefully poured the pain reliever in Artemis’ beak first, Artemis let out a pained croak and Clint winced. “Rub her throat, gently. It will help it go down.” Harri directed, Harri waited until Clint had poured in the calming draught and Artemis' body has gone lax before she began to dig for the bullet.

Clint’s jaw locked as Artemis made pitiful noises until Harriet could pull the bullet free. “What are you doing now?” he asked worriedly as Harriet trained her wand on the side wound.

“I have to seal, clear, and inflate her air sack.” Harri explained patiently, “Just like a punctured lung on a human.” Harri sealed it with a quick flick of her wand and cleared the blood from it with another, wincing as the slurping sound made Clint flinch again. Harri made a tight circle motion with her wand and the air sac inflated easily. Harri let out a breath as her magic left her, healing always took more energy than regular spell casting and she was by no means an expert. Healing that entry wound itself was easier and Harri did quickly before moving to Artemis’ wing. Harriet examined it more closely and huffed as she pulled a small vial of Skele-Gro out of her kit, “Open her beak, I can only give her two drops of this.” She said.
“What is it?” Clint asked as he did what he was told.

“Skele-Gro.” Harri said, “The bullet clipped her ulna on its way out. This will heal it over and make sure it doesn’t fracture when she uses it.” Harri let two drops fall into Artemis’ mouth before capping it. Artemis made a gagging sound, “I know dear, it tastes disgusting.” She soothed, petting at Artemis’ open wing gently before healing the wound. “She should be up in a few minutes but don’t have her doing anything for a couple of days. She’s healed but she shouldn’t strain until its settled.” Clint nodded seriously and picked up Artemis gently to cradle against his chest and coo at her.

“How did the bullets even get though?” Natasha asked, speaking for the first time since Harriet arrived. “I’ve seen her take several bullets with the armor without even slowing down.”

Harri cocked her head as she sat back against the nest’s wall, “Well, how long had she had the armor on before she was sent to me?”

Clint frowned, “Two days.” His eyes widened, “And then it took another six days for her to return from you.”

Harri nodded, “The armor needs to charge after a week or it won’t protect her correctly. Unfortunately, I didn’t even think to have her stop to rest. I didn’t want to leave you without her for too long.”

“So who are you exactly?” Phil cut in, Harri raised an eyebrow at him, “Why do you have such an interest in Clint?”

“I’m very interesting.” Clint muttered indignantly, but his eyes never left Artemis who was beginning to become more aware.

“Family should have an invested interest in each other.” Harri said lightly.

Clint frowned as he rocked Artemis like she was a baby, “I’ve never met you before.”

“Spoilers.” Harri sang without thinking.
Clint’s head snapped up and he looked at her, “Spoilers?” he asked intensely, “As in Doctor Who Spoilers? As in time travel?” Harriet didn’t respond with anything other than a fond smile, she knew Clint was a rabid Whovian. “Oh my god are you a Time Lord?! Phil I have my own Time Lord! Am I a companion in the future? Do you know the Doctor?”

Natasha smacked Clint in the back of the head, “Stop, she’s not Time Lord.”

Harri nodded, “I know you’re a big Doctor Who fan though. Trust me, it just gets better.”

“So time travel?” Phil asked, his face mostly blank, but you could hear an edge of disbelief in his voice.

“That’s awesome!” Clint said.

“It’s improbable.” Natasha said, still eyeing Harriet distrustfully.

Harriet simply smiled, “It’s alright. I don’t expect you to believe me right away. And trust is earned.” She stood up as much as the nest would allow her and backed toward the edge of the nest, “I put my number in the letter. Feel free to text me.”

“It would be better if you could just come in and answer some questions.” Phil said flatly, “I’m sure the Director and the Council would be very interested in what you have to say.”

Harri cocked her head as she took in Phil, he looked completely calm while still being at the ready, seeming to hover over the two assassins protectively even from him position behind them. “I like you Phil Coulson. You are everything that Clint and Natasha told me you were.” Natasha’s eyes narrowed, she had never told Harriet her name and she was almost positive Clint had never mentioned it.

“Told?” Clint interrupted, “Does something happen to Phil?” he asked edging closer to his handler protectively.

Harri gave him a sad smile, “I will do all in my power not to let it happen again big brother.” She said softly, Clint’s eyes widened slightly at that but Harri ignored him to look directly at Phil, “Shield
has been infiltrated. There aren’t many you can trust. Only Clint, Natasha, Fury, and Hill currently that I know for sure. It started with Operation Paper Clip. Look into Project Insight and Alexander Pierce.”

“Infiltrated by who?” Phil demanded, “How do you know?”

Harri smiled at him, “Agent Coulson. Silly as it may seem, Clint was correct. Time travel. And infiltrated by the assholes you welcomed into your ranks after the Nazi’s defeat. Hydra.” Everyone tensed but Harriet just maneuvered so she was crouched on the edge of Clint’s nest, “Now, you only called me because you were freaking out over Artemis and if I stay any longer I’m sure my people will do something stupid. Look into what I’ve told you. Like I said, feel free to text me. Your also welcome to call me again but only when you really feel comfortable.”

With that Harriet threw herself from the nest and transformed to Glacia midair, the last thing she heard from Clint as she flew away was an awed, “Awesome!”

Harriet really didn’t want to leave but she knew she shouldn’t force herself into their lives too quickly. Obviously Clint had only called her because Artemis was hurt, not because he had been truly ready to talk to her. Now at least she had pointed them toward the problems presented by Operation Paperclip and Project Insight as well as that asshole Pierce. She did hope that they texted her though, just seeing her sister and brother had been wonderful but she wanted to start building that trust and camaraderie back up.

Giving a frustrated snap of her beak Glacia flamed to New York and settled down in a back alley to change back, instantly throwing her hood up over her head.

“Whoa, that was cool!” came an excited voice from overhead.

Harriet’s head jerked upward, her hand hovering over her gun while she looked for the source of the voice. She relaxed only slightly when a red spandex suited person dropped from the building above, “Deadpool.” She greeted flatly. Harri had only met the mercenary a few times in the last timeline, he was a snarky little shit but nice to have around in a long battle. Fred and George loved to banter with him and Deadpool loved to try conning the twins’ prank products off them since he couldn’t get into the magical alleys to buy them himself.

“Oh, pretty birdy knows my name huh?” the large male cooed, coming forward enough that Harriet could see his many weapons.
Harri rolled her eyes, “Yes, Wade, I know both your names.”

Deadpool didn’t seem to hear her though, he was talking to himself, “Yeah, I wonder what we could get for her.” Harri cocked an eyebrow at him, “No I don’t think anyone would believe us if we said she turned into a blue bird.” Said blue bird huffed, “And how exactly would we force her to become the bird again yellow?”

Harri rolled her eyes and walked out of the alley, hoping the man had sufficiently distracted himself to let her slip away. Unfortunately, it didn’t. Deadpool followed right behind her. “Hold up pretty bird! I wasn’t done talking to you!”

“It seemed like you were.” Harri replied, grudgingly thankful that Deadpool had followed, since now people were clearing a path for them on the street. “And I don’t usually talk to assholes who are trying to sell me.”

“Now, now, Birdy no need to get cranky. It wouldn’t be anything personal. I may even rescue you once I get the money.” Wade said, a clear grin in his voice.

Harri sent him a halfhearted glare, “Shove off Wilson. I have pizza to buy and a family to get back to.”

Wade rounded on her and pulled her to a stop, “Pizza?”

Harri cocked an eyebrow, “Yes, pizza. You know. Dough, sauce, cheese, toppings? The disc of heavenly wonder? Pizza?” she said slowly, like she was talking to a kindergartener.

Wade hummed through his mask, “I know of the cheesy goddess. If you buy me pizza I will consider…not selling you and making you my sidekick instead.”

Harriet chuckled, “Aw, aren’t you adorable. Thinking you would have been able to take me.” She slid past the mercenary but he grabbed her arm, in response Harriet used her phoenix strength to spin them into the next clear alley and shove him against the wall. She cast a petrificus totalus on the mouthy man before he could react further and smirked as he dropped like a rock. Harriet settled her knees on his chest and leant over to look into the white eyes of his mask, “Deadpool, you should be careful who you grab. Now, to be clear. First, no selling anyone, especially me as I am already taken. Twins you know.” She winked at him, “The ultimate fantasy.” Wade made a vague sound from his throat, Harriet smirked, “I don’t share, don’t even ask. Second, me be your sidekick? If anything
you’d be mine. Now, I’m sure we’ll see each other again so I’ll just go ahead and warn you now little Pool, you try anything I will transfigure you into the team mascot and leave you like that.” Harri leaned over and pulled Wade’s katanas free from their sheaths, she transfigured them into balloon swords with a quick spell. She stood and brushed her hands off, “Well, have fun! The spell will wear off in a bit!”

Harri left Wade there and continued on her way, the pizza place only being a couple blocks away. It was an old pizza place that Steve and Bucky swore by, a favorite of the team for their traditional after fight take out. When she got there she ordered ten pizzas to go and two to be delivered to the man in red down the street in the alley. Once she had a stack of pizza boxes she stepped out and into the nearest alley to flame home.

“Harriet!” came the twins shouts as soon as she touched down in the family common room.

She yelped as Fred and George latched onto her, making her pizza tower wobble. She saw Tony standing next to his folded up Ironman suit and called out to him, “Tony! Save the pizza’s! They’re De Marco’s!”

“You stopped to get pizza on the way back!” Tony shouted, even as he rushed over to take the stack from her, “Do you know how worried we all were?” Fred and George were checking her over while Tony ranted, “And in New York of all places!”

“You can’t just disappear on us like that.” Fred said over Tony.

“We were so worried.” George added.

Loki was standing next to Tony looking at Harriet disapprovingly, “Harriet, you need to let us know where you’re going. How were we supposed to get to you if you-“

“I swear I will put a tracking bracelet on you!” Tony was still ranting.

“You said we’re a family you can’t just-“ Loki continued on under Tony.

Fred and George were still checking Harriet over and she just stood, reveling in the care she felt even as guilt began to well up for making them worry. She could see Bill, Charlie, Percy, Lee, Luna, and Sleipnir sitting on the couches in front of the TV, watching the scene with different mixtures of relief
and amusement. Finally, Harriet gripped Fred and George’s wrists gently and smiled at them, Tony, and Loki, “I’m fine. I told you I would come back if I needed help.” Tony and Loki deflated a little at that but Fred and George just pulled their hands free of her grip so they could wrap her between them in a hug.

Loki’s lips pressed into a thin line, “Was our family really a team or did you just go off on your own all the time?” he huffed.

Harriet winced and gave him a sheepish smile, “Both, sort of. We were a team. You, I, Fred, and George were usually the first on scene because we could get prepared faster than the rest, the scouts I guess you could say. I’m used to popping away and everyone coming after us.” She bit her lip, “Of course Jarvis is usually directing you.” Loki slid a hand down his face with an exasperated sigh.

Tony shifted the pizzas to one hand so he could point at Harriet, “You, young lady, are getting a tracking bracelet! All the tracking bracelets! With a camera and uplink so Jarvis can watch you!”

Harriet’s mouth quirked up a little, “Whatever you say big brother.”

Tony sagged, “Good.” His eyes ran over her to check her for injuries, “Good.” He repeated, nodding his head. “Alright. What pizza did you get?”

They spent the rest of the evening introducing the Prewetts to pizza and movies. They watched the Back to the Future Trilogy, Tony picking at the science and Harri and Bill teaming up to argue about the possibility of magic helping out in certain aspects. When part three was coming to an end, Doc Brown flying off on the train with his wife and children, only Harri and Loki were awake. Loki had Sleipnir sprawled over his lap and Harri had Fred and George cuddling her between them. Harri snapped her fingers and several house elves appeared to tuck blankets around everyone. The two dark haired magicians settled in to sleep.

Harriet woke to a slight chime noise, she frowned, snuggling deeper into the couch, Fred and George’s grip on her tightened. A few seconds later the chime came again and Harri huffed, she blinked sleep from her eyes and wriggled until she was free of Fred and George’s arms. She tucked the blanket back over them as they continued to sleep before straightening as the chime sounded once more. Harri looked around until her eyes landed on the journal that was connected to Bruce, it lay next to Luna who was curled up in a cute little ball in one of the arm chairs. The journal was glowing a slight green.

Harri picked it up and made her way over to one of the windows, willing a small table and a chair in place from the castles storage area. It appeared a moment later and Dianna appeared long enough to set a candle, an ink well, a quill, and a cup of tea on it. Harri nodded to the little elf who bowed to
her before disappearing. Harriet sat down at the table and opened the journal to the first page.

Hello?
-
Harriet?
-
Does this thing work?

Where all written there on the first page in quick scrawl that Harri remembered from various mission reports. She smiled and dipped her quill in the ink to answer back.

Hello Bruce. Sorry, I just woke up.

Oh, I didn’t even think about that. Bruce wrote in response, Harri tilted her head with a fond smile as she watched the words appear letter by letter.

It’s alright. I have something to do at dawn anyway. Did Villard make it back to you alright?

Yes, he did. Bruce answered, there was a pause in the writing, How did you know his name anyway? I didn’t put it in my letter.

Hulk told me. Harri answered back without hesitation. By the way, did the feather help him relax?

There was another pause then the letters came a little more cautiously. He seemed interested in it when I held it. I can’t seem to identify the feather. What is it from?

It’s one of my feathers. Harri replied, Smell it.

WHAT? Came the word quickly, the writing turning almost harsh.

Put it up to your nose and inhale Bruce, Harri directed, Hulk will recognize the scent.
Harriet sat back and took a drink of her tea while the page remained as it was. Almost three full minutes later more writing began to appear, He calmed down. You said it was one of your feathers? Are you the ink welled at the end of the ‘u’ before Bruce continued, a mutant?

Of a sort. My people are human but they differ more than the average mutants everyone is more familiar with.

Meaning? Bruce interrupted.

I’m a witch Bruce. A human born with magic.

Magic isn’t real. Bruce returned, Harri snorted.

How are we talking through these journals Bruce? Have you been able to find the cause?

There was a pause, I’m sure if I was in a lab/ Harriet struck a line right in Bruce’s path to stop him from writing.

Of course magic can be detected under the right sensors Bruce, but I have yet to see any scientist successfully recreate it. Or be able to explain things that it can do with any certainty or conviction. Would anything you can think of justify what I’ve been able to do? Just use your own senses, can you see anything other than paper, leather, and ink before you? Can you feel anything? Harri prompted, Bruce didn’t write back, What about Villard’s armor? Or the bracelet? You can feel me through it, but it’s just some etchings, leather, brass, and some of my tears. Harri set down her quill and stroked at Bruce’s bracelet gently, sending a bit of her magic into it.

The bracelet went cold. Bruce noted, Harri grinned, she wasn’t sure if it would work.

I sent some of my magic into my counterpart. Harri said, Tell me what else it could be. Before Bruce could answer Harriet heard some movement, signally that at least a few people were beginning to wake. Harri looked over to see Tony and Loki stirring in their places. Looking back to the journal she saw another entry, this one looking hesitant with the letters a little further apart and spots where his pen had come to a stop for short periods instead of moving on.
So why would a witch be interested in me?

Harri bit her lip, how to approach this? He likely wouldn’t even believe in the magic part until he had seen her in person and could study it. Time travel may be stretching his belief a bit too far at the moment. Not for the Hulk. She began, Don’t think I’m not aware of what you’re thinking Bruce. I have plenty of power without the big guy. I just want my family back.

And I’m part of that? Bruce asked, disbelief evident, I’ve never even met you.

I know. I know you’ve not met me yet, Harriet said, And until you’re ready to meet its’ best I don’t say how I know you. How you’re part of my family. You’ve not even reconciled the existence of magic in your mind let alone this.

“Harriet?” Tony muttered, looking at her sleepily over the back of the couch.

She smiled at him softly, “Good morning Tony.” She turned back to the journal, Think over what I’ve said. Feel free to contact me through this any time. Right now I have to go bring someone out of a magical coma. Stay safe Bruce. Harri closed the journal and turned to Tony again, “How did you sleep?”

The genius groaned, “Terrible.” He muttered, “Why did I think sleeping on the couch would be good?”

“Daisy doesn’t know Master Tony.” The little elf tutted when she popped up with Tony’s first cup of coffee.

Tony took the coffee with another zombie like groan, “Daisy you’re the best.”

“Master always be sayin that. Then complain when Daisy is tellin’ him bed time.” Daisy huffed, she snapped her fingers and Tony was in fresh clothing, Daisy ignored Tony’s grumbles as she fussed about making Tony’s clothes lay straight. Harriet giggled at the sight.

“Stark are you being mothered by a house elf?” Loki asked, cracking his eyes open but not moving for fear of waking Sleipnir.
Tony scowled at Loki half-heartedly, Daisy stepped in front of her Master protectively, “Should Daisy be callin’ Peri Master Loki?” Loki blanched at the threat and Harri rolled her eyes fondly.

Harriet slipped up to her room and took a quick shower before putting on comfortable jeans and an American Flag shirt, she left her shoes off. She made her way back to the common room, putting her wand in her arm sheath and putting her still damp hair back with a clip. When she reached the common room the first rays of the sun were coloring the sky and she was beginning to feel the pull of her vow. Loki and Tony were now fully awake and dressed, Sleipnir was curled up in the place where his mother had slept. The only other person awake was a groggy Bill who was sipping at some tea.

“Harriet.” Loki called as she stepped in sight, she cocked her head at him with a smile, “I’m going to retrieve Jörmungandr.”

Harri’s eyes lit up, “Great! I’ll be happy to see him again. If he’s hungry when you get back the elves can retrieve some of the livestock.”

Loki shot her a grateful look, “Thank you Harriet.”

“No problem.” She answered truthfully.

Loki looked to Sleipnir and Bill spoke up, “I can tell him where you went when he wakes up.” He offered.

Loki inclined his head, “My thanks, I shouldn’t be too long but I will definitely be back before noon.” Bill nodded in understanding.

“Can you give me a ride if your heading that way Lokes?” Tony asked, picking up his folded up suit.

“If you’re quick Tony.” Loki answered

Harri cocked an eyebrow at Tony, “Your leaving?”
Tony grinned and nudged her chin, “Rumor has it Tony Stark’s mysterious sister will be at the Stark Expo in a few days. I need to go make sure that the experience is spectacular.”

Harriet chuckled and pulled him into a hug, “Alright. Don’t cause too much trouble.” She said.

Tony pulled back and pouted at her, “Where is the faith?”

Harri smirked, “Crushed under about seven years of craziness."

Tony laughed, “Fair enough. I’ll see you guys in two days.” He walked over to Loki and they disappeared in a puff of green smoke.

Bill looked over to Harriet, “Why do I have a feeling you’re going somewhere too?”

Harri smiled at him, “Because I am. Just not as far as Loki and Tony. I have to go wake up Bucky and talk with him. I won’t be able to be disturbed until we come out of his room.” Bill’s eyes shot over to the sleeping twins before narrowing at Harriet, she cut him off before he could even start talking. “Don’t even go there Bill.” She said, her voice hard, “I will never cheat on Fred and George. Ever. I love them. I did before I knew they were my soulmates in the last timeline and I would even if the connection wasn’t there.” She softened slightly, “Anyway, I only see Bucky as my brother. The only reason we need to be left alone is because he’s coming out of a situation where he was brainwashed and used as a weapon. He’s not going to take a sudden influx of strange people well. I hope to bring him out of his room by lunch for at least the start of contact.”

Bill studied Harriet for several tense minutes before his face eased and he nodded, “Alright. I’ll keep everyone clear. Griphook should be sending the Prewett information for us to go over anyway.”

Harri nodded, “I will assign some house elves to you to get you food and help you settle in. You are all welcome here, I’m sure the Burrow won’t take you back in her wards. You can sleep here in the family wing whenever you want to stay at the castle. I have no problem with that.”

Bill relaxed even further and nodded, “Thank you Harriet.”

Harri nodded with a small smile before making her way down to the main floor of the family wing. On her way she called Dianna, who appeared and walked in step with her, “I want Terra, Gale, and Hera assigned to Bill, Charlie, and Percy while they are here. Twilight should be assigned to Luna.”
“Twilight, Lady LeFay?” Dianna questioned uneasily, “That younling is strange. We only have her tending to the fairies and feeding the thestrals. I don’t believe she is a good choice to care for a family member.”

Harriet smiled down at Dianna, “I know you hear all that I say within these halls Dianna. You know of one of the great feats I have added to the LeFay legacy.”

Dianna nodded, her ears trembling with the movement, “Time travel, a grand feat of magic my Lady.”

“Yes.” Harri acknowledged, “Unintentional but grand. In the last timeline when we came here Luna and Twilight bonded before I ever assigned the little elf to my sister. I know they will be a great match.”

“As you wish Lady LeFay.”

Harri nodded, “As for Lee, Dart should be assigned to his needs.”

“And will LeFay be assigning a personal elf to her mates? Or taking one for herself?” Dianna asked, “It is only proper for you to have a personal elf.”

Harri smiled, “My personal house elf is currently in the employ of another. He is trying to get to me at the moment but the wards are protecting me from him finding me. I will have my personal elf by next year, not to worry.”

“He?” Dianna asked, her eyes wide, “Lady LeFay is taking a male elf for her personal elf?” Harri came to a stop at Bucky’s door and nodded down at Dianna with an amused expression. The elf let out a slight disapproving sound but bowed her head, “As you wish Lady LeFay.” She said, sounding put out. “What of your mates?”

“The elf that matches them best won’t become available for some time.” Harriet said, thinking of poor Winky who would be forced to cast the Dark Mark in a couple years and was thrown out on her own. Dobby had asked Harriet and the twins if they would consider taking on another elf just days before they had gone to America. They had agreed and Winky had taken to the twins immediately, they pranked her and she pranked them right back, it was an adorable relationship that Fred and George had gotten a lot of laughter out of so Harri didn’t want to deprive them of that,
especially since she knew that she would take the little elf into her service whether she had a task for her or not. “Until then I won’t assign them a specific elf, but their needs and requests should hold the same weight as mine.”

“Yes, Lady LeFay. Will that be all?” Dianna asked.

“Just have Lin bring a big breakfast into Bucky’s sitting room for us in a little bit. Make sure there are plums with it. That should be all, thank you Dianna.” Harri answered, the elf bowed and popped away. Harriet drew in a steadying breath and entered the room, ready to wake up Bucky.

Miles away, at the Potter Manor, Loki and Tony appeared in a disaster area. Loki had aimed for the dining room, hoping he would find the three Marauders here eating breakfast. It was not to be.

“Holy shit!” Tony exclaimed looking around, “Did a tornado hit this place?” The dining room table was covered in burnt, messy, half-finished foods interspaced with empty bottles of fire whiskey.

“Why haven’t the elves cleaned up?” Loki muttered.

“And aren’t they supposed to cook awesome food like yesterday?” Tony asked, poking at a strange grey lump that had a fork sticking out of it.

A pop announced the arrival of an elf, the little creature glared at them, “What you doin’ here?” it snapped.

Loki’s eyebrows rose and he leaned down slightly to address the elf, “We’re here to see James, Sirius, and Remus.” He said evenly.

The elf scowled, “Youse siding with them over Young Lady Harri?”

Tony blinked, “Is that what this is about?” he asked, pointing to the mess.

The elf crossed its skinny arms over its chest, “They not listen to Young Lady Harri. They make her leave. Young Lady Harri was so kind to us. So kind. If Young Lady Harri’s fathers turn backs on her we bes turning backs on them! We knows you not suppost to abandon youse young. No matters what they does! How could they?! Our Young Lady Harri only keepin’ hers family safe!” the table
rattled with the little elf’s rage and dust seemed to cover the floor.

Loki nodded, “We agree, we came back to talk some sense into those three. We don’t want Lady Harriet to lose her family.”

The elf before them looked to consider that before it nodded, “Ike lead you to master Marauders.” Loki nodded again, prompting the little elf to set off.

“Damn, remind me not to tick off Daisy.” Tony muttered as they followed after Ike.

Loki chuckled, “They are quiet fierce and loyal little creatures.”

Ike stopped in the foyer and pointed straight up, “Master Padfoot is being there.”

Tony and Loki frowned but looked up only to find Sirius asleep on the foyers chandelier with another bottle of fire whiskey half drank and hanging from his loose fingers. “How the hell…” Tony started.

“Master Padfoot be tryin’ to get to Young Lady Harri. Wards threw him back when he try to leave. Ended there and stayed to sleep.” Ike said, disgust clear in his voice. Loki rolled his eyes and directed his magic up to cocoon Sirius, the man laid as if boneless in Loki’s magic, still snoring.

“Why would the wards keep him from leaving?” Tony asked as he watched, “Did Harri put those up?”

Ike shook his head, “Master Charlus be puttin’ them up when Master Marauders was young. Those bein’ drunk cannot leave. For theys own safety.”

Tony chuckled, “I could use a ward like that.”

Loki brought Sirius down next to them but didn’t release the man from his magic, “Alright Ike. The next one please.” Ike nodded and lead them through the manor some more. He stopped once he had lead them out the back and onto the porch. On the edge of the porch was Remus, he was leaning heavily on one of the posts, and was making strange half howls.
“Remus?” Tony questioned.

The werewolf spun so fast he did a face plant, he looked up at them from his spot on the ground, “Look, ish Ironman! And Lokaye.” He slurred, he squinted at them and his voice changed to a whine, “Have you seen my cub? She was right…where is she?”

“I’m beginning to see a pattern.” Loki mumbled to Tony who snorted.

“They completely fell apart without her.” Tony stated firmly, his eyes widening as Remus rolled onto his back and let out a full mournful howl.

“Now we need to figure out if it’s because they took her words to heart or just because they think they’ve lost her completely.” Loki added, he looked down at Remus, “Moony.” He said sternly, the wolf looked up at him, “I know where your cub is. You can follow me.”

Remus nodded determinedly and got up shakily to follow as Ike began leading Loki again. Tony drug the werewolf’s arm over his shoulder as he stumbled, “Come on Moonshine, walking isn’t that hard.”

“Ish not Moonshine.” Remus slurred, “Ish Moonee! Wth, wth ta ee. See?”

Tony rolled his eyes again, “Sure MoonMoon. Just settle down.”

Ike led them to the play room where only the desk and couch remained, all of the electronics were gone. James was laying across the couch, he was clutching a recent picture of Harriet to his chest and muttering in his sleep, Loki caught “Sorry Lilly” and “No Princess” as he walked closer.

“Thank you Ike. We’ll take it from here.” The elf bowed and popped away. Loki leaned down and moved James into a sitting position in the middle of the couch before plopping Sirius next to him, Tony brought Remus over to the couch to sit on the other side of James. Loki waved his hand and his green magic surrounded all three of them, a couple seconds later Remus shook himself as his eyes cleared and James and Sirius woke with a start. “Pathetic.” Loki huffed.

All three Marauders gazes flew to him, “Loki?” James questioned.
The God drew himself up and glared at the three of them, “Pathetic.” He repeated, “This is what becomes of you once Harriet leaves?”

Pain filtered across all of their faces, Sirius crossed his arms over his chest, “She left us.” He grumbled petulantly. “Won’t listen to reason.”

Tony narrowed his eyes at the man, “Daisy!” he called, the house elf popped up in an instant, “Please collect the weapons Jarvis prepared from my lab.” Daisy nodded and popped away, Tony looked to Loki, “Can you heal them if I shoot them?” he muttered quietly. The God gave a discreet nod and Tony grinned. Daisy reappeared with the tray of guns and Tony picked up the handgun. He flicked the safety of and without preamble shot each of the three marauders once in their shoulders. The next several seconds were them screaming and clutching their shoulders, Tony watched with a slight vindictive pleasure, Harriet was his sister now after all and nobody messed with a Stark.

Loki silenced their screams with another waved of green magic, “I want you to feel the pain inflicted by a muggle weapon while we have a little…talk.” He said, his eyes flashing dangerously. The Marauders looked up at him warily.

James Buchanan Barnes woke slowly, swimming through a lake of black toward a light voice was calling his name, a voice he thought he recognized if only vaguely. At the back of his mind he felt him, the Soldier, tense and attentive, ready to snap and kill if necessary; but he felt…weaker than before. It was strange. He didn’t know...

“Come on Bucky.” The voice was saying, “He’s still there but he won’t be able to force control right now. You can wake up.” It was clearer now, Bucky fought through the lake. “That’s it Bucky Bear. Don’t stop fighting. You’re safe, you can come out.”

Just as Bucky broke from the lakes surface he felt a gentle hand against his forehead. The Soldier snarled in the back of his head and his left arm shot up in reflex to grip something soft and vulnerable. Bucky’s eyes shot open and he looked around wildly, trying to find the voice. He stopped when he found a girl staring at him calmly; she had intense green eyes, creamy clear skin, and wild black hair that framed her face that had streaks of whitish blue running through it along with a few…feathers? She also clearly had his hand wrapped around her throat…his metal hand.

Bucky’s mind rebelled but the Soldier just growled in his head, demanding that he not release the potential threat. The arm jerked but didn’t release the girl, “It’s alright Bucky.” She said softly, her eyes never wavering and her voice staying even. “Relax. Easy. I won’t hurt you.” The Soldier sent Bucky a strong sense of disbelief. “James.” Bucky’s cheek twitched at his first name, “Breath deep James. In.” he took a deep shuddering breath in, “Good. Now out.” He let out the breath shakily, “Good, I shouldn’t have touched you. That was my bad. But I promise, I won’t hurt you.” Bucky
eyed her uncertainly, “It’s alright. You don’t have to trust it yet. Can you tell me what you need right this moment? What’s keeping you from letting me go?”

Bucky frowned, trying to sort through his emotions and the Soldiers. He spoke, his voice rasping.

The girl gave him a small smile, “I can’t speak Russian James. Focus. I need English.”

Bucky’s brow furrowed as he concentrated, “Threat…” he ground out, “Asset…” he bared his teeth, “I am...unarmed.”

“Alright. I understand.” She said, her voice gentle. “Reach your other hand up under the pillows and to the headboard. There is a hunting knife there as well as three throwing knives.”

Bucky hesitated, studying her face but he saw nothing but sincerity. He slid his hand up under the pillows and found a comfortably worn handle there, he clasped it in his hand before throwing the girl away from him and sitting up all in one go. His eyes darted around the room, which seemed to be a well-appointed bedroom with a fireplace. The girl had landed by the door and was slowly standing, Bucky clenched the knife in the defensive position in front of him.

She held her hands up in the surrender position, keeping her bruising throat bare to him as a subtle sign of trust, “Easy Bucky. Calm down, while you’re still panicking you won’t think clearly.” She soothed. Bucky startled when he...felt music caressing him gently, making him calm slowly. Tense minutes passed until finally his breathing was even and the knife, while still in his hand, was no longer in a choking grip. The Soldier retreated to the back of his mind, a presence but not so close, not dictating his actions, not confusing him. “There you go.” The girl said softly, “Look at me Bucky, do you remember me?”

Bucky cocked his head as he looked over the girl again, a lot of his memories were fuzzy and unclear or they were clear and comforting but from a time he was positive was a long time ago. One recent one struck him though, one he thought was a strange, cryo induced dream, “Harriet?” he asked.

She smiled, “Yes. You can call me Harri if you’d rather though.”

He frowned, “That wasn’t...a dream?”
“No it wasn’t. It was in your mind. You were fighting the Programming when I came in, remember?” Harriet prompted.

Bucky nodded, uncertain, “You…you stopped him. The Soldier. Made him…see you as his handler.”

Harriet gave him an encouraging smile, “And then I turned him into a raccoon.”

Bucky gave her a sharp look, “That thing was supposed to be a raccoon?” he responded without thinking.

Harriet gave him a full grin and dropped her hands, “Yes, the adorable raccoon Soldier.”

“I think you mean creepy.” Bucky grumbled, Harri giggled. He ran his metal hand down his face before pulling it away and staring at it like he’d never seen it before, he looked back to Harriet, “Why can I…feel him? I was so…clear before.”

“We were in your mind. It is always easier to separate parts of ourselves within our own minds.” Harri said, “When we are conscious, everything compresses together, all of your parts making the whole. You will get impressions of the Soldiers instincts and knowledge but you won’t be forced to react that way. You are stronger than him. The main personality, if you want him to take control you will have to give it to him.”

“Then what happened earlier?” Bucky asked, looking at her bruised neck guiltily.

“You panicked, you were scared, and while you were only half awake you reacted with the Soldier’s instincts.” Harri said, “I don’t blame you for this. Like I said, it was my fault for touching you before you were fully aware.” She turned toward the door, showing him another sign of trust as she gave him her back, “Why don’t you get dressed and come on out. I’ve got breakfast and I’m positive its better than Hydra’s.” she slid from the room.

Bucky looked down and blushed, for the first time noticing that he was just in a pair of black sleep pants. He slid from the bed and explored the room around him, he found a full bathroom right next to a walk in closet that was stuffed with clothes, against the back wall though was a glass case holding his mission leathers and mask. The Soldier itched for him to put them on, they were safe, they were what he needed. Bucky shook his head and very pointedly chose dark faded jeans and a red t-shirt. He walked out of the closet, ready to go out and find Harriet, when a small square indent in the wall
caught his eye. It was subtle, he had likely only noticed it because the Soldier did in the back of his mind, pointing it out and growling at it vaguely.

Bucky stopped and felt around the indent, it seemed solid but he knew Harriet was a witch and nothing was ever what it seemed with witches. He pressed his metal hand into the indent, meaning to use the extra strength to make it move but as soon as his metal hand pressed flat to the surface the wall peeled away seamlessly. The Soldier made a noise of approval in the back of his mind as they took in the small armory. There weren’t any guns but there were clear spaces for them to be stored within, the rest of the weapons were knives, swords, and a few thick staves. With a small pleased noise Bucky armed himself.

When Bucky emerged from his room he found Harriet sitting at a small table that was piled with breakfast foods and fresh fruit, Harri looked up from the book she had been reading and smiled at him, “I see you found the armory. Sorry about not having guns in there yet, all I have on me right now are some hand guns that I took from Hydra when I came to get you and my personal ones. Make a list and I’ll do my best to get them.”

Bucky arched his eyebrows in surprise, “You’re willingly giving me more weapons?”

Harri gave him a lopsided smile and held out her arms in front of her, in the next second a tray of new hand guns and ammo appeared in them, she sat them off to the side of their breakfast. “Of course Bucky. I want you to feel safe here.” She wrinkled her nose at the guns on the table, “These are from Hydra but they’ll do until I can get you better ones.”

Bucky hesitantly sat down across from her and took a handgun case, he opened it and checked the brand new weapon over carefully before nodding and putting it in down next to his plate, “Thank you.”

Harri nodded, “You’re welcome. Now eat. Those assholes didn’t feed you like they should have.” She directed, pushing things at him before passing a basket of plums directly to him.

Bucky frowned at the basket, “I don’t…” he stopped as the Soldier took an interest in the fruit, cautiously he picked up the fruit and squeezed it curiously before taking a bite. The flavor burst over his tongue and his eyes lit up, he savored the juice that ran down his throat, in the back of his mind the Soldier sent his approval of the food choice. Harriet just gave him a fond smile.

They descended into a comfortable silence as they ate breakfast, Bucky loading up his plate with everything. Relishing getting the correct amount of food to support the serum for the first time. Harri just watched while she ate, Bucky felt her gaze but couldn’t figure out what she was looking for. The
Soldier was curious as well but as Bucky had remembered their earlier talk in his mind so had the Solider, for him it was just his handler observing him. It was normal.

“Why can’t I remember some things.” Bucky asked bluntly once he had settled down, eating slower now that he was sure it wouldn’t be taken from him.

Harri swallowed what was in her mouth before answering, “The memories of your time as the Winter Soldier are…horrible, painful. I wanted to make sure you knew you were safe before you were forced to remember everything. I’ve locked them away at the moment and brought your memories of before the Solider to the top. It’s why you feel more like yourself right now.” She laced her fingers together as she focused on him, “I’d like to help you go through the others, slowly. Having them locked up isn’t good for you but suddenly having them all at once will have you an absolute mess. If you’d allow me, once you’re more comfortable here I would like to help you with that.”

Bucky considered it but nodded slowly. “You said, you considered I and…Steve” He choked out the name with a sad glint in his eye, “family. How? I’ve never met you before this.”

Harri cocked her head at him and he shifted in place, she looked to be debating something but finally she sighed, “Magic is capable of a lot. One of those things is time travel.” Bucky’s eyes widened. “In the future you, I, and Steve were part of a team, a team that was our family. I’m working on putting our family together.” Bucky gaped at her and she stayed still, letting him take it in. Before Bucky could snap out of it there was a knock at the door, his head whipped around and his hand went to his new gun. Harri frowned and stood easily, moving between Bucky and the door, like she knew he needed that extra layer of protection. “Come in.” she called.

Bucky looked around her carefully in time to see a blonde girl amble in, shutting the door behind her. Bucky’s eyes widened; she was gorgeous, her slightly vacant expression only adding to her ethereal appearance. She was holding a brown paper bag in her hand as she swayed toward them.

“Little sister.” Harriet’s voice drew Bucky from his staring and he shot a look to Harriet. He knew she was young, about fourteen or fifteen from her current appearance, which meant the other girl was even younger. “What’s up?”

“The Nargles said I should come greet our newest arrival.” She said with a light airy voice.

That seemed to be all the explanation Harriet needed and she stepped out from between them. Bucky went still as he was hit with the full force of those silvery grey eyes, they seemed to shimmer as they regarded him. She smiled, “Hello Bucky.” She said, her eyes seemed to look further into him and the
Soldier perked up with interest, “Hello Winter. I’m Luna.” She tilted her head to the side, her turnip earrings swaying with the movement, “I know we can’t get Steve back until next summer so I have brought you a Steve to keep you company until then.”

Bucky frowned but looked down as Luna pulled something from the bag. He blinked but a wide grin spread onto his face when he identified a Captain Ameriabear, he let out a happy laugh as she placed it in his hands, “Thank you.” Luna gave him a smile in return.

Off to the side Harriet was watching the interaction with surprise. A thought occurred to her and she slapped her hand over her mouth. “Oh shit.” She murmured.

Chapter End Notes

My sister came up with the eleven thrones things, she said that Harri wouldn't like to rule alone so that's what i went for. Plus think how badass it would look with all of them in their thrones, just staring disapprovingly at someone. lol

Hliðskjálf is Odin's throne, that huge monstrosity we see in the movies.

Yes, I made Accolon Morgana's soulmate. No changing it now. It's done.

I am by no means an expert on hawk anatomy. Don't yell at me if its wrong! I looked stuff up by I didn't make a career out of it.

Clint is a total fanboy. You can't tell me otherwise!

I don't know if I wrote Wade correctly. I wasn't actually planning on him popping up, he just sort of did. *rolls eyes* Deadpool you know.

I don't actually know if De Marco's is old enough for Steve and Bucky to know. I put it in because it where my sister are when she was in New York and wouldn't shut up about when she came home.

Yes I will be treating the Soldier like an overbearing animagus.

I just had to put the plums in there. God damn it all he wanted was some plums!!

Dun Dun Duh!

Next chapter is the Expo! The Marauders return and Harri gets to meet Pepper again!
Hey all! How's it going?

I had someone ask about ages and I completely spaced it for most people. We don't hear much about the time between Marauders Era and what is the first years of the war but I like to think that James and Lilly got married pretty close after their seventh year making them around 19 or 20 when they married, another year or so for them to settle making them about 21 when they find out their pregnant which would make the Marauders currently in their early thirties, around 32. Harri's age of course is problematic because of the time travel but she is physically 14 at the moment (under the glamous and remember when Griphook did the test the first time it was right before her birthday) but mentally 25/26. The twins are 14 (remember their birthday is April 1st, I forgot to add it in first year but I'll try to remember next time). Luna is 11 of course. Percy is technically 17 at the moment. Charlie and Bill are a bit harder but I believe them to be 21 and 24 respectively. Tony, I didn't want to make the age gap to big among the group what with all the other age stuff to work around so he, is 28. Loki is a bit harder because of the whole immortality thing but I believe him to just be reaching his adulthood so about 21 in human years (yes, he was a teen mom, wanna fight about it?) When I and Dakota pin everyone else's ages down we'll let you know!

Don't forget, if you haven't already, check out the blog for this fic! It has sneak peaks and other fun stuff plus I will take more questions there and answer them so everyone can join in!

Here's this weeks chapter!

Harriet looked between Luna and Bucky, they didn’t seem to notice that she was even in the room anymore. Luna was holding a rather impossible conversation, changing between two different topics as she jumped between talking to Bucky and talking to the Soldier. Bucky looked fascinated by the interaction and he hadn’t taken his eyes off Luna’s face, even while he was adjusting his new Captain Ameribear on his lap. Harri bit her lip as she watched this, she certainly wasn’t expecting this. She needed to confirm things though before she could even begin to plan things around the development.

Knowing they most likely wouldn’t even notice her absence, Harriet set up a trip alarm on the doorway before closing the door softly and sprinting up toward her room. She swept through the common room, only vaguely noticing that everyone was awake now. She burst into her sitting room and went over to the bookshelf closest to the fire.

“Harriet?” came Fred and George’s voice. She glanced behind her and saw all of the Prewetts, Lee, and Sleipnir gathered there looking slightly worried, “What’s wrong?”
Harri turned back to the shelf, “‘Wrong’ may not be the right word for this.” She began taking the books off the three shelves right at her level and tossing them over to one of the couches, “I need to confirm it.”

Fred and George came over to help her, “Confirm what?” George asked calmly.

Harri let out a breath, “I think Luna and Bucky are Soulmates.”

Fred and George shared a confused look, “Wouldn’t that be a good thing?” Fred asked.

“It would be a wonderful thing!” Harri exclaimed, “But so very bad at the same time! I would never, never deprive someone of their soulmate but I will have to put more plans into place like right now if that’s what is happening.”

Bill frowned, “Why? It’s not like they’re going to complete it now right?”

Harri rolled her eyes, “I highly doubt they’re going to go at it now. But Bill, how did you like dealing with Fred and George when they were away from me?” she asked sweetly. Fred and George blushed but Bill paled, Harri nodded, “Now, imagine I was an airy, up and coming seer with a history of being bullied because of the way I am and the twins were one person who had just come out of oh say seventy years of being a brainwashed assassin for Hydra, and we’re about to be separated because I have to go to magic school but the twins can’t come because technically they’re a muggle.”

Now Bill and Charlie looked slightly nauseous, Percy himself looked a little green, “Shouldn’t you already know?” Percy asked, “From…from last time.”

“That’s the thing.” Harri said wringing her hands, “I don’t remember them ever meeting last time.” Her face was grave, “As far as I can remember they never did, every time they were about to or Luna showed up to put herself in a place for them to meet, something happened and things were side tracked.”

Sleipnir frowned, “The Norns kept them from meeting?”
Harri’s lips pressed in a thin line, “That’s the only thing I can think of, but I don’t know why they would. They’re the ones who give people soulmates.” She turned back to the shelf, “Whatever was keeping them from meeting has clearly been dealt with but if they are soulmates I need to know so I can plan. Their separation has the potential to be more damaging than mine, Fred, and George’s. Plus, there is the fact that once they mate Bucky will be able to use Luna’s magic and apparate himself to her if she ever needs him and about a million other things that have the potential to be shared between soulmates.” She pulled the last book from the three shelves she was facing and knocked on the wall, the shelves dissolved to nothing and the wall parted to reveal a black leather book with silver pressed into it in beautiful intricate vines.

“What’s that?” George asked from Harri’s side, Fred looked at it over her shoulder.

“This is everything Morgana ever discovered about soulmates and their connection. According to Griphook no one has ever discovered a way to find soulmates before they meet but we should be able to test it now that they’ve met. I know the Goblins can confirm it once its completed.” Harriet said, running a hand over the cover. Harriet flipped it open and flicked through it quickly until she stopped at a specific page, “Here.” Her eyes scanned the page quickly, “Relatively simply ritual. Would be better if it was a spell.” She muttered.

Fred frowned at the page, “Do we have the ingredients for the potion they have to drink? A lot of them are illegal.”

“It’s all in your lab except for the bit of cloud.” Harri answered, “I’ll be able to get that though.”

“Capturing clouds are a pain.” George huffed.

Harri looked up at him with a smile, “Ah, but you created a spell for it.” She looked down at the book again, “After all, how else were you going to gather the clouds needed for your Weather in a Bottle?”

George blinked before grinning, “I’m awesome.”

Harri laughed lightly, “You are.”

“Definitely.” Fred chuckled.
Someone cleared their throats loudly and drew the trio from their conversation, Lee was cocking an eyebrow at them, “You three want to enlighten us? Remember, you’re not the only people in the room.”

Fred and George looked a little sheepish while Harriet looked entirely unrepentant, “It’s a soulmate thing.” She said with a shrug, “If you don’t want us to forget about you then you have to speak up and not stand so far away.” She turned the book toward the group that was coming closer to them, “We’re going to do this ritual. Now that they have seen each other the bond should exist, even if it’s just faintly. It will tell us if they really are Soulmates and I need to break out the intensive plans or if it’s another type of bond and I can relax, if only slightly.”

Percy and Bill were looking over the ritual with interest but Lee was smirking, “Well at least if it’s another bond the twins will know what it is. They should be experts after all that research you made them do.” Harri rolled her eyes.

“What exactly is ‘the bond shall manifest’ supposed to mean?” Percy huffed, “If they aren’t the ritual will simply do nothing but ‘the bond shall manifest’ as a description of what happens if they actually are Soulmates is incredibly vague.”

“Soulmates are incredibly vague in the first place Percy.” Harriet said calmly, “Even with this book we never discovered all we could do with the bond. A lot of it has to do with the abilities of the people involved; magic levels, talents, latent abilities, creature inheritances, all that. After that it’s the strength of the bond itself, mine, Fred, and George’s will be stronger than Luna and Bucky’s at this point but not as strong as our bond was last time. So ‘manifest’ could mean many different things.”

Bill hummed, “Whatever it is we should definitely be able to discern it from ‘nothing’.” He said, shooting an amused look at Percy who blushed, “Either way, maybe we should have you three do the ritual first. We know for sure you three are Soulmates so we can see a sample of what ‘manifest’ may look like.”

“That could be awesome.” Fred said as he took the book from Harriet, ignoring Percy’s light protest.

George nodded, “It would defiantly be interesting to see what our ‘manifest’ looks like.”

Harri smiled, “Alright. We can do that. Fred, if you can make the potion. You don’t need the cloud until the end so I can go with George to show him is cloud gathering spell.”
Fred didn’t answer but began drifting toward the door under the stairs that led to their joint lab. “We’ve lost him.” George chuckled, he smiled down at Harriet, “I’ll go freshen up and I’ll be right back.” He ran up the stairs to Harriet’s room quickly.

Harriet smiled after them before turning back to the group; all of them, except for Sleipnir, were staring after the twins in disbelief, “They separated.” Charlie rasped, his eyes wide.

“What the hell?” Lee muttered.

Harriet giggled and they all focused on her, “The more comfortable they are with a space and a group of people the more willingly they will separate. I am a little surprised that they’ve done so here, they haven’t been in the castle long, but I’m connected to the entire thing so that may be part of it.”

Bill bit his lip, “Are you saying they’ve never been comfortable enough with us before to separate?” guilt stole over the three Prewett’s faces.

“Yes.” Harriet said bluntly.

“Way to just spit it out Harriet.” Lee muttered.

Harri rolled her eyes, “My first and foremost concerns will always be the twins. I’m not going to sugar coat things.” She looked directly at her mates’ older brothers, “You messed up, but the blame doesn’t fall fully on you. You’ve most likely learned this response to them from watching your parents. What does fall directly on your shoulders is noticing that the twins were different and then treating them differently in turn. No one could miss how close they are and some very simple research will reveal that they are magical twins. Research that I did within my first semester of knowing them last time. Add in the fact that they are both certifiable geniuses in their respective fields, it doesn’t make them the easiest to handle by people who are first meeting them but you are their family, you should have taken the time. Add in the fact that they are both certifiable geniuses in their respective fields, it doesn’t make them the easiest to handle by people who are first meeting them but you are their family, you should have taken the time.” She softened slightly at their genuinely distraught faces, “There are books about magical twins in the library, take the time to read and understand. You are already starting to make up for things simply by listening to them when they brought you the evidence of Molly’s deceptions and trusting them to take you into the Prewett family. Just don’t backslide. Like I said, the twins come first for me and I will take care of things that are harming them, physically, mentally, and emotionally.”

The three Prewetts stared at her in shock but Harriet’s focus was quickly drawn from them when George came running back from the room, she smiled at him as he grabbed her hand, “Let’s go! I want to see this spell of mine!” George exclaimed, Harriet laughed happily as he dragged her from
the room.

Over at Potter Manor the Marauders’ many new wounds were being healed by Loki who was quite happy with the outcome of this little meeting. He may not have had gotten to know Tony well at this point but they certainly played off each other well in a settling like this. They had very efficiently worked through the Marauders doubts and had won Harriet her father’s back, even if they may have gone a bit overboard with the weapons demonstrations. Loki was grateful that he could begin repaying all that Harriet had already done for him.

Tony was currently folding his metal suit back down into its small form, “Alright, so Harriet will be at my Expo the day after tomorrow. I would suggest waiting until then. I think she is dealing with Bucky right now, plus all those redheads that showed up.”

James frowned, “What redheads? Other Weasleys?”

“Not anymore.” Loki said, healing that last of Sirius’ gunshot wounds, “They disowned themselves and Fred and George took on the mantle of the Lords of another family. Prewett.”

Remus’ eyebrows shot up, “I thought Fabian and Gideon had disowned Molly.”

“But not her children apparently.” Tony said, he picked up his suitcase, “I have to go, the longer I’m gone the bigger Pepper’s inevitable rage.” He gave the Marauders a light glare, “Remember our talk, I would hate to have to repeat myself.” With that Daisy appeared and took him away.

Loki straightened himself, “Yes, we would hate to repeat this experience but we will if it becomes necessary.” He said in a low dangerous tone. All three of the Marauders shuddered under his gaze and from the promise in his voice, “If it comes up again we won’t stop at muggle weapons.” He growled, he gave them one final glare before teleporting away to the beach of Bermuda Island, which rested at one of the tips of the Bermuda Triangle.

He hadn’t gotten the full story of how Jörmungandr had joined them last time but Harriet had said he was found in the center of the Bermuda Triangle, in a cave under the water. Loki had made sure to research the area thoroughly before coming to get his third son, he was highly amused with the mortal’s ideas about the ‘cursed’ area. It seemed like his son had found a way to entertain himself at least.

Loki shifted into a raven before taking off, he flew toward the center of the circle, stretching his magic out to pinpoint the origins of his son’s magic that had spread over the area. As he came to the
center of the triangle he felt a pulse of cold magic against his own, Loki dove and changed to a shark the second he hit the water. He swam down toward the other magic, his sons. Loki felt a happiness rise him as he saw a dark cave ahead, he swam in and found it gave away to a magically made pocket of air. Loki shifted back into his normal appearance and walked along the cave, it was filled with trashed airplanes and ships, bones littering the wreckage from humans and fish alike.

It took a while but Loki soon found his son, at the end of the long cave was a sphere of open space; in the bottom part, amongst what looked to be thousands of pillows, blankets, and plushies, was Jörmungandr, curled up and sleeping in a form that was a fraction of his true size. Loki smiled fondly at his son; Harriet was right, he may be scary to some and highly venomous but no one would be truly scared of him if they saw him cuddling with what looked like Sleipnir and Fenrir plush dolls, half buried in blankets. The serpent was hissing lightly in his sleep, nuzzling into the Sleipnir doll every so often.

Loki chuckled and dropped into the bottom of the sphere area, navigating carefully through the pillows until he reached Jörmungandr’s head. He rubbed at the nose in front of him gently, “Wake up Jörmungandr.” He said softly, “Come on. Wake up.”

Jörmungandr shifted, making the pillows and blankets around them shift in a soft avalanche. Loki tumbled backward as one of his son’s hidden coils shifted under him, he spluttered and tried to right himself quickly. Before he could get his own feet under him Jörmungandr’s tail slid under him and helped him up, he was greeted immediately by a large light green eye, blinking at him in surprise. *Father?*

Loki smiled, “Hello Jörmungandr.”

*Father!* the serpent exclaimed excitedly, magic flowed around him and suddenly a small boy that looked about eight by Midgardian standards stood there. He threw himself at Loki and clung to him even as Loki locked his arms around the thin shoulders of his son. “Father you’re here! How? Why?” he asked, he tensed, “It isn’t Ragnarök is it?”

Loki swallowed down the lump in his throat that was threatening to make him cry, “No Jörmungandr, it’s not Ragnarök. I have come to take you from here.”

Jörmungandr pulled back slightly so he could look up at his father, “And go where? Has Grandfather allowed me to come to Asgard?”

Loki shook his head, “No, one of Midgardian’s powerful magic users saved me from a terrible fate and brought me under her protection. Sleipnir is already there with her, waiting.”
Jörmungandr cocked his head, “Her protection is enough to save Sleipnir from being Grandfather’s unwilling steed?”

Loki knelt in front of his son, “She is a Midgardian who has achieved a phoenix transformation and has claimed me as flock. By the Phoenix laws we are protected.”

Jörmungandr wrung his hands slightly, “Will she let me be in my other form? I like it better.”

Loki gave his son a soft smile, “She already knows that.”

“How?”

“I will tell you all I know later once we are under the protections of her wards.” Loki said, “I can’t feel him now but I’m sure Heimdall is checking in on you periodically to find me. Just know she knows and she is more than fine with it. She can also speak the snake tongue. I’m sure she would enjoy speaking to you in your other form.”

“Alright.” Jörmungandr said, he turned to look at his pillow and blanket pile, “Can I bring my stuff?”

“I’m not sure where you will be sleeping so just a little bit for right now.” Loki said.

Jörmungandr frowned, “How am I supposed to choose?” he asked in despair, Loki chuckled and stood back as his son began to sort through all of his pillows, blankets, and plushies.

Back at LeFay Castle everyone but Luna and Bucky were standing around a ritual circle in the ritual room. Percy was holding the book, he would be reading the incantation once Harriet, Fred, and George stepped into the circle. The rest were there mostly because they were curious about how the trios bond would manifest. Fred popped the cork from the first potion, “Ready?” George nodded and Harriet smiled.

Fred drank a third of the potion before passing it to George who drank and passed it to Harriet; she drank the last of it before throwing the vial into the bowl of ingredients at the center of the circle, making the vial break and the last dregs of the potion drain into the ingredients. As one Harriet, Fred, and George stepped into the circle; making the candles within, standing in to mark the four directions, flare. Percy spoke the incantation perfectly, his voice even as he read through the Latin.
Once the incantation ended everyone leaned forward in anticipation.

The candles flared into pillars of flames and magic burst between the trio within the circle, their magic twined together and flared pure white around them with streaks of red, green, and gold flying through it. Invisible wind lifted Harriet’s hair up and her eyes glowed Avada Kedavra green, Fred and George’s long hair lifted as well but their eyes flared golden. Two phoenix cries broke from the center of the circle and two figures bloomed in between Harriet and the twins. One was a wispy ice blue phoenix that looked like Glacia and the other was a lighter orange phoenix with two red streaks running down its back and into its four pure red tail feathers. The two phoenixes locked talons before bursting into flames and making the magic blow outward from the circle in a blinding display that made the group of observers cover their eyes.

Once the light died down and it was safe to look again everyone looked back to the circle to find all of the lights done and the candles blown out. All three were out of breath, their eyes were still glowing slightly. Harriet’s feathers had caught fire and the blue streaks look whiter than usual, Fred and George’s hair though seemed to be shimmering gold at the tips.

“Holy crap guys.” Charlie said, drawing their attention to him.

“That was awesome!” Lee exclaimed, “We have to do it again! I don’t think I got all of it!”

Fred and George chuckled while Harriet gave him a smile, “Maybe later. We have to test Luna and Bucky now.” She stepped from the circle and she went back to normal; her eyes stopped glowing completely, her feathers stopped flaming, and her streaks went back to bluish white. Fred and George stepped after her and their extras disappeared as well, their eyes went back to warm brown and the tips of their hair went back to red.

“What was with the second phoenix?” Percy asked, looking back to the book, hoping for answers.

Harriet shrugged, “Dunno. Never seen that phoenix before. I’ve only ever seen three other than myself.”

Bill frowned, “Three? One was Fawkes but most never see one phoenix in their life time, let alone three.”

Harri smiled, “Unfortunately I’ve never been most people.”
“Where would be the fun in that?” came Luna’s dreamy voice.

Everyone turned to see Bucky standing in the doorway looking hesitant, Luna was riding on his shoulders, her hands running through his long hair. Bucky stepped into the room uncertainly, eyeing the people around warily. He settled a little when he saw Harriet, she stepped forward with a smile, “Hey Bucky, I see Luna’s got you out of your room.”

He reached up with his flesh hand and gripped Luna’s ankle gently, “Um, yeah. She…she said you needed us?”

“I’m sure you’ve realized that there is something between you and Luna.” Harri said, Bucky nodded, “It’s a bond of some kind, we have an idea of what it is but we want to make sure.”

“How?” Bucky asked.

“Just a quick ritual.” Harri said with a smile, “All you have to do is drink a potion and step in a circle with Luna.”

Bucky frowned as he looked at the circle but Luna tugged on his hair gently, “It will be fine, Winter.” She said softly, Harriet gave her a fond smile.

“Alright.” Bucky said, he helped Luna down from his shoulders and she led him over to the circle.

George relit the candles while Harriet put new ingredients in the bowl, Fred brought Bucky the second potion, “You have to drink half and then give it to Luna.” Bucky took it carefully, eyeing the liquid uncertainly, Fred smiled at him, “Don’t worry. It’s not harmful. It’s from the same batch we used for this same ritual just a few minutes ago.” Luna looked over to Bucky and smiled reassuringly.

Bucky nodded again, his hand clenching around the vial, “Alright.”


Bucky drank half the potion and then handed it to Luna, she drank the rest and then threw the vial
into the fresh bowl of ingredients. Together they stepped into the ritual circle, the candles flare, and Percy began the incantation for the second time. The second the incantation stopped the candles flickered and then they expanded, becoming pillars of what looked like pure moon light. Bucky seemed to panic as what seemed to be blood frothed and rose within the boundary of the circle until it reached Luna’s waist. Luna reached over and took his metal hand and the blood pool calmed. From the pool a glowing blue moon rose with a red metal star held in its center. The moon held its position for several long seconds before it faded and the blood rushed outward. The moon light pillars dissipated right after, leaving the candles out.

“What…what does it mean?” Bucky asked, looking over to Harriet questioningly.

Harriet gave him a bright smile, “It means, James Buchanan Barnes, I’d like you to meet your Soulmate, Luna Pandora Lovegood.” Bucky’s eyes flew back to Luna and his mouth dropped open.

Meanwhile, in St. Mungos, the remnants of the Weasley family were gathered at the bedside of Arthur, who had been brought here after he had been found unresponsive in his office. Dumbledore was also present, though he stood at the door, waiting for Arthur to wake so he could figure out what happened. He had a very bad feeling about this but he couldn’t pinpoint the cause, it didn’t help that he had yet to locate Harriet.

“He’s waking up!” Ginny exclaimed.

“Arthur!” Molly exclaimed, immediately taking his hand in hers. “Arthur I’m here!”

In the bed Arthur groaned, screwing up his face before he blinked his eyes open. “Molly?” he rasped, he squinted up at her.

“I’m here.” Molly reassured, “Oh Arthur, what happened? Was it a curse?”

Arthur looked confused for a moment before pain came over his features, “The boys.” He croaked.

Dumbledore leaned forward even as Molly tightened her grip on Arthur’s hand, “What about the boys? Which ones?”

“Bill, Charlie, Percy, Fred, and George.” Arthur said, his voice fighting a sob, “They’ve disowned themselves.”
Dumbledore’s eyes widened, not being able to contain his surprise. Apparently Ron couldn’t either, “What! How could they do that!” Ginny made a soft noise of disbelief as she clenched her hands into fists.

Molly’s free hand flew to her mouth, “Why?” she let out shakily.

“I… I don’t know.” Arthur said, tears starting to flow from his eyes, “But they all left at the same time.” Ginny rushed over to her father’s side, while Ron frowned in the corner with his face turning red, and Molly began to tear up.

Dumbledore, feeling a little uncomfortable with where the emotions in the room were heading, cleared his throat to bring the attention to him. “I think, in light of this, I will be reinstating the Order. Not only will they be able to help us find Miss Potter but they can help find the boys so we can get some answers.”

Arthur looked uncertain but Molly let out a sigh of relief, “Thank you Albus.” Dumbledore bowed his head before leaving the room, his mind a whirlwind of possibilities. He needed answers and he needed them now.

As soon as he reached the hospital’s apparation area he popped away, landing moments later in front of the Granger residence, just within the wards he had set up. He didn’t really need Hermione at the moment, but it would do his apprentice good to begin seeing the inner workings of the Order.

Albus rapped sharply on the door and it was answered promptly by a glassy eyes middle aged woman. “Well done Hermione my dear.” Albus praised as he walked past the woman without care, he came into a cozy living room and found his apprentice surrounded by ancient texts, “Your Imperious is improving.”

Hermione looked up from her book and beamed at him, “Thank you Headmaster!” she gushed, “It has really helped being able to practice it at home.”

“I’m sure.” Albus chuckled, taking a seat across from her, “How are your studies coming dear? Your plans?”

“I have just gotten into the laws for 1677, so far there are only three still active that would hinder us. I have added them to the repeal list.” Hermione said, passing over a scroll to the Headmaster, “As for
the plans I have come up with, if I can’t get Ronald to behave by the end of the next semester subtly I want to make it clear that my position is higher than his and hope that it will temper things. I have been working on my Cruciatus, I’m positive it will be perfect by the time I may have to use it. I’ve also made several small plans to help integrate Ginny into Harriet’s circle and use that to bring me in.”

Dumbledore nodded, “I see, do be careful that Ron doesn’t say anything if you have to result to punishments to get him to behave Hermione. Molly could wreck things if she gets wind that we are harming one of her children.”

Hermione hummed but scribbled something on another piece of parchment, “I will do that but I will also start building an argument to present to Molly if she does find out. She agreed to help you after all, we can ruin the last bits of her much easier than she can you. Plus, I’m sure that a few cruios to help Ron get motivated to get control of Harriet won’t be taken too badly, especially if I bring up that his failure is getting us further away from her money.”

Dumbledore chuckled, “Excellent my dear. You are doing very well. By the time you graduate I’m positive you will be ready to take Fudge’s position and give us full control of the Ministry.” He put down the law scroll once he had finished perusing it, “Now, are you in the middle of anything incredibly important?”

Hermione frowned down at her book, “I was in the middle of examining another law, but I can mark my place Headmaster. Why? Did you find Harriet?”

Albus sighed, “Unfortunately not Hermione. I’ve just come from St. Mungos where Arthur was taken. When he woke up he told me all of the elder Weasley boys have disowned themselves.”

Herminie gasped, “Really? I thought they were a close family!”

Albus’ face dropped into a displeased frown, “Not as much as they used to be unfortunately. Molly’s enthusiasm for the mission involving Harriet has driven a wedge through the family. I’m sure you’ve seen what it’s done to Ronald and Ginerva. I’m not positive, but I fear that one of the older boys overheard me suggest Arthur enact family magic on the twins to keep them away from Harriet. They may have thought it was going too far.”

“What a load of dragon dung.” Hermione huffed, “It’s needed! How are we supposed to insinuate ourselves as Harriet’s best friends if they’re always hanging around her?”
“I’m afraid that they would indeed see it as going too far as Molly didn’t wish to involve them in our plans.” Albus sighed, he stood, “I’ve decided to bring the Order in now. We need to find Harriet and all of the previous Weasleys. Bill is our in with the Goblins, we can’t afford to lose him. Percy is slated for the Ministry as soon as he graduates, I need to get him onside before he leaves. The others can prove useful as well if we can guide them a bit.” He looked down at Hermione, “If you’re not busy my dear I’d like you to come see a little of how the Order works.”

Hermione jumped up, “I would love that Headmaster!” she exclaimed, she pulled free her wand, “I just need to refresh the Imperious on my parents.”

Dumbledore chuckled, “Shall I stand back and give you pointers then?”

“Please?” Hermione asked sweetly, he nodded again and followed her into the kitchen where her mother was cooking and her father was sitting staring blankly at a wall. “Imperio.” Hermione intoned, aiming at her mother even as her face scrunched up in concentration.

Dumbledore smiled slightly and nudged her wand down, breaking the connection, “You need to be a bit more fluid with that wand movement.” He said, Albus reached up and rubbed between her eyes to make her face smooth back to normal, “And this is not so much extra concentration but more confidence, you have to believe that your will stronger than theirs just as much as making your will stronger.”

“Yes, Master.” Hermione replied, her face determined.

Albus watched his apprentice take his suggestions and easily take control of her parents with a smile. He never thought he would have an apprentice, he had never really wanted one, but when the Book of Names at Hogwarts had reported strong accidental magics at a muggle residence he had investigated. It was like this that he had found many of his best pawns after all. What he had found was Hermione, suffering through an exorcism at the hands of a member of the clergy. She had looked over at him the second he had come into the room, even wrapped in disillusionment charms as he had been. He had killed the clergy man before revealing himself fully. It turned out that Hermione had already suspected that she had magic and was better than those without, a view point he shared.

So Albus had continued to visit the, at the time, seven-year-old to test her intelligence and her magic. Soon he found his plans for her far past that of any of his normal pawns and offered to take her as his apprentice when she turned nine. She was nowhere near as powerful as he was or as Harriet was sure to be, but that could be fixed at some point and her devotion to him and his cause was unquestionable. She was eager to take both the magical and muggle worlds under their control; for the greater good of course.
Almost two hours after the ritual found the group at LeFay Castle in the common room, waiting for Loki to come back. Griphook had sent over the Prewett portfolio and the five males were pouring over things, Percy and Bill helping Fred and George make decisions based on their knowledge and Charlie wrote down things that they would need to have done. They all seemed genuinely surprised at the size and amounts of the Prewett holdings, without Molly to corrupt things the Prewett family was still holding strong with investments and patents that they had secured over time. Needless to say, the new family of five was hardly strapped for Galleons any more.

Bucky, who was still a little wary of everyone, had settled into one of the arm chairs that had the best sight lines of the entire room with Luna settled across his lap, reading, with one hand tangled with Bucky’s metal hand. He was just watching everyone, studying them, watching for danger. Ever since they had confirmed that Luna was his Soulmate he hadn’t let her more than a foot from him and Harriet was torn between cooing at them and groaning. She knew that Bucky wouldn’t allow any separation, Luna may allow it but she wouldn’t be happy either. Harriet had to figure out how to keep them together during school without too much danger, she wanted her siblings to be happy after all.

Harriet herself was currently curled up with Sleipnir on the couch, she was continuing on the catalog of the twins’ prank products while Sleipnir read more from his book to keep himself occupied while waiting for his mother and brother to arrive. Harriet accepted the weight on her hip without complaint and every so often would run her fingers through his hair soothingly. Lee was sitting at the other end of the couch, reading a comic that he had brought up from his room. All in all the room was peaceful.

As Harriet was finishing up the descriptions of the defense line she felt a shift in the castle wards. She rolled up the scroll once more and tugged on Sleipnir’s hair gently, “Sleipnir, guess whose home?” she sang.

The boy shot to his feet, dumping the book onto the couch, “Mum’s back? Did he bring Jörmungandr?”

Harriet giggled, “Yes, he’s in the foyer. And yes, I can feel Jörmungandr.” She stood and held out her hand to him with a grin, “Shall we go greet them?” Sleipnir bypassed her hand completely and wrapped his arms around her in a hug. Harri smiled and looked around to the rest, “We shall be back soon with one more member of the family.”

With that they flamed to the bottom steps in the foyer and were greeted by a snake just about the size of Samarra. Sleipnir let go of Harriet and ran toward Loki and Jörmungandr, “Mother! Brother!” Harri watched with a happy smile as the two siblings reunited, Sleipnir changed to his horse form and Jörmungandr practically wrapped himself around the enormous eight legged horse.
Loki joined Harriet on the step and she looked over at him with a small smile, “How did it go?”

Loki looked down at Harriet with a raised eyebrow, “He was easy to find. The biggest problem was getting him to choose only a few of his blankets, pillows, and stuffed animals.”

Harriet looked back to Jörmungandr who was currently running his forked tongue up Sleipnir’s muzzle, making the horse startle and let out a distressed whinny. “He could have brought them all.” She said softly, “But that wasn’t what I was talking about.” Loki kept his face blank and Harriet huffed, “Most of the time the wards on a manor are connected only to the Lord but special wards made by the heir will remain connected to the heir until the ward has time to integrate into the old ward scheme.”

Loki sighed, “It took a bit but I’m confident that they understand better. We will know at the Expo. That’s when they are supposed to show up if they’ve accepted things.”

Harriet giggled, “A room is not accurate. It was more like, every room had a place for Jörmungandr. He would move where ever he was comfortable.” She turned back to look at the two brothers and was greeted by an enormous snake head a foot in front of her. Instead of jumping like Jörmungandr probably planned her to do Harri just smiled, *Hello Jörmungandr. It’s nice to meet you.* she said calmly.

*You’re not scared.* the snake noted with surprise.

Harriet chuckled, *No, I’m not. Right now you’re about the size of Salazar’s Basilisk and I’ve*
seen you much, much larger than this.*

Jörmungandr titled his head, *We’ve never met.*

Harri shot Loki a look but smiled when she looked back to the snake, *Time travel is a funny thing.* she said simply. Jörmungandr’s tongue flicked out to her face and she raised an eyebrow at him, his tongue shot out to scent her again and she caught his tongue in her arms; he froze but she started to stroke along the smooth, forked tongue. He practically melted. *Aw, you big adorable baby.* Harriet cooed, *Are you hungry darling?*

Off to the side Loki and Sleipnir was watching the interaction with wide disbelieving eyes. Dianna appeared a few seconds later with a bored looking cow, “I have brought a meal for your newest guest Lady LeFay.”

“Thank you Dianna.” Harriet said, *Jörmungandr? You hungry?*

Jörmungandr perked up and pulled free from Harri’s grip to look at the cow, *It’s been forever since I’ve had cow!* he exclaimed.

Harriet giggled, *Here you can have cow whenever you want. Welcome to your new home.*

Two days later the large group at the castle was standing in the common room, waiting for Jarvis to summon Harriet. Harri had brought some Ironman gear for everyone so they could show their support for Tony, but not all of them were so agreeable to the red and gold. She had managed to get the twins into jeans, something they didn’t have in the British wizarding world but that she knew they had liked when they moved to America, and an Ironman shirt. It had nothing to do with the fact that she mentioned she thought they looked good in them, not at all.

It had taken some convincing to get Bucky to come along but once Luna had said she was going he had agreed, though he had hidden multiple weapons on his person. Harriet and Luna had managed to get him to wear jeans and one of the Ironman t-shirts Harriet had bought as well, he insisted that they glamour his arm. Luna was standing by him in a low key red and gold sun dress and gold flats with a hair pin that looked like the new arc reactor.

Everyone else was a bit harder to convince without proper leverage. Lee wore jeans and one of the t-shirts after the twins threatened him with being the test subject for all their products. Bill and Percy refused to try jeans so Harriet had changed their dress shirt hot rod red and gave them gold pins with
a glowing blue arc reactor to put on their pockets. Charlie ended up liking the jeans but didn’t like any of the shirts, so Harriet had retrieved some old Ironman gloves that Jarvis had said were scrapped and resized them for the redhead, she charmed the repulsors to glow blue since they weren’t operational. Jörmungandr didn’t want to shift for this so had shrunk down to his smaller form so he could be carried by Sleipnir, Fred and George had worked together to charm his scales red and gold.

Loki flat out refused to wear red and gold and once he had said that Sleipnir refused too. They did wear more muggle America appropriate attire though so Harri guessed it would have to do.

“Well.” Harriet said, clapping her hands together, “We look like Gryffindor raiding party.” She herself, though under her school glamours for safety, was in an Ironman dress, hers was metallic to mimic the actual suit. She had charmed the triangle at her breasts to glow blue as well as the fake repulsors on her elbow length gloves and the ones on the bottom of her gold flat leather boots. A red headband held back her hair which she had blown out to look more windswept than usual. Harriet looked over to Loki and Sleipnir who both looked way too amused by the groups appearances, “With two intruding Slytherins.” She joked, Loki rolled his eyes at her. Harri cast a quick tempus, “Alright, last chance to grab things if you need it.” She brought her school bag up over her shoulder, it was filled with her usual essentials.

Bill rolled his eyes, “We’re fine. You’ve been doing last checks for five minutes.”

Harri shrugged, “You’d be surprised what superheroes can leave behind. I remember one time Steve actually forgot his shield, his main weapon! Just because he was in the middle of a conversation with Thor as they made their way to the Quinjet.” Bucky gave a low chuckle.

Lee rolled his eyes, “Honestly, you sound much more like their mum instead of their sister.”

Harri crossed her arms over her chest, “I may have to be, Merlin know they could use some mothering.” She huffed, Fred and George laughed and Harri looked to them with raised eyes, “Why are you guys laughing? That would make you their dads!” the twins stopped laughing and exchanged a look, Harriet felt her heart ache and promised herself she would tell them about their child once things had calmed down, after the Expo. Harri shook herself from her thoughts when she felt the pull of Jarvis’ summoning, “Alright, gather round. It’s time.” Everyone gathered close, all connecting with their hands in other peoples or with a hand on someone’s shoulder. Harriet brought up her fire around them and drug through, following the tug of the summons.

They landed in a large empty room, they pulled apart to looked around curiously when a familiar hand grabbed Harriet and drug her from the group, “Harriet!” Tony exclaimed, “You came!”
Harri laughed and snuggled into her brother’s embrace, “Of course big brother!”

Tony pulled back to take in her outfit, “Very nice, and…are those fake repulsors glowing?” he asked, looking at the smooth circles on Harriet’s gloves.

“Yep, the ones on my boots glow too.” Harriet said with a grin.

Tony looked over the entire group, “Well you all look amazing.” He wiped a fake tear from his eye, “It’s been so long since I’ve had a posse.”

“What like two years.” Harri teased.

“That long?” Tony whined, his face brightened and immediately went to a whole new topic, “Ah! The first of the many tracking devices!”

“I thought it was going to be a bracelet.” Harriet said with a smile as Tony ran over to a table that stood next to the only door. His folded up suit sat on it next to a small box.

“I thought you should have something for missions first!” Tony was saying, ignoring her comment, “Since that’s when you’re so gung-ho to go places by yourself.” He pulled a thick rectangular piece of dark metal from the box, “I already had Daisy take the charger over to the Castle for you.” Tony explained as he walked back over to her and clicked something on the metal, it popped apart to form a head band with two nodes connected at each end.

Harri’s eyebrows shot up, “Is that similar to your augmented cognition headset?” she asked.

Tony stopped in front of her with a frown, “My what?”

Harri winced, “Right, you haven’t made it yet. After the invasion.” She muttered. She looked back to Tony who was raising an eyebrow at her, “It works like a Heads Up Display right? Like in the helmet?”

“Yeah.” Tony said, handing the headband to her, “I assume that means you know how to use it.”
Harriet smiled as she put it on, with the back along her neck under her hair and the nodes pressed to her temples and cheek bones. “I think so, if it’s similar to what you wore last time then…” she reached up on her left and felt for a button, she nodded and pressed it, holograms popped to life in front of her face.

“Hello Miss Potter.” Jarvis greeted.

“Hello Jarvis.” Harri answered, she grinned at Tony and gave him another hug, “Thank you Tony.”

“Just taking care of my little sister.” Tony muttered, kissing her forehead. He pulled away again with a grin, “Now, glamour me up and we’ll go explore! I haven’t seen half this stuff but I don’t feel like getting mobbed going as myself. You can meet Pepper…”

“Before we go to Hammer’s presentation.” Luna interrupted airily.

Everyone looked to her, Tony frowned, “Why would we want to go see him? His presentation isn’t even supposed to be that exciting. He couldn’t do anything awesome like me so he’s showing off some mini drones or something.”

“The Nargles are positive it will be very exciting.” Luna hummed.

Harri’s eyebrows raised a bit, “Any other details Luna?”

Luna frowned and cocked her head, “There will be a storm later.” Loki and Sleipnir tensed while Jörmungandr hissed incoherently. “Everything else is uncertain at the moment.”

Harri nodded, “Alright, thank you for the heads up Luna.” The blonde gave Harri a dreamy smile before latching herself onto Bucky’s glamoured metal arm.

“I should have brought comms.” Tony muttered.

Harriet put her hand on his arm, “It’ll be fine Tony.” She let her magic flow over him to change his
most noticeable features and locked the glamour tight over him. “Let’s just enjoy the Expo while we can.” Tony gave a short nod. Harriet turned off the headset for now so they wouldn’t draw too much extra attention and led the way toward the door.

They all exited the building and blended into the crowds of happy Expo visitors, Tony explained things to the Prewetts as they came across the different technologies. Loki seemed to enjoy the organized chaos that was the Expo though his shoulders still held some tension from Luna’s warning, keeping Sleipnir as close as possible and his eyes constantly straying to Jörmungandr, Harri was able to calm him a little but it was still there. The twins were looking around at all the technology, quickly descending into prank planning mode, thinking of ways to integrate muggle tech like Harri had last year. Bucky was doing rather well for his first time out so close to his new recovery, but a lot of that had to do with Luna, her natural excitement and curiosity over things distracted him from worrying too much and she kept close to him. Lee was hanging off every word Tony said, only slightly less starstruck while his current favorite superhero was under the glamour.

Harriet was enjoying herself too, buying things every so often and jumping from conversation to conversation but she was really looking for her fathers. She was slightly disappointed that they weren’t here yet but tried to calm herself, keeping in mind the time differences or figuring that they might be doing something. She was still wearing the leather cuff they had given her at the beginning of first year after all, they should be able to track her. Harriet just tried to keep her hopes up as she spent time with part of her family.

About an hour before Hammer’s big presentation, just as the sun began sinking lower in the sky, Tony led them toward the main stage, Harriet slowly eased his glamour away so no one would notice the sudden magic and turned back on her new headset. “Jarvis tell Pepper we’re coming.” Harri said.

“Will do Miss Potter.” Jarvis replied.

“Anything strange going on with Hammer’s devices so far?” she asked softly.

“I have been monitoring them since Miss Lovegood’s warning. There is nothing as of yet.” Jarvis said.

“Alright, keep watch please.”

“Of course.” Jarvis replied, sounding a bit offended. By the time they reached the entrance to the backstage area, Tony was himself again and quickly ordered VIP passes for everyone in the group. After a quick argument it was decided that only Harriet would go meet Pepper right now so she
wouldn’t be overwhelmed by the big group, so rest went up to the private level to settle in their seats for the presentation later.

Tony led Harriet through the back and to a video command center that would control which camera angles were shown on the broadcast. There, standing behind the tech and checking over a clipboard, was Pepper, wearing a smart cream colored pant suit with her hair pulled up behind her in a smart bun. “Pep!” Tony called, making the red head spin and focus on him immediately, “Pepper! Hey!”

Pepper smiled and came over to them, Harri discretely put up a privacy ward, knowing Tony’s babbling ability. “Tony! You actually showed up! You know, Jarvis told me you were here but I thought you were just going to completely skip this presentation because of who was involved.”

Tony pouted, “Would I have done that?”

“Yes.” Pepper deadpanned.

Tony rolled his eyes before doing another conversation 180, “Hey, so you know how I keep talking about Harriet?”

Pepper’s mouth pressed into a thin line, “Yes, the mysterious girl who you claim is just a sister but won’t allow me to meet.”

Harriet giggled drawing Pepper’s gaze to her, “I understand where you’re coming from Miss Potts but Tony isn’t my type and, in fact, I’m quite taken.”

Pepper’s eyes were wide as she took in Harriet, “Taken? What are you like twelve?”

Harri shrugged, “In a way, I won’t be twelve until two weeks from now.”

“In a way?” Pepper repeated, “In what way, look at you!”

Tony jumped in, “It’s a long story Pepper, one of those good ones you know, with romance and danger and villains and superheroes and family and magic and time travel…”
“Time travel!” Pepper sputtered, Harriet face palmed.

Tony didn’t notice, just plowed right on ahead, “And we’re all one big family! But Harriet won’t tell me who everyone is because apparently I will ‘go over the top trying to bring them in too fast’, can you believe she said that?! Like I-”

“I can yes.” Pepper said dryly, Harri giggled and they two woman shared a grin.

“Tony.” Harri called, putting a hand on her brother’s shoulder and effectively calling him to a stop. “Slow down a bit. We don’t have time for the full story right now.” Harri turned fully to Pepper, ignoring Tony’s grumbling, “Hello, I’m Harriet Rose Potter, but most people just call me Harri. Nice to meet you.” She said with a bright smile.

Pepper shook her outstretched hand, “Virginia Potts, but you can call me Pepper. Nice to meet you as well.” She glanced over at the pouting genius, “I’m not sure what I think about this time travel stuff but obviously you know how to handle him. If I understand correctly, you were also the one who helped Jarvis stop that man Vanko from coming after Tony.”

Harri nodded, “Yes, he would have attempted to kill Tony.”

“And have you had something to do with his recent better health?” Pepper asked.

Harri laughed, “Yes, I sent him some help that would get him on a schedule and keep him fed correctly.”

“Well I’m glad you’re here to look out for him.” Pepper said with a smile.

“My family’s safety is very important to me.” Harri said seriously.

Pepper beamed, “I think we’ll get on just fine then.”

“Great.” Tony muttered next to them, “Potts and Potter together at last, here to ruin all my fun.”
Pepper looked amused at that.

Harriet pouted at Tony, “But big brother, we only want you safe and healthy.” She whined.

“Safe and healthy is boring.” Tony whined in return.

“Yeah, but in between safe and healthy we have our fights with villains, isn’t that enough?” Harriet countered, Tony looked to consider it before deflating and giving her a nod.

Pepper laughed lightly, watching the exchange, “Yup, your good for him.” She announced, she pointed a manicured finger at them, “But I want the full story later.”

Tony perked up immediately, “She and everyone else can come over to the mansion later tonight!”

Pepper raised an eyebrow at the everyone else but nodded, “That’s sounds good. Now go sit for Hammer’s presentation. You have to make a good impression.”

Tony sighed dramatically but nodded and led Harriet up to find their seats with the rest of their group just as the five-minute warning for the Hammer Industries presentation was announced. “Can’t we sneak out the back.” Tony whined.

Fred and George looked over to him in confusion, “What’s your deal with Hammer?” Fred asked.

“He’s a douche.” Tony huffed.

“That’s not an answer.” George stated.

Harriet smiled, “He’s the self-absorbed, morally ambiguous guy who runs Hammer Industries, the company who took over the U.S. defense contract after Stark Industries stopped making weapons. His product is inferior in every way to Tony’s and he gets reminded of it almost constantly. He likes to try and one up Tony a lot, never works but he can be a pain.”

Tony looked over to the twins suddenly, a wide grin on his face, “Could I hire you two to prank
Fred and George chuckled, “We never thought”

“of hiring ourselves out’

“like that, but we can”

“give you some of our”

“prank products once Harriet”

“shows us how to make them.” They offered.

Tony nodded, “Deal.”

Harri rolled her eyes fondly at them and focused on her headset, “Jarvis you have control of the sound system right?” she asked softly, so only Jarvis would pick it up.

“Of course.”

“Can you play a more…appropriate…song once Justin begins walking out on stage?” she asked.

“My pleasure.” Jarvis said, his voice managing to sound amused.

A few minutes later the lights dimmed and a spot light focused on the left of the stage, a funky jazz music began to play as Justin walked out but the music quickly stopped with what sounded like a scratching record before another broke over the speakers, “Stop! Hammer time!” the music continued playing as the crowd roared with laughter and many began dancing in their seats. Lee, one of the only ones of the group to know the song, broke into loud laughter, while the rest just looked amused at Justin’s rapidly reddening face.
Tony looked to Harriet who pointed at her head set with a smirk, “Awesome!” Tony crowed, they shared a high five.

Justin made his way quickly to the front of the stage, his face resembling a tomato, and waved his hands for quiet, “Yes, yes. Hilarious.” He joked into his mic, Jarvis finally cut the music and the crowd died down.

“Well the rest of this thing can be boring. That just made my evening.” Tony laughed.

They settled in to watch Justin’s presentation. A few minutes after he began talking platforms rose from the stage with what looked to be seventy large dragonfly looking drones. They were split in four groups, each with different capabilities. The front group, only ten in number, were apparently the most packed models. Harri sighed, ready for a long convoluted explanation.

“Miss Potter.” Jarvis interrupted seriously, “I’ve lost eyes on Vanko.”

Harriet frowned, “See if you can find him. If you can’t I’ll track him from his last known location after this is done.” She said softly.

“Will do Miss Potter.”

Harriet focused on the presentation again and narrowed her eyes when she saw one of the dragonflies in the back flex it’s wings. She slid her hands into her bag and drug her mission clothes up from the bottom. Harri slid her eyes over the rest and leaned forward as she saw more wings begin to move, “Tony.” She said warningly, he sat forward next to her and frowned at the movement.

“All weapons demos were ordered to keep explosives and ammunition clear of the Expo to avoid misfires harming civilians.” He muttered.

“How likely is Hammer to have followed that?” Harri asked, in answer Tony reached for his suit. Noticing the movement, Bucky reached for his gun and Loki’s armor began to slowly form around him.

“Miss Potter, someone is hacking into the Hammer drones.” Jarvis reported.
“Can you stop it?” Harri asked, loud enough to draw Fred and George’s attention this time.

“I’m attempting to but I’m being blocked right now.” Jarvis said, all of the dragonflies were beating their wings now.

Harriet didn’t waste any more time, she did the switching charm on her clothes, “Jarvis, tech protocol when identities are still under protection are full lock down on any footage. Keep it contained. The World isn’t ready to know all of our identities yet.”

“Yes ma’am.” Jarvis said seriously just as the drones lifted from their display stands as one. Justin spun as one of the crowd shouted and threw himself to the ground as the first shot went off.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes:
The twins never separated with Lee, not because of a lack of trust but, because they were always sin a relatively strange environment. School or Diagon Alley, even Lee’s house to an extent because while they like Mr. And Mrs. Jordan they never really sat down and got to know them.

I know many of you probably wanted to see the talk Tony and Loki gave the Marauders but I never planned to show it. I planned for it to be one of those things that a character is threatened with. You know, like "Should we have another talk, James?" "No! No, I'm good! I'll be good! I promise! No talk!" lol

The age problem with Loki's children I have decided to play with. Obviously they are older than our other characters, several hundreds of years old but I have decided (mostly for the adorability factor) that so long in their animal forms kept them from aging correctly in their bipedal forms. So in looks, Sleipnir is a preteen, about twelve, Fenrir will be about nine, and Jor is about eight.

Jor is totally a cuddler. Someone want to draw me a cuddly Jor? Please? *bats eyes at you*

I built Harriet, Fred, and George's ritual right into the story because I knew you all would ask! Hope you liked it!

I'M NOT REDEEMING THE REST OF THE WEASLEY FAMILY(besides Arthur). They reacted like they did because they care but when they realize that the boys chose Harriet over them they will be hateful. They still think they're in the right. Arthur is the only other salvageable person in that family and I plan to reveal Harriet's child to them when she brings him over and he attempts to plea for a lesser sentence for the remaining members of the family. So again, don't ask, Molly, Ginny, and Ron are lost
causes.

Finally! Some backstory on Hermione's involvement!

Okay so the tongue thing for Jor, I just thought the scene in How to Train Your Dragon 2 was adorable and wanted to add it somewhere but random dragon when no dragon AT ALL is needed wasn't the way I wanted to go. So Jor got it. The adorable little baby.

I'm actually not sure if the Wizarding world has jeans, I didn't remember them in the movies on anyone but Harry. I looked up pictures(didn't want to marathon the entire series again just to look for jeans*rolls eyes*) but they always seem so damn formal so I figured they didn't have them. But have you seen some of the pictures of James and Oliver Phelps in jeans? Damn.

Yes! Jesus the Avengers could use a mom! Someone write it! I need to see it! Send me the link!

The head set he gave Harri is like the one Tony was wearing in Ironman 3 that allowed him to control the suit form a distance.

Cliffy!!

There is a new Outtake for you all to check out!
Instinctively, Harriet threw her magic down in front of the crowd and deflected the bullet, “Jarvis, hit the fire alarm.” She ordered. Next to her Tony was standing up and stepping into the suit. In the row of seats behind the, Bucky was standing up and had his gun aimed toward the stage; Loki was standing and had summoned his full armor, the spear Harriet had gifted him in his hand. The drones opened fire on the shield in front of the stage and people screamed.

The fire alarm rang a second later and the crowd made a mad dash for the exits. Harriet flipped her hood up just as the last bit of the suit snapped into place around Tony, “Hero time.” Tony sang.

Harriet turned to the stunned wizards who were watching the firing drones, “I need you guys work on making sure the area is clear. In the states magic in the defense of muggles is fine, just don’t get too flashy, we’ll try to contain them.”

They snapped out of it at the command in her voice and Bill and Charlie nodded, jumping to their feet immediately; Percy looked determined and followed after his older brothers as they ran from the VIP floor. Fred and George stood strong next to Harriet, “We’re not going anywhere.”

Harri smiled at them from under her hood, “Normally I wouldn’t want you too but you haven’t had training beyond the rocky Defense Against the Dark Arts at Hogwarts. I promise we will train together later but right now you guys would be in too much danger here.”

Fred and George looked like they wanted to protest again but Sleipnir grabbed their arms and pulled them behind him, “I’ll go with them. We’ll get the civilians out.” He said seriously.

Harri nodded and turned back to the stage where the dragonflies were beginning to look for other ways out other than through her shield. “Bucky.” She called, she heard a gun cock in answer, “You’re not completely up to par yet. Pepper will stay back at the controls while this is happening.
That’s a good place to protect Luna and her while we’re doing this. Get connected and call out patterns and strays to us.”

“Affirmative.” Came the clear tone of the Soldier.

“Don’t fear the thunder.” Luna called dreamily as she was carried away by the Soldier.

“You want to give us some direction too?” Tony teased as he flew into the air, “You’re so good at it.”

Harri laughed, “I’m just the stand in. Now, let’s go destroy some drones.” Harriet dropped her shield and flamed directly onto the stage, she heard Tony take off after the ones who had been smart enough to shatter the glass ceiling and make it out and felt Loki teleport right behind her. Spells and ice flew around them, destroying the drones that had remained left and right.

“These little buggers are surprisingly good shots.” Tony’s voice said through Harriet’s headset.

“If you can’t handle these then you’ll have no chance against Doombots Tony.” Harri laughed.

“Excuse me I said they were good shots, nothing more.” Tony scoffed, Harri heard the whir of a repulsor.

“Queen.” Loki called, Harri looked over at him with a grin as she rent the wings from one of the last drones in the convention center, Loki was holding a cowering Hammer, “What should I do with this?”

“Cuff him and leave him with Pepper, she’ll have him arrested. He’s not a real threat.” Harri said, she smirked, “I’ll talk with him when he gets out.” She said darkly. Hammer squeaked and Loki rolled his eyes before teleporting away with the man.

“Station achieved.” Came Bucky’s voice through Harri’s headset, “All drones in the convention center have been eradicated. All targets now outside.” Harri glanced around and counted about twenty of the drones before flaming outside to the top edge of the convention center. Loki was there as well, throwing pure magic at drones that were unfortunate enough to come into range. Tony was trying to herd them closer and away from the running people.
“A drone is targeting some people ahead of you, your Majesty.” Came Luna’s voice.

Harriet didn’t hesitate, knowing Luna would send her where she was needed, she changed to Glacia and shot forward, diving when she saw a drone aiming at a tent. She swept her wings forward, sending blue fire over the drone and freezing it over in seconds. Glacia barrel rolled before landing with her full strength on the drone and shattering it. She changed back to her human form to make sure the people were okay but her eyes widened when she found James, Sirius, and Remus helping a woman and two small children free from the booth so they could run.

“Dad?!” she exclaimed, they all turned and smiled when they saw her, their smiles faded when they saw the shattered drone around her though.

“Moony I thought you were watching out!” James said.

“Somebody called me over to help.” Remus huffed.

“Straight up Queenie.” Tony called through the headset.

Harri heard Tony fly over and shot a bombarda maxima straight upward, another drone exploded overhead. Harriet shook herself from her shock and put a shield over them to keep the pieces from hitting them just in time, Harri looked over to her fathers, “Get them to safety. We’re almost done here.” She ordered before running toward the convention center again. Harriet pulled down another two drones as she ran, each exploding on impact and making Harriet grin.

Hooves sounded close by and Harriet used her surroundings to jump on top of the booths; one row over Sleipnir, who had apparently transformed, was galloping toward the convention center with Jörmungandr wrapped around his neck and Fred and George on his back. Harriet huffed and transformed into Glacia so she could keep pace with them, Glacia trilled to catch Sleipnir’s attention once she flew next to him. He whinnied in happy greeting as Fred and George whooped. Glacia shot toward a drone ahead of them that was shooting at one of the Expo’s generators. Glacia dug her talons into its side and spun it into the ground; Sleipnir leapt and hit it, with his hooves full of magic, the colors glimmering as they pulverized the metal being.

Out of nowhere thunder boomed and lightening fell from the sky, Sleipnir slid to a stop and Glacia hovered in place, both looking up in just enough time to see the lightening take out the remaining drones that were in the air. Glacia let out a worried trill when she saw a familiar figure drop out of the sudden storm to land near Loki on the top of the Convention center. Glacia’s eyes sight was good enough to see Tony drop next to Loki, his stance protective. Thor seemed to talk to them for a few
seconds and then Loki tensed and Tony fired a repulsor at Thor, sending the unsuspecting God backward.

Glacia began ascending immediately, knowing Thor’s next move, having seen it a thousand times. Tony turned away to check on Loki and Thor got up in the same second, anger built on Thor’s face as Glacia flew closer and with a roar he threw Mjolnir at Tony. Glacia flew between them with a shriek and transformed back with no time to spare, instantly putting her hand out and pressing against Mjolnir’s head. Lightening and blue fire flew as Harriet held strong, only being pushed back an inch; she reached out mentally to Mjolnir, tugged at the old weapon’s consciousness gently, and offered up her memories of before. Harriet didn’t even flinch as she felt Mjolnir dig through her mind, pulling up memory after memory, judging her intentions, her worthiness. Slowly, Mjolnir began to pull out of Harriet’s mind and Glacia pushed some information forward for Harriet. Without hesitation Harriet offered some of her magic to the hammer, with the new knowledge it would replenish quickly within her but the offered magic would strengthen Mjolnir herself.

Suddenly Mjolnir dropped to Harriet’s feet, Harriet lifted an eyebrow at the hammer, “You were never this dramatic before Mjolnir.” She said with a sigh, she leaned down and picked the hammer up, hefting the weapon against her shoulder. Loki and Thor gaped at her openly, “Now, can we talk like civilized people or are you going to insist on continuing this fight Thor?”

The God of Thunder’s mouth opened and closed like a fish for several seconds before he fell to his knees, his head bowed, Harriet frowned and took a step back, “Lady Phoenix, the Royal Family of Asgard asks for the return of my brother.”

Harriet’s eyebrows shot up before she looked back at Loki, his eyes were beginning to light with understanding, he locked eyes with Harriet, *They think you’re a phoenix turned human, not a human turned phoenix.* he said quietly into her mind.

Harriet had to stifle her laughter as she turned to Thor and drew herself up, “My flock mate is safe and happy here. I will not return him until I believe him to be safe there. I have seen the trials your realm has put my flock mate through, how you have kept my flock mate from his precious hatchlings, how you have blamed him for things that he clearly had no hand in, how you have punished him in such barbaric and cruel ways. What makes you think I will ever believe it safe for him there?”

Thor’s head shot up, “He is part of your flock?”

Harriet raised an eyebrow at her Uncle, “Does that surprise you Thunderer? Have you so little faith in your nest mate?”
Thor shook his head and dropped it back down, “No Lady Phoenix. We were not sure in what capacity you had taken my brother. He more than deserves a place in the flock of a phoenix.”

“You speak as if I stole him. It is my right to save my flock mate. Even from himself.” Harri said. Loki blushed slightly and looked away, Harri spun Mjolnir in her grip, “I assume your mission here was to retrieve your nest mate?”

Thor nodded, “And to make sure he was well. Mother has been distraught since his…disappearance, has yet to even leave her room since she was told of it.”

Harriet narrowed her eyes slightly at Thor, “I see your attempt at manipulation Thunderer. Leave it to your nest mate, you’re terrible at it.” Thor slumped a little at the reprimand, Harri softened a little, “But I’m am not completely cold. I will give the mighty Mjolnir coordinates; you may bring your mother to see her hatchling in one week’s time. I hope you also bring along plans to rectify my mistrust in your people.”

“Thank you Lady Pheonix.” Thor breathed.

Harriet smiled, “You can call me Harriet.” She said as she sent some coordinates to Mjolnir, she gently set the hammer down in front of Thor, “Rise with your weapon Thor, leave us.” With that she turned to Glacia and flew over to land on Loki’s shoulder primly.

Thor stood with Mjolnir and let out the length of her strap before beginning to spin her, stirring up the storm above them. His wide eyes looked to Glacia before he focused on Loki, “Blood or not, you will always be my brother Loki. I will do what is necessary to make things right brother.” With that he raised his arm straight up and Mjolnir jerked him into the heart of the storm. He was taken into the fold of the clouds and as quickly as the storm appeared, it disappeared.

“Well that was certainly…interesting.” Tony said, his head looked over to Glacia, “G, is that another of our family?”

Glacia bobbed her head easily, *Yes.*

Tony grinned, “I’ll start thinking up nicknames now!” he crowed.

Glacia squeaked in laughter, she took off from Loki’s shoulder, *Come on. We need to get to the
flock so a quick ward can be set up to keep us from prying ears. * she flew behind Loki who let out a small noise of surprise as she lifted him by the back of his armor like she had when she flew him from the Void. Glacia flew Loki from the roof of the convention center with Tony flying down next to them.

Below the Marauders, the elder Prewetts, Pepper, Luna, and Bucky, who was holding a bound and unconscious Justin Hammer, had joined Sleipnir(who had changed back), Jörmungandr, Fred, and George to wait for those on the roof in an expectant looking half circle. As soon as they landed Glacia perched on Loki’s shoulder again and held up a claw when Fred and George looked to her curiously, Glacia looked to Bill, *Privacy ward please.*

Bill nodded and quickly cast a privacy ward around them, once it had settled Glacia flew off Loki’s shoulder and changed back. She grinned, “Well, that went well.”

“Well!” Fred exclaimed.

“You were awesome!” George said.

Harriet giggled, “Thanks.” She tugged her hood back just a little bit before addressing the group, “Alright, we have a lot to go over but right now we have eyes on us. Heimdall with report to Odin anything that we do so we have to be careful. Apparently they think I’m a phoenix who managed to turn human and not the other way around, I’d like to keep it that way, it will give us an edge. So until we can get under our regular wards I must act as Glacia, as a phoenix in a human form.” She looked to Tony, “We still on for Malibu?”

Tony brightened, “Yes! We can go and…” he frowned, “What did we do after fighting bad guys before?”

Harri grinned, “Takeout after a fight is tradition.”

“Sweet! Chinese? I have a place on speed dial, I can order in a truck load!” Tony said.

Harriet smiled and nodded, “That’ll work.”

“Any other orders your Majesty?” Bill asked with amusement.
Harriet drew herself up with a mock snooty look, “A few yes.” Everyone chuckled, Harri give them a playful smile, “I need to go take care of Vanko before he tries to hurt Tony again.” She kept her gaze from the Marauders while she said that, Jarvis was already pulling up coordinates and information about the area up on the hologram screens of her head set. “Pepper, can you get Hammer arrested? He wasn’t behind the attack but if he hadn’t brought in explosives and ammunition there wouldn’t have been as much danger.” Pepper nodded and pulled a StarkPad out of her bag to get started. “Daisy should be able to get everyone to the Mansion pretty quickly while I’m out working. Once you get there, Fred, George, you need to call Dianna, she will be the only elf who can bring you one of the Castle’s empty ward stones.” They nodded and Harri looked to Bill, “If you could put together a standard ward scheme to go over Tony’s mansion I would be grateful.”

“No problem Boss.” Bill joked.

Harri smiled before looking at Percy, “There will more than likely be a representative from the American Ministry of Magic coming to the mansion in the next day or two once they zero in on our signatures. If you could brief Pepper on the beginning of magical politics and the standard laws that they may bring up, that would save us a lot of confusion.” Percy glanced over at Pepper curiously but nodded. Harri smiled, “Alright, that’s it for right now. I’ll see you at the manor.” Harriet transformed back to Glacia and, following the coordinates Jarvis had given her, flamed away.

In a mansion in Westchester County, New York, a group of students were watching the news coverage of the Expo Attack with wide eyes. A particular student, a rather new addition, was watching while clutching at the flat metal phoenix that had brought her to this place, this second chance. It was slow going, she hadn’t been here long after all, but she was beginning to see things more clearly.

“Wanda?” came the Professors voice, she looked over to him and held up the metal phoenix, it shimmered blue as light hit it.

“Do you believe in coincidences Professor?” Wanda asked softly.

The Professor’s thin eyebrows rose as he looked back to the television, “I believe that sometimes we make them seem to be more than they are.” He said carefully.

Wanda frowned as she turned the bird around between her hands with her power, “Even the grainy footage they got from far away showed the hooded one making ice from nothing and then they jumped from the roof and turned into a blue bird.” She let the metal phoenix catch the light again, once more making it shimmer blue. “How many coincidences can pile up before we must assume it’s more?” she let the metal bird drop into her hand, “The power around this when I came felt cold, you said so yourself. And it only shimmers blue, no other color.”
Charles Xavier sighed at his newest student, her arrival was very mysterious and she was correct that the power surrounding the metal phoenix had been cold, unforgivingly cold. Even without his telepathy Charles knew young Wanda was thinking of seeking the person who had sent her here to help her retrieve her brother. She had asked for his help but his team, though powerful, wasn’t ready for a full on assault of Hydra, not without Logan, Jean, or Scott.

Charles sighed, “Wanda, I know you wish to find this person out to help find your brother.” Her eyes shot him, her eyes narrowing slightly, expecting a denial no doubt. “I won’t stop you.” He said, clearly surprising the girl, “I only ask that you stay with us a month more. You need some training or you may hinder the search of your brother more than help.”

Wanda frowned again, her gaze considering before she sighed and nodded, “I will stay Professor. But only a month. I don’t like to think of what my brother could be going through at Hydra.”

Charles bowed his head, “I can understand the feeling.”

In Asgard, Thor was sweeping through the palace, his mind racing. The phoenix had picked up Mjolnir, his faithful weapon had accepted another to carry her. It was unheard of! And Loki! Loki had been accepted as this phoenixes flock! A flock Loki was happy with! Thor was racking his mind, thinking of ways to get the phoenix to trust them.

Thor swept to a stop at the door to his mother’s chambers, knowing his father was within as well. He knocked and heard the call of “Enter.” Not a moment later Thor entered and closed the door behind him carefully before turning to find his parents sitting in armchairs before a fire.

“Thor!” Frigga exclaimed, “You have returned! Have you brought your brother with you?”

“I’m afraid not Mother. The Phoenix was there. She refused to allow him back.” Thor said sadly, Frigga made a small sad sound from the back of her throat.

Odin inclined his head, “Did you gather any more information from this trip?”

Thor nodded, “The phoenix is named Harriet. She has claimed Loki as flock.” Frigga brightened slightly but Odin’s mouth set into a thin line. “She, in her human form, was able to pick up Mjolnir.” Now both the King and Queen looked surprised, “She spoke to Mjolnir so she knew that Mjolnir had a consciousness. I believe she may have also given Mjolnir some power. The storm was colder than usual when I departed.”
Frigga stood immediately and walked over to Thor, “Let me see.” Thor held out Mjolnir so his mother could examine the weapons. She ran a hand along the head gently, small shocks greeted her presence. After a few minutes Frigga nodded and looked to Odin, “The phoenix did freely give power to boost Mjolnir’s own.”

Odin frowned, “Why would she do that? Have the Norns granted you any insight?”

“No, not for this. However, the futures have changed drastically recently. I am unsure but this phoenix seems to be at the heart.” Frigga said.

Odin let out an unintelligible grunt and looked back to Thor, “Did anything else come from your discussion?”

“She said she will not allow Loki to return here until she knows he will be safe.” Thor replied, “She spoke of him being blamed for things he didn’t do and of his punishments being cruel, she also brought up the taking of his children.”

Odin’s frown deepened, “So she does hold a grudge for his past slights.”

“It would seem so father.” Thor replied, he looked to Frigga, “I attempted to get her to let Loki return so you could see him mother but she saw through my attempt.” He blushed in slight embarrassment.

Frigga smiled, “Your brother you are not, Thor.”

“Aye.” Thor said with a huff, “The phoenix said much the same.” Frigga placed a hand over her mouth to hide her smile, “But, the phoenix did offer something else.” Frigga looked at him expectantly and Odin sat forward, “She gave Mjolnir coordinates and said that you could come see Loki next week.” Thor said, his focus on his mother.

Frigga smiled, “Excellent! I shall be going.”

“No you won’t.” Odin interrupted.
Frigga spun and glared at him, “I will be going to see my son Odin Borrson. You will not stop me.”

Odin looked like he wanted to argue but knew his wife would get her way on this, he sighed and looked to Thor, “Did she demand we bring anything?”

Thor shook his head, “Not outright father. She did say she hoped I brought plans to regain her trust in us.”

Frigga clapped her hands, “Excellent! I know just how to start!”

Bill, Charlie, and Tony sat around a brand new ward stone in the living room of Tony’s Malibu mansion, Bill was currently showing Tony the basic ward scheme that the goblins suggested be on all private magical properties while Charlie added in comments about dragon wards. “…and now all we need is to do is drag this ward over top this one here and…done.” The new wards flared out over the Malibu mansion.

“Whoah.” Tony breathed.

Bill chuckled, “I’m going to assume Harriet will want to tie herself into them to keep an eye on you Tony but if she doesn’t it will need magic every so often to keep the wards stable.” Tony immediately launched into a full interrogation of the brothers.

Pepper and Percy were over at the bar in the kitchen talking, “So let me get this straight.” Pepper was saying, “There is a whole world of magical people hiding within the rest of us, but you guys still use parchment and quills instead of technology? How do you ever get anything done? Ever?”

Percy chuckled, “It’s a long process and it doesn’t help when the magical government is so corrupt, at least Britain’s is. As for the technology, magic can scramble it. In fact, before I went to LeFay Castle I’d never seen a TV. I’m not sure if she is the first to come up with the runes that protect things or if she was just the first in Britain to use them, honestly we are probably the most out of touch magical society in the world. We just barely have contact with the others in Europe.”

“Sounds like your Ministry needs an overhaul.” Pepper said, rolling her eyes, Percy nodded.

Bucky, Luna, Loki, Sleipnir, and Jörmungandr were all sitting near the TV, Luna was sitting next to Bucky as he discussed the future team with Loki. “Harriet has shown you all of them?”
Loki nodded, “When we spoke after her burning she showed me everyone and gave me their backgrounds.” He ran his fingers gently along Jörmungandr’s scales where he sat on Loki’s lap.

“And you say she said Steve was the leader?” Bucky asked, feeling surprisingly at ease with Loki. “She seems to handle the position well. Steve…well, Steve was never really comfortable with giving orders from what I remember. Maybe he grew to be comfortable with it but he used to second guess himself a lot or rush in without any plan at all. He certainly did when he went into the field the first time.”

Loki chuckled, “From what little I’ve seen Harriet does her fair share of charging in but she seems to make plans so fast it hardly matters.” Bucky smiled.

Over by the windows Fred, George, and Lee were meeting the Marauders officially, “We can’t believe”

“it’s really you!”

“We’re your”

“biggest fans!”

“You’re such inspirations!” the twins were gushing excitedly.

“I can’t believe you faked your deaths.” Lee said, “Classic!”

James chuckled and rubbed at the back of his neck, “Actually that was Harriet.”

“Yes, she faked James and Sirius’ deaths and then we faked mine.” Remus said with a smile.

Sirius grinned mischievously, “Yes, our greatest prank here lately was actually on you guys.”
Lee frowned while Fred and George leaned forward, “What was it?” Fred asked excitedly.

“Was it the time all our homework changed into French?” George asked.

“That was me.” Lee laughed.

Fred cocked his head, “Was it balancing our trunks up on the Quidditch hoops?”

“That was Harriet.” James chuckled.

“Oh!” George exclaimed, “The time all those plants practically stripped us in the greenhouses.”

Sirius snorted, “That was actually Professor Sprout. She felt she needed to retaliate after you and Harriet turned the Greenhouses upside down. That was a good one.”

Fred and George looked at each other, “Sprout got us?” they said in surprise.

“No way.” Lee added in amazement.

“Don’t under estimate Badgers boys, they’re wily.” Remus chuckled.

“So what was it?” Fred asked.

“How did you get us?” George added.

James grinned and Sirius threw out his arms dramatically, “Like this!” in the next second they were in their snake forms, looking up at the gaping twins.

“Holy shit!” Lee exclaimed, “You were Harriet’s snakes!”
Remus chuckled, “Yep.”

“You were in the school the whole year!” Fred yelped.

“You heard us talking about you?” George asked.

“We called the Marauders Marauder Worthy!” Fred rasped, his eyes wide.

James changed back and nodded, “We never knew we had such a devoted fan base.” He teased, fluttering his eyelashes at them.

Sirius changed back, “Yes, our own devoted followers.” He grinned.

Remus chuckled, “Harriet told us how you guys reacted to getting the books last time but we didn’t believe her. Did you guys even sleep?”

“Not for like a week after.” Lee answered for them, only making the twins shrug unrepentantly.

“Sir.” Came Jarvis’ voice overhead, calling the conversations to a halt.

“Yeah Jarvis.” Tony answered.

“The food has arrived.” Jarvis said.

“Great!” Tony said, standing up. “ETA on Harri?”

“She’s burning any and all information Vanko had on the arc reactor and its intricacies at the moment, she will be here soon.” Jarvis answered promptly.

Pepper spoke up, “And Vanko.”
“He is no longer a threat to Master Stark.” Jarvis said vaguely.

“Good.” Pepper said smugly.

“I can actually take care of myself.” Tony grumbled.

“I beg to differ.” Harriet said, appearing behind him.

Tony jumped about a foot in the air with a yelp, the room descended into lighthearted laughter as he spun to see Harriet standing there grinning at him. Tony mock glared at Harri, “You need a bell!”

Harri pulled her hood back and pouted at Tony, “If you want to give me cat toys that’s your prerogative.”

Tony grinned, “Jarvis can break out the laser pointer kitty.” He teased before edging around her to go get the food. Harriet quickly changed to Godiva and ran to the left of the doorway, she crouched there, her tail twitching until Tony came back with six reusable grocery bags filled with Chinese food “...I guess should have sprung for tuna huh Har...” his words were broken off by another yelp when Harriet let out a yowl behind him. More laughter spread through the room, filling it with happiness. “Harriet!” Tony snapped, “I swear to god!” Godiva tilted her head and gave him a cute mew sound. “Don’t play innocent! I may not have known you for seven years but I know your anything but innocent. I will throw you in my pool with no problem!”

Harriet changed back to herself and smirked at her brother, “Actually, ocelots love to swim.” She said, taking the bags from Tony easily. He stepped back and threw up his hands with an exasperated sound, Harri giggled, “Alright, everyone to the front room. Food time.”

Everyone packed into the living room, making a rough circle with their seats so they could all see each other. Fred and George flanked Harriet immediately of course, not waste a second and not hesitating to jostle for the positions with the Marauders. Harri sat the food in the center and for several minutes it was just everyone jostling to find what they wanted in the Chinese cartons. As everyone settled Lee piped up, “So, Harriet. Shall we play twenty questions?”

Harri rolled her eyes even as everyone perked up, “Interrogating me about the last timeline is not twenty questions Lee.” She gave a dramatic sigh, “But I suppose I could answer two questions from everyone.” Lee made a subtle fist pump and everyone looked excited, “I reserve the right not to
answer a question but other than that go ahead.”

“I’m the newest of the group!” Pepper announced, “I think I get to go first!” Harri chuckled and watched as Percy and Tony both tried to combat that claim until Pepper argued them into the ground.

Harri looked at her older sister expectantly, “Well, go ahead.”

Pepper nodded seriously, “Next threat to Tony?”

Harri giggled while Tony dropped his head in defeat, “Aldrich Killian, CEO of Advanced Idea Mechanics. Apparently a long time ago he met Tony at a New Year’s party and Tony, being Tony, completely blew him off when he scheduled a meeting. He’s pretty smart now but was apparently a complete idiot back then because all of that mess started with Tony ignoring a meeting he made while he was drunk.” Pepper face palmed, Harriet smiled, “Yeah, but to be fair we faced villains with fewer reasons for trying to do stupid stuff.”

“Jarvis.” Pepper said expectantly.

“On it Miss Potts.”

Pepper nodded, “Alright, how hard would it be to expand SI into the magical world?” Tony groaned.

“Here in America? Not hard, pretty easy if you know how to talk to the Goblins in fact. In Britain, almost impossible. The rest I’m not positive. We never spent much time in any of the other magical nations for me to get a feel for them.” Harri answered.

“Alright.” Pepper said.

*If we’re going by who is newest I guess that makes me next.* Jörmungandr said, happily.

Harri giggled as everyone but Loki and Sleipnir looked confused, “You may want to change for this Jörmungandr. Not everyone here can speak or understand parseltongue.”
The serpent changed to his human form with a blush, “Sorry.” He looked to Harriet shyly, “You Midgardian’s like making toys of things you like…did they ever have any of father?”

“Mother.” Sleipnir muttered, Jörmungandr stuck his forked tongue out at his brother.

Harriet laughed, “Oh yes, we all had lots of merchandise, but I think I know what you looking for Jörmungandr.” Harri set her food down and focused her magic into her hands, she conjured a replica of the black cat Loki plush that Build-a-Bear had come out with at the height of their popularity, it had a soft version of Loki’s armor along with a soft helmet. Harriet added the magic to make it permanent before floating it over to the young boy. Jörmungandr’s eyes lit up as he got the plush, he wrapped his arms around it and squeezed, the next second he was in his snake form and curled around the plush cat with a pleased hiss. He got a soft _aw_ from most of the group. “I guess that’s it for his questions. Bucky, if we’re going backwards that puts you next.”

“Do I get four?” he joked.

“If you do that counts as the first.” Tony threw out.

Harri rolled her eyes fondly, “I think we should just stick with two for now Bucky.”

“Alright.” He huffed, he tapped his fork on his carton, “Do I know anyone else on the team besides Steve from before?”

Harriet bit her lip and shot Tony a glance, finally she sighed, “The Black Widow, not a black widow, The Black Widow. Her identity should be part of the information I left alone.” Bucky frowned for a second before his eyes widened, Harriet nodded when she saw him make the connection, “Yes, her.”

“How do you plan to get Steve next summer?” Bucky asked curiously.

Harri brightened and wiggled her eyebrows, “I plan to kidnap Captain America!”

Bucky’s eyes widened, “What…” he started but Harri cut him off.
“Ah, ah, two questions Buck!” Harri said jovially, “Loki’s turn!”

Loki blinked as all eyes went to him, “Alright.” He looked at Harriet seriously, “Did our…family freak out the first they saw me in my Jotun form?”

“Nope.” Harri answered without prompting, “For I, Fred, and George we had read about them during our travels to get to Voldemort’s horcruxes and found out that they were the basis for a lot of elemental magic so we were more curious. Everyone else is just regular Midgardian and they had never even heard about Jotun let alone thought of them as monsters. You were still Loki, just blue, so they didn’t care.”

Loki nodded slowly, “No…no more questions for now.”

Harri nodded in acceptance, “Sleipnir?” he waved his hand to let her pass him as he curled closer to his mother. “Percy?”

He blinked, “Um…oh, what happened to me?”

Harri cocked her head, “You got a job at the Ministry right out of school and eventually became the undersecretary to the Ministry and married Penelope Clearwater. You both moved out of country when the third war started and we never heard form you again.” Percy looked startled.

“Ah, alright, well, um…did…did you three have any kids?” he asked awkwardly.

All heads swiveled to Harriet who tensed, her chicken turning to ash in her mouth. She swallowed and cleared her throat quickly, “Yes,” she said shakily, her eyes going soft, “we had a son, Todd. It means fox.” Fred and George shared a quick look before setting down their meals and wrapping Harriet in a tight embrace between them. They were shocked at the news that they had had a son, also curious but wary, Harriet’s reaction didn’t bode well. They did understand why she hadn’t told them immediately without her having to say why though, they had been overwhelmed with just the time travel, throwing in a son would have made things worse.

Percy looked to Bill pleadingly, he hadn’t meant to make Harriet sad. Bill searched for something to make the topic at least a bit happier, but if he asked what happened he was sure it would be a minefield. “What was his middle name?” he blurted.
Harri, Fred, and George looked over at him in surprise, Fred and George’s expression clearly a ‘what
the hell’ look but it subsided as Harriet let out a startled laugh. “We wanted to stick with at least the
middle name tradition but with the magic of the soulmate bonds they were both the father so they
decided on a…merger of sorts.”

Fred and George exchanged a look and chorused with Harriet, “Forge.”

She glanced between them and giggled, “Yes, Todd Forge Prewett.” Everyone relaxed slightly at the
smile on Harri’s face, disaster averted for the moment.

Bill smiled, “I guess that’s my first question done.” He said, trying to draw them further from the
sensitive topic.

“Ask her about who you married.” George suggested.

“We apparently had to wait for go hunt for Horcruxes for your wedding.” Fred added.

Bill’s eyebrows rose, “Who did I marry? In the middle of a war no less.”

Harri smiled, “Fleur Delacour, a quarter Veela from France.”

“Oo la la.” Charlie teased, “A Veela Bill and from France! Fancy.” Light laughter followed that and
Bill rolled his eyes good naturedly.

“Your turn Charlie.” Harri said.

“Let me show you how it’s done!” Charlie said, “Now, who did I marry?”

Harri giggled, “No one, you were a crazy old dragon lady.”

Bill let out a full bellied laugh as Charlie’s mouth dropped open, “What? Really?”
“Yes, you got caught up with the dragons. As far as I know you only had one serious relationship in all of the time I knew you.” Harriet said.

Bill patted Charlie on the back, “You need to get out more little brother! Fred and George have more game than you!”

Charlie huffed and crossed his arms over his chest, “Fred and George’s Soulmate came to them.” He pouted. Harriet huffed even as Fred and George looked smug, each wrapping an arm around her waist.

“My turn!” Lee said happily when things had died down. He looked at Harriet seriously, “I was Godfather right?”

Harri gave him an amused smile, “No Lee, you weren’t. Fred and George asked you and you responded with and I quote, ‘You two have the God of Mischief and Chaos living one floor below you! If you don’t make him Godfather, I will disown you as my best friends!’ So Todd’s Godfather was Loki.” Loki looked surprised at that but Harri smiled at him.

Lee looked to consider that for a second before he deflated, “Yeah, that sounds like me.” He smiled, “No more questions, I’ll get it out of Fred and George later.”

Harriet laughed, knowing he would with little trouble, “Tony, that makes it your turn.”

The genius perked up and rubbed his hands together, “Oh, got to make ‘em good.” He eyed Harriet who stared back at him evenly, “I know you won’t tell me too much about the other members of the family.” Harri nodded, he bit his lip then grinned, “What was the most embarrassing Captain America moment you’ve witnessed?”

Harriet’s lips twitched up at the edge before she snapped her fingers, Dianna appeared in front of her, “The courtroom pensive please Dianna.” The elf bowed and popped away.

Lee sat forward, “This is gonna be good.”

Tony frowned, “What is a pensive?”
“It will show us a memory.” Bill said, “A courtroom pensive will show the memory on two ‘screens’ without us having to go in the pensive.”

Dianna appeared again with a bowl that she sat in the center of the circle. Harriet pulled her wand and pulled a memory free quickly before tossing it into the pensive, she tapped the base with her wand and a movie like picture appeared on either side of the pensive, revealing older versions of Harriet, Fred, and George.

Harriet and Fred were flying together on a broom in mission clothes, Harriet’s like the ones she had now and Fred’s were similar to hers but his jacket was dark red with a black lining, his suit was completely black, and her had a utility belt. George was on another broom next to him with the same mission clothes as Fred, “Anyone have eyes on Cap?” George asked.

“I lost him a while back.” A feminine voice came from nowhere.

“Last I saw him he was doing his ridiculous gymnastic routine over on Sixth.” Tony’s voice chimed in.

“En route.” Came Bucky’s voice. Harriet, Fred, and George flew over the buildings until they heard laughter and zeroed in on it. When they came upon the sight they broke into laughter along with Bucky who was already there and laughing at Steve’s misfortune.

There, caught hanging on a fence, was Captain America in an old USO uniform, complete with the hat and heels. His skirt was what had him caught on the top of the fence so he just hung there with his face burning red and his skirt hiked up in the back. His shield was on the ground below him and he kept his eyes glued on it, to embarrassed to do anything else.

“Best and worst time”

“for a prank to kick in!” Fred and George announced through their laughter, high fiving.

Those watching the memory were busting up laughing, even Bucky looked to be having trouble breathing as he saw Steve like that. Harri smiled at all of them, “That was the most embarrassing moment I witnessed. Poor Steve. We were called in right after the prank was set up; it was supposed to go off during his workout, not in the field.”
Tony’s chuckles slowly died down and he wiped at his eyes, “Oh god that was good!” he took a couple more seconds to compose himself as Harriet retrieved the memory, “Alright, second question.” He tapped at his reactor distractedly as he thought, “Oh! Can you tell me what my Science Bro specializes in? I want to read up before I meet him!”

Harriet giggled, “He’s a nuclear physicist with focuses on Gamma radiation, but he’s a certified genius and picks up new concepts almost as quickly as you do.”

Tony’s eyes lit up, “Jarvis construct me a reading list!”

“Oh of course sir.”

Harri rolled her eyes and looked between Fred and George, “Technically it would be your questions now.”

“We’re good, we’ll”

“get it all from you”

“later.” They said with soft smiles at her.

Harri gave them a short nod before looking to Luna, “Little sister?”

“The Nargles have filled me in.” she said dreamily, leaning on Bucky’s arm as she finished her pork.

“Dad?” she asked expectantly, looking to James who startled at suddenly having her attention after being basically ignored since the Expo.

James frowned, “Were you three married when you conceived my grandchild?”

Remus choked on his food and laughs went up around the room, Harriet just rolled her eyes, “Yes,
that’s why his last name was Prewett not Potter.”

James relaxed a bit and nodded, “Who gave you your Marauder names?”

“Tony gave me Godiva and Thor gave me Glacia.” Harri responded, she looked to her Godfather, “Sirius?”

“I thought you forgot about me.” He huffed, “You went out of order.”

Harri rolled her eyes, “Questions?”

“Who took out that bitch Bellatrix?” Sirius asked.

“Molly.”

All the Prewett’s eyes widened, “Mum?” Percy exclaimed.

“Isn’t Bellatrix like the Dark Lord’s right hand?” Bill said in surprise, “Mum’s no expert dueler, how the hell did she take out Bellatrix?!”

Harri smiled, “Bella cast the Cruciatus on Ginny. Molly retaliated to protect her. It’s probably the one thing I actually admired your mum for, even with all the betrayal.”

“Merlin.” The twins breathed.

Harri looked back to Sirius who shook himself from his shock, “No more for now pup.”

“Remus?” Harriet asked, he opened his mouth but shut it quickly and shook his head. Harri frowned, her fathers were more subdued, she would have to talk to them about what had happened. She shook herself and smiled brightly at the rest of the gathered family, “Alright, now, movies?”
“Yes!” Tony exclaimed, “We need to get everyone caught up with the good stuff!”

Pepper rolled her eyes, “Just start with Disney and work your way up Tony, no need to go full Star Wars on them yet.”

Tony pouted but it didn’t last long, “Eh, there are some awesome Disney movies.”

“I vote Bambi.” Luna called, Harriet shot her sister a glare as the conversation dissolved into which Disney movies were the best and if the Pixar animated ones had to be moved into their own category. All in all, it was a great family night.

Chapter End Notes

See you next time!

Don't forget to look at the newest Outtake if you haven't already!
Fred and George woke at the same time, their bond bringing their minds together first to check on one another before pushing their awareness out to check their surroundings. The first thing they noticed was the lack of a certain female between them on the couch where they had fallen asleep; they weren’t sure how she kept doing that, they were positive they had fallen asleep with her held between them. Fred opened his eyes first and let his gaze sweep over the room, finding everyone still asleep in various spots around the living room of Tony’s Malibu mansion, the only one missing was Harriet.

George opened his eyes next, looking at Fred before looking at the room, “Where is she?” he asked softly.

“I don’t know.” Fred replied just as softly.

“Mr and Mr Prewett.” Jarvis called, his voice low as to not wake anyone else, “If you are looking for Miss Potter she is in the kitchen. If you wish, I can lead you there with the lights along the base of the wall.”

Fred frowned but George nodded, “Thank you Jarvis.” They got up carefully and extracted themselves from the sleeping group of people, they followed the softly strobing lights along the base of the walls through the mansion. As they went humming started to filter through to them.

Finally, they came to the kitchen and stopped in their tracks as they saw Harriet in soft loose pants and an Ironman t-shirt, dancing around the kitchen with headphones on as she cooked. It looked like she had already been quiet busy, the breakfast bar filled with food under stasis charms; pastries, muffins, bacon, sausages, scrambled eggs, and fruit salad. Harriet herself was in the midst of making pancakes.
Harri spun to whatever she was listening to and caught sight of them, making her halt the spin and grin at them. She pulled her headphones down to rest around her neck, “Good morning! Sleep well?”

They smirked, “Would have been”

“better if our”

“lovely Soulmate was”

“there when we woke up.” The twins said.

Harriet looked a little sheepish, “Sorry, I don’t sleep more than six hours unless I’m hurt. I figured I would make breakfast.”

Fred and George came around the breakfast bar and leaned against it so they could be closer to Harriet as she cooked. “It’s alright.” George said.

“Jarvis led us to you.” Fred continued.

Harriet nodded as she turned back to flip a pancake, “Thanks J.”

“Of course Miss Potter.” Jarvis replied. Fred and George stood and watched Harriet sway and cook more pancakes, feeling at peace in the domestic moment.

Finally, their curiosity won out over the peace, “Harriet?” George started gently.

“Yes?”

“What happened to Todd?” Fred asked softly. Harriet’s grip on her spatula tightened and her whole body went tense.
“You can take your time.” George said, coming up beside her and sliding an arm around her waist.

“But we want to know.” Fred said, coming to her other side and brushing his arm reassuringly against hers.

“We need to know.” George corrected.

Harriet’s head dropped a bit, “You deserve to know.” She rasped, “I… We…” she sighed, “I can… show you the memory.” She muttered, “But, I won’t be able to make it through a full explanation.”

Fred and George shared a grim look over her head and nodded shortly, Fred turned off the stove top and George flipped the current pancake out of the pan. Harriet waved a shaky hand over the pancake plate to place the stasis charm before Fred and George pulled her over to the breakfast nook that was around a small corner from the kitchen, Fred and Harri locked eyes while George closed his and leaned into Fred.

Harri tugged them into her mind, she didn’t greet them this time, her face was tight as she led them to the elevator. It shot downward, slightly throwing off the twin’s balance with the sudden drop, thankfully it slowed to a stop rather than jerked. The doors opened to reveal a dungeon like room filled with many iron barred cells.

“What is this floor Harriet?” George asked softly.

Harri looked to him with sad eyes, “These are where I keep my worst memories. The ones I wouldn’t be able to function with if I had constant close access to.” She led them through the dank dungeon, it was cold and damp, unpleasantly so. Fred and George glanced warily at each seemingly empty cell until they saw one that looked to be filled with black oily mist, it seemed to call to them and they made their way toward it. Just before they could reach through the bars Harriet stepped in front of them, “Not that one.” She said, her eyes hard in a way they never were with them. Fred and George frowned but before they could comment Harriet took their hands, “You don’t want to see your own deaths.” She said, her voice faltering. Fred and George’s eyes shot to the black mist before focusing back on Harriet and nodding.

Harri pulled them a couple cells further where there was another black mist, this one was shot through with blood red mist that inspired pure, overwhelming, all consuming rage in Fred and George as they looked at it. They both looked to Harriet for an explanation as she pulled the cell door open, she turned to them, “This…” she steadied herself, “This is the death of our son.”

Fred and George’s eyes widened even further but they nodded shortly, not knowing what to say.
Harriet tugged them into the memory with shaking hands.

The memory opened with the cry of a baby before the room even came into focus, they were in a space that looked similar to Hogwarts' hospital wing. A significantly older Harriet was readjusting herself in a bed, her face red and sweaty with her hair sticking up all over the place, next to her was Loki who was waving green magic over her and a slim redheaded woman who was holding a bundle of blue. “Harriet he’s beautiful.” The woman said with a smile, gazing down at bundle.

Harri gave the woman a tired laugh, “Eleven hours of labor, he better be.”

Loki chuckled, “I’ll go get your mates and the Healer, shall I?”

Harri smiled up at him, “Yes, thank you Loki.” He nodded and disappeared.

“I can’t believe they passed out when you said your water broke.” The redheaded woman said with a smile.

Harriet giggled, “Won me the betting pool didn’t it?”

“You and Tony.” The woman said in amusement.

Harriet huffed but held her arms up, “Alright Nat, I’m good. Can I have him back?” The newly named Nat, nodded with a smile and knelt on the edge of Harriet’s bed to hand over the little bundle. As she settled the bundle against her stomach those watching the memory got their first look at the baby, Harriet gave a blinding smile down at little boy, whose eyes were still closed, his face still scrunched up and red. “Hello there baby boy.” Harriet cooed.

Just as Nat stepped back from the bed an older Fred and George appeared on either side of it, their eyes immediately going to Harriet and the bundle in her arms. Harriet laid her head back on the pillows, “Fred, George, I’d like you to meet your son.” She said, smiling up at them.

The twins sank down onto the bed on either side of Harri, their gazes not leaving the little bundle. “He’s so small.” Fred said, reaching out carefully and using a long finger to caress his cheek.
George placed a hand under the bundle with Harriet’s and kissed her cheek, “He’s perfect.”

Loki reappeared at the foot of the bed, “Healer Thompson is on her way with her assistant, along with most of the rest of the team.” Harri glanced up and nodded. “Are we finally going to hear his name?”

Fred chuckled, “When everyone is here Loki.”

“We’re his godparents.” Nat said with a slight pout, “We should hear first.”

Harri giggled, “Never thought I’d see the day that the Black Widow would try to pull familial rank.”

Nat shrugged, “I use what I need to.”

Suddenly the door burst open and Tony ran in followed closely by Thor, Bucky, and Steve. They all stopped in their tracks when Harriet, Fred and George looked up at them, their eyes were fixed on the bundle in Harri’s arms, “He’s finally here!” Tony said breathily.

Harri smiled, “Yes, Tony, he’s here.”

“You have created a fine son Lady Harriet!” Thor boomed.

“We helped!” Fred and George interjected.

Harriet rolled her eyes, “I’d appreciate it if you helped by not waking him.” The three looked back to her sheepishly but it was too late, the baby’s face screwed up and he let out a small disgruntled noise before his eyes blinked open. Everyone awed at the sight.

“Clint’s getting the camera and he’ll be here.” Steve said.

“Bruce is coming from the airport; he’ll be here in an hour or so.” Tony threw in.
“So let’s hear the name then.” Bucky said, edging closer with Steve.

Harriet looked up at Fred and George expectantly, “Todd.” Fred said with a smile, “Todd Forge Prewett.”

Everyone smiled and Nat nodded her head, “A little fox.”

“A fit name for the child of such fine warriors.” Thor said, his voice slightly softer.

Bucky came over to the bed and waved at Todd who was looking around curiously, “Hello little guy.” He said, his voice a little rough.

There was a slight knock at the door and everyone turned to see a mousy looking female in Healer robes with a rather plain looking Mediwizard right behind her, standing at the door, “May we come in?” the Healer asked curiously.

Harri smiled, “Hello Healer Thompson. Yes, come in.”

The Healer and her assistant came in and stood at the end of the bed as everyone else shifted to stand on either side of the bed. “I see that everything went well with Loki and Miss Romanoff assisting you. No complications?”

Harri nodded, “Yes, everything went fine.”

The Healer nodded, “And you took your post labor potions?”

“My healing magic is more powerful so I have woven that over her.” Loki answered.

“I see.” The Healer said, “Well, I still suggest you taking it easy for a couple of days as the magic takes you back to your previous sate. Straining will cause setbacks in your recovery and could damage your core. Now, can I have a look at the little one? I need to check him over and give him his dragon pox vaccine.” Harriet nodded and leaned forward to place Todd in the Mediwizard’s arms carefully, he walked back over to the Healer who took her wand out and began to run diagnostics on Todd.
Just as Healer Thompson was pulling out a small needle to give Todd his vaccine another blond man came sprinting into the room shouting Harriet’s name, a bow in his hand, an arrow already notched and at the ready. Harriet looked stunned, “Clint? What is it?” Clint aimed directly for Healer Thompson and her assistant, “Clint! Don’t aim at Todd!” Harriet exclaimed, sitting forward in alarm.

“I just found the bodies of Healer Thompson and Ed in the common floor’s bathroom!” Clint growled, his eyes focused on the frozen Healer and Mediwizard. “I don’t know who these two are but they aren’t Healer Thompson and Ed!”

Instantly the feel of the room shifted and more weapons were being pointed at the two currently holding Todd; Harriet spoke, her voice low and dangerous, promising pain, “I don’t know who the hell you are but you will return my son right this instant.” Fred and George both had their wands aimed at the pair, their eyes glowing gold with their power and Harriet’s. For a second nothing happened and then the two in front of them started to change, their bodies bubbling like boiling stew. Finally, when it stopped, Harriet growled, edging forward despite her shaking legs, “Hermione, Ron. Give me back my son, now.”

Hermione gave a cruel smirk, as she straightened, “I think not Harriet.” She took Todd more fully into her arms as Ron pulled his wand and held it at the ready, “Did you really think we would give up all that hard work we put into you? Give up what we could gain from you? All because you ran away?”

Ron gave an ugly smile, “If you’d just marry me this could have been so much easier.”

“And of course...your child, would have been able to live.” Hermione chuckled darkly.

Harriet’s eyes flared Avada Kedavra momentarily and her jaw locked, “I will fucking destroy you two.” Harriet snarled, “Give him back.” she demanded, her magic flaring.

“I think not!” Hermione hissed, she raised her wand toward Todd and Ron cast a shield as weapons and magic flew toward them. “Avada Kedavra!” Hermione intoned, Harriet’s magic burst from her with a scream as the spell broke from Hermione’s wand, but it was too late, the spell hit Todd full in the face.

The next few seconds were chaos.
Harriet’s wave of magic hit Hermione a second after the spell hit Todd, making her fly backward and release Todd’s body at the same time. Harriet, Fred, and George all moved forward as one, Harriet dove to catch Todd’s body before it hit the ground and Fred and George had Hermione and Ron pinned to the wall a second after that. The twins’ arms pressed across the traitors’ necks and their wands pressed between the traitors’ eyes as Fred and George glared at the two traitors the strange mixture of rage and sorrow clear on their faces.

Harriet gathered Todd close as tears began streaming from her eyes and she muttered under her breath, she checked frantically for a pulse she knew wouldn’t be there. A gut wrenching scream came from Harriet when she couldn’t find a pulse and she curled over Todd’s limp form; Fred and George’s wand tips began to glow green against the traitors’ foreheads as Harriet began to sob, confirming their worst fears. Hermione and Ron’s eyes went wide at the distinctive light.

Suddenly the whole room shuddered, “Sir, the tower’s structure has been compromised.” Jarvis announced overhead, “Evacuation begun.” Another shudder rocked the room and Hermione and Ron used the unexpected motion to shove Fred and George backward, they activated a portkey in the next second.

Harriet pulled Fred and George out of the memory carefully, not bothering to hide her crying. She pulled them from the cell and shut the door as quickly as she could before she spun and rested her back against the door.

Fred and George were stunned by what they had just seen. They had assumed something had happened to their son since Harriet had reacted so strongly to him being brought up but it had never crossed their minds that he would have been killed minutes after being born or that their little brother would help the person who did so without hesitation. They would never be able to unsee that and they would never forget it. They felt a little bad for asking about it but at the same time they were grateful, they had held the tiniest sliver of hope that they could bring the rest of their family back around. Now they knew they would have been hurting Harriet to even suggest bringing them back, especially Ron.

“That’s what happened.” Harriet said shakily. Fred and George focused back on her to see tears streaming down her face, her eyes far away, “They took Todd from us. He had only been born twenty minutes before. The rest of our family didn’t even get to meet him.” She wiped at her eyes ineffectively and rage settled on her face, “That’s why I didn’t pretend with them when I came back. Why, even if they come to their senses and repent, I could NEVER accept them into my flock. I will never see them as the two who took Todd from us.”

Fred and George swept forward and wrapped her in their arms, “We understand.” George whispered.
“We won’t even ask.” Fred said gently.

“Not if that’s how far he’s willing to go for money.” George added.

“They’re lucky you’re this civil to them.” Fred murmured in her ear.

“I’m not sure we’ll be able to be now.” George growled.

“I’ve had to stop myself from killing them a few times.” Harri admitted shakily, she pulled back slightly and gave them a pained smile, “I have to remind myself that I have so much planned for them and Dumbledore, the one behind everything.”

Fred’s responding grin was almost feral, “Like intense humiliation.” George brightened a little at the idea.

Harri’s eyes flashed, “Among other things. All their plans are already shot to shit, their precious money will be disappearing at the most inopportune moments, loss of their reputations, humiliation, and more.”

“We’ll help.” George said with a determined nod.

“We’ll stay beside you all the way.” Fred stated.

George softened a bit brought Harriet’s hand up to kiss the back of it, “And though we don’t have our own memories of him,”

“We will never forget our first son.” They vowed.

Harriet pulled back again to look at Fred and George with a smile, all she could think was she was lucky to have such amazing Soulmates.

Back out in the kitchen of the Malibu Mansion, Jarvis was turning on Master Stark’s coffee pot as he
had begun do for Daisy every morning at this time. As he expected, Daisy appeared 2.45 minutes later when the first of the coffee was ready. She took a cup to Master Stark who stumbled into the kitchen with the Marauders trailing behind a few minutes later.

Tony blinked at the piles of food but soon shrugged and began to load up a plate.

James frowned at all the food, “Does Daisy usually cook this much for you?”

“Miss Potter was the one to cook all of this.” Jarvis offered.

“Harriet?” Sirius asked, picking up one of the pastries.

“Yes, Miss Potter and her mates are currently over in the breakfast nook.” Jarvis informed them.

Tony stuck his head around the corner and blinked blearily at the sight before him, “What are they doing?”

Remus looked around the corner to check and chuckled, “Most likely the twins are in Harriet’s mind.”

When Tony and Remus ducked back into the kitchen they found Loki and Sleipnir with Jörmungandr on his shoulders coming into the kitchen. “Food.” Sleipnir moaned, zombie like as he made his way over to the muffins. Tony chuckled lightly into his coffee.

Loki sat down next to Tony at the bar and drug his own plate into the mix, “There’s enough here to feed an Asgardian Platoon.” He noted with a slight frown.

“According to Miss Potter it is just enough to feed nine wizards, two witches, a super soldier, a god, a genius, a horse, a snake, and Miss Potts. She also stopped before she completed the pancakes.” Jarvis threw in. Loki gave a soft snort but began to eat.

“I can finish them.” Bucky announced as he walked in, a sleepy Luna clinging to his back like a koala. He walked over to the stove top and continued from where Harri had left off.
A moan came from Sirius where he had a pastry halfway in his mouth, “These are amazing.”

James scrunched up his nose, “Manners Padfoot, seriously! It’s disgusting!” Sirius chewed his pastry even as he took another and stuffed it in James’ mouth, seconds later a moan came from him as well. James managed to at least clear his mouth before he spoke, “Harriet made these? They’re awesome!”

Hearing this Tony abandoned his coffee for a second to grab one of the round pastries, he bit in and his eyes lit up before sliding closed, “Dear God.” He muttered around his mouthful.

“Yes?” Loki teased, James and Remus chuckled.

Tony turned to Loki when he heard it and clung to his arm dramatically, “Dear God, please, please, please make Harriet my personal chef. I will be happy forever if I can have constant access to these delicious strawberry cream cheese pastries.”

Loki chuckled, “I’ll see what I can do.”

“Strawberry cream cheese?” Sirius asked in interest, “I got cinnamon apple.”

“I got pumpkin.” James said, the three considered each other before passing the remaining halves of their pastries to the next person to try.

“Tony that’s disgusting.” Pepper admonished, having come into the kitchen just in time to see the exchange.

“Worth it for these things!” Tony moaned, waving the last bit of the pumpkin pastry in his hand. “You’ve got to try!”

“Be wary of the round ones Miss Potts.” Jarvis warned, “It has strawberries in it.”

“Thank you Jarvis.” Pepper said before grabbing one of the rectangle ones, she took a dainty bite, her eyebrows shot up and she swallowed before praising, “These are good.”
“Maybe someone should wake everyone else before all the food is eaten.” Loki chuckled.


Sirius bounced up from his seat, “I’ll get Harriet and her twins!” before anyone could stop him he turned to Padfoot and bounded off around the corner.

“That’s not going to end well.” James muttered, Loki nodded in agreement.

A few seconds later there was a sharp yip and the frantic skittering of paws; Padfoot came running back into the room, his fur all staticy and standing on end. Harriet, Fred, and George followed after him a few seconds later, Harriet rolled her eyes at Padfoot as he whined under James’ chair, “You shouldn’t have tried to jump on us while we weren’t aware.” She huffed unapologetically, “Fred was well within his rights to zap you.”

Fred raised an eyebrow at the dog, “I thought you’d be happy that I was so ready to protect Harriet.” He said solemnly, sliding an arm around Harriet’s waist and batting his eyes at the dog. Padfoot tilted his head and eventually huffed before hanging his head slightly.

Harriet giggled, “Slytherin.”

“You like it.” Fred teased.

“Of course.” Harriet responded.

Soon after that Bill, Charlie, Percy, and Lee come into the kitchen with Remus and they all settled in various places to enjoy breakfast together. The Marauders were still being considerably subdued when Harriet’s attention was drawn to them but Harriet was just rolling her eyes at them and dragging them into conversations.

As the food was diminishing Pepper was the one to bring up the upcoming year, “So are you doing anything here soon that I will need to prepare SI for?” she asked Harriet.

All the conversations dissolved as the focus went to Harriet who sipped at her tea with a raised
eyebrow at them all, “No. Really there shouldn’t be anything until the invasion but without Loki being captured by Thanos I don’t know when that will come. I’m expecting it to be pushed back a bit so maybe in a year and a half…maybe two? By that time, I hope to have everyone comfortable enough with me for everyone to draw together for the first time.”

“Year and a half?” Pepper questioned, “Does the invasion go by the newly planned Stark Tower by chance?”

Harri smiled, “According to the stories I was told that’s where Loki opened the portal to allow the Chitauri through last time. It’s also where we lived until it was brought down at the start of the last war.” The Marauders winced and Fred took Harriet’s free hand while George rubbed her back soothingly.

Tony perked up, “We lived in the Tower?”

Harri nodded, “Though after the invasion it was renamed to Avengers Tower.”

“Avengers?” Tony asked, “Like the Avengers Initiative? The thing that Space Pirate broke in here to talk to me about?”

Harriet nodded, “Yes. That’s us. The Avengers.” She drew herself up and gave a press smile, “Earth’s Mightiest Heroes!”

Tony chuckled, “Nice, very catchy.”

Harri giggled, “Not much to live up to huh?”

“No, not at all.” Tony huffed, rolling his eyes. He perked up, “Hey, you’re going back to school in like a month right?” he turned to Pepper, “Pepper can I go to magic school!”

Harriet choked on her drink while Pepper exclaimed, “You most certainly cannot!”

“Why not?” he whined.
Harriet cleared her throat, “First and foremost you don’t have magic.”

“And you can’t just up and leave Tony!” Pepper exclaimed, “You have a company to run!”

“You run that better than me.”

“And responsibilities! Not to mention the field day the press would have if you just up and disappeared for months!” Pepper huffed.

“I’m sure Daisy can bring me back and forth enough for me to make appearances.” Tony pouted.

Harri shook her head, “Sorry Tony, but coming to Hogwarts isn’t plausible. The best way for you to do so would be coming as someone’s fake familiar and I highly doubt you would be happy spending ten months as a cat or something.”

Tony actually looked interested so Pepper broke in, “And you have responsibilities here. You can’t go play cat!”

“I’ll make you CEO.” Tony said with a nonchalant wave, making Pepper sputter. “Then the only real responsibilities I would have would be inventing and Ironman. Jarvis could keep me updates on things that might need Ironman and I can invent a whole bunch in advance so you can spread it out while I’m gone!”

Pepper looked over to Harri helplessly and she sighed, “Tony, I’m sorry but no. I can try to sneak you in on the weekends when I spend time in the Chamber but the whole year is just not viable.”

Tony deflated and pouted into his pastry, “Fine.” He gave Harri a halfhearted glare, “But I’m holding you to that weekend thing.” She nodded with a smile.

Bill cleared his throat and everyone looked to him, “So is that what you’re planning to do with Bucky? Turn him into Luna’s fake familiar so they don’t get separated?”
“That was one of the options.” Harri said with a smile.

“No fair.” Tony huffed.

Bucky frowned, “You want to turn me into an animal?”

Harriet focused on him, “You and Luna wouldn’t do well separated now that your soulmate bond exists. That in mind it will be best for you to be in Hogwarts in some manner. We can sneak you in and let you hang out in the Chamber the whole time but then you’d only be able to see Luna in the mornings or very quickly in the evenings. We could also let you stay in the Room of Requirement but again you won’t get to see Luna a lot. If you pose as her familiar it will be more acceptable for you to stay with her during the day. Those with fully bonded familiars rarely go anywhere without them so it wouldn’t be seen as strange.” ‘Of course there is the added benefit of him helping with Luna’s bullies.’ Harriet thought with glee.

Bucky looked to consider that and bit his lip, “Would I have to be an animal all the time.”

Harri shook her head, “No, we would change you back several times a week.”

James jumped in, “Muggles who are transfigured to animals for long periods of time run the risk of retaining traits or instincts of the animals that they were changed into. We would have to change you back often to keep it from effecting you too much.”

Remus nodded, “I have to be transfigured by James when we are posing as Harriet’s snakes but when we are at Hogwarts I was changed back every morning for Harriet’s training and some of the time we were in the Chamber.”

“I can be anything?” Bucky asked.

“Within reason Bucky. I’m sure even Hogwarts has its limits.” Harri chuckled with a smile at Bucky who looked a little overwhelmed, “Think about it and let us know alright?” Bucky nodded.

“What about me?” Loki asked, Harri cocked an eyebrow at him, “Can I come to Hogwarts? I can help there.” Wide, excited grins came across Fred and George’s faces.
“If you want.” Harri said vaguely.

Loki cocked his head at her, “You don’t want me there?”

Harri rolled her eyes at him, “Loki, I would love if you came to Hogwarts, but I didn’t bring you from Asgard simply because I wanted back up, I brought you so you would be safe. Honestly, you could transform into a cat and plan to stay that way forever and as long as you were happy I would be happy. If you’d like to come to Hogwarts, I certainly won’t stop you.”

Loki studied Harriet for a second before smiling and taking another bite of his eggs, “Well, what better way to learn about Midgardian magic than learning it along side the children of the realm.”

“I want to go too!” Sleipnir said, bouncing in his seat.

Harri gave them a soft smile, “When we head back to the castle I’ll call Griphook to get an identity set up for you guys.” Next to Bucky, Luna was pulling a random piece of parchment from her pocket with a pen and started to write on it. “Of course we’ll also have to have an account set up so we can get you supplies and everything you need.” Harri’s eyes went a little far away as she planned, “Yes…we can do that.” Luna passed over the parchment and Harri looked at it with raised eyebrows before nodding with a slight hum, “Definitely little sister.” Luna looked pleased with herself.


Harri smiled, “Just a bit of a takeover. For everyone’s safety of course.”

“I don’t want to know.” Percy muttered.

Harri grinned, “No, you probably don’t.”

“Great, everyone gets to go to magic school but me.” Tony whined.

“I don’t.” Pepper said.
“I’ll be going back to work.” Charlie threw in.

“And I’ve already graduated.” Bill chuckled, “I’ll come around and visit it you want.”

Tony looked interested, “And you’ll tell me more about wards?” Bill nodded with a laugh.

Glacia glided through the air, her wings holding steady as she let the wind carry her toward her destination. The sun warmed her feathers as she moved, her movements graceful. Glacia let out a low calm trill, happy with the freedom flying gave her, just the feel of the powerful air currents under her letting her worries melt away.

Within, Harriet was thinking over everything that had happened since the Expo attack three days ago and what was coming in the next year or so.

After they had returned to the Castle, this time with the Marauders in tow but without Tony who had been wrangled by Pepper wielding a full file cabinet worth of paper work, Harriet had sent off for Griphook. While they were waiting Harriet, Fred, and George gave Loki and Sleipnir a rundown of what happened last year and the schemes that were going to be starting with this year and the introduction of Ginny into the school. They had taken it all in with grim looks and Harri could already see the gears working in Loki’s head. Once Griphook had arrived Harri had instructed him to help Loki create an account for him and his children with money and the ownership a bit of one of the companies Harriet owned to keep money coming in, then Loki had thanked Harriet and shooed her and the twins out so they could be surprised at Loki and Sleipnir’s new identities.

Harriet had finally finished her catalog of Fred and George’s prank products and they had all but pounced on the list. Harri had set them up with a pensive and her memories in vials so they could see how to make each. Fred and George were ecstatic and had went off to their lab to start trying to create them, already talking about trying to improve their older selves’ recipes, a rather strange conversation that had Harriet giggling. Lee had been dragged along with them, looking rather frantic as Fred announced he would be their test subject. Lee and Harriet had to physically drag them out of the lab when it came time for meals.

Bill, Charlie, and Percy had begun working on the Prewett holdings. Percy researching while Bill and Charlie had settled their story for Dumbledore as much as possible. It kept them pretty busy.

Luna and Bucky had disappeared almost immediately and they only came out for meals, but Harri
had caught glimpses of blond hair and metal every so often from Clint’s faux vents so she knew they we’re too far away. If she had to guess she assumed Bucky was mapping everything out and Luna was just ambling along behind for support.

Harriet had been called back to Malibu the day after they had left to help with the American Ministry. As a phoenix, her claim over Tony and Pepper as flock as well as the Ministry’s total lack of ability to affect Jarvis let them keep their memory past the preliminary questions. Once the high profile of the case was determined the American Minister for Magic was called. After secrecy wards were placed Harriet had confided in the American Minister about the future threats, making it seem like she was citing a Seer. Promising to keep her origin as a witch of Earth secret and to pose as a being from another realm or as a mutant she quickly secured permission to operate in public within America. After that the conversation had turned to integrating Stark Industries into the magical world and the Minister was much happier to allow Tony and Pepper keep their knowledge.

After almost two full days of the Marauders being wary around her, Harriet had pulled them aside and told them rather bluntly that their choice was clear and the rest could be put in the past. She had promised never to ask them to kill for her but had asked that they not judge her for what she had to do to keep the family safe. To say that they had been relieved was an understatement. James had hugged her for three minutes’ straight and Sirius had jumped on her as Padfoot and licked her face until she had turned to Godiva and tackled him. Ever the most reserved of the three, Remus had simply hugged her and apologized for being too afraid of Moony to do anything.

The Marauders stuck close with her after that and Harriet welcomed the familiar presences as she settled plans into place for the upcoming year. She had received another patronus from Severus telling her about the early reinstating of the Order and how they had orders to bring her directly to Dumbledore when she was found as well as their temporary meeting place at Hogwarts. Harri decided she would let herself be ‘caught’ when she was shopping for school supplies and asked Severus to try and subtly direct Tonks and Kingsley to Diagon Alley on the twenty-first of August. Despite her having Moody as her mentor, Harri knew Tonks was a good person and had joined the Order purely to help people, not to gain something from it. Harri would let herself be caught by Tonks on the twenty-first and she knew she would be taken directly to St. Mungos for the court mandated checkup rather than to Dumbledore.

There wasn’t much Harri could do to prepare for Frigga’s visit in a couple days other than to ward the area she would be appearing in. Heimdall would be able to see but not hear anything within. Frigga was honestly probably Harriet’s favorite Asgardian right behind Thor, Loki being her favorite of course. Harri knew that Frigga didn’t agree with Odin’s handling of Loki but she didn’t know if Frigga knew how far it went. For instance, Jörmungandr had been the only one of Loki’s children fully recovered last time since they had no real protection from Odin and he could obviously shift but Harri didn’t know if Frigga knew Sleipnir and Fenrir could as well. Harri was sure her opinion of the Queen would plummet it she was aware and hadn’t even made an attempt to have it corrected.

The rest of the time Harriet was juggling planning for school, planning for next summer, searching for dirt on Dumbledore for Rita, and texting/writing back and forth with Clint, Natasha, and Bruce.
Clint and Natasha had seen footage of the Expo attack and were trying to get more information. Well, Natasha was trying to get information. Clint was wondering if *he* could turn into a bird, how she got ice to go that, what was with the cosplayers, if she really knew Tony Stark, and on and on. Once it was clear she was being rather tight lipped about the attack their questions had turned toward her proving she knew them, Natasha having already concluded that of course Harriet knew her since she wouldn’t abandon Clint so easily. Harriet had answered several questions but apparently sharing that she knew about Clint’s secret love for country music that he had gotten from a certain handler and Natasha’s almost desperate wish for children that the Red Room had made impossible was what had settled that she had really known them last time.

Bruce was still vehemently denying the existence of magic despite the presented facts so Harriet had switched to other topics. They discussed Hulk and argued over his intelligence level, something Harriet was sadly all too familiar with. Harri had suggested that Bruce use his mediation time looking for his center so that he could speak to Hulk himself.

Currently, Harriet had finally gotten time where EVERYONE was immersed in a task, having set the Marauders to sneaking in and planting listening devices in Hogwarts, which left her time to go and check on Arthur to see if her theory was correct. If she could give her mates back their father she would be ecstatic. She herself had no real problem with the man if his issue really had been being controlled by Molly. His enthusiasm for Muggle artifacts was infectious and hilarious at times.

So here she was, as Glacia, flying toward the Burrow. She would have to make sure Molly was clear of the space to keep from being interrupted as she tested the Weasley Patriarch for potions and compulsion before questioning him under the Veritaserum Severus had been kind enough to supply her. She also had standard cleansing potions with her to take care of any potions Arthur might be under.

Approaching the Burrow, Glacia let her flames cover her in a thin layer to let her slide through the wards undetected. She angled into a spiral around the tall lopsided building, finding the top floors completely empty. Further down Glacia spotted Ron in his room reading his scuffed up copy of *Quidditch Through the Ages* and Ginny in her room napping. On the bottom floor Molly was puttering around the kitchen, preparing for dinner, and Arthur was in the living room, staring into the fire with a shell shocked look.

Glacia touched down at the back door of the kitchen and transformed back with her school glamours tight around her. Harriet peeked her head around the corner of the open door and began to weave a set of compulsions that would get Molly out of the house for an hour at the very least. Feeling a bit vindictive Harri wove the compulsions to have Molly paranoid, wanting to go check on her money at the bank, making sure nothing had happened, after all Dumbledore had said that the Goblin was changed, what if it was all taken back? With a vicious grin Harri threw the compulsions at the Weasley, watching as her hands clenched on her wooden spoon and her eyes shifted from left to right as panic seemed to build.
Harriet slid into the kitchen seconds after Molly ran from the room and to the floo, trying to get to the bank as quickly as possible. Harri placed down a trip wire charm halfway up the stairs to alert her if Ron or Ginny came down before going into the living room. She stepped in front of Arthur and cleared her throat pointedly, Arthur’s eyes came up and widened as he took in who stood before him. “Arthur Weasley.” She greeted flatly.

Arthur gaped for several seconds before rasping out roughly, “Harriet Potter, as I live and breathe. I thought you were missing! Have you come to see Ron?”

Harri shook her head, “I came to see you.” She answered truthfully, she knew if this didn’t go well she would obliviate him, so she saw no reason to lie.

“Me?”

Harri nodded, “Yes, I’m afraid I have some questions that need answers and you have those answers.” Without preamble she cast a wandless incarcerous, ignoring the startled grunt Arthur gave as the ropes wrapped tightly around him. She pulled out a vial filled with the potion she needed and a parchment, gently she cut Arthur’s cheek and collected some blood in the vial.

“What is that?” Arthur asked warily, eyeing the vial Harriet was shaking.

“It’s a test that will show any potions, binds, or spells that have ever been used on you that were not for strictly mundane purposes.” Harri replied, pouring out the potion on the parchment. She watched as the potion soaked into the parchment and words began to form. Her eyebrows rose as she went down the list, “Well, I certainly didn’t expect that.” She muttered.


Harri frowned at him but quickly brought a chair from the kitchen to sit in front of him before placing up secrecy and privacy wards, “Arthur the results are…disturbing, frankly. I can’t have this conversation with you while you’re still under their influence.” She pulled out another two vials from her pocket and popped the first one open, “This is a cleanser. It will go to work on the potions while I break the compulsions.”

“Compulsions?” Arthur exclaimed.
Harri nodded, “Yes, quite a few. Now, please cooperate and open up, I’d hate to have to force you.” Arthur looked skeptical at the threat but opened his mouth anyway, Harriet poured the potion down his throat before banishing the vial. “Swallow and relax, this will take a moment.” She placed her hands on his shoulders and focused her magic on him. She found the obedience compulsion and the ones that had him focus the more ‘useful’ of his children and quickly over powered them, suppressing a growl when she saw how deep they went, how close they were pressing to his magic.

It took well over ten minutes before Harriet got all of them and Arthur slumped back, still within the confines of Harriet’s spell. Harri waited patiently until his eyes cracked open and settled on her, “Blimey.” He rasped, “What was that?”

Harri gave him a small smile, “That is the weight that lifts after long term compulsions are released and restrictive potions are cleared, it will continue until the potions are completely out of your system.”

Arthur blinked, “Why are you doing this?”

“Your sons.” She said flatly, “Now forgive me, I need your absolute truth.” She held up the Veritaserum, “It won’t last as long as usual with the cleanser in you but it will last long enough to get the answers I need.” Arthur frowned but opened his mouth without any trouble for Harri to pour the truth serum in. Harri watched as his eyes glazed over slightly, “What’s your name?”

“Arthur Weasley.” He said in monotone.

“What are the names of your children?”

“Bill, Charlie, Percy, Fred, George, Ron, Ginevra.”

Harri nodded, “Are you aware of the money your wife is currently receiving from my account?”

“No.”

“Are you aware of the plot to have me marry Ronald Weasley?”
“No.”

“Are you aware of the plot to have Ginevra Weasley befriend me?”

There was a slight hesitation, “Yes.”

Harri furrowed her brow, “Elaborate.”

“Ginny and Molly always talk about her becoming best friends with you when she got to Hogwarts but I wasn’t aware it was a plot.”

Harri nodded, “Do you love all of your children?”

“Yes, equally.”

“Does your loyalty to Dumbledore outweigh your duty to your children?”

“Of course not!” Arthur answered, Harri sighed, the emotion showed that the serum was already wearing off. His eyes were still clouded though so she figured that she had time for one more question.

“Does your duty to Molly outweigh your duty to your children?”

“No.” Arthur answered as his eyes cleared, he looked up at Harriet with a frown, “She’s my wife but they are my children. They come first.”

Harriet met his gaze without hesitation, “She’s been laying compulsions to have you favor certain children over others.” She said bluntly, she glanced down at the paper, “She’s also be laying obedience compulsions with her in mind as well as obedience potions keyed to her and Dumbledore. There are also general deference potion which would have you taking her side, orders or not. I also, for some reason, see male fertility potions from way back.” Arthur turned red. “There is also a magical syphon that I won’t be able to remove.”
Arthur’s head jerked at that, “A what?”

Harri studied the page, “According to this it allows her to syphon off some of your magic if she is ever in need. It’s dragging on your magic to keep the connection open but luckily it doesn’t look like she pulls from you all the time.”

“She’s syphoning off my magic?” Arthur exclaimed.

“Looks like.” Harri said, rolling up the scroll, “You’ll have to go to Gringotts to get that removed.”

“Right away!” Arthur said, nodding in agreement.

Harri looked serious as she crossed one leg over another, “Now that that is out of the way let’s talk about the schemes of your wife and youngest two children.”

“Schemes?” Arthur asked hesitatingly.

“Thief and conspiring to extort a minor being the current ones but of course they’re working up toward line theft.” Harri said, Arthur’s eyes were so wide at this point they looked like they might pop from his head.

“Not a bloody chance!”

Harriet gave him an unimpressed look, “Denial doesn’t change the facts Mr. Weasley. No matter how much we wish it might.” She raised an eyebrow at him, “Why exactly do you think your wife spent so much time making sure you deferred to her? That you obeyed her?” Arthur was frowning intensely now, “Would you have agreed with her plans if she had not? Stealing from me? Potioning me up to the gills? Working to force me to marry Ron?”

“Of course not!” Arthur exclaimed, “That’s terrible!”

Harri raised an eyebrow at the man, “Yes, it is.” Harri sighed and stood up, she placed the scroll down next to Arthur. “You need to find the extent of things and decide what side you’re going to be on or if you want out completely. I suggest going to Gringotts when you wake up, I will have
someone there that will help direct you toward answers as well as help you get the syphon taken off.”

“When I wake up?” Arthur said in alarm, backing up as much as he could with the rope still around him.

Harri rested a hand on his shoulder, “Arthur, listen to me. Listen very carefully. If Molly suspects the potions and compulsions are gone then she will dose you before you have time to get protection from them.” She said seriously, her gaze steady. “I’m going to put you to sleep and then move this memory to the same part of your mind that holds your dreams since I’m sure you aren’t an Occulmens. Since you’ll perceive this as a dream you may have a little bit of trouble remembering, alright?” he nodded shakily with his eyes wide, “Good, go to Gringotts, ask for Griphook. Remember that. Gringotts. Ask for Griphook.”

“Gringotts. Ask for Griphook.” He repeated shakily. Harri nodded and moved her hand up to cast a somulous, “Wait!” Arthur called and Harri stopped, looking at him expectantly, “You said you’re doing this for my sons. Have you seen them? Are they alright?”


“You’re sure?”

Harri smiled, “I just left them exploring a library not too long ago, I’m positive.”

Arthur nodded, “Alright, thank you.”

“Of course.” Harri said, “You’re my father in law after all.”

“What?!” Arthur exclaimed but Harriet cast the sleep spell before he could question further.

Harri giggled slightly, it would help being sold as a dream if it was ever found by someone else. She quickly opened Arthur’s eyes and moved the memory back into his dreams. She pulled out of his mind and cast a set of spells on the scroll she was leaving him to keep it from being read by anyone but him. Just as she was finishing, the trip wire announced Ron coming down the stairs and Harriet cursed. She vanished the ropes around Arthur and quickly flamed away.
Chapter Notes:
Seriously, they should stop falling asleep in the living room!

Jarvis doesn't have cameras in the bathroom, that's why he wasn't alerted to Healer Thompson and Mediwizard Ed being dead before Clint found them.

Everything would have been able to get past Ron's shield but they were all still slightly hesitating since Ron and Hermione had Todd with them.

Many of you may have been expecting more and honestly I was torn with wanting to write more to the death scene or keeping it like it is. In the end, when I tried to expand on it, it came out fake and didn't flow so I stopped there before I could write myself into something terrible.

Honestly, Fred and George are such good mates!

Oh, a takeover? ;)

I know, I know, technically America's magical world is ruled by the Magical Congress but I already mentioned the American Ministry Earlier in the story BEFORE I watched Fantastic Beasts to I was a bit behind on that. No changing it now!

So....

What animal should Bucky be?
Chapter Notes

Sorry this is late! I was cooking for my grandparent’s pastor that visited today and it REALLY cut into fan fiction time. Still, I’m not like a day late so its not SO bad.

So, Bucky’s animal form. It was pointed out to me that while Harri would get special treatment others would not on their less than normal familiars. Sure a fully bonded familiar would get leeway from school rules but not something dangerous or especially prone to violence, like a honey badger (honey badger just takes what it wants!) or a big jungle cat. They also would more than likely draw a line at something large enough to trample students (even if it was an accident) so the crumple horned snorkack was out (also, can you see Bucky in pastel purple? *shudders*). Also we now have Fenrir in the story so I didn't want to steal too much of his thunder with another dog since we already have Padfoot and Moony.

With all that I decided to have a wild feline that was small enough to be looked at as just a slightly bigger domestic cat but was also capable of defending Luna if it came to it. I tired to be mysterious with the lead up in this chapter to the reveal that happens in Flourish and Blotts so fingers crossed it came out okay.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sleipnir shifted nervously from hoof to hoof where he stood next to Loki with Jörmungandr wrapped around his neck. Glacia trilled lightly from where she was perched on Loki’s shoulder, *Calm down Sleipnir.*

*I can’t! There’s no way Uncle Thor isn’t coming with her. What if he makes us go back?* Sleipnir worried, Jörmungandr tightened around Sleipnir for both his brother’s reassurance and his own.

“I’m right here Sleipnir.” Loki reassured, “He’ll have to go through me.”

*And if you get too freaked out the castle wards are one mile directly behind you. You can go back to the castle, the wards won’t let them past without me bringing them through.* Glacia said, *You’ll be safe there.*

Sleipnir settled a little and bobbed his head, *Alright.*
“Are you sure this is the place?” Loki asked several minutes later.

*Am I sure of the coordinates where a great deal of our army appeared last time? Yes.* Glacia said in amusement, *Deep breaths Loki. I didn’t exactly specify a time.*

“Then why are we even here?” Loki exclaimed, “They could be coming hours from now!”

*Luna told me it was time.* Glacia answered nonchalantly.

“Your Seer who isn’t a Seer.” Loki huffed, “What if she got it wrong?”

Just as Loki finished that sentence a storm started to brew overhead.

*Luna doesn’t get things wrong.* Glacia replied smugly, drawing herself up to sit tall on Loki’s shoulder. The storm dipped down in a roiling vortex and touched down calmly in front of them, depositing the impeccably dressed Queen Frigga and a small contingent of guards that were carrying several chests with them. The storm pulled back up slightly, bubbling strangely.

Loki frowned up at the storm even as Frigga approached slowly with a smile, “Worry not Loki. Your brother is simply pulling through the first of our efforts to gain the phoenixes trust. He’s having a bit of trouble.”

Loki raised an eyebrow at his mother but nodded and took her hand, he bowed over it and kissed the back, “It is wonderful to see you mother.” Loki said with a small smile.

Frigga brightened slightly and pulled her hand back, “Likewise my son. I am pleased you are well.” Her gaze traveled up to Glacia, “I assume I have you to thank for that.”

Glacia took off and transformed back right next to Loki, “I was only keeping my flockmate safe your Majesty.” Harriet responded with a curtsey. Harri was wearing a short skirt and a simple cami, her feet were bare.

Frigga took in her appearance with a small quirk of her lips, “Either way, thank you Lady Phoenix.” Frigga said, bowing to Harri.
The storm above them gave a mighty rumble and then it opened up again, dropping Thor followed by a giant wolf who was snarling and had his paws reaching out toward the thunder God. Thor landed hard on his back and rolled out of the way just in time to avoid being landed on by the wolf. The big canine rounded on Thor, his lips drawn back in a snarl.

“Fenrir!” Loki exclaimed, unable to hide his surprise.

The wolf stopped advancing on Thor and spun toward Loki with a curious head tilt, the second his eyes landed on Loki the wolf gave a happy bark and was bounding its way toward them. Frigga stepped out of the way just as the wolf leapt, midair he changed form and by the time he hit Loki he was a young (quite naked) boy. “Father!” he exclaimed.

Loki wrapped his arms tight around the small boy, lifting him from the ground easily, and clutching him close, “Fenrir.” Loki muttered in his son’s hair, “You’re here!” Fenrir snuggled as close as he could.

Harri stood back and watched the reunion with a smile. A soft sound drew her gaze back to Frigga who was staring at Fenrir with wide horrified eyes. “Your majesty?” Harri asked softly.

“He…” Frigga started before her head snapped around to look at Sleipnir, “Can he…”

“Yes.” Harriet said flatly, she motioned Sleipnir and Jörmungandr to go greet their brother and in the next second they had both shifted and were running to Loki and Fenrir. Harri focused on Frigga with hard eyes, “Did you know?”

“No.” Frigga got out, sounding a bit strangled, “I would have fought Odin’s decisions harder if I had. I don’t know if he even knew they were capable of this.”

Harriet studied the Queen quietly for several seconds before she turned back to look at Loki, “He bound Sleipnir’s shifting. Loki had to untangle it after he got here.”

To Frigga’s credit she suppressed most of her emotion at the news, however her jaw tightened and her small smile became exceedingly fake as anger burned in her eyes, “I see.” She said lightly, Harriet smirked internally.
“Brother!” Thor called, finally coming over to them.

Loki’s head shot up and he drew his children behind him protectively, “Thor.” Loki said warily, glaring at the blond.

Harriet stepped between them easily, intercepting the thunder god’s hug with a small hand on his chest, “Thunderer.” Harri greeted with a small smile.

Thor blinked down at her before smiling, “Greetings Lady Phoenix!” Thor boomed, “It is a good to see you again!”

Harri nodded and dropped her hand, “It is nice to see you as well. How have you been?”

“Quite well! Knowing my brother is safe has been a great weight off my shoulders!” behind Harriet, Loki snorted.

“I’m sure.” Harri giggled, her eyes dropped to Mjolnir at Thor’s side and she stepped closer to brush her fingers across it, “Hello Mjolnir.” The hammer sparked in greeting.

“Thor.” Frigga called, “Please take the guards back to Asgard.”

“Mother, Father wouldn’t…”

“I would speak to the Phoenix and your brother alone Thor.” Frigga said sternly, “You may return as soon as the guards are back in Asgard.” Thor looked torn but finally nodded and motioned to the guards, they dropped the chests they had been carrying and formed up around Thor before the storm descended and engulfed them again and then disappeared.

“Mother?” Loki asked hesitantly.

“What are those?” Sleipnir asked curiously, looking at the three trunks.

Frigga smiled, “Loki if you are truly happy here I’m not going to even attempt to bring you back.”
She waved her hand at the trunks, “These are some of your things, not all, we left some in your rooms for you, but enough to help you make this new place your home.”

Loki softened a little, “Thank you Mother.” He snapped his fingers and Peri appeared to collect the three trunks.

Frigga raised her eyebrows at the little creature but didn’t comment further, she turned to Harriet, “Now, can we address that you are not, in fact, a born phoenix?”

Harriet laughed, “I knew there was a reason you were my third favorite Æsir.”

“Third favorite?” Frigga said with a small smile, “Should I be offended?”

“No, only your sons are ahead of you.” Harri replied, “Though your grandsons are making to shake the order up.”

Frigga looked pleased, “As it should be.” She folded her hands in front of her, “Now, I shan’t keep you too long. I can see Loki is already ready to leave.” Loki huffed quietly, still not letting Fenrir go even from his safe spot behind Loki. “I will allow my husband his little delusion of a phoenix becoming human but I must ask to make sure that the laws don’t trip you up. Do you have the full power of a born ice phoenix?” Harri nodded, “Do you have the knowledge of a born phoenix?”

“I’m currently integrating it into my own knowledge but I do have access to it.” Harri said.

Frigga nodded, “Good, the full laws should apply to you. Now…the insights granted to me by the Norns have changed lately, do you have anything to do with that?”

Harri’s lips quirked up, “Yes.”

Frigga cocked an eyebrow at Harriet but nodded, “Very well, I hope as we get to know each other better you will feel safe enough to share with me.”

Harriet bowed her head slightly, “I would like that your Majesty.” She reached into her dimensional pocket and pulled out a communication mirror, this one stronger than the ones they carried to help
cross the distance between realms; Harriet had made it specifically for Frigga from one of the many intricate mirrors in LeFay castle. Harri offered the hand mirror to Frigga, “This is a communication mirror. Loki has one as well, you can call and talk to him any time.”

Frigga blinked but took the hand mirror, “Thank you.” She studied it, “I assume I just say his name into it?”

“Yes, if he is within earshot of his mirror it will glow and begin the connection.” Harri said.

Frigga nodded before looking over at Loki, “I expect calls at least once a week young man!”

Loki bowed his head, “Yes, mother.” Harri repressed her giggle.

Frigga softened, “And for what it is worth Loki, I am sorry. Had I known the range of your children’s abilities I would have fought harder to have them released.”

Loki looked uncertain at the clause within the comment but nodded, “I understand.”

Harriet stepped closer to Loki in a silent show of support just as the thunderstorm returned and spat out Thor. Frigga turned to him with a smile, “I think we should return now Thor.”

The big blond shook himself, “We have not been here more than ten minutes mother!”

Frigga waved him off, “We cannot rush them Thor, trust is not built in a day. We shall give them some more time to settle.”

Thor frowned, “But I wanted to talk to Loki!”

Frigga gave Thor a disapproving look, “Whining is not becoming of a prince! You may speak to your brother later!”

Thor looked over to Loki and Harriet with big puppy eyes and Loki huffed, “If you insist on speaking to me Thor you can borrow Mother’s mirror but I reserve the right to hang up on you if you
are being your usual annoying self.”

Thor brightened instantly, “Excellent brother! I shall speak to you whenever I am able!”

“Not your brother.” Loki grumbled, Thor deflated again.

Harri rolled her eyes while Frigga crossed her arms, “Loki! Don’t take Odin’s mistakes out on your brother! You grew up together, fought together, got into trouble together. You are brothers, blood or not! Now apologize!”

Loki slumped, “Yes, Mother.” He shot a look to Thor, “Sorry Thor.”

Harri bounced on her heels, “Maybe we should keep you around your Majesty.” Loki shot her a glare.

Frigga gave Harriet a smile, “My duties lay in Asgard but I will always be willing to visit and help.” Harri grinned before Frigga turned back to Thor, “Let us depart Thor.”

He nodded and held out his arm to Frigga who threaded hers through his, “It was nice to see you again Loki, Lady Phoenix.” Loki inclined his head and Harri waved as the storm dipped down to engulf the two.

“Well that went well!” Harriet said happily.

Loki rolled his eyes but smiled down at Fenrir, “It was certainly surprising.”

By the time shopping day rolled around everything was settling down.

Fenrir, though a little shy at first, was getting along with everyone rather well. He, like Jörmungandr, preferred his animal form and stuck close to Loki, Sleipnir, or Remus most of the time. Sleipnir and Jörmungandr were both incredibly protective of their little brother; it was rather adorable, especially when Fenrir tried to break their overprotective guard and made them pout.
Bill and Charlie had to get back to work after Harriet’s birthday party which had been rather simple. Tony, Pepper, and Xenophilius had joined them in the castle for a whole day of movies, video games, and snacks, between movies Harriet would tell small stories about the last timeline. Bucky had been nervous about being introduced to Luna’s father but he soon relaxed when it was made clear that the man was almost as dreamy as Luna. One sentence from Luna had Xeno greeting both Bucky and Winter and inviting Bucky to come home with Luna during the Christmas holiday. Xeno didn’t seem to care about Bucky’s past, he calmly joined Luna and Harriet in blaming it on overactive Wrackspurts and Hydra in turn.

After the party Xeno, Tony, and Pepper had left and the next day Charlie and Bill had returned to work. Only Bill came back every evening after he was done at Gringotts.

Everyone else was getting into a routine that mocked Hogwarts. Harriet got them up for training in the morning. Bucky and Loki trained Fred, George, Lee and the Marauders while Harriet took Luna, Percy, Sleipnir, Jörmungandr, and Fenrir. They started off together with warmups before Bucky and Loki took their group to work on stamina and Harriet took hers for both stamina and flexibility.

After morning training they would eat breakfast before moving on to more training, this time weapons and magic. Harriet led everyone in what amounted to a Defense Against the Dark Arts class; starting from the beginning with basic defense spells, showing them how to optimize the damage of even the easiest spells. Bucky tried to get out of it but Harriet insisted he join them in the practice so he would know about those he was fighting with and what he may eventually be able to do. After an hour and a half of DADA they moved on to weapons. Loki took more traditional weapons such as swords and staves while Bucky and Harri helped them with guns and knives.

Once they had finished that they would eat lunch and most would breathe a sigh of relief as the ‘training’ moved to easier things. Sirius and James taught Loki, Sleipnir, Jörmungandr, and Fenrir about the wizarding world; how they would need to behave, what to expect, terms they needed to know, how the money worked, and more. Percy and Remus made their way to the library to read. Fred, George, and Lee continued down the catalog of their prank products, making notes for ideas improvements and changes as they went; though the twins grudgingly had to admit their own genius and airtight products more often than they wrote down changes. While the rest of this was happening Harriet, Luna, and Bucky were working on his animal form.

Two days after Harriet’s birthday Bucky had walked up to her with a book half opened and gave it to her with a simple, “This one.” Harriet had looked over pages with a smile and nodded. From there on Harriet had transfigured him every day during the after lunch period and he got used to his new body as well as helping Luna with it. He took to hanging off her neck like a particularly lump scarf or just trotting behind her, eyeing everything warily. Harriet had contacted Tony and asked him if he could sketch her what Bucky’s arm might look like in this new form so she could transfigure his current arm but Tony, as usual, had gone one better. It took him only a week, a true testament to his genius, before he had a simple arm for Bucky’s animal form.
After their afternoon activities they had dinner and relaxed in the common room together before heading to bed to sleep and start the whole routine over again.

Today, though, was the big shopping trip.

They were all standing in the foyer, dressed and ready, just waiting for Bill, who had been called in early this morning to deal with something urgent at Gringotts, and Harriet, who had disappeared just after breakfast. Xeno was already there was talking animatedly to Bucky about Moon Frogs and he was nodding attentively while Luna leaned her back against his metal arm and read the newest Quibbler. Lee was talking quietly with James and Sirius about pranks they could play on the twins in particular if they could convince Harriet to let him carry her bag with the snakes in it. Percy was chatting with Remus, the two having become closer in their library time together, about the werewolf societies in America who were much closer to their wolves.

Fred, George, Loki, Sleipnir, Jörmungandr, and Fenrir were all together a little ways away. Fenrir was in a smaller version of his wolf form, looking more like a wolfish Siberian Husky than an actual wolf, and standing next to Sleipnir. They had planned to have him as Sleipnir’s fake familiar and Loki had weaved the spells over them this morning so they would stand up to testing if it was required. Harriet was sure it would happen after their sorting, whoever their head of house was would inquire about the non-regulation animal and then test the bond once it was brought up, but it was good to have practice with it beforehand.

Jörmungandr was currently curled around the shoulders of a much younger looking Loki; he had deaged himself at the moment but had taken great joy in refusing to answer when asked if this was how he would be all school year, he would simply smirk and say “Maybe,” when asked. Jörmungandr would be Loki’s fake familiar. Harriet and Loki had discussed things since he had made his new identity and they had come to a decision. It was a gamble, but they were going to present Loki as another parseltongue. The hope was for Dumbledore to attempt to pick Loki up as another spy so they could get information on his current inner workings. Really it depended on where Loki was sorted (though Harriet already had a good idea) and how desperate Dumbledore was getting to try to get Harriet back on side.

The little group was currently going over plans for a prank they wanted to pull the first night and the morning after at school. It would take quite a bit of work and pulling Harriet onside for some of it but they were certain they could pull it off. The twins were minutes away from cackling and Loki was attempting not to rub his hands together like a supervillain when Harriet appeared in her usual swarm of fire and drew everyone’s attention to her.

She was dressed in rather plain clothes and already had her glamours locked tight around her, something that left a bad taste in the twins’ mouths; in her hands were tree trays of drinks balanced precariously on top of one another. “Starbucks!” she sang happily.
“What?” Loki questioned.

“It’s tradition.” Luna answered, coming forward and taking the top tray.

“It is indeed little sister.” Harriet laughed, she handed the twins two large, cold drinks that had whip cream on top, “Java Chip Frappuccino.” Harri said, handing the cup and a straw to George, “Carmel Frappucino.” She said, giving the next cup and straw to Fred.

“What exactly is this tradition?” Loki asked when Harriet handed him a cold cup with a light green substance in it.

“Every Thursday you and I and Clint would have our day out!” Harri said brightly, “Before we began we would stop at Starbucks to get drinks.” She gave Loki his straw, “Your usual was Green Tea Crème Frappucino.” She waved her hand, “Your tastes may have changed but I figured this was the best place to start.”

“What the heck is this one?” Lee exclaimed, looking down at the hot cup Luna had given him with pleasantly surprised look.

“Hazelnut Macchiato.” Harri replied.

Percy sniffed at his warm cup curiously and Luna smiled, “You and Remus have Chai lattes.”

“What is a Chai Latte?” Percy asked.

“Black tea made with milk with cinnamon and clove in it.” Harri said as she handed Sleipnir a cup of pink liquid, “I wasn’t sure how well you would do with the caffeine Sleipnir so I got you a strawberry smoothie.”

“Thanks!” Sleipnir said brightly, quickly putting his straw in the cup and trying it, his eyes lighting up happily.
Luna gave Bucky a cup, “Straight black for you.” She was with a smile.

Bucky chuckled, “Yeah, I don’t need that frou frou stuff.”

Harriet moved on to James and Sirius, handing them each a significantly smaller cold cup, “I got you iced vanilla coffee.”

“Why do we only get small ones?” Sirius whined.

“Because today your riding with me in your snake forms and I’m not dealing with hyper snakes.” Harriet deadpanned before moving on to Xeno, “Xeno, I got you berry hibiscus passiontea, Luna was positive you’d love it.”

“Thank you flaming cold one.” The man said, just as dreamy as his daughter.

Harri smiled and bowed her head a bit, “Of course.” She stepped over to Luna, “Little sister.” Harriet said offering her the tray in her hand that held only two more drinks.

Luna hummed as she considered the two, “I’ll take the green tea matcha.” She said after a second, picking up the green drink.

Harriet nodded and the remaining trays disappeared with a wave of her hand as she picked up the last one, “Perfect.”

“What’s your Princess?” James asked.

“Midnight Mint Mocha.” Harriet purred around her straw, “Dark chocolate and mint.” She made a small pleased noise that had Fred and George blushing.

“So you, I, and the archer went out every Thursday?” Loki asked curiously as everyone drank, “Whatever for?”

“Clint was the one you mind controlled with the chitauri scepter during the invasion.” Harri said,
“He was the one who took the longest to get used to you after your situation was made clear. You danced around each other for a year and a half. Due to a certain incident I took it upon myself to try and get you to get along. It begun with a shopping trip and ended with you killing the Dursleys, after that you two started to get along and every Thursday we went out together.”

“An incident?” Sleipnir asked worriedly from where he stood holding his cup up to Loki’s shoulder so Jörmungandr could have some.

Harri rolled her eyes with a snort, “We were in the kitchen for breakfast and your mom dodged right so he wouldn’t brush against Clint and Clint dodged left at the same time, they hit each other and I ended up with their breakfasts all over me.” Loki huffed while Sirius and Remus snickered.

“Tell me you didn’t let that go Princess.” James said, already half finished with his coffee.

“Of course not.” Harri laughed, “I hooked them together with a leash spell that wouldn’t allow them to go more than a foot apart and made them accompany me shopping, while in ridiculous shirts.” She got a far away look in her eye, “The press coverage of it was beautiful.”

“You’re evil pup.” Sirius chuckled.

“Thank you!” Harri replied brightly.

A pop a few feet from the group announce Bill’s arrival, he walked over to the group with raised eyebrows, “You were all just sitting here and waiting for me?”

“Yup!” the twins coursed from either side of Harriet.

“What was the urgent Gringotts business Bill?” Percy asked curiously.

Bill’s eyes went to Harriet, “Dad showed up there claiming to have had a dream about a certain Savior warning him of horrible things and needing protection.” Fred, George, and Percy all looked to Harriet as well, “Do you know something about this Harriet?”

Harri gave them an innocent expression, “I have no idea what you could mean.” She took another
sip of her drink before turning to the Marauders, “Snake up! It’s time to rock and roll!”

The Prewetts stared after her as she walked over to her fathers, grateful that she had given their father at least a chance at redemption.

So they wouldn’t draw suspicion they arrived at different times.

Bill, Percy, Lee, Fred, and George all appeared through the brick arch first. They laughed and joked together as they moved through the crowds toward Madame Malkin’s. Now that they had access to the substantial holdings of the Prewett family Fred and George had insisted that everyone in the family get new robes and casual clothes, both for schools and leisure. Their older brothers had protested of course, though Molly’s mothering had been lacking recently, they had learned very well from her that you don’t waste money on things you already have. It had taken Fred and George quite a bit to convince them but they eventually had, even if they had needed to pull familial rank to get it done. Only Charlie got out of it because he was back in Romania but Fred and George planned to drag him to a tailor the next time he was here. So that was their main stop before they would get other minor things, meet up with Lee’s mum and dad at noon for lunch, and eventually meet Harriet at Flourish and Blotts around one-thirty.

Luna, Xeno, and Bucky arrived five minutes later. Father and daughter moved through the crowd in what could only be described as a floating movement. Many who took notice were surprised that the two didn’t just rise off the ground and float away. Bucky was perched on Luna’s shoulder, his metal paw shifting with every twitch of his spotted tail, his big glassy eyes assessing anyone and everyone who came close to them. Every so often a person in the crowd would be perceived as a threat by Bucky himself or Winter, who was enjoying the ‘stealth form’ as the second personality like to call it, and he would growl at the person; Luna would just smile and stroke his tail with a light hum. Luna and Xeno headed to the bank first to retrieve the money they would need to buy Luna’s first year items, they would make their rounds and show up at Flourish and Blotts around one for Harriet to ‘meet’ Luna and her familiar Bash for the first time.

Finally, ten minutes after the arrival of Luna’s group, Harriet arrived with the Marauders in their snake forms, Loki with Jörmungandr on his shoulders, and Sleipnir who was walking with Fenrir pressed against his leg; all under mild notice-me-not charms to keep Harriet from being mobbed.

“Wow!” Sleipnir breathed as he took in the magical marketplace. Loki’s eyes were wide as well, taking in the amount of magical beings just milling about; sure he had been to market places with stalls holding magic items and texts on Vanaheim and Alfheim but never had he been to a completely magical shopping center.

“Amazing.” Loki said softly.
James gave a light laugh, *Yeah, it’s pretty great.*

*Can we go see?* Jörmungandr asked excitedly, his head swiveling around and his tongue darting madly, trying to take everything in. Fenrir gave a soft bark of agreement, his tail wagging as he caught more and more scents.

Harri looked over to Loki whose eyes were practically sparking with curiosity, “Where first?” he asked, his anticipation evident.

“Ollivander’s first.” Harri giggled, “We’ll get the wands out of the way.”

“Sweet!” Sleipnir crowed, heading into the crowd and toward the wand shop.

“I’ve been reading up on wand lore.” Loki commented to Harriet as they followed after Sleipnir and Fenrir. “It will certainly be interesting to see which wand picks me.”

Harri nodded, “Defiantly.”

“Come on!” Sleipnir called as he made it to Ollivander’s door. “I want to get my wand!”

Loki chuckled as he and Harriet reached him, “Let’s go in then.”

They all stepped into the slightly eerie shop and Loki and his children took to looking around curiously. Harriet led them up to the counter, her eyes directly on the spot she knew Ollivander was hiding to make his usual mysterious entrance. She raised an eyebrow at the hiding man and he gave her a small smile, “A privilege to have you in my shop as always Miss Potter.” He said, making Loki and his kids jump and look around for the source of the voice.

“Hello Garrick.” Harriet greeted as the man stepped from the shadows, “Still doing your little jump scare I see.”

Garrick chuckled, “I have to get my fun somehow Miss Potter, while I love my job sometimes staring at the same walls for days on end can be a little boring.” His eyes slid over to Loki and Sleipnir who were eyeing them curiously, Fenrir and Jörmungandr seemed to have already dismissed
him and were looking around the shop. “Well as I live and breathe, The God of Chaos and his brood.” Loki’s eyes narrowed slightly but he stopped when Garrick bowed at the waist, “It is an honor to have you in my shop Princes of Jotunheim.”

Loki whipped around to face Harri, “You told him?” he asked in disbelief.

Harri shook her head, “That’s just Garrick. He knows the names of everyone who steps foot in his shop.”

“It is true Prince Loki.” Garrick said, straightening up again, “It is a talent all successful wand makers must possess.”

*Though some have more fun with it than others.* Sirus muttered.

Garrick raised an eyebrow at the snake before going back to Loki, “Knowing who our patrons are allows us to narrow down the choices for those wishing to purchase a wand.” He swept a hand at the wall of slim boxes behind him, “As you see, I have hundreds of wands and while you would be perfectly welcome to test each and every one of them to find your perfect match, me knowing the basis of who you are allows me to help narrow the choices.”

“I see.” Loki said hesitantly.

Harri nudged him, “I wouldn’t have brought you here if I didn’t trust him.”

Garrick brightened, “Yes, yes an ice phoenix would never allow harm to come to her flock.” The old man said brightly, his eyes locked on Harriet, “Have you come to give me a feather to make a grand wand?”

Harri giggled and shook her head, “I’m afraid not Garrick. Loki and Sleipnir are here to get wands.”

Garrick’s eyebrow shot up but he took it in stride, “Well, that is certainly unexpected.” He turned and started to peruse his shelves, “Of course it would be my honor to outfit the God of Chaos and his first born with wands.” He peered over his shoulder at them, “Will Fenrir and Jörmungandr need wands as well?”
Loki shook his head, “Not at the moment.”

Ollivander nodded, “Very well.” He said as he started to pull box after box from the shelves and putting them on the counter in two distinct piles. Harriet brought Loki and Sleipnir up to counter and stepped back as Garrick spun to face them, “This should be a good starting place.” He said brightly, “Who first?”

“Me!” Sleipnir said excitedly, Loki nodded with a small smile.

Garrick smiled, “Very well.” He picked up a box and opened it, “6 ¾ inches, pliable, Ebony with a dragon heartstring.” He offered it to Sleipnir, “Go on, pick it up and give it a wave.” Sleipnir picked up the dark wand and gave it a wave, instantly a vase nearby shattered and Sleipnir froze, looking sheepish. Garrick chuckled, “No, need to worry. It just means this isn’t the right wand for you.”

Sleipnir put the wand back with a blush, “Sorry about the vase.”

Garrick gave him a soft smile, “That thing is broken many times a day. I have it there to deter further damage. So there is no harm.” Harriet was already waving her wand at the pieces and fixing it.

*It’s perfectly normal to cause damage when trying wands.* Remus hissed at Sleipnir who looked at him with wide eyes, *When I came to get my wand I ended up blowing apart his register.*

Garrick picked up another box and opened it, “Alright then, 7 inches, hard, apple with a unicorn hair.” Sleipnir picked up with wand carefully and gave it a wave similar to the motion Harriet had just done, the floor shook and cracked. “Ah, not that one either.” Garrick said as Sleipnir quickly put the wand back, “Though it was closer…hm.” He moved several of the boxes around in Sleipnir’s pile before stopping at a dark blue box, “I have a good feeling about this one.” He opened the top and presented it to Sleipnir, “6 inches, swishy, cedar with a unicorn hair.”

Sleipnir picked up the wand and gasped, his eyes locked on the wand as white glowed dimly from the tip, “This one.” He breathed.

Garrick hummed in agreement, “Yes…but it seems something is missing.” He tilted his head, “These wands are made for Midgardian wizards, we may need to add something for it to be able to fully focus your power.”
Loki lifted an eyebrow, “When I tried Harriet’s wand it didn’t need anything extra.”

Garrick smiled, “Miss Potter’s wand is unique and made to fully support the extra power she has because of her circumstances, the power that is almost on par with yours and will certainly grow to be on the same level as you as soon as she completes her bond and comes into her magical inheritance again. That and the fact that you are her flock allowed the wand made from her own feather and tears to carry your power without much problem.”

Sleipnir looked over to Harriet, “So can we add one of your feathers to my wand?”

Harri smiled, “That could be one solution but I actually have another idea.” She glanced to Garrick who nodded and she looked back to Sleipnir, “I’ll be right back.” She disappeared in a rush of flames.

Garrick looked over to Loki with a smile, “While we wait shall we try to find your match?” Loki nodded and Garrick moved over to the second pile, “Hm... let’s start with this.” He opened the box and held it out to Loki, “11 inches, supple, Holly with a phoenix feather.” Loki picked it up and gave it a decisive flick, the windows of the shop cracked violently. Garrick took the wand from Loki’s hand carefully, “Decidedly not.” He shifted boxes around, “Try this, 10 inches, brittle, elder with a dragon heart string.” Loki swished this wand and the vase from before exploded, Garrick shook his head, “No.” he shot a look at Sleipnir, “See what I mean?” Sleipnir smothered a laugh. “The heartstring does seem happy with you though.” Garrick said as he put the wand back, “Perhaps this one? 11 inches, swishy, willow with a dragon heartstring.” The second Loki touched this wand the shelves shook. Garrick frowned, “Hm...” he abandoned his pile of initial choices and went back to his shelves.

Loki frowned, “Does it always take this long?”

“Wands can be quite picky about who they chose to wield them, trust me when I say that you don’t want a wand that didn’t choose you. Wands you have won are a bit better but for your personal wand you want one that matches you and likes you.” Garrick said, “Miss Potter would have had much the same problem if she had not asked for a specially made wand.” Finally, he pulled a box from the shelf and walked back, “Try this, 9 inches, fairly bendy, pine with a dragon heartstring.” He said as he opened the box. Loki picked up the wand and his eyes lit up as it sparked and he felt his magic hum. Garrick smiled, “Definitely, but again, it needs something extra.” He considered the wand and Loki himself, “If I may suggest a solution, your son’s venom may be the boost this wand needs.”

Loki raised an eyebrow before turning his head slightly to be eye to eye with Jörmungandr, “Would
you do that?"

*Of course father.* the snake answered, flicking his tongue against Loki’s nose.

“What do we need to do?” Loki asked.

Garrick held out his hand, “If you’ll give me the wand, I open up the wood just enough for him to drip some inside.” Loki hesitated, his hand clenching around his new wand. Ollivander gave him a light reassuring look, “I promise you will get it back Prince Loki. I already have a wand that chose me, I have no need for a wand that has clearly chosen another.” With that Loki handed the wand over, with a few motions over the wand Garrick split the wood open. He held it out to Jörmungandr, “Alright, just three drops please.” The snake nodded and opened his mouth over the wand, allowing three drops of his venom to land right on the wands core. Garrick hummed as he pulled back and waved his hand over the wand again, it sealed up and let out a slight hum before a poisonous green strip swirled its way up the light wooded wand. Garrick smiled, “Excellent. Try it now.” He said, holding out the handle to Loki.

Loki took the wand, this time the sparks were a fountain of color and Loki’s magic sang with the wand. Loki gave a blinding smile, “It’s perfect.”

Garrick leaned back with a smile, “Yes and quite a good match for you. Pine wands favor mysterious and intriguing owners, they also quite enjoy being used creatively, something I’m sure you will do as you learn more about Midgard’s magic.” Loki nodded absently, his eyes still locked on the tan and green wand.

Harriet appeared in another burst of flame, almost stumbling but righting herself just in time, “Well that was fun!” she said brightly.

*That was nauseating.* Sirius whined, hanging from Harriet’s neck like a wet blanket, his tongue hanging half out of his mouth.

Loki glanced up at her, “Where were you?”

“Asgard.” Harri said nonchalantly as she walked over, her hand wrapped around something tight.

*Let’s go back!* Remus said excitedly, *I didn’t get to see anything!*
Harri brushed at his head, *Some other time Moony.*

“Whatever for?” Loki asked exasperatedly.

Harri smiled and opened her hand palm up to reveal a thin shard in her hand, “For this.”

“Is that a shard of the rainbow bridge?” Loki asked with a frown.

“Are we going to put that in my wand?” Sleipnir asked excitedly.

Harri giggled, “I think it might be just what your wand needs Sleipnir.”

Garrick nodded, “In legends your hooves are similar to the rainbow bridge, is that true?” Sleipnir nodded, “Then I agree with Miss Potter, this is just what your wand needs.” He held out his hand to Sleipnir and was quickly given the cedar wand, a couple complicated motions with his hand had the wood opening up. Taking the shard from Harriet, Garrick carefully inserted it alongside the unicorn hair, being sure not cut the white hair. Another motion had the wand closing up and, just like Loki’s, it hummed and changed. Rainbow flecks appeared in the rich wood, making the wand shimmer when moved. “Alright, now try it again.”

Sleipnir took his wand from Garrick and the tip shone white as wind ruffled Sleipnir’s hair. Sleipnir’s responding grin was so wide that Harri feared he may split his face, “It feels amazing!”

Garrick smiled, “I’m glad!” he pulled his own wand and with a negligent flick sent all the unused boxes back to their places.

Harriet nodded, “They’ll just need the Auror level charmed arm holsters and we’ll be out of your hair Garrick.”

“You’re not a bother Miss Potter as you well know.” Ollivander chuckled, “But I will run to the back to get the holsters, not many buy the Auror level holsters.”
When Garrick disappeared into the back Loki turned to Harri, “What are so special about these holsters?”

Harri held up her arm and pulled down her sleeve to reveal her wand in a black holster, “It prevents your wand from being summoned away from you as well as having concealment charms that you can adjust and a feature that will pull your wand back into it if you drop it. It also has a spring action feature.” She flicked her hand and her wand shot into her hand, then she dropped her wand and it shot back into the holster like it was on a bungee. “It’s probably the most important wand related accessory you can have.”

Garrick chuckled when he came back into the front with four boxes, “Indeed Miss Potter.” He looked over to Loki and Sleipnir, “Now, would you like the ones with the option to turn into a thigh holster or just the regular arm ones.”

Loki looked back to Harri for input but she just shrugged, “It’s up to you. I have the interchangeable one because I keep mine on my thigh during battle, but if you’ll feel more comfortable with your wand on your arm then just get the normal ones. It’s only a matter of a couple of knuts.”

Sleipnir frowned at his wand and looked over to his father, “I don’t know which spot I’d like better.”

Loki nodded his head, “We’ll get the interchangeable one so we can try both ways and decide.”

Garrick smiled, “Very well.” He sat two the two slightly bigger of the boxes down on the counter. Garrick quickly rung Loki up for the two wands and holsters; after Loki had paid, Harriet bought the other two holsters for Fred and George.

As they left with cheerful goodbyes Harriet through Ollivander a grin, “My sister will be by later Garrick. Something in Sliver Vine will be wonderful for her.”

The wand maker perked up, “Silver vine? Am I to have a seer in my shop?” Harri simply waved and exited the shop.

Harriet clapped her hands as her group gathered to decide their next target, “Alright, where next?”

“We are going to go grab our uniforms.” Loki announced, “You can’t come.”
Harri raised an eyebrow, “Still holding your new identities for a surprise?”

“That’s that plan!” Sleipnir laughed.

Loki nodded and Harriet smiled, “Alright, I will go over to get your school trunks and cauldrons and meet you outside of Madame Malkin’s. Will that keep your secret well enough?”

“Yes.”

Harriet smiled, “Good. I’ll see you four in a bit then.” They split off to two different sides of the street, Loki, Sleipnir, and Fenrir making their way over to Madame Malkin’s and Harriet heading over to the trunk shop. On her way Harri saw Fred and George with their brothers and Lee as they headed to the Apothecary and winked at them as they passed.

In the trunk shop, Harriet was quick to find what she wanted, after all they were the same as her trunk just in different colors. She had their initials carved into the latch, L.L. for Loki and S.L. for Sleipnir, she made sure that she knew the spell to change them incase their new identities had different initials. Once they were paid for Harriet tapped her wand against them for the instant shrink feature to take effect and pocketed them to go to the cauldron shop. In the cauldron shop Harriet’s eyebrows rose when she saw Severus over among the specialty cauldrons.

As quietly as she could she snuck over to him only to stop when he turned slowly and raised an eyebrow at her, “One would think you were a child of four.” He drawled.

Harri pouted, “Oh come on Professor, I’m at least six.”

Severus shook his head and went back to the display, “I wouldn’t be so sure.”

Harri huffed but stepped up beside him, her eyebrows rising when she saw him looking at golden cauldrons, “What high level healing potion are you attempting that you need one of these?”

Severus’ lips quirked up at the side, “The Cure All.”
Harriet’s eyebrows shot up, “The insanely expensive and difficult potion that is only made successfully every one out of twenty tries by even experienced potion masters? The one that can supposedly cure anything up to death?”

Severus raised an eyebrow at her, “How do you know about it?”

Harriet snorted, “Fred has attempted to make it many, many times.”

“Any luck?” Severus asked curiously.

“Twice.” Harri said, Severus couldn’t quite contain his surprise, Harri cocked her head, “Can I ask what you are making it for?”

Severus quickly checked their surroundings, “Our esteemed Headmaster has given up on the Dursleys. He wants to use the potion to attempt to revive the Longbottoms. After that he hopes to gain control of them and give over your custody to them.” Sirius and James hissed viciously at the news and Severus rolled his eyes at the pair. “Yes, I’m aware.”

Harri hummed, “It would definitely be a positive thing if we could wake them but keep them from Dumbledore’s control. Not that I would move in with them, it would be nice to have them around but I have much too much to do at LeFay Castle to move to Longbottom Manor.” Severus raised an eyebrow at the locations but Harri didn’t seem to notice, “Can you brew it?”

“I’m fairly confident.”

“ Wouldn’t a crystal cauldron be better?” Harriet asked, “That’s what Fred used.”

“Crystal cauldrons are extremely rare and hard to come by. When you do find them they are expensive, ridiculously so.” Severus huffed, “Despite what he is asking for, the Headmaster did not give me a very big budget; especially when one considers the ingredients needed for it, half of which are now illegal because of all this rearranging that he has been doing with dark classifications.”

Harriet smiled up at him, “I have at least one crystal cauldron I can let you use for this. It’s in Salazar’s study, I’m sure he wouldn’t mind, it’s not like he’s using it.”
“Salazar?”

“You know, Salazar Slytherin? One of Hogwarts’ founders? Had a thing for snakes?” Harri teased lightly.

Severus raised an eyebrow at her, “You have seen Salazar’s study?”

“You were in the chamber; did you really think that that space was all there was? That’s the antechamber.” Harri said, she rubbed at Remus’ head distractedly making the snake hiss contentedly, “When we get back I will take you back down there and you can meet him.”

“Meet Salazar Slytherin.” Severus deadpanned in disbelief.

Harri chuckled, “Yes Severus. He has a portrait there, he’s quite talkative too.”

“I…will believe that when I see it.” Severus huffed, looking back at the cauldron, “I’ll hold off on getting the cauldron. It will give me more time and funds to procure the less legal of the ingredients.”

Harri frowned again and dug into her bag, “I assume you don’t want to go to America.”

“I’d rather not.” Severus snorted, “Not for one potion.”

“Pity. America’s magical community is so much better.” Harri said as she pulled out a blank roll of parchment and a quill, she scratched out a quick note on it before willing the Slytherin and LeFay rings onto her hand and stamping them below. “Take this to Gringotts. They don’t care about what we witches and wizards have made illegal. They will allow you to haggle for their ingredients without having the extra cost that comes with trading illegal goods.”

Severus looked down at the paper with surprise, “You always have a solution don’t you?” he huffed.

Harri smiled, “It’s the Slytherin way sir.” With that she turned and walked over to the section that held the standard school cauldrons. It didn’t take her long to pick up the standard pewter cauldrons and potion tools that Loki and Sleipnir would need for school and pay for them. She took their trunks back out and quickly set the supplies in one of their compartments, making sure everything was
organized within each one for easy access. By the time she was done Severus was gone.

When Harriet stepped from the Cauldron shop she could see that Loki, Sleipnir, and Fenrir just stepping from Madame Malkin’s with bags in their hands. She made her way through the crowd as quickly as possible to meet up with the guys, she smiled at them and presented them their trunks. After explaining the different compartments Sleipnir and Loki quickly put their clothes in the first and shrunk the trunks down to keep with them. They quickly moved on to Slug and Jiggers to get the first and second year potions kits that they would need, Loki of course got an extra kit for himself and an extension pack for one so he could explore beyond class. From there they went to Scribbulus Writing Instruments to gather parchment, quills, and ink for the year.

It was after this was done that Harriet had to move on to the next part of the plan.

She ran her fingers through her hair to put her glamoured on, infamous scar on display before dropping the notice-me-not charms on all of them. Once that was done they all made their way to Florean Fortescue’s Ice Cream Parlor for perhaps the least healthy lunch possible. Harri chatted just slightly too loudly with Loki and Sleipnir about all the exotic ice cream flavors Fortescue’s had and that was enough to begin drawing people’s attention to them. By the time they sat down in the ice cream parlor with their enormous sundaes to eat and talk there was a crowd outside the shop and those already within were staring at Harriet.

“This ice cream is awesome!” Sleipnir exclaimed with his spoon still in his mouth, “Who would have thought of rose and lychee!”

Harriet giggled, “Rose and Lychee is good but I prefer rose and pistachio if I’m going to have rose anything, although rose and peach is a close second.”

“Maybe I should go get a scoop of all three!” Sleipnir said.

Loki chuckled, “You don’t need more than the five scoops you already have.” He said over his own apple, pear, and cinnamon ice creams.

Their discussion was interrupted by a small voice next to them, “Miss Potter?” they all looked to see a little girl who looked to be about six standing beside their table with something clutched in her hand.

Harri smiled down at the little girl, “Hello there, what can I do for you?”
The girl ducked her head and blushed, “Can…can you sign my picture of you?” she stuttered out, holding up a color version of the photo that had been in the Prophet. Harri suppressed an eye roll, she should have known Rita and the Daily Prophet would sell her pictures, she would have to discuss using those proceeds for something good rather than to fill the Prophet’s pockets.

“Of course sweetheart.” Harriet said gently, she reached for her bag to get a quill but Remus popped out with one in his mouth. The little girl’s eyes widened at the sight of Remus, Harri gave her a reassuring smile as she took the quill from Remus, “It’s alright, Toshi won’t hurt you.”

“Really?” the little girl squeaked.

Harri smiled and picked up Remus, bringing him over to lay on his lap, “Really. Go on. You can pet him.”

*Thanks for asking.* Remus grumbled without any fire as he accepted the little girl’s hesitant touch on his head.

“He’s so cute.” The girl squealed.

*The things I do for you cub.* Remus huffed as he rubbed his nose on the girl’s hand, in Harriet’s bag Sirius was cackling madly.

Harri smiled as she gently took the girl’s photo from her to sign, she barely noticed with her attention on Remus. “Alright sweetheart, who should I make this out to?”

The little girl blinked up at Harri but blushed again when she saw the quill and picture in Harri’s hands, “Um…my name is Emma.”

Harriet nodded and signed the photo To My First Fan Emma From Harriet Potter and Toshi. Harriet leaned down with the photo and gave it back, “There you go Miss Emma.”

The girl stared at the photo with wide eyes, “Thank you Miss Potter!” she squealed hugging the picture to her chest, she turned around and ran off toward a wide eyed woman who was waiting in line for ice cream, “Mum! Mum! Look! She signed it!” Harriet turned back to her ice cream with a
soft smile.

“You enjoyed that.” Loki teased.

Harri gave a short nod, “The adorable children are most often the best part of our fanbase.” She said softly, her smile turned mischievous and she caught Loki’s eye. She sent him a quick memory of him meeting a little boy in the mall while out with her and Clint, the little kid had asked to try on Loki’s helmet and Loki and Clint ended up having to hold him up by the horns so the little guy wouldn’t topple.

Loki blushed and mumbled, “Yes, well they could be fun to talk to I guess.” Sleipnir snickered into his ice cream. They ate the rest of their ice cream through a series of little children, a stuttering and blushing Hogwarts aged girl, and one memorable granny coming up to talk to Harriet and ask for her autograph on anything they had on hand, only two being her actual photo. The crowd in front of the ice cream shop had been dispersed by a stern Florean after several minutes of blocking the entrance of his shop. By the time they left to go to Flourish and Blotts Harriet was sure the news of her presence had spread far enough to ensure Tonks and Kingsley finding her when she wanted them to.

When they got to the bookstore Harri was happy to see that the impending book signing hadn’t crowded the store just yet but was less happy to see that Hermione was already there browsing the titles. Keeping half of her awareness on the traitor, Harriet led Loki and Sleipnir to the textbook area first before joining them in browsing the other titles. When she saw that the store was beginning to fill up she herded everyone up to pay for things and put them away so they would be safe for the scene Harriet was expecting.

Just as they made it to the back of the store Harri felt someone bump into her, at first she thought it was Sleipnir or Fenrir being jostled by one of the crowd but she caught a flash of blonde hair and zeroed in to find Luna and Bucky who ‘hadn’t been watching where they were going’ while talking to Neville who was looking around warily. Harri smiled brightly at the pair, “Well hello Neville!” she greeted cheerfully, “Who is you friend here? I didn’t mean to bump into her.”

“He-hello Harri.” Neville stuttered nervously, he clutched at the advanced herbology book in his arms, “This-s is Lu-na.” he looked down at the floor, “I’m not-t sure she’s-s a fr-iend. We-e j-just met.”

Harri gave him a small smile, “Just because you just met doesn’t mean you can’t be friends Neville.” She held her hand out to Luna, “Hello, I’m Harriet Potter.”

“I’m Luna Lovegood.” She replied dreamily, she stroked at Bucky’s tail absently, “This is Bash.”
Harriet smiled at Bucky, “He’s quite beautiful.” Bucky sent her a halfhearted hiss and Harri raised her hands, “Sorry, handsome.” Harri turned to bring Neville back into the conversation when a voice interrupted them.

“Harriet!”

Harri and the group standing around her all turned toward the voice, coming through the door of the shop was the four remaining Weasley’s. Molly and Ginny stood looking at Harriet with strangely gleaming eyes that seemed both pleased and greedy, behind them was Arthur who looked uncomfortable and was biting his lip uncertainly as he took in Harriet, and in front of the group of four was Ron with his arms crossed over his chest, his face scrunched up in rage, and red as a tomato. Seeing the group of angry redheads, Neville smartly backed out of range.

“Where have you been?” Ron snapped,

Harriet frowned, “Excuse me?”

“Where have you been?” Ron repeated, “You dropped off the map since the beginning of the summer! Everyone has been looking for you! Ever since that bogus interview printed by Skeeter.” He sneered the reporters name.

Harri blushed softly, “Miss Skeeter really printed that? I didn’t think it would make the news.”

Molly huffed, “Don’t worry dear, what she printed was a whole lot of rubbish.”

“She miss quoted me?” Harri asked.

Ron snorted, “She made it seem like you were abused by your relatives! What a load of crock! I bet you were a pampered princess.”

Harriet seemed to draw in on herself, “Not quite…” Harri said softly.
You’re quite the actor Harri.* Jörmungandr hissed quietly in amusement from behind her.

Molly scoffed and waved a hand, “Don’t exaggerate dear, there is a vast difference between punishing a child and abuse.”

Luna took that moment to jump in before they spiraled too far in public, “Harriet has no wrackspurts in her head.” She said, swaying, “It’s unlikely she is exaggerating.”

Ron’s gaze focused on Luna, “What the bloody hell are you talking about?!”

“Ron! Language!” Arthur scolded, he was ignored.

Luna just hummed, “Wrackspurts would make her more likely to lie or exaggerate.”

“Thank you Luna.” Harri said with a grateful smile to her sister.

“Wrackspurts? What are those?” Ginny asked, wrinkling her nose distastefully.

“They are little creature that float in your ears and make your brain go fuzzy.” Luna said offhandedly.

Ron glared at Luna, “Are you a nutter?” Luna didn’t comment, just smiled into the middle distance, “She’s completely barmy!” On Luna’s shoulders Bucky growled at Ron as he sat up and put his metal paw on Luna’s head, “What the hell is that?!” Ron exclaimed, eyeing Bucky warily.

Luna gave a bright smile, “This is my familiar, Bash!”

Ron took a step back as Bucky’s glassy wide eyes focused on him intently, “Even your cat is mental! And look at it! Too big eyes, a weird arm, and it’s clearly overgrown! It’s a freak!”

“He is very unpleasant.” Loki muttered softly enough for only Harri and Sleipnir to hear.
Harri narrowed her eyes at Ron but just reached up a hand to scratch Bucky’s ears, “Bash isn’t a freak! He’s a margay! They’re supposed to look like this!” she rubbed at his chin, effectively turning the deadly assassin into a purring puddle, “They’re actually quite amazing creatures.” Ron huffed disbelievingly.

“What kind of name is Bash anyway?” Ginny threw in, “It’s ridiculous.”

“It’s short for Sebastian.” Luna corrected without pause.

Behind Harriet the crowd there for a book signing cheered, signaling the arrival of Gilderoy Lockhart; at the same time, behind the Weasleys, the Prewetts and the Jordans stepped into the store. Fred and George instantly lit up when they saw Harriet and they moved around their ex-family with all the energy and enthusiasm they were known for. “Harriet!” they exclaimed, pulling her into a hug.

“What’s it been?”

“A month?”

“A month and a half?”

“Did you have a good birthday?”

“Were you alright?”

“Where were you?”

“You got away from those muggles right?” Fred and George asked rapid fire, staying true to their back story of not having seen Harriet since the Hogwarts Express and only having escaped with Bill, Charlie, and Percy to leave the family.

“Fred and George Weasley!” Molly shrieked, “Get off her this instant!”
The twins ignored her and they grinned at Harriet, “So,”

“We should mention”

“We got a name change!” they said brightly.

“Oh?” Harriet said curiously.

“Yeah! We’re Prewetts now!” they announced as one.

“What?!” Molly shouted, “Get over here Fred, George! I won’t have you spouting lies!”

Bill stepped between his brothers and his ex-family, Percy next to him, watching them warily. “They’re right mother.” He said sternly, “So stop trying to order them around, we aren’t family anymore.” Arthur looked devastated and Harri peaked around Fred’s shoulder to give him a small reassuring smile out of the way of Molly, Ron, and Ginny.

“What is this about?” Molly demanded, “What possible reason could you have to disown yourselves? What makes you think you can pick up the Prewett name?” Bill narrowed his eyes at his mother and started to explain in a low tone.

Before Harri could hear what was said, Lee brought over his parents with a big smile, “Harriet! I’d like you to meet my parents!”

“And ours!” Fred and George crowed loud enough to get another rise out of Molly, “In all the ways that count!”

Mrs. Jordan gave them a fond smile, “Thank you boys.” She focused on Harriet, “It’s nice to meet you Harriet. I’ve heard quite a bit about you.” She said, offering her hand.

Harri shook it before moving on to shake Mr. Jordan’s hand as well, “I’m happy to meet you both! I’ve heard quite a bit about both of you as well, it’s nice to finally put some faces to those rather… wild stories.”
Mr. Jordan looked over to Lee, Fred, and George with raised eyebrows, “Just what have you been telling her?”

Mrs. Jordan stifled a laugh and smiled at Harri, “It can’t be all bad dear, she hasn’t run away screaming yet.”

“My word! Is that Harriet Potter!” came yet another voice to interrupt things.

Harri sighed, “I have to go play a little game but you are both welcome to come over to talk over dinner with us.”

“We’d like that.” Mrs. Jordan said with a smile.

“It is! Harriet Potter! Come up here!” the voice came again.

“Good luck Miss Potter.” Mr. Jordan chuckled.

Harri winked before she was grabbed by a reporter and dragged through the thick crowd to the front where Lockhart was. Gilderoy grabbed Harriet and brought her closer, “Come on Miss Potter, smile! Together we’ll make the front page.”

Harri pasted on her shy look while muttering low enough for only Lockhart to hear, “Pity fakes need real celebrities to catch real attention. Wouldn’t you agree?”

Lockhart’s arm around her went stiff and his smile became just a little fake, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.” He said softly from the corner of his mouth.

Harri adjusted for another shot and so she could whisper a bit louder, “Maybe I should try a memory charm to help you remember.”

Lockhart’s eyes shot to her as he pushed her away but he quickly covered up the action with a big smile as he addressed the crowd, “When Miss Potter walked in here today she had no idea that she
would be walking out with not only a copy of my new book, *Magical Me*, but also a set of my complete works, free of charge!”

The crowd clapped loudly as the books were thrust into Harriet’s hands for another shot, Harriet made sure to smile with the books in her hands as she looked up at Gilderoy, “Yes, I could always use some fiction to help put me right to sleep at night.” She said soft enough for only him to hear, Lockhart’s eye twitched and Harriet gave him a serene smile before she turned to the crowd with a shy smile, “I would like to thank Mr. Lockhart for giving me a full set of his little stories.” She said with wide eyes to draw them in, “Unfortunately I don’t have any extra room for another set of unnecessary books so I will be giving this set away to someone truly in need of them right this moment.” The crowd broke into applause again and Harriet bowed her head shyly to cough out “Amateur.” At Lockhart before making her way back through the crowd, very aware of the media members following her, hoping to catch a scoop.

As she approached the back of the store she could see the standoff between the remaining Weasleys (Arthur looking like he wanted to disappear into the floor) and her group, just beyond them Harriet could see Tonks and Kingsley entering, Tonks brightening when she laid eyes on Harriet. Harriet ignored them for the moment and went right to Ginny, she stepped in front of the youngest Weasley a serene smile on her face, “I would like to gift you these free books. I’m sure you can benefit from them much more than I can.” Harriet said kindly, she handed over the books just as she saw flashes out of the corner of her eye. Harriet resisted the urge to cackled like Sirius was currently doing from her bag, she hoped to Merlin the newspaper article road the needy and less fortunate angle like no tomorrow. Ginny stood there in shock as Molly spluttered off to the side, Ron was beginning to redden even further. Behind Harriet she could hear Fred and George snickering and Fenrir’s tail thumping on the floor as Sleipnir snorted.

“Miss Potter.” Kingsley called, “If your business here is complete. We need to speak to you.”

Harriet nodded and moved willingly over to them, ignoring Ron’s shouts and Molly’s demands to the reports that they not publish any of that. Harriet kept herself from smirking, like the media would drop a story about her. Harriet looked up to Tonks and Kingsley with wide eyes, “What did you need to talk to me about?”

An hour later Harriet was sitting on an exam table with Tonks sitting in a chair in the corner of the room. Harriet was currently focused on the little beetle on her knee that she had picked up on her way out of Diagon and to St. Mungos. She brushed at the beetle’s back with a small smile making the beetle flutter her wings and take off to find a better place in the room.

Harriet looked over to Tonks, “So the court really ordered this?” Harriet asked, despite the fact that she knew very well what had been ordered by who and who had tried to stop things.

“The Wizengamot, yes, after we found that blood in the cupboard under the stairs we wanted to see
the extent of things.” Tonks said brightly, she stopped and slapped her hand over her mouth with a wince, “I’m sorry. That can’t be a good memory for you. Ignore me. People say I have no filter.”

Harri gave her a small uncertain smile, “It’s alright, I may not like to talk about it but…for me it’s just a point of fact. And actually, my cupboard is the only good memories I have of my childhood.” She said softly, James and Remus tried to hiss soothingly form where they were in Harri’s bag next to Tonks’ chair.

Tonks looked horrified, “Really?”

Harri rubbed her arm and looked to the floor, “My uncle couldn’t get in there, it was too small. My aunt and cousin though it was too disgusting to enter so,” she drew in a breath, “So it was the only place I was left alone.”

Before Tonks could even attempt to comfort Harri the door to the exam room opened and a Healer stepped in with a Mediwitch on his left holding a dicta quill and parchment. The Healer stepped closer and smiled kindly at Harriet, “Hello Miss Potter, I’m Healer Erland. The Wizengamot has ordered a full examination with a specific interest in past injuries. Do you understand this?”

Harri frowned, “I think? Auror Tonks told me you would run a diagnostic that would tell you everything that happened to me over my life.”

Healer Erland nodded, “Yes, it will show everything that was inflicted on your body since you were born from a injury to an ailment and if it was corrected. It’s a powerful history diagnostic, we may focus on specific things depending on the results alright?” Harriet nodded shyly, “Good, can you lay back? This will take a little bit.”

Harri let out a shaky breath but slowly lay down on the exam table, she heard the Healer began to chant and his magic pulling at her and fought the urge to bury herself in her mind. She kept her breathing even and her magic calm, Harri focused on the fact that Fred and George were probably waiting for her back at the Castle by now and that her fathers were not ten feet away. It was still surprisingly difficult not to move with the Healer over her; Harri had been putting on her innocent act most of the day but this wasn’t an act, Harri wanted to move, the mere fact that the Healer was hovering over her was disconcerting. She breathed deep again, focusing inward, checking herself for paranoia charms without any results. Harri huffed internally, she had to be sure she didn’t allow herself to buy into her own act. It would do her no good to turn into another Dumbledore.

After twenty minutes the healer stopped, “Alright Miss Potter, you can sit up.” Harri did so as Healer Erland took the results from his mediwitch assistant, he looked over them, frowning as he made his
way over to Tonks. Harri listened in as he talked to Tonks, “With just a preliminary glance over these results I can see that the Wizengamot’s fears are accurate. She has been through much. I have no doubt in my mind that if she didn’t have her magic she would be dead.” Erland’s gaze moved toward the bottom of where his brow furrowed, “Recently though she underwent a powerful healing magic that fixed most of the things that remained unhealed by her own magic, but without further analysis we won’t know exactly what that was.”

Tonks frowned but nodded, “I see. I will take these results to the Wizengamot and we will come back if we need anything more.” She looked up at the Healer, “Unless there is anything you need to address with her right away? Dumbledore would like to check on her.”

The Healer shook his head, “She is free to go, most of the long term consequences of the starvation and mishealed bones are being corrected by that powerful magic.”

Tonks nodded, “Alright, can I have a copy?”

Erland nodded, “I will have to keep the original for Hospital records.”

“Of course.” Tonks said seriously.

“Excuse me.” Harri said timidly as she slid from the exam table, Erland and Tonks’ heads turned to her, “Can I have two copies as well? One for my records and one for Madame Pumphrey in case there is anything she will need to know off of it.”

Erland smiled, “That is very forward thinking Miss Potter. I will make you two copies no problem.”

Once they had gotten their copies Tonks and Harriet made their way through the hospital toward the visitors floos, “We’re going to go to Hogwarts now Harriet.” Tonks explained, “Just say ‘Hogwarts, Headmaster’s office’ once you step in, alright?”

Harri nodded and she took a handful of dust even as her own flames pressed against her skin in preparation, “Alright.” She stepped into the floo, “Hogwarts, Headmaster’s office!” she yelled before throwing down the powder. The second the green flames swept the view of St. Mungos and Tonks away Harriet let her blue flames take over and flame her home, making her disappear for the second time that summer.
Yes we will see Frigga again.

Loki’s wand (dragon heart string w/Jormandr’s venom)
Pine - The straight-grained pine wand always chooses an independent, individual master who may be perceived as a loner, intriguing and perhaps mysterious. Pine wands enjoy being used creatively, and unlike some others, will adapt unprotestingly to new methods and spells. Many wandmakers insist that pine wands are able to detect, and perform best for, owners who are destined for long lives, and I can confirm this in as much as I have never personally known the master of a pine wand to die young. The pine wand is one of those that is most sensitive to non-verbal magic. (direct from Pottermore)

Sleipnir’s wand (unicorn hair w/rainbow bridge shard)
Cedar - Whenever I meet one who carries a cedar wand, I find strength of character and unusual loyalty. My father, Gervaise Ollivander, used always to say, ‘you will never fool the cedar carrier,’ and I agree: the cedar wand finds its perfect home where there is perspicacity and perception. I would go further than my father, however, in saying that I have never yet met the owner of a cedar wand whom I would care to cross, especially if harm is done to those of whom they are fond. The witch or wizard who is well-matched with cedar carries the potential to be a frightening adversary, which often comes as a shock to those who have thoughtlessly challenged them. (direct from Pottermore)

As a compromise with the rules and having Bucky a bit more dangerous I chose a Margay. Margays are awesome. Their ankles can rotate 180 degrees. They can hang upside down from tree with just their feet! They can jump four feet straight up if they feel so inclined. They’re also excellent hunters and have been known to imitate calls of prey to draw in their own food! They’re also nocturnal and solitary, hello! Winter! Right there! Plus they’ve got those big innocent eyes and then all of a sudden Bucky could lose his shit and still look adorable while doing it!

Can anyone guess Loki’s big reveal for his Hogwarts persona?

Also, Kingsley...Harri’s side or Dumbles side? I feel like things are becoming a bit one sided at the moment.
“Harriet we just got on the Express.” Lee whined, “Who could you possibly be texting already?”

“Your mother.” Harri said nonchalantly, not looking up from her phone.

“What for?” Lee huffed, “You two saw each other not five minutes ago.” He glanced out the window of the train, “Look, she hasn’t even left the platform yet!” Harri, Fred, and George looked out the window and saw Mrs. Jordan waving at them happily.

Harri shrugged and went back to her phone, “She texted me all this morning during breakfast.”

“You were sitting two seats away from each other!” Lee exclaimed.

Fred chuckled, “Ever since Harriet gave her the magic proof phone and laptop she’s hardly put it down.”

George nodded and pulled his own phone from his pocket to show Lee, “She texted us this morning to make sure we were up and then ten minutes later to tell us to stop being so slow.”

Lee groaned as he slumped back in his seat, “You should have never given those to her Harri.”

Harriet huffed as she put her phone in her bag where the Marauders were already napping. “Lee, your mother is a muggle, a muggle writer. I know she chose your father and staying with him over technology that would have been hurt by magic, her job allowed that. But technology will help her with her job, give her more options without having to change much else. I think we can handle her being a little text happy.”
Lee deflated a bit, “I know.”

“She did promise not to text any of us during the day.” Fred said.

Harri smiled, “And I gave your father one as well so hopefully she will be able to text him.”

Lee nodded, “Hopefully.” He repeated.

The door to the compartment opened and they looked up to see Luna in the doorway with Bucky lounging around her shoulders, seemingly asleep. “Hello again big sister.” Luna hummed as she came in and shut the door behind her.

“Hello Luna.” Harri said with a smile, “Did you see Loki and Sleipnir out there?”

“No, they will join us in a bit.” Luna said as she sat down next to Lee and pulled out her Quibbler, “Not much longer.”

Fred rolled his eyes, “He just wants a dramatic entrance.”

“Not that we expected much else.” George threw in.

“He is God of Chaos after all.” They said as one.

Harri smiled, “I’m sure he has some things planned. I would be more surprised if he didn’t.”

George perked up, “Speaking of plans”

“We had an idea for a welcome feast prank”

“But we’ll need your help.”
Harri cocked an eyebrow, “You’re not going to give the firsties even a second to breathe?”

“Strike while the iron is hot!” Fred answered.

“Before they get that jumpy look about them.” George added.

Lee snorted, “They get that jumpy look because of things like this.”

Harri rolled her eyes, “Why do you need my help?”

“Because apparently you can speak to the castle.” Came a new female voice from the door. Everyone turned to see a slim girl just a bit smaller than Harri with straight and shiny black hair, big emerald eyes, and pale skin; on her shoulders was Jörmungandr and right behind her stood Sleipnir and Fenrir. Fred, George, and Lee gaped at the girl while Luna giggled and Harriet grinned. Sleipnir chuckled at their reactions while Fenrir gave a soft woof of amusement. The girl smiled and stepped a bit further into the compartment, “Hello, I’m Ligia Liesmith and this is Sage Liesmith, my brother.”

Harriet gave a soft laugh but stood up and held out a hand, “Nice to meet you Ligia. Would you and your…brother like to join us?”

Ligia gave Harri a grin, “We would.”

Harri sat back down to allow Ligia to move into the compartment with Sage and Fenrir, once the door was closed, everyone had settled into seats, and Harri had warded the door she grinned, “I’ve gotta say, I didn’t expect this.”

Ligia gave a very familiar smirk, “You said this year would be the time they tried to push Ginerva on you as your more girly friend, I’ll simply take her place.” She glanced down at her nails, “Besides, people will underestimate me even more like this. I can have such great fun!”

Lee groaned, dropping his face into his hands, “The castle is going to burn down and we’ll have to have class in the Forbidden Forest where we’ll be eaten by…”
Harri giggled over his rambling, “Lee, I would never allow Loki to burn down my castle.”

“Your castle?” Sage asked, “The school is yours?”

“Might as well be.” Harri said with a smile, she willed her Slytherin Ladyship ring and her Gryffindor heir ring on her hand, “I’m Lady Slytherin and Heir Gryffindor.”

Fred and George frowned before Fred pulled Harriet back against him so George could take her hand, “We didn’t know you’d already taken the Slytherin Headship.”

“In the Chamber you only said you could.”

“Not that you already had.” The twins said, looking at the two rings.

Harri smiled at them as she settled against Fred and let all of her rings appear on her hand, “I couldn’t tell you until your minds were protected. After that I wasn’t trying to hide it or anything. It just wasn’t the most important pieces of information you needed.”

Lee sighed and drew his hands down his face, “Is that why you like it so much when Fred and George go all Slytherin on things?”

Harri wiggled her eyebrows at him, “You bet.”

“There’s also the fact that she was supposed to be in Slytherin.” Luna said with a smile, “Slytherin’s are attracted to their own most of the time.”

Fred and George’s eyebrows shot up but Harri just laughed, “True.” Fred and George shared a look at Harriet’s answer. Harri looked over at Ligia, “So, nervous? This is the first time you’ll be in an actual school rather than just learning from tutors and whatever books you’ve managed to get your hands on.”
Ligia waved Harriet off, "I'm not too worried. I think it will be rather fun."

"You just think it will be fun because you get to mess with people." Lee grumbled as the train jerked and started off.

"Well there is that." Ligia chuckled.

There was a slight knock at the door and everyone looked over to it, "I thought you warded it." Ligia said hesitantly.

Harri smiled, "It's a modified ward, only friends can get passed it." She looked to the door, "Come in." She called.

The door opened and Neville poked his head in hesitantly, he relaxed a little when he saw Harriet, "There you are. Can...can I join you?"

Harri smiled, "Of course Neville." Neville closed the door behind and dropped onto the seat between Lee and Luna with what could only be described as a sigh of relief.

"You okay there Neville?" George asked.

"You look like you're running from dementors." Fred commented.

"Actually it was your brother, sister, and Hermione."

Fred and George nodded sagely, "Understandable."

Harriet gave him a sympathetic smile, "They started in already?"

Neville leaned back and groaned, "Yes. I ran after the third nasty comment."
Ligia cocked an eyebrow at him, "What exactly were they saying?"

Neville looked over to Ligia and blinked, "So-sorry, I didn't see you there." He held out his hand, "I'm Neville, Neville Longbottom."

Ligia smiled and shook Neville's hand, "Ligia Liesmith and this is my brother Sage." She said, tilting her head toward Sage who was next to her.

Neville looked between Ligia and Harriet, "Are you sure you aren't a Potter? Some long lost cousin? Or Harriet's half sister? You two could be twins if it wasn't for the hair and your cheekbones." Fred and George laughed while Harri giggled.

Ligia looked amused, "I'm sure. Gringotts would have informed me if I was related to any current families when we set up our account." Neville nodded in understanding and Ligia gave him a kind smile even as she leaned forward, "Now, what exactly were these three saying about my not sister?"

A couple hours later the group, already in their uniforms, was getting off the train; all of them talking animatedly about the upcoming school year. Neville had gotten comfortable with Ligia and Luna but seemed to really take a shine to Sage; ever since Ligia, Fred, and George fell into talks about getting revenge on Ron, Ginny, and Hermione, Neville and Sage had moved on to herbology and magical creatures quite easily. Harriet was happy everyone was meshing well, it wouldn’t do to have her friends and her family with a fracture through them. The Marauder’s had woken up an hour into the train ride and made a ruckus when they discovered who exactly Ligia was, Harri had simply rolled her eyes and humored their dramatics even as Fred and George seemed amused by it.

The group stopped off to the side when they came to the area where they would have to separate, Harriet pulled Ligia, Luna, and Sage over to her quickly, “It won’t be easy for us to meet tonight or even in the morning, so we will meet tomorrow evening after dinner, alright?” all three nodded, “Good, by tomorrow you should know where the second floor restrooms are. Meet us outside the girl’s restroom right after dinner.”

“Will do!” Sage said cheerily.

Ligia nodded, “Very well.” She smirked, “Do not forget to get the castle to set up our pranks.”

Fred and George came up on either side of Harriet and slung their arms around her, “We won’t let her forget.” They reassured. Sage laughed and Ligia smiled with a nod.
Harriet gave all of them a soft smile, “Alright, you need to go to the boats. We’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

Ligia, Luna, and Sage waved as they went off to join the other first years, Fenrir on their heels. “They grow up so fast.” Fred crooned making Harriet snort and George chuckle.

“Come on.” Harri said, guiding the rest of the group over to the carriages. As they rode closer to the castle the relaxed atmosphere in the group was lost as Harriet tensed further and further. She eyed the castle with the slightest bit of trepidation, knowing she would have to withstand Dumbledore’s interrogation after dinner as well as the questions posed by her peers after the three articles most directly related to her this summer, the last one being a report of the facts of Harriet’s checkup and announcing the Wizengamot’s full investigation into her situation.

Harriet looked down when she felt smooth scales rubbing against her hand and saw her dad rubbing his head on her hand soothingly, *Calm down Princess. You’ll do fine.* James murmured.

Sirius poked his head from her bag with the silver lily that James had made her last Halloween in his mouth, he dropped it in her lap, *Put it on. It will have to do since you can’t wear your battle gear right now.*

Harri gave them soft smiles and picked up the flower, *Thank you.* Harriet stuck the lily in place behind her ear.

Sirius nudged her hand, *Always pup.* Fred and George took her hands, reassuringly and James gave them an approving hiss before making his way up around Harri’s neck.

When they made it to the castle Lee and Neville headed straight for the Great Hall for the Welcoming Feast while Harriet, Fred, and George snuck away to set up the prank. With Harriet’s ability to speak to Hogwarts it was done in minutes, Harriet talked the castle into setting it off right after the sorting completed. The trio quickly made their way back into the crowd, hurrying into the Great Hall to throw off suspicion.

Harriet settled in her usual spot with Fred and George on either side of her with Lee, Neville, and Oliver across from them, the rest of the Quidditch team closed rank around the core group quickly, effectively closing off hopeful interlopers and the pushy traitors who were already being glared at by Fred and George. “Calm.” Harri mumbled, just loud enough for them to hear, “We can’t do anything here. Not at this time. We’ll be wanted criminals. While being on the run with only ourselves for
company sounds romantic, trust me when I say that the negative of the situation far outweighs the positive.”

That was enough to draw the twins’ attention to her and away from destroying Ron and Hermione. They leaned close so they wouldn’t be overheard, “Do tell.” Fred murmured lowly.

“Just us against the world sounds good to us.” George chuckled.

Harri smiled softly, “There are good points but they are overshadowed by constant paranoia and exhaustive traveling.”

“Oh dear Merlin they’re plotting already!” Oliver interrupted before they could go any further, the trio looked up to see their Quidditch Captain eyeing them warily, “Can’t we have one day of peace before you three start in?”

“Why whatever”

“do you mean Oliver?” the twins asked innocently.

Alicia groaned, “Don’t try to pull that. We know you’re planning something.”

“It’s almost like you”

“don’t trust us.” They pouted.

Katie tilted her head, “So you’re not planning something?” she asked skeptically, focusing on Harriet.

“Not at this time.” Harri said truthfully.

Oliver didn’t look like he believed her and quickly waved his hand, “Let’s talk about a safer subject before that changes.”
Angelina nodded quickly, “Yes, I heard rumors that Malfoy was going to try and buy his way onto the Slytherin team with new brooms.” The entire Gryffindor team groaned but Harri for an entirely different reason than the others, she had all but forgotten that was going to happen in light of more important and potentially life threatening things. She was still mad though, she loved playing Quidditch and this occurrence would be even more of a pain in the butt this time knowing that she should have remembered to counter the move.

“We’ll be stuck on the crappy school brooms.” Katie whined.

“We’re gonna lose!” Alicia cried dramatically.

Oliver looked grimly at Harriet, “Harri, you’re our best shot now. Catch the snitch before those idiots can score or we’ll be roadkill.”

“Maybe if we hit the bludgers”

“just right they will”

“break their brooms.” Fred and George muttered dejectedly.

“Then they’ll just foul us.” Angelina huffed, “Then we could lose anyway.”

“Plus I don’t think winning by murder will go over well with the Professors.” Katie added.

Harriet ran her hands down her face with a sigh, playing things up even as she decided on a few different courses of action, “Maybe…” every looked over to her, “maybe I can get someone to donate new brooms to the school.” She nodded, seemingly in deep thought as she focused on the table while she was really thinking over the letters she would need to send out, “Muggles do it all the time, have people donate to schools to make sure kids have safe equipment.”

“If anyone can do it it’s you Harriet.” Neville said with a soft smile.
“At least your title will do something good.” Alicia said with a small sympathetic smile; by this time the entire team knew how much Harriet hated her title but they also knew she knew how to wield it to her advantage.

Harriet just let out a sigh and nodded as Dumbledore stepped up to the podium at the front of the hall and called for silence. Everyone focused on the manipulative old man as he greeted the returning students and called for the sorting to begin. As the Headmaster made his way back to his seat he and Harriet’s gazes caught, even without a full legimens spell in place Harriet to practically taste his anger, she fought the urge to lick her lips while laughing manically. She kept her face her innocent mask before her eyes slid over the rest of the table, Lockhart was there in the DADA teachers seat. When she got to Severus who was watching her discretely, their eyes locked and she felt his mind brush hers; she smiled and sent him a quite greeting with just enough time to turn back and see Ligia, Luna, and Sage entering the Great Hall for the first time.

“Ligia looks like she’s going to squeal at the sight of the ceiling.” George laughed softly over the sorting hat’s song

Harriet giggled, “She’s the God of Chaos, she would scoff at the very idea and deny it if it ever did happen.”

“We’ll have to make it happen.” Fred said lowly, “I’m sure we can get Tony to record it for proof.”

They watched as the firsties began the sorting; clapping politely when the other houses gained a member and cheering like the proud Gryffindor’s they were when they gained another lion.

Finally, McGonagall called out, “Liesmith, Ligia.” Ligia made her way up to the stool, attracting the attention of Dumbledore and Severus alike when she hissed to Jörmungandr softly.

The Marauder’s perked up and James propped his head on top of Harriet’s so he could see; Fred, George, Harriet, and Lee all sat forward in anticipation as the hat was dropped onto Ligia’s head. “10 galleons says she’s a secret Claw.” Lee muttered across the table to them.

“I’m not going to take your money from you Lee.” Harriet scoffed, “It would be rude.”

“SLYщERIN!” the hat called.
Harriet grinned over at Lee, “See?” Lee rolled his eyes at her.

“Liesmith, Sage.” McGonagall called, Sage walked up with Fenrir pressed close, ignoring McGonagall’s disapproving look at Fenrir.

“Think he’ll go with his sister?” Fred muttered into Harri’s ear.

“No. He’ll be one of us or a Puff.” Harri answered.

“You guys know the kid?” Oliver asked.

“He met him on the train.” Neville said, “He was nice.”

“HUFFLEPUFF!” the hat called. Sage jumped off and made his way over to the Badger table with a wide smile, Fenrir keeping pace with his tail wagging happily. Harriet smiled, they would do well with the Badgers.

Two first years later it was Luna’s turn.

“Lovegood, Luna.” McGonagall called.

Luna swayed up to the chair with Bucky in her arms instead of around her shoulders for once, she petted him in a way that looked almost like a supervillain as she settled on the stool. The hat dropped onto her head and Bucky let out a disgruntled sound at the strange smelling fabric that was obscuring his mate’s face. Harriet forced herself not to react to his worry, keeping her magic in check even if she wanted to tell him it was alright. Luna never stopped petting him in gentle reassurance until the hat called out, “RAVENCLAW!”

Harriet smiled and joined in the clapping as Luna moved over to the Ravenclaw table. The rest of the sorting didn’t hold much interest for Harri so she let her thoughts drift a bit to the new letters she needed to write, the texts she needed to send out to check in with her family, and the upcoming discussion with Dumbledore.

She didn’t notice the sorting coming to an end until Fred nudged her and slid a vial over to her,
“Drink this.” He whispered urgently. Harri cocked an eyebrow at the little bottle but knocked it back discreetly anyway. She felt it spread through her system, making her feel a bit muzzy. She felt like she was moving through water and her head felt heavy. Fred rubbed her hand gently, “It will go away in a moment.” He slurred.

Harri frowned but in the next moment she heard a pop and swiveled her head to see bright fireworks spreading over the teacher table where Dumbledore was trying to welcome everyone again. The firework was writing out, ‘Welcome to Hogwarts First Years!’ with the paw, hoof, and claw prints of two wolves, two jungle cats, two foxes, two birds, two dogs, a stag, and a horse underneath the message, all underlined with what looked like a snake track. Once the firework had completely unfurled dust fell from the ceiling and coated each of the tables in their house colors and the teachers table in a veritable rainbow of dust.

Instantly Harriet felt her senses clearing up and she blinked even as everyone around them started screaming and shouting, brushing at themselves frantically, trying to get all of the colored dust off. It wasn’t working, it was dying people’s skin in their house colors and it was only making things louder. Fred and George were laughing as they looked around with big grins and Harri rolled her eyes fondly at them. Across from them everyone was trying to wipe the dust and coloring free while glaring at Fred and George halfheartedly.

Lee was the first one to bring it up as he sat in his seat, “Why do I feel so jittery?” he asked, his eyes darting around and his fingers tapping at the table.

Fred and George adopted innocent expressions, “We don’t‘

“know Lee.”

“You’ll need to work that out though”

“or you won’t be able to sleep for tomorrow.”

“What?!” Lee exclaimed.

Harriet stifled her laughter as she figured out what Fred, George, and Loki had done. She looked up to the table and grinned when she saw that the teachers were starting to look keyed up as well. That would help in her meeting with Dumbledore. The Headmaster, correctly deciding that he wouldn’t be able to talk at the moment, signaled for the food to appear and the room settled down slightly as
everyone who had been stuck on the train all day decided food was more important than dyed skin.

*This stuff makes my scales itch.* Remus grumbled, rubbing almost violently against the textured leather of one of Harriet’s journals. Harri snickered but reached in her bag to scratch at Remus’ irritated scales.

*Us too Princess.* James whined, hissing uncomfortable.

Harri rolled her eyes but picked her father up from her shoulders and gave him to Fred, “You reap what you sow.” She said with an innocent smile, Fred raised an eyebrow, “This stuff irritates their scales.” She turned and handed Sirius to George, “I can’t scratch them all at once.” Fred and George exchanged looks but shrugged and tried to relive the snake’s irritation while eating and feeding them as well.

*Why did we get handed off?* Sirius harrumphed.

*Because I’m her favorite.* Remus said smugly.

*Princess!* James hissed.

Harri laughed but ignored them as she focused on food and the friends around her. Dinner went by quickly and by the end everyone was feeling the effects of the dust, even Harriet who had been given the neutralizer was feeling it with the general atmosphere. Everyone was jumpy and energetic; five different Hufflepuffs had been on top of their table already to dance, the Slytherin table had broken out into hexing three different times over roasted potatoes and tarts, the Ravenclaws were all attempting to speed read through their entire curriculum for the year, and Gryffindor, well, they were rowdier than usual, which was saying something.

The teachers seemed to be holding it together the best but if you looked you could see Severus gripping his wand which was glowing an ominous green and glaring at Lockhart, McGonagall batting at a crumbled up napkin on the table frantically, Sprout looking over her students with a manic worry, and Flitwick letting out happy high pitched squeaks every few seconds. Dumbledore was the worst, his eyes were glittering almost manically and every couple minutes he would stroke his beard with a low creepy laugh.

Harri shuddered at the sound but turned her attention elsewhere, “You gave Bucky the neutralizer right?” she asked George softly.
“Of course.” He answered, “We did it on the train.”

“We wouldn’t want him to kill anyone on his first night here.” Fred chuckled, Harri nodded.

At the end of dinner, the Headmaster gave a rather strange speech about the school year ahead and the importance of important plans, his beard stroking and creepy laugh making the speech worse. After an entirely too jovial seven-minute introduction of himself by Lockhart everyone was sent off by Dumbledore and just like last year he called for Harri to come to his office. Harriet rolled her eyes but moved from the Great Hall with everyone else. She asked Neville to take her bag, with the Marauders in it, to her room, she wanted them to make sure that Hermione didn’t spell her bed while she was with Dumbledore. Fred and George escorted her all the way to Dumbledore’s office and only left after promising to be waiting for her just around the corner.

Harriet drew in a deep breath and walked up to the gargoyle, the guardian must have been expecting her because it jumped aside without her having to say a word. Harri walked up into Dumbledore’s office to find it empty, she couldn’t feel his magic anywhere in the rooms so she made her way over to Fawkes. She approached slowly and gave the bird a small smile, “Hello Fawkes.” She said softly. Fawkes cocked his head and cooed at her, “Yes, you’re quite beautiful.” She very gently stroked at Fawkes ruffled feathers, “You should come see me some time this year. I’d love to talk to you.” She murmured. Her head jerked toward the door when she felt Dumbledore’s magic approaching and smiled at Fawkes, “Just think about it. I’m sure you can get down to Samarra.” She said before stepping back toward the main arch of the set of rooms and set her face into innocent curiosity just in time for the door to open and bring in Dumbledore, Severus, Tonks, and Kingsley.

Dumbledore and Severus were still rainbow colored and Tonks looked to be suppressing her laughter at the sight they presented, Kingsley stood off to the side with a small smile on his face. Severus came to stand right next to Harriet, still shaking from the effects of the dust, he loomed over her but Harriet felt it was more his version of protection rather than intimidation. Dumbledore was still way to damn chipper; he was stroking his beard continuously now as his eyes locked onto her with what Harri could only describe as a hungry look.

“Wotcher Harri!” Tonks greeted.

“Hello Tonks.” Harri said with a smile.

“Harriet my dear!” Dumbledore exclaimed, “I have found you!”
Harri fought the urge to raise her eyebrow at that and sass back for all she was worth, she never would have thought a high Dumbledore would be like this. “Found me sir?” she asked curiously.

“You found nothing!” Severus almost growled, “The brat came back on her own.”

“Ah yes.” Dumbledore said, “Yes, yes, yes, yes.”

Harri bit her lip both to keep herself from laughing and to keep her act up, “Why wouldn’t I come back? I want to continue my schooling.”

“Miss Potter.” Kingsley interrupted, “I think they are referring to when you disappeared at the beginning of the summer and again a week ago. Could you tell us about what happened when you went home this summer?”

Harri faked hesitance for the few seconds it took Tonks to pick up on it and come comfort her, “You do have to go into detail right now Harri, we have some time, but the Wizengamot has launched a full investigation into your situation and they will have to know eventually.” Tonks said softly, hugging Harri with one arm.

Harriet nodded in understanding, “Alright.” She looked over to Kingsley with her eyes round and wide, “When Professor Snape escorted me back to my relatives they weren’t very happy to see me.”

“Nonsense dear!” Dumbledore piped up.

“Headmaster please refrain from interrupting.” Kingsley said sharply before looking back at Harriet, “Go on Miss Potter.”

Harri gave a shy nod, “They weren’t happy to see me. I was thrown back in my cupboard for causing them more problems.”

“The cupboard we found blood in?” Kingsley clarified.

Harri cocked her head as Tonks gave her a reassuring squeeze, “If it was the one under the stairs then yes.” Kingsley nodded and Harri continued, “They left me there for the rest of the day and the
next morning without food but I managed to get out while they went out to the cinema. I made my way to Diagon to pick up some things to help with my summer homework.”

“That is where you ran into Rita Skeeter?” Kingsley questioned.

Harri gave him a bright smile, “Yes! Miss Skeeter was very nice! She just asked me some questions.”

“She is untrustworthy Harri my dear, you can’t…”

“Headmaster!” Kingsley snapped, making the rainbow colored wizard looked to him in disbelief, “No interruptions.” he said sternly.

Harri frowned, “People keep saying bad things about Miss Skeeter. Did she misquote me in the paper?”

“You were aware she was going to publish your interview?” Kingsley asked.

Harri blushed, “Yes, she thought people would want to hear from me. I didn’t think so but she was adamant.” She looked up at Kingsley, “Did she misquote me?” she asked again.

Kingsley softened, “We don’t believe so Miss Potter. What she reported in all three articles she has done on you are lining up with what we have found so far.”

Harri pasted a relieved look on her face, “Good, she was nice.”

Kingsley smiled at her, “Please continue. What happened when you returned to your relatives?”

Harri shifted and looked at the ground, “They didn’t like that I left, they…they…” she buried her face in her hands and Tonks rubbed at her back.

“I think we can guess from the medical record.” Kingsley said gently.
“No.” Harri said shakily, looking up, “They…beat me. It was worse than before.” She drew in a breath, “Then…Uncle Vernon…he threw me in the car and drove me out to a field. He left me there. Told me if I wanted out of the house so bad I should just stay there.” Harri was playing things up a bit for her cover story but something similar had happened once, she had been in a forest that time; it had been five days before Vernon had come back and dragged her home. Harri assumed it was Dumbledore who made him bring her back. “I passed out after that.” She said in a painful whisper.

“Don’t make up such stories dear.” Dumbledore said jovially, his eyes sparkling, “Vernon would never do such a thing! He knows it’s not part of the plan!”

“Headmaster Dumbledore!” Kingsley snapped, “What have I said about interruptions!”

“No, no Kings.” Tonks said, narrowing her eyes at Dumbledore, “I want to hear about this plan.”

Kingsley looked torn, it was an excellent question and one he wanted an answer to as well but he could see this was hard for Harriet and he didn’t want to detain her longer than necessary. “It is a good question but I think we need to finish with Miss Potter here first so she can go get some sleep for her first day of classes tomorrow.” He smiled down at Harriet, “So you have no idea what happened to the Dursleys?”

Harri cocked her head, “No? Did something happen?”

“They disappeared.” Tonks said gently, “All their stuff was gone, they just vanished.”

“Oh.” Harri said dully.

Kingsley nodded, not expecting much of a reaction from Harriet at the news of her abuser’s disappearances, “Now, can you tell me what happened when you woke up? I assume you must have at one point and you didn’t just show up in Diagon Alley to get school supplied one day.”

Harri brightened and shook her head, “No. I woke up in a Manor house!” she said excitedly, “There were some house elves there. They said they had brought me home!”

Kingsley lifted an eyebrow and Dumbledore eye’s lost a little bit of their twinkle, “Can you elaborate
Miss Potter?"

Harri nodded, “Yes, they said that they felt me through a bond, that I needed help. They came and brought me to the Manor and treated my wounds. They were very nice to me.”

“What Manor was this?” Kingsley hedged.

“They said it was Potter Manor.” Harri said happily.

“That is impossible!” Dumbledore exclaimed, “They can’t get to you!”

“Headmaster Dumbledore!” Kingsley barked, “I will get to you in a minute. One more interruption and I will have to take action!”

Tonks ignored this and looked thoughtful, “It is possible. Even if she hadn’t claimed anything at Gringotts yet, since she was the last Potter all of the owner-elf bonds would be connected to her, since she is the only who could command them. And the elves at the main manor would have had strong enough bonds to the Potter line to know if they were in immediate danger.”

Kingsley nodded, “Alright, Miss Potter, how did you get your things to the manor?”

Harri smiled, “The elves told me they could go anywhere so I told them where the Dursleys’ house was so they could get my trunk and Hedwig, my owl.”

“And you were there the rest of the summer?” Kingsley asked.

“Well, I had one of the elves take me to the park a couple times and I went to Diagon Alley to get my supplies but other than that, yes. I was in my home the entire summer.” Harri said earnestly.

“Was that were you returned to after your check up?” Kingsley continued, Harri nodded. “Alright Miss Potter. We may come talk to you again as the investigation progresses but for now you can go.”

“No! She can’t!” Dumbledore said, actually stepping forward this time. “I need to talk to her! I need
to speak to her about many things! I need to make things clear!” he looked a bit frantic.

“Headmaster. I think you can make those things clear to me.” Kingsley said flatly, “Miss Potter is free to leave! You will let her leave here freely!”

“No! She can’t! The Greater Good must be served!” Dumbledore said, “She must adhere to the plan!”

Kingsley frowned, “Headmaster Dumbledore, I have no idea what you are speaking about but you seem to be having some sort of episode. Desist this or I will serve a protective restraining order to keep you from harassing Miss Potter that will not be reviewed for removal until this investigation is complete.”

Dumbledore flipped on a dime, his energy still frantic but he was no longer jovial, now he was angry. “I am the Headmaster of this school, you cannot keep me from speaking to students! Harriet needs to stay here and explain more about her summer!”

Severus stepped in front of Harriet protectively and narrowed his eyes, his mask nowhere near what it usually was with the dust’s effects, “She will be leaving.” He snarled, Dumbledore eyed his with cold blue eyes.

Harri discretely put a hand on Severus’ back and let Glacia trill internally to calm Severus while warning Dumbledore to stand down; she didn’t care if he ruined himself under the dust’s effects but he would not take one of hers with him, she wouldn’t allow it. As expected, the trill from her ice phoenix brought Severus to a calmer state while brushing Dumbledore’s anger away to be replaced by paranoia and wariness. Over on his stand, Fawkes trilled in answer, ratcheting up the two different reactions and letting Harriet know he heard her.

Kingsley narrowed his eyes at the face-off between the Potions Professor and the Headmaster, “I don’t know what is going on here but this will be added to the current investigation.” He looked at Dumbledore with hard eyes, “Once I have returned to the Ministry I will draw up the preliminary six month magically reinforced restraining order to keep you from harassing Miss Potter. If you feel that you have a need to speak to her, you will have to be accompanied by an Auror.” He turned away from the now gaping Dumbledore to face Harri who was still be guarded by Severus, “Miss Potter, we will contact you with the specifics of the order as well as if we have any other questions about your situation. You should never have had to go through what you have and the DMLE are dedicated to finding all the ways you have been wronged and fixing them.”

“Thank you Auror Shacklebolt.” Harri said with a shaky smile.
The tall wizard smiled at her, “You can call me Kings. Everyone does.”

Harri nodded, “Then you can call me Harri.”

Severus finally recovered enough from the phoenix song clashing with the dust to stand up straight, “If that is all Auror Shacklebolt, Auror Tonks, I believe I should escort Miss Potter to her dorm and then go brew something to counter this stuff those troublemakers dropped on us.” Kingsley nodded and waved them off. Harriet and Severus quickly exited the office, only slowing when they reached the gargoyle.

Harri giggled almost hysterically, “Oh Merlin that was just too good!”

Severus gave her a disapproving look, “Yes. Hilarious.” He said dryly. “I expect an explanation very soon Miss Potter.”

Harri nodded, “Tomorrow after dinner.”

Severus gave a small nod before beginning to walk away, “Tell those demons of yours that I expect a three-foot-long report of the making, uses, and the counter of that dust they used on us or they will be getting two weeks of detention.” He called back before turned around a corner and out of sight.

Harri laughed again before turning the opposite direction and heading toward where she could feel Fred and George waiting for her in an abandoned classroom. She stepped into the classroom and instantly pulled them into a hug, “You guys are brilliant.”

Fred and George shared a look over her head but hugged her back tightly, “So it went well?” George asked lightly.

Harri laughed as she pulled back, “It went beautifully! That dust! Merlin! It’s the best! Whatever it did to Dumbledore,” she broke into a bout of laughter, “Oh sweet Morgana!”

“What!” George asked, he tugged at Harriet playfully, “Come on, tells us what our genius has wrought!”
“It’s supposed make people energetic, less able to hold a front, and helps enhance the person’s foremost emotion.” Fred said with a frown, “It couldn’t have revealed that much. He would probably be more talkative but not much, he would still be able to hide a little.”

Harri nodded, “It did all that! But he brought in Tonks and Kingsley! He blabbed about having a plan to those who are investigating all the stuff that’s going on around me!” she giggled almost hysterically.

Fred’s jaw dropped and George laughed, “He’s going to have trouble digging his way out of this.”

Harri grinned, “It gets better! Kings is gonna file a magically reinforced restraining order to keep him from harassing me!”

Fred and George burst out laughing, high fiving in victory, “That’s great!” Fred exclaimed.

George grinned, “So I assume you did indeed like our welcome prank.”

“I loved it!” Harriet laughed, she got a mischievous smile, “Am I to assume, now that you’ve made it near impossible for everyone to sleep tonight, that you are going to give everyone a wakeup call?”

George pulled back and fanned himself dramatically, “It’s like you know us!”

“You know it!” Harri laughed but squeaked when in the next moment Fred picked her up, “Fred!” she squeaked in shock, throwing her arms around his neck.

He chuckled, “Never fear milady! I am just returning you to your tower! We will greet your fans and then we can tell Lee and Percy about the good news!”

The next morning the entire sleep deprived castle was awoken by wailing sirens and red flashing lights, the two didn’t stop until the very last person was in the Great Hall for breakfast. Harriet smiled brightly around the table at the dead eyed lions who still sported red dyed skin, “Good morning everyone!” she said cheerily.
Oliver whined and brought his robes over his head, “No its not Harriet.”

“I only got to sleep like three hours ago.” Lee almost cried.

Harriet clucked her tongue, “Staying up late partying huh? That’s no good Lee.”

“I didn’t!” he huffed, “I couldn’t sleep!”

Fred and George chuckled, “You didn’t seem”

“to try either!”

“Shut up!” Alicia grumbled, “I know this is your guys’ fault! The fact that your so damn chipper right now is as good as a confession.”

“Aw, don’t be a downer.” Harri cooed, “We’re not the only ones awake!”

The rest of the day drug on for the tired occupants of the castle. The first day classes were incredibly dumbed down and simple and there was no homework. Madame Pomphrey ran out of Pepper ups within the first hour. What glimpses Harriet had caught of Sage and Fenrir showed that they weren’t fairing much better than the mere mortals, Fenrir’s tail was dragging and Sage kept falling asleep standing up. Luna and Bucky didn’t seem affected but Harri didn’t really expect them to be. Ligia and Jörmungandr seemed unaffected as well but Harriet could tell something was wrong; she knew they most likely had the counter since they had helped with the prank preparation but she couldn’t pinpoint exactly what was wrong with the two of them.

Finally, dinner arrived and everyone breathed a huge sigh of relief, many vowing to go to bed the second dinner was over. To everyone’s relief, the skin dye had disappeared altogether on its own. The flapping of wings drew Harri’s attention upward and she gave a discrete smile when she recognized the owl as a Ministry owl. The bird landed in front of her and held out her foot with an insistent hoot, “Thank you darling.” She said, giving the owl a piece of chicken after she had retrieved the roll of parchment.

Opening it, Harri had to refrain from dancing around, it was the restraining order. “50 meters.” She
muttered to her mates and the Marauders, “He had to stay 50 meters away from me at all times or magic will push him back.”

“Wicked.” Fred and George laughed.

*As it should be.* James said happily.

*Good!* Remus snapped.

After dinner they made their way toward the second floor girls restroom, Harriet being careful that Severus didn’t lose track of them as he skulked after them. When they made it to the bathroom Sage and Fenrir were waiting outside and Luna and Ligia were waiting inside with Bucky and Jörmungandr. Harriet led the twins, Lee, Sage, and Fenrir in quickly and they all gathered to wait for Severus.

*Do you need to add them to the protection Princess?* James asked.

*I did it already. I wasn’t sure if I would need to call Samarra for anything, so I added everyone once I was sure she was safe.* Harri soothed.

Severus entered a second later, “Why exactly are we in a girl’s bathroom?”

“To go down to the Chamber of Secrets.” Harri said factually.

“This isn’t the way we got in last time.” Severus pointed out.

Harri grinned, “You mean when I shoved you backward into a hole? Yeah, that was something I had Hogwarts make up just for that. This is the traditional way in, everyone should have to go through it at least once to get the full effect.” She turned to the sink, *Open.* she hissed, the sink rose and revealed the slide. Harri grinned at the group, “Who wants to go first?”

“I’ll go.” Luna hummed, she took Bucky from her neck so she could hold him securely and dropped into the pipe without so much as a slight hesitation. Her giggles rang out behind her.
“My turn.” Ligia said, “Can’t be showed up by another blonde.” Severus raised an eyebrow at his newest snake but watched as the girl jumped into the hole. Next was Sage and Fenrir, then Lee jumped down closely by Fred and George, Severus went after that and Harri went last so she could close the entrance after her.

When Harri landed she was surprised to see Jörmungandr the size he had arrive to LeFay castle in, ignoring Severus’ wary looks as he wrapped protectively around his father, *There is a basilisk here.* he hissed harshly.

Harri nodded, *It’s alright Jor, the basilisk won’t hurt you.* Jörmungandr hissed incoherently but didn’t size down. Harri shook her head and led the group to the second door, Severus stared at the snake door with interest, it was certainly something to see.

As the second door swung open Harriet gave the bag that the Marauders were in to Lee, making him frown. “Why am I taking them?”

“They’ll get crushed if they’re on me here in a moment.” Harri said nonchalantly as she led the group into the outer Chamber. “Welcome to the Chamber of Secrets!” she said dramatically, sweeping her arms around the room.

*Hatchling!* came the excited hiss from the back of the Chamber. Harri hurried forward as she saw the statue’s mouth drop open to allow Samarra free. Samarra shook herself as she landed before slithering toward Harriet at full speed, *Hatchling!* she hissed again, *You returned!* the enormous snake wrapped around Harriet and squeezed in a snake hug, *We missed you so much!*

*I missed you too!* Harri said hugging the closest bit of basilisk she could get her arms around, *I’m so happy to see you!*

A deeper hissing interrupted them and Samarra twisted violently to change position, putting Harriet on her back as she reared up in defense, *Who goes there! I shall not let you harm my hatchling!*

*She’s my hatchling damn it! Other people need to stop claiming her!* James hissed from the bag. He was ignored.
All eyes were on Jörmungandr who was looking at Samarra with as much surprised as a snake could manage. Finally, his head dropped a bit and a deep rumbling hiss came from his enormous mouth, *Peace lovely lady. I shall not harm the one you call you hatchling.* he slithered closer slowly, *I would just like to get to know the gorgeous serpent before me.*

Harriet groaned, “This is not happening.”

“What’s not happening?” Severus asked, still eyeing the two enormous snake with slight trepidation.

“It would seem that my brother has found a love interest.” Sage chuckled.

“Brother?” Severus questioned.

*Who exactly are you that I would allow such a thing!* Samarra hissed indignantly.

Jor gave a hissy chuckle, *I am Jörmungandr, the World Serpent.*

Samarra scoffed, not noticing that Harriet was sliding from her back and making her way over to the group of humans, *You hardly look big enough to wrap around the world.*

Jörmungandr gave a great rumble, *Just a bit of sizing magic beautiful. I can grow and shrink at will.*

Harriet gagged, “I think we should allow these two to get to know each other, I don’t want to hear what passes as snake flirting.” Ligia nodded, looking a little sick at the idea. Harri quickly led them up through the statues mouth and into the study. Harri walked over to Salazar’s painting quickly, “Alright. Salazar, you already know my mates Fred and George and the three Marauders, but I would like you to also meet Severus Snape, the current head of Slytherin in the school; Lee Jordan, Fred and George’s best friend and a hilarious announcer; Luna Lovegood, my sister in all but blood; Bucky Barnes, my brother who is currently disguised as a margay for reasons; Ligia Liesmith who is actually Loki God of Mischief and Chaos, one of my flock; Sage Liesmith who is actually Sleipnir Lokiison, the grandest steed in the universe; Fenrir Lokison, the great wolf; and Jörmungandr, the World Serpent who is here but is currently out romancing Samarra. Everyone, this is Salazar Slytherin, one of the four founders of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.”
Severus was trying to maintain his composure as everyone greeted the founder politely and the Salazar nodded in turn to each before looking to Harriet, “You know the most interesting people.” Harri grinned at him before his eyes slid back over to Fred and George, “I assume you two have something to do with those obnoxious alarms that went off earlier.”

Fred and George chuckled, “Sort of, see”

“we did the first part of the prank”

“but the sirens were Loki’s part.”

Salazar’s eyebrows raised up, “I see.” His eyes searched out Severus, “Ah, you must be the one who was stupid enough to disregard the warning given to you by Lady Slytherin herself.” Severus choked a bit at the comment, “Know this,” Salazar continued, “She would not have been able to so fully take my holdings from my last heir if she was not Slytherin enough at heart. You would be wise to remember that.”

“Yes Lord Slytherin.” Severus rasped.

Harri rolled her eyes, “Now that that is done.” She marched over to Ligia and set her hands on her hips to stare the smaller girl down, “What’s wrong?”

Ligia took a step back, “Excuse me?”

Harri narrowed her eyes, “Loki Friggadottir, I have known you long enough to know when something is bothering you. What is it? Do you want to go back to LeFay Castle? Do you want to go hang out with Tony?” she narrowed her eyes, “Did something happen?”

“It’s nothing I can’t handle.” Ligia said quickly.

Harri crossed her arms and leaned back, “Loki you can tell me now or I can call you mother and get her to get you to tell me.”

“It’s fine!” Ligia insisted. Harriet summoned her mirror from her bag and held it up pointedly. Ligia
tried to stay strong but the second Harri opened her mouth so say Frigga’s name Ligia broke. “Alright! Just…don’t call Frigga, she’ll storm the school!” one of Harri’s eyebrows lifted in silent invitation. Ligia rubbed at the back of her neck before her face shimmered a bit and several bruises came into view.

“Damn.” Fred said walking around to stand with Harri, “Who gave you that?”

George came to Harri’s other side, “Why were you hiding it? We know you’ll heal pretty quick but it doesn’t mean we wouldn’t have given you some salve.”

“Loki.” Harri growled.

Ligia huffed, “Sirius already warned me about the prejudice about anyone not of ‘pure blood’ in Slytherin. I didn’t think it would go this far, they’re just children. I would decimate them if I tried to retaliate physically.” She looked up at Harriet, “I’ll be fine. I just need a bit of time to bring them to heel.”

Harriet’s eyes flashed Avada Kedavra and she disappeared in a burst of flame.

“Where did she go?” Lee asked.

Luna giggled airily, “To prepare for the takeover.”

“A takeover?” Severus asked in disbelief.

Salazar chuckled darkly, “A true Slytherin will do anything to protect what is theirs. She is going to take her place, at least with those who are of our house, to make sure that Ligia is safe.”

Ligia crossed her arms over her chest, “I don’t like this. I can do it myself.”

Sage smiled at his mother, “Sometimes it’s nice to have someone do it for you Mother.” Ligia deflated a little and nodded.
“So she’s going to”

“take over Slytherin house”

“All by herself?” Fred and George asked, Salazar nodded and the twins shared a look. “Not gonna lie”

“That’s pretty hot.”

Lee face-palmed, “You two are ridiculous.”

*Our pup is hot doing anything!* Siru piped up.

*Oh Merlin, you did not just say that.* Remus hissed, smacking Sirius with his tail.

Another burst of flame announced Harriet’s arrival and cued Fred and George staring at her with wide eyes, she wore Slytherin green robes that hugged her waist and flared at the waist and elbows as well as black leather heeled boots that were just visible under her hem; her nails were painted green and her lips black. Her hair was splayed artfully around her face as she glided over to Salazar again, his frame pulled away from the wall as she approached, revealing a small cove filled with jewelry set below a shelf that held a circlet and a tiara that were both done up in snake shaped silver and emeralds. Harriet took the tiara and settled it into her hair before pulling out a thick bracelet.

When Harriet pulled away the portrait swung closed and Salazar smirked at her, “The fireplace down here connects directly to the one in the Slytherin common room. Go make our house great again Lady Slytherin.”

Harriet’s lips quirked up and she bowed slightly, “Will do Lord Slytherin.”

“Can we watch?” Fred and George called as Harriet ushered a slightly blushing Ligia over to the fireplace.

Harri gave them a shark like grin, “Come on then.”
*Take us too!* Sirius demanded, on the way Fred and George picked up the Marauders and wound them around their necks.

“Have fun big sister!” Luna called.

Lee backed up a little even as Severus moved to the group, “I think I will just stay here with Sage and wait for you crazy Slytherin’s to be done.”

Harriet rolled her eyes, “Forcing people to submit to my will isn’t for everyone.” She said with a shrug before throwing floo dust into the fire and stepping through with Ligia.

Draco Malfoy was running on fumes as he lounged in a chair by the fire place. He was exhausted and wanted nothing more than to go to bed. Unfortunately, his Godfather, the Head of Slytherin, had wanted them all in the common room for the announcements that they had all been too jittery to sit and listen too last night. They had been told that the announcements would be a little after dinner and that no one was to go to the dorms until they were finished. Draco honestly thought it was just a tactic used by his Godfather to make sure their sleeping schedules wouldn’t be thrown off any more than they already were.

So when the fireplace blazed to life and spat out a regal looking Harriet Potter and the new girl, the entirety of Slytherin house was present for it.

They were all looking rather undignified as well with their gaping mouths and wide eyes.

Give them a break, they were sleep deprived!

Harriet’s dangerously glowing eyes swept over the snakes, her lips drawn in a perfect pureblood sneer as she took them in. The fire flared twice more to let out the Weasley twins who currently had Harriet’s snakes on their shoulders and Professor Snape looking a healthy mix between skeptical and exasperated.

Finally, someone spoke up, “What the hell are you doing in here Potter!” a seventh year snapped, rising to his feet, “And what is with your robes? It’s too late for you to be a snake.”
Harriet’s wand whipped out so fast Draco couldn’t track it, one second her hands were empty and the next a spell was hitting the seventh year and they were collapsing with a pained scream as three lashes appeared across his cheek. “So this is what has become of the great Slytherin house.” She said, her voice deceptively soft, hiding the danger. Draco’s self-preservation kicked in and he prepared to side with the strongest in the room. It was obvious really. “Pathetic.” Harri hissed, eyeing them all with disdain.

Harri stepped forward and set herself firmly in front of the new girl, L-something? Draco couldn’t remember her name. “Purebloods.” She snarled, like she was saying a practically vicious curse. “You’re all the same. So secure in your superiority. So positive that you are better that you ignore facts laid out before you and the basic laws of human decency whenever it suits.”

“You don’t know what you talking about Potter.” Pansy snapped, “Just…”

Harriet’s silver wooded wand whipped around and Pansy was hit with a sharp stinging hex that had her clutching her cheek. “Did I say you could speak?” Harri asked lowly, Pansy lowered herself further in her chair, shaking her head. Harri went back to surveying the room, “The most powerful head of house Slytherin has had in almost a century is Severus Snape and you all respect him. I can see it in your faces. I can see it in your actions. I can see it in the way you look at him now to save you from the light sides Savior and her rant.” She tapped her wand against the flat of her hand, “He’s a half-blood you fucking morons.” Many jolted at that, others knew; Draco had known, he had always known, but while his father had raised him as a true pureblood, he was taught to respect power even more that blood, unlike some in the room.

The girl-who-lived angled slightly so she could put a hand on the new girl’s shoulder, “It is no wonder that the world calls this house dark if some of you would happily beat an eleven-year-old girl for something that is out of her control.” A few people winced and Draco frowned, trying to think who would have gone after someone within the house who was already technically the lowest member in the Slytherin hierarchy and had made no attempts as of yet to move upward. “Salazar Slytherin himself would be ashamed of what you and your parents before you have turned this house into. A den of liars, cheats, and thieves. Darkness should not be considered evil and yet because of the behavior that is allowed to continue to this day, this house is seen as both and the prejudice is spread from there.”

Draco was surprised, he didn’t expect that Golden Girl to make a pro-dark magic speech. Then again he didn’t expect her to floo into the Slytherin common room like this either. Eh, whatever.

“We are going to turn this house back into what it should be. The house of ambition and cunning. The house of resourcefulness. The house of power and perseverance. We will fix this house and we will do it as a group without all of this pure-blood supremacy crap to get in the way. We will stand together, everyone who is sorted into this house will be on the same standing until the can prove that their own power should elevate them.” Harriet’s eyes lingered on Draco for a second, “They’re own
power, not their families, not their father’s, their own.” Draco blushed.

Flint decided it was time to speak up, he stood and bared his crooked teeth at Harriet as he paced forward to meet her head on, “We? You’re not one of us. What we do here is none of your business. Just who the hell do you think you are that we would listen to you?”

Harriet didn’t back down or even so much as flinch at the challenge, she brought her hand up and a single ring appeared on her hand, “I am Lady Slytherin and you shall treat me as such.” She growled dangerously. At her claim the emeralds sat throughout the room glowed with power and the snake statues moved into a bowing position.

Every Slytherin in the room moved to their knees on the ground, “Yes Lady Slytherin.” They called in unison.

Draco caught a flash of annoyance in her eyes and wondered why exactly she was making the claim like this if she was just going to be annoyed by their reverence. It didn’t make since until she walked back over to the new girl and withdrew a silver snake band with emeralds set into it from her sleeve, she slid the bracelet on the girl’s wrist before addressing them again, “This is Ligia Liesmith, when I am not here you will follow her orders as if they were mine, is that clear?”

“Yes Lady Slytherin.” The room answered.

Harriet nodded and folded her hands perfectly in front of her, “Severus is still your head of house, you will treat him as such. Do you understand?”

“Yes Lady Slytherin.”

“Dumbledore is the enemy and we will keep this in house until the time that best benefits us. Is that clear?”

It surprised everyone in the room but the response came even more readily than before, “Yes Lady Slytherin.”

“If any would dare to challenge my claim it will be done in house to keep this away from Dumbledore do you understand?”
“Yes Lady Slytherin.”

“If you have something you think needs to be brought to my attention you will speak to me directly when I am in the common room or relay it to me through Ligia or Severus. Is that clear?”

“Yes Lady Slytherin.”

“Do you all vow to help me bring this house back to its former glory? To change our image from this vile twisted thing that we have become? To make us a house that any first year would be proud to be a part of?”

Again the chant got even stronger, “Yes Lady Slytherin.”

“Good.” Harriet said, her wand disappeared into her sleeve and she waved her opposite hand, making a chair appear out of nowhere. Draco marveled at the simply show of power as Harriet dropped gracefully into the seat, “Shall we begin?”

“Yes Lady Slytherin.”
First Semester of Second Year

Chapter Notes

Remember I'm condensing this year and next down since there isn't a lot, story wise, that's happening in these years. This is the second chapter on second year and the next will be the last.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was another hour and a half before Harriet, Ligia, Severus, and the twins flooed back into Salazar’s study. Sage was curled up on the couch with Fenrir, both asleep, Lee was browsing through the book shelves casually, and Luna was meditating with Bucky, only looking up once Harri passed her. Jor and Samarra were nowhere to be seen. Harriet immediately walked over to the desk and dropped into the armchair with a sigh, not even pausing before pulling out several blank scrolls and a quill to begin writing.

“That was awesome.” Fred said, coming to sit on the left arm of Harriet’s chair.

“You were magnificent.” George added, coming over to sit on her other side, both leaning close to Harri but not close enough to hinder her ability to write.

James launched himself from Fred’s shoulder and transformed back to himself in front of the desk, “Down boys.” He growled. Harriet glanced up at her father with a raised eyebrow before going back to her work.

Ligia crossed her arms over her chest, “Good luck with that. They seem to have a thing for Harriet’s power plays.”

Fred and George blushed but didn’t deny it, James spluttered and pointed at the twins with a stern look, “You better stop it right now! I won’t have you perverting my precious innocent daughter!”

Before the twins could answer Harriet snorted and everyone looked to her when she stared her father down with an amused expression, “Them perverting me? This time around? More like the opposite.”

Lee groaned, “I don’t need to hear this.”
Ligia snickered, “She’s right though. She was mated to them for what, eight years, last time? I’m sure she knows more about that stuff at this time than they do.” Fred and George’s blushes grew.

Harri chuckled, “Also the fact that I was on a team of mostly males who didn’t have much shame when it came to talking about things like that.” Bucky let out a hissy sounding laugh from his spot on Luna’s shoulder.

James looked like he was about to pass out, “No…my sweet…innocent…little girl.”

Harriet’s smile turned down right evil, “I bet I could make you blush dad. Quite a feat if what little tidbits I’ve caught from Moony and Padfoot are correct.”

James paled further, “No Harriet I don’t think…”

Harri leaned back in her seat and threw on a mock innocent look, “Two words, two little words you probably haven’t considered.”

“I’m not…”

“Pensieve Porn.” Harriet announced casually.

James went beet red and Fred and George choked, Lee dropped his head in defeat, and Luna giggled. *Please change the subject cub.* Remus huffed from George’s shoulder.

“Yes, please.” Salazar said in English, “A subject change would be most appreciated.” He focused on the quietly laughing Harriet, “How did things go?”

Harri settled and went back to writing as she answered, “It went alright. I expected more opposition but they were all sleep deprived. They’ll be testing me this year to see my power and my resolve. I estimate at least four challenges to my claim and two assassination attempts, the first where I will deliver a warning and the second where I will deliver a harsh punishment. By the end of the year hopefully they will fully acknowledge my claim and we will be able to make more headway next year.” Salazar nodded, agreeing with her fair assessment.
“Assassination attempts!” Fred and George growled.

“Yeah.” Harri said, signing her name at the bottom of her first scroll before holding it out for Severus, “Please check over these new rules for Slytherin, tell me if I need to change anything.” Severus nodded and took the paper, Ligia slyly made a copy to peruse for herself.

Fred tugged Harriet gently back from the parchment, “Harriet, please focus.”

“What do you mean assassination attempts?” George asked worriedly.

Harri looked up at them with a soft smile, “Eventually they will figure out that I’m not a Slytherin by blood and they will attempt to win the title from me by conquest. Not that any of them would fit the conquest prerequisites, but they’ll attempt it anyway because the title is a very high one and comes with quite a bit of loyalty of all those who have stood under the banner here at Hogwarts.” She took their hands reassuringly, “It will take a lot more than baby snakes to kill me.”

“Like Fred said.” Luna said dreamily.

Harri chuckled again, “Yeah.”

Fred blinked, “Like I said what? When was this?”

Harriet giggled, “Two years into our time with the Avengers two former Slytherin Deatheaters came to America to escape the Aurors who were still hunting them. They recognized us as the ones to defeat Voldemort and decided they wanted revenge on us for ruining their lives. They attacked us at a coffee shop, rather stupidly proclaiming that they would be the ones to kill us for taking their master from them, you stood up in the middle of all the spells flying and said, ‘We’ve faced down Gods and Monsters without flinching. We took down the big basilisk himself with minimal training. It will take more than a couple of baby snakes to kill us.’”

Fred and George laughed while Lee snorted, “Apparently you’re still a cocky asshole in the future Fred. Nice to know.”

Fred shrugged, “It’s a gift.”
“It’s deserved.” Harriet added.

Severus and Ligia settled in the seats in front of Harriet’s desk, “What exactly do you mean by rule number thirteen?” Severus asked.

Harri hummed, “The one about remedial muggle studies?”

Severus nodded while Ligia moved down to the rule to read, “Every Slytherin must attend at least four hours of remedial muggle studies each week during one of the times Lady Slytherin is present in the common room. All hours will be logged. The first remedial lessons will start the second Saturday of each term to allow time to settle into school. The first session of each term is mandatory.”

Harriet nodded, “Slytherin’s have a hard stance against muggles; despite that they need to understand them enough to blend in appropriately in the muggle world, which they wouldn’t be able to with the terrible state of the current muggle studies course. Mostly it will be muggle newspapers; some movies, shows, and books to get the pop culture side of things; and technology. It will be during one of the times I’ve written out to be in the common room, I can’t be there all the time but their faith in me will fail if I’m continuously unavailable to them.”

Severus nodded, “That’s incredibly perceptive of you.”

Ligia hummed, “Even Odin has open court a few times a week. It’s a good move. Shows you care for those under you but disallows people demanding you create time for them whenever they want. You remain in control, not them.”

Harriet nodded, “How about the rest? I want to get this posted tonight so they don’t think I was joking.”

Ligia’s eyes went back to roving the parchment while Severus dropped his on Harriet’s desk to look at Harriet seriously, “I don’t see anything of real concern or that would be morally questionable. Most of your punishments are fair but how exactly do you expect me to enforce the final two punishments if they get that far?”

Harriet smirked even as Fred reached for the parchment curiously, “I don’t expect you to do anything for the final two.”
“Marauder justice?” Fred and George read as one.

*Marauder Justice!* Sirius exclaimed excitedly from Fred’s shoulder.

James chuckled darkly, “That would be our responsibility Snivellus.” Harriet gave him a disapproving look while Snape just glared.

“Can we help?” Fred asked excitedly.

“Definitely.” James laughed.

Harri smiled and went back to Severus, “As for the final one, it is just as it says. Lady Slytherin’s Judgement. You’ll only potentially need to cover for the student.” She gave him a sweet smile that made his shudder, “Don’t worry Severus, I’ll only get my point across. Nothing more.”

Severus opened his mouth to request she try to control herself when a pop sounded and the papers all over the desk scattered as a house elf appeared to displace them. Instantly Fred, George, Severus, James, and Ligia all had their wands out and pointed at the tiny creature. The second the elf registered the wands pointed at him he dropped to huddle on the desk top, “I is sorry! Please don’t! I bees punishing myself!”

“Dobby!” Harriet called brightly, she flicked her hand and everyone’s wands flew from their grips. Fred, George, and Ligia’s wands retracted to their holsters while James and Severus’ landed in Harriet’s hand. She quickly set them aside as she edged forward with a big smile.

The elf looked up at her with wide disbelieving eyes, “The great Harri Potter knows Dobby’s name!” he squeaked.

Harriet chuckled, “I do.” She cocked her head, “Are you alright Dobby? I expected you yesterday.”

“Harri Potter knew Dobby was looking for her?” Dobby asked, he started to shiver a bit, “I am sorry I is late Harri Potter! Dobby will punish himself!” he popped away from the desk and over to the fire place where he began to beat his head against the marble. Bucky made a startled noise at the behavior and Severus and the twins frowned.
Harriet sighed, she forgot she would have to help Dobby with his punishing habit again, “Dobby.” She called sternly, the little elf looked up at her fearfully, “Dobby when you are with me you will not punish yourself.”

“Dobby must! Dobby’s master tells him so! Dobby must punish himself when he does wrong!” Dobby cried, continuing to beat his head against the marble but softer as he cried.

“Potter what crazy thing have you attracted now.” Severus grumbled.

Harriet rolled her eyes, “Did you actually read the journal or did you just skim it?” Severus scowled at her and she sighed, “Dobby is here to warn me of the plans his master has for the school. He wants me to leave. He doesn’t think it’s safe.” Dobby froze over by the fire place.

“With assassination attempts we’d say not.” Fred muttered.

“Baby snakes or not.” George added, Remus hissed his agreement. Harri rolled her eyes.

“Who is his Master?” Severus huffed.

“Dobby cannot say!” the little elf blurted, he went back to beating his head against the fireplace, “Dobby must not say bad about his family! Dobby is a bad elf!”

Harriet flicked her wand at Dobby, making a football helmet appear on his head, not that he seemed to notice beyond his sobs. “Dobby serves the Malfoy family.”

“Merlin.” Lee huffed, “They really screw with their elves.”

Harri sighed with a nod, “Yes and it doesn’t help that Dobby is a willful little guy.” She took another blank piece of parchment from her stack and wrote on it quickly before willing her LeFay ring on her hand and stamping it at the bottom to mark the family crest into it. “Dobby.” She called, he looked up at her, seeming a bit off balance with the helmet on, “Come here buddy, I want to talk. I won’t ask for any information you can’t give. Alright?”

Dobby popped back onto the desk, “What can Dobby do for the great Harri Potter?” he asked,
sniffling a bit.

“Dobby, I know you are trying to help but I need you to not attempt to drive me from the school. That means no charming the bludgers to go after me at the first Quidditch game.” Harri said flatly, Fred and George shared a look.

“But Harri Potter is not safe here! Harri Potter must leave! It is being dangerous! Dobby’s Master has plans! Bad plans! Harri Potter must live!” Dobby squeaked passionately.

Harri smiled at him, “Dobby, I’m grateful for your worry but I have it covered. I promise. I already know about the plans.”

“Then you knows you is in danger!” Dobby piped up, “You knows you must leave!”

Harri shook her head, “Dobby, I’ve already taken care of things. Nothing will happen.” She tilted her head, “Besides, who am I?”

“Yous is Harri Potter. Yous is a hero.” Dobby said hesitantly.

Harriet gave him a soft smile, “What kind of hero would I be if I left the innocents to face this threat alone?”

Dobby’s face shifted, “You would not bes the hero you is.”

Harri nodded, “Right, without my saving people thing I would be very different.” She smiled, “But I will be as careful as possible, alright?” Dobby nodded, “Good. Now Dobby, I know who you Master is.” Dobby looked stricken and he shifted back a bit, Harri shook her head, “It’s alright, I won’t tell him why you came. I just want you to be truthful with me.”

“Dobby be doin his best.” He replied.

“Would you like to come over to my service? To get away from the Malfoys?” Harri asked seriously.
Dobby’s eyes went wide and he clutched at his pillow case, “You would want Dobby as your house elf? Truly?”

Harri nodded, “I have it on good authority that you are an excellent house elf. One that would prove invaluable to have in my service.” ‘I can count myself as an expert authority in this…right?’ “I promise you will be treated fairly with me.”

Dobby popped away and Harriet felt him appear under the desk, hugging her legs, “Dobby would love to be in the service of the great Harri Potter!” he exclaimed.

Ligia snickered, “Can the ‘Great Harri Potter’ change his ownership that easily?”

Harri rolled her eyes, “Lucius is a business man. He can be negotiated with and I signed the letter with the LeFay crest, he’ll be eager to form an alliance with such an important name in our world and would see this as an avenue to open talks.” She leaned back in her seat a little so she could see Dobby, “Dobby I need you to take this to Lord Malfoy so we can get the process started alright?” she asked, holding out the scroll to Dobby.

“I is taking it right away! Dobby will not fail Harri Potter!” Dobby squeaked, taking the scroll and popping away.

George arched an eyebrow at Harri, “Why are you so willing to bring him into your service?”

“He’s a bit of a nutter.” Fred commented.

“And we have lots of elves under the Potter name.” James huffed, “Not to mention all the ones under the LeFay name and the others I’m sure are under your control from the other houses you are already the head of.”

Harriet chuckled, “Yes, but Dobby is special. He really has been trying to find me and protect me from the diary that is supposed to unleash Samarra on the school. That and last time after I tricked the elder Malfoy into freeing him he knocked Lucius on his ass when he tried to use the killing curse on me.”

James choked, “Lucius Malfoy was knocked back by a tiny house elf?”
“Thrown back more like.” Luna hummed, “He did fly quite a ways.”

Severus let out a low chuckle, “What I wouldn’t give to see that. It would be therapeutic.”

Harri inclined her head, “I may add it to your Christmas gifts this year.”

Ligia rolled her eyes, “Alright, as fun as this has been, we do need to sleep at some point. I don’t see anything that needs to be changed with the rules at this time. I can post it when I head back to the common room. Do we need to discuss anything else at the moment?”

“What is the plan for the diary?” Severus asked.

“When I can pull Samarra away from her new boyfriend” Ligia blanched, “I will ask her to detain Ginny and the diary if they make it down here.” Harri said, “I will attempt to take it off of her beforehand but since I really don’t want to get close enough to give her any ideas it may be a bit difficult. Once we have it we’ll have to purge the spirit from Ginny and then destroy the book. It’s too dangerous to keep around.” Severus nodded in understanding.

“Alright.” Ligia said, “I, Fred, and George have some plans for the traitors to keep us busy. Do we have anything else?”

Harri shook her head, “Not right now. I want to see how Dumbles is going to try and circumvent the restraining order before we do anything to him. I have dibs on Lockhart’s downfall, I hope to get him out of the castle before Christmas.”

“Thank Merlin.” Severus muttered, Harri smirked at him.

“Other than that we really need to focus on getting the Slytherins onside.” Harriet continued, she looked between Fred, George, and Lee, “You can be as involved as you want, just let me know.” She looked over at Luna, “You too little sister.” Her gaze shifted to Ligia, “If I remember the inner workings of Slytherin hierarchy you are officially the Princess of Slytherin since I claimed my title. Flaunt your parseltongue a bit, that will shut them up a bit faster. It will also help Dumbledore take interest in you for the spy mission on me.” Finally, she looked to Severus, “If the house asks you to challenge me and you think refusing will harm your standing with them, don’t be afraid to challenge me.”
Severus’ eyebrows shot up, “You think you can withstand me? I’m not a, what did you say he called them, a baby snake. And you won’t have your mates to help you in the challenge.”

Harriet looked amused, “No, not a baby snake.” She folded her hands in her lap, “Don’t worry Professor. I’m confident.” Severus didn’t comment further and Harri looked around the room, “Alright, that’s it for now. We need to get to bed, training starts again in the morning.”

Once again things settled into a routine.

Every morning they would wake up and meet in the Room of Requirement for training and to allow those in animals forms to change to normal for a time. They broke into groups once more, making sure that the soulmates were separated since they wouldn’t be effective trainers for their counterparts. Percy got to join them now that he wasn’t exhausted from the prank or dealing with Head Boy duties. Severus also joined them on occasion when he didn’t have his own things to attend to, he was surprised at the focus on physical training but he nevertheless jumped right into the training next to them. Sometimes they would cut training short to go down to the Chamber and chat with Samarra and Salazar.

After morning training they would go to breakfast, all eating at their respective tables as to not arouse suspicion but Sage and Fenrir sometime sneaking over to eat with Ligia and Jörmungandr. The Slytherins didn’t like that at first but Ligia made it perfectly clear that she wouldn’t tolerate any ill will toward her ‘brother’ and his familiar. Once breakfast was complete, they would go to classes, only meeting up if they happened to have free periods at the same time and for a brief moment after lunch to see how everyone’s day was going.

It was after dinner that things were things differed from day to day. On Mondays Fred, George, and Ligia would go to the Room of Requirement and pull up the lab so they could work on their plans for the traitors; Sleipnir, Neville, and Fenrir would head out to the greenhouses for some relaxation; Harriet, Luna, and Lee would go to the Slytherin common room so Harri could make herself available to the snakes. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, they made themselves known in their own common rooms, relaxing there and chatting with their house mates. Wednesdays, Harriet, Fred, and George would spend in the Slytherin common room as that was the day that Ligia had astronomy, they would stay until Ligia returned before going back to the tower. On Fridays their entire group, sans Neville, would sit in the Slytherin common room, holding a makeshift court by the fireplace.

Saturdays and Sundays were the real toss ups. Harriet knew she couldn’t disappear for the entire weekend, every weekend so she split up her time, allowing the rest of her group to join her when they wished if they didn’t have plans of their own somewhere in the castle. Harriet would spend Saturday morning in the Chamber, taking care of any more time consuming business that had come up over the week. The afternoon she would spend with Lee and the Quidditch team, laughing and
playing outside if it was nice enough. Saturday evening was the biggest chunk of time she had set aside for Slytherin remedial muggle studies so that is where she spent her time. On Sundays Harri had no set plans but it most often would start off in the Slytherin common room and end in the Gryffindor one.

All in all, Harriet thought things were going well.

Lucius had written back to her through Dobby once he had gotten her seal validated by Gringotts. As Harriet expected, he gave her a fairly low price for Dobby’s ownership on the condition that Lady LeFay join his family for dinner over the winter break. Harriet, feeling amused, had accepted and secured two extra invitations from the man knowing that Fred and George would not want to be left behind on a trip like that. That being done, Dobby officially came into Harriet’s service and she assigned him as her personal house elf. The elf was just as crazy as Harriet remembered but he did well and, just like last time, Harri paid him one galleon a week, something that surprised the little elf and made him cling to her legs again to sob.

Ligia, Sage, Fenrir, and Jörmungandr were doing well at Hogwarts. After the initial issues and Harriet’s claim over the house, Slytherin was being careful with Ligia; of course the fact that she could speak parseltongue and had a ‘familiar’ who seemed to be able to grow and shrink at will helped them accept her faster. Ligia excelled in her classes, as Harriet expected, but did particularly well in potions and DADA (despite the terrible teacher). Sage and Fenrir were flourishing under the rather cuddly atmosphere in the badger den, the loving atmosphere and the almost instant companionship was really doing them wonders. Sage was excelling in charms and herbology (with a bit of help from Neville) but also seemed to enjoy transfiguration quite a bit.

The Slytherins were beginning to feel Harriet out. As she expected, the snakes gathered as much information on her as they were able to before forming the basis of their view of her. The first challenge had come just a week after her take over and the entire room had been in shock when Harriet had beat down Flint with two simple spells and a well-placed kick. Harriet had simply smirked at the boy who was curled up at her feet and holding his stomach as he moaned before walking back over to her spot at the fire place and resumed reading with Luna, Bucky letting out an amused sound from her lap. The second challenge had yet to come but Harriet was sure it would come.

Harriet had also received multiple letters from the parents of the Slytherins. Harri had taken off all of the harmful spells from the letters before writing out a form letter to the Slytherin alumni to inform them of the changes, her goal for the house, and the proof of her claim that they could take to Gringotts and have authenticated. Harri had spoked to Severus and he had suggested eventually calling them together to meet her. Harriet had immediately sent for the record of Slytherin properties, knowing that they would be more likely to believe her if she held such a meeting in one. She had only been to the Slytherin manor once before and she hadn’t stayed long enough to explore so she wanted the full list.
It had taken a few brave firsties to show the snake house that she was not against speaking to them. After that, many of them confronted her about the new rules and the things that were in the paper about her. Harriet had answered any and all questions with a small smile but made sure her answers were clear and concise. She also made certain that if a question was repeated that she gave the same answer. She refused to give the snakes anything to gain leverage over her.

The biggest complaint she had gotten, of course, was about the remedial muggle studies. Many had outright refused and Harriet had calmly said that if they continued to then they would be subjected to the punishments, all of which would be recorded and any continual offense would compound the punishments until they reached the highest two. Harriet had given a brief synopsis of each to a particularly stubborn sixth year and after hearing that the twins would get to punish him first and then a few well-placed comments about how far she would be willing to go in her Judgement, people backed down. The general consensus was to ‘wait and see’ with the remedial studies.

Luckily, the second Saturday of the term came pretty quickly.

Harriet was heading down to the Slytherin common room with Fred, George, and Ligia for the Slytherin’s first remedial lesson around six o’clock in the evening. She had invited everyone but Luna had wanted to go spend some time with the thestrals, Lee had a dentation with McGonagall for playing with a laser pointer given to him by Tony that had Minerva’s inner cat coming out during class, Percy had some research he wanted to do, and Sage had simply blushed and said it would interfere with the Hufflepuff house nesting time. So it was just Harri, her mates, the snakes, and Ligia.

“Are you going to teach this like an actual class?” Fred questioned as they drew closer.

“This first one.” Harri said, “After that it will depend on what I have set up for the day. I’ve been texting while in the common room and many have seemed interested, if I can get them more engaged a more structured class setting will most likely be easier than a free-flowing thing.”

“Can you actually teach?” Ligia asked suddenly, “It will be a bit different than leading workouts.”

Harriet laughed, “Yes, I know how to teach. I taught a good bit of the school DADA in my fifth year and did a few guest teaching spots at Ilvermorny School of Witchcraft and Wizardry when we were in America.” Ligia nodded in understanding as they reached the entrance to the common room. Harriet hissed at the door, already aware that the Prefects had been changing the password multiple times a week as a form of silent defiance. The entrance opened smoothly at the parseltongue.
Entering the room, they found the entire house sitting stiffly around the room, the tension almost palpable. Severus was sitting at the desk he kept in the common room, grading papers but making sure he was aware of the room to keep things calm. Harriet giggled, drawing everyone’s eyes to her, “You all look like I’m coming to torture you.” They tensed even further and Harriet scoffed. Fred, George, and Ligia settled with the Marauders at the back of the room to watch the show.

Harriet waved and the armchairs all drew into a semi-circle around the fireplace where Harriet settled herself. “This Remedial Muggle Studies class is not to torture you or to change you into ‘muggle lovers’. This is to give you information about the muggles beyond the prejudice instilled in many of you since birth and to give you a real view on the muggles that the current class does not. There will be no homework. I do expect you to speak about things amongst yourselves though and to come up with questions you want answered about specific things in muggle culture.” The Slytherins were beginning to relax a bit at her opening speech and Harriet smiled at them, “How this class proceeds depends on your willingness to learn. This can be fun or it can be like pulling teeth.” She pulled out her phone, “I’ve seen many of you take interest in this muggle communication device and it will be covered as we go. The things I want to cover are rather simple, all of them are needed for you to fully blend into muggle society if you ever have a need to. These are current events in the muggle world, muggle technology and its uses, and pop culture. Pop culture, though the least important of the three, is what can smooth over areas you may be lacking in the other two so this is where we will start. It will also help you understand muggle ways of thinking and introduce you to muggle concepts and slang.”

She snapped her fingers and two Potter house elves appeared with a big flat screen TV on a tall stand that they placed right behind Harriet, she nodded to them and they disappeared. Harriet took the remote from behind the TV and stepped to the side so the Slytherins could see it. “Let’s begin with pop or popular culture. What does that term mean?” she looked around at the apprehensive faces and huffed, “This one should be easy. Every culture has pop culture. Pop culture is the images, ideas, perspectives, and phenomenon that are currently most prominent in any given culture. In our world an example by be Lockhart’s books, as fake as they may be.” she wrinkled her nose and that earned her a few laughs, “It is what is popular in our culture currently, therefore it may be consider ‘pop culture’.” She gave them a smile, “Though I hope to change that.” A few of the older students gave cruel grins.

“Most often pop culture is separated into categories such as entertainment, sports, news, fashions, politics, and so on. Today we are going to be focusing on some entertainment as it is a rather soft place to start off with your muggle studies.” She pointed the remote at the screen, “Who knows what this is?” a few hands went up and Harriet pointed to the one who had their hand up first, a small third year girl, “Yes, Sadie.”

The girl looked surprised that Harriet knew her name but brushed her hair behind her ear before replying, “It’s a television.”

Harriet smiled, “Yes, good. Can one of the others who held up their hand tell me its function?” a few hands went down but there was one left, “Spencer?” she asked the first year boy.
“It shows moving pictures that tell a story.” The boy answered timidly, a few people perked up with interest.

“Good Spencer, that is exactly what it does. The moving pictures are like a play that has been recorded and can be played over and over without ever changing.” Harriet turned the flat screen on and many of the purebloods leaned forward curiously as the screen flared to life. “There are many types of televisions out there. This is one of the new types, a muggle innovation called a flat screen television. These ones are much more advanced than the old tube televisions. Some of these can connect to the muggle internet if that service is available and if you got the television with the capability to do so. This one has that ability but we’ll cover the craziness that is the internet once you guys have a bit more of a basis in other things.” She quickly flicked through settings until she found her Netflix, she could have used Jarvis but she didn’t want to overwhelm the Slytherins with an AI on their first day.

“Alright, you can find a lot of things on the muggle television. On the serious side there are news programs and documentaries that will explain past events, animals, technology, medical breakthroughs, and a lot more. On the more fun oriented side of things there is what muggles call reality TV but you shouldn’t let that fool you, those are still scripted out to a point, and fiction TV shows that are based off a storyline but is broken down into shorter episodes. There are also movies which are a single story told in a single setting with a longer viewing time but for your first time we’re going to stick with something with episodes.” Harriet explained as she flicked over to the show she wanted.

She turned to address the common room once she had the show pulled up and the first episode selected, “Now, there are many different shows out there with many different premises and ideas and stories to them. There is live action and animation to explore and all the genres one could ask for, comedy, drama, action, political, fantasy, and so on. However, to begin you off I have decided on a live action television show from America that I have found enjoyable. It has a good balance of comedy and real life as well as a nicely paced back story that flows through the entire season of the show. I also picked this because I thought it would go well with Slytherin sensibilities since one of the main characters is a con artist.” They laughed and Harri smirked, “Now, you all have to sit through at least the first two episodes but I will be charming this to continue running through the episodes until the last person has left the common room, so you are all welcome to watch more if you end up liking it. Got it?” there was a murmur of understanding and Harriet nodded before moving to the back to sit on a couch between Fred and George before she hit play on the first episode of White Collar.

“That went well.” George murmured as he pulled her over to him.

“Such faith.” Harriet tsked.
“It’s not lack of faith in you dearest.” Fred reassured softly as he pulled her legs into his lap, “It’s lack of faith in them.”

Harriet leaned into George but took Fred’s hand where it rested on her thigh, “They’re not bad, they were just raised like that.”

“If you say so.” George hummed.

Harriet, Fred, and George ended up leaving after the second episode, Harri smiling when she saw that the Slytherins were still glued to the screen. “I’d call the first class a success.” She mused to her mates.

In the morning when she came down for breakfast and saw the Great Hall devoid of all Slytherins other than a bedraggled looking Severus at the head table. Raising an eyebrow at Fred and George they all went down to the Slytherin common room and entered quietly. “Sweet Merlin.” Harriet breathed as she walked in. The entire Slytherin house was sprawled across the common room, only some still sitting in the seats from the night before others were laying on mattresses that house elves must have brought them Ligia was curled up asleep on the couch and a few others were passed out and sleeping soundly but a good majority had their bloodshot eyes still fixed on the television where Neil was walking to the plane that held Kate. Neil looked back to Agent Burke and then the plane exploded before the screen cut to the credits. The Slytherins shouted in disbelief, some shooting to their feet and others tossing things in their anger.

“He just got Kate back!” Draco was shouting, “Who killed her! Why?!”

Still half frozen in shock Harriet summoned the remote and shut off the television, “What!” Pansy screeched.

“That can’t be it!” Gertrude Meads, a seventh year, shouted.

“Did you guys just binge watch an entire season of White Collar?” Harriet called, heads swiveled to her, looking at her in shock, some blushing.

There was silence for a moment before Draco stomped over to her, “That can’t be it! Right?! There’s got to be more!”
Harriet blinked, “There’s five more seasons.”

“Good!” Gertrude said, sitting back down, “I need to see what happens.” Many Slytherins nodded in agreement and settled back down in their spots.

Harriet shook her head, “I’m glad you all liked it but it’s Sunday morning. You need food and sleep, then you can resume this.” Many regained their shocked looks from before while others looked sheepish, Draco looked like he wanted to argue but Harriet crossed her arms, “Now!” she ordered, “I will leave the TV in here and come in later to set you up for the second season, but not before food and sleep has happened.”

“Yes Lady Slytherin.” They said dejectedly.

After the success of the first remedial muggle studies lesson things smoothed out a bit in that area. Though they still weren’t the biggest fans of muggles the Slytherins took an interest in their entertainment and their technology; a few even had an interest in the cars the show had given them a look at, especially since the muggle studies professor was so behind he believed that muggles still used carriages. Harriet did her best to answer all of the questions to the extent that the Slytherins wanted to take things but eventually she introduced them to Tony on one of his secret weekend visits to the castle. He helped her expand the remedial class and was able to explain more about muggle science and technology than Harriet was, only having Harriet and the twins help when he needed to translate a subject into ‘wizard speak’, as he called it.

Harriet was still expecting challengers and the assassination attempt any day now but things on the Slytherin front were mostly quiet. The rest of the school had noticed a change in them already though. Under the new rules Slytherins were forbidden from using derogatory language and that was certainly noticed by those previously bullied by the Slytherins. Bullying itself was not tolerated and violence was not to be resorted to unless they were defending themselves. Harriet had instituted a no striking first policy, it cast the roll of the aggressor and the ones in the wrong on the others, subtly helping the houses image. Harri of course was not stupid enough to forbid any retaliation for slights but she made it a rule that they had to run their plan by others in the house to ensure that they weren’t caught so they would not sully the Slytherin name further. Their reputation was slowing rising back but Harri knew it would be a long battle.

Fred, George, and Ligia had been making headway on their punishments of the traitors as well as just generally blocking them from Harriet at every point they could. Ron had spent the better part of three days with a veritable army of spiders following him the second week of school after Fred dosed him with a new potion that made him very attractive to spiders. No one wanted to be around him with the spiders following him and he couldn’t stand still because if he did the spiders would climb him. By the time Severus managed to reverse it Ron was exhausted and almost hysterical with his fear of the tiny arachnids. It was just as well because the day after Harriet slipped and mentioned the
arcnomantula in the forest when she spoke about needed to harvest some of their silk, she didn’t see the malicious grin on Fred’s face at the mention of the giant spiders.

George had been particularly vicious to Hermione at first, modifying a temporary jinx to blind her for a greater period of time and charming her hands to burn painfully every time she held a book. Percy had tried to talk him down from that one after he had escalated the burning enough for it to physically show on Hermione but in the end had to get Harriet to stop him. Harri had canceled the two spells on the sobbing girl just before the witch had made it to the Headmaster’s office. Harriet and Fred had ditched classes with George the rest of the day to get him to calm down. Harri praised his work but reminded him that they had to build up to the traitor’s demise and if he drove her to insanity now they couldn’t enjoy her slower more torturous punishment. In the end he had agreed to hold back a little bit and the three mates had cuddled the rest of the day.

Ligia was having fun playing with Ginerva. During one of Jörmungandr’s spying missions he had reported to his father that Dumbledore had ordered Ginny to get as close to Harriet as possible as often as possible to try to get Harriet to accept her. With that in mind Ligia had researched the restraining order Harriet currently had against the Headmaster and modified it with some Asgardian magic. Once it was complete, whenever Ginny stepped within fifty meters of Harriet she would get a wild make over, from a clown costume to a rainbow tutu to puppy ears and a tail, all of which inevitably ended up with her being laughed out of the room. Ligia also made sure the entirety of first year knew of the Daily Prophet article that had come out labeling her as part of a poor and in need family; the end result being the Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws trying to donate supplies and old clothes to her, Gryffindors looking on her with poorly concealed pity, and the Slytherins trying to ‘help’ by paying her for small tasks with sickles and knuts and the ever encouraging phrase ‘Every knut counts!’ Needless to say, Ginny was having a very hard time in Hogwarts and was in a near constant state of embarrassment.

Harriet herself was having fun slowly and methodically breaking down everyone’s view of Lockhart with help from the Marauders of course. She had already spent most of her classes correcting him and had eventually challenged him to a teaching competition.

“Excuse me?” Lockhart laughed nervously.

Harriet smiled, “You heard me. I will take half of the class for three class periods to teach and you can take the other half for the same time and we will go over the same topic and whichever half of the class tests the best will show the winner.” She laced her fingers together, “We can even set stakes.” She gave him a mocking smile, “Unless you wish to admit defeat now Professor.” She heard several Slytherins snicker.

Lockhart’s jaw clenched but he gave his press smile, “If I win Miss Potter then you will stop interrupting me in class and serve three detentions to help me answer my fan mail.”
“And if I win then I will set our lesson subjects for the next two weeks.” Harri said.

Lockhart gave her disapproving look before recovering his front, “Agreed Miss Potter.” He twirled, his robes flaring, “Now, to split the class.”

Harriet stood, “Now, now professor. Let’s make it fair.” She stopped in front of the Slytherin side of the room and gave him her own press smile, “I’ll take the Slytherins and you can take the Gryffindors.”

“That’s not remotely fair!” Hermione exclaimed, “They’re all purebloods! They’ve probably learned all this already!”

Harriet gave her a confused look, “Why would they be in school then? And there are plenty of purebloods in Gryffindor…”

“Why would you want to teach slimy snakes!” Ron interrupted, “You’re a lion! They won’t listen to you.”

Harriet crossed her arms over her chest, “Maybe I’m just brave enough to face the snakes.” She sniffed before turning to Lockhart, “Is the split alright with you Professor? We can make the subject on the patronus spell to keep it fair all around, I doubt anyone in this room has created one.” She said pointedly.

Gilderoy’s face went red but he simply sniffed, “It is an advanced skill but I’m sure the better teacher will be able to teach their students to create one, even if the students are only second years.” He waved a hand at the door in a clear dismissal, “You can use the room a couple doors down to make your attempt at a class.”

“Thank you.” Harriet said lightly before picking up her stuff and leading the Slytherins down to the abandoned classroom. She waved her hand around and the dust cleared as Theodore Nott shut the door behind them.

“Lady Slytherin.” Daphne Greengrass said stiffly, “How do you propose the we, dark witches and wizards, create such a pure light spell?”
Harriet lifted an eyebrow at her, “Just like everyone else Daphne.” She said, “Put your stuff down please. This is a practical lesson, none of that reading a subject into boredom.” She set her bag on the empty desk at the front before flicking her wand into her hand and directing the desks back to give them space.

“Can you create a patronus Lady Slytherin?” Pansy asked curiously.

Harriet smiled at the rather unfortunate looking girl before intoning, “*Expecto Patronum.*” very clearly and directing Prongs from her wand. Prongs pranced around the group of snakes proudly before coming to guard Harriet who put her wand away but didn’t cut the spell, showing off a bit for effect. Harri folded her hands in front of her, “The idea that a patronus can only be cast by light wizards is actually false. It’s just a bit of propaganda that is spread by the light that is backed by the fact that it is such a complicated spell in the first place. However, as long as you have not completely rid yourself of your emotions you are perfectly capable of producing a patronus and the difficulty can be dealt with if you are taught correctly.” Her smiled turned into a feral grin, “Now, ready to help me put that pompous wind bag in his place?”

Three classes later the winner was clear. Every second year Slytherin produced a full patronus. Draco’s a viper, Crabbe’s a bear, Goyle’s an ox, Pansy’s a Chihuahua, Blaise’s a severe looking falcon, Daphne’s an unimpressed looking cat, Tracy’s a swan, and Theodore’s a horse. None of the Gryffindor’s could produce a full patronus and only Hermione and Neville could produce the mist.

Harriet very proudly handed the furious Lockhart a scroll with her lesson subjects before leaving the class with a smile to tell her mates.

The Monday after that class Harriet was with Lee and Luna in the Slytherin common room with a group of Slytherin’s around them. The second years had told the rest of the house about Harriet teaching them the patronus and that had prompted a small but brave group to approach her to ask for the same. Harriet had happily agreed to teach them and was in the midst of correcting one of the fourth year snakes when she suddenly faltered, feeling Clint’s bracelet disconnecting.

The fourth year looked to her worriedly but she just smiled reassuringly before excusing herself and pulling Luna and Lee aside, “I have a feeling I’m going to need to go here in a bit. Lee, I need you to go get Fred, George, and Ligia, they’ll want to know and can help keep the Slytherin’s in line.” Lee nodded and hurried out of the common room.

Luna didn’t even wait, she pulled Harriet’s bag from her despite the Marauders protests and pressed Bucky into her arms. “You will need Bash for this. I will guard them.”
Harriet nodded shortly before apologizing to the Slytherins she was teaching and promising to continue when she returned. She hurried over to the fire place and flooed to Salazar’s study, just as she was spit out of the fire she felt Clint’s bracelet connect again and immediately start screaming at her. She winced and barely felt Bucky nosing her in worry as the bracelet transmitted injuries from a noticeably more feminine body before the bracelet began to glow to signal her being called. Harriet put Bucky down and canceled his transfiguration before snapping her fingers, Dobby appeared a second later, “I need my gear and my emergency potions kit. You also need to bring Bucky’s gear.” Dobby popped away.

“What happened Harri?” Bucky asked, pocketing his now useless metal cat paw and putting his flesh hand on Harriet’s shoulder.

“Natasha is hurt. Clint took his bracelet off and put it on her before calling me.” Harri ground out.

“Why doesn’t she have her own bracelet?” Bucky asked, “You gave me one.”

Harri smiled up at Bucky, “You only took it because I said it would call me if Luna needed help.” He blushed and Harriet straightened, “Even though we’ve been texting and they seem to believe in the time travel Natasha doesn’t trust me yet. It will take her more to do so. A couple battles. I didn’t want to rush her. I planned to send her and Phil one for Christmas for when they decided to trust me.” She pulled Bucky’s metal human arm from her pocket dimension and quickly connected it. Dobby appeared with two piles of clothes, a small leather case, and Bucky’s weapons. “Thank you Dobby.” Harriet said, she quickly did the switching charm to change her and Bucky into their mission clothes before moving to attach her potions kit while Bucky armed himself, finally she pulled her hood up and looked to Bucky, “This is your first mission back, if you need to let Winter take over that’s fine. I can tell the difference.” Bucky nodded before latching onto Harriet and tensing as she flamed them away directly to Natasha and Clint.

They arrived to the sound of gunfire and labored breathing, an arrow trained on them in an instant. Harriet raised her hands, “Easy Clint. It’s just me.” Harriet soothed as Bucky took stock of the security room they were currently barricaded inside.

Clint was in his mission clothes but they were singed slightly and he was breathing hard, sweat dripping from his face. “Who is he?” he asked warily, not moving from his position over the injured and unconscious Natasha.

“Part of our family.” Harriet said, slowly lowering herself down in front of Clint, “I promise he won’t hurt either of you. Just let me see Natasha before she gets any worse.”
Clint’s eyes flicked from the imposing figure Bucky cut with his leathers and metal arm to Harriet whose face was open and honest, her breathing even and the only emotion on her face was worry that was directed at Natasha. Clint dropped his bow down and moved away so Harriet could get to Natasha, “She’s real bad. She infiltrated this place a week ago, it’s one of the Shield/Hydra bases. We were trying to get unencrypted information to see how far things went. They blew her cover yesterday and were torturing her to try and get her to tell them who ordered the mission.” Clint said from his spot opposite of Harriet as she ran diagnostics and began to pour the more urgently needed potions down Natasha’s throat.

“Have you blocked the communications out?” Bucky asked seriously.

Clint glanced up at him uneasily before focusing on Harriet to answer, “Yea, we cut off all communications out and Phil currently has snipers taking out any who leave. This has turned into a no survivors mission. I was sent in to retrieve Natasha before we blew the place. That might not even happen. Something alerted them to my presence after I had set the charges. I’m almost positive that they have been disabled now.”

Harriet nodded as she worked, “I’ll get Natasha as stable as possible and then you can carry her out while I and Bucky cut a path out.” Harriet’s eyes hardened and her jaw locked, “Then I’ll burn the rest of them for hurting her.” Clint gave a faint smile before looking up to Bucky.

“So you’re part of our mysterious family?” he questioned, “What your shtick? If we and Stark are anything to go by then our family members aren’t exactly normal.”

Bucky chuckled, “I’m Bucky Barnes but for the last sixty years or so I was brain washed and known as the Winter Soldier.”

Clint’s eyes almost popped out of his head and his head jerked over to Harriet for confirmation, she just gave him a distracted nod, “Holy shit.” He gaped up at Bucky before frowning, “You don’t look sixty.” Harriet snorted, “What? He doesn’t!”

Bucky rolled his eyes, “I was cryogenically frozen and I have a type of super soldier serum in me.”

Clint nodded in understanding before he narrowed his eyes, “Why are you telling me this?”

Bucky eyed Clint for several tense seconds, “Harriet says you can be trusted. I trust her.” He shifted and crossed his arms across his chest, “Plus, your takin’ out Hydra. You can’t be a complete
Clint let out a startled laugh, grinning up at Bucky, “I like you man!” Harriet sent a soft smile at her brothers before focusing back on her task. She focused on Natasha’s shattered right arm and waved her wand in a long motion to vanish the bone completely, making the arm turn into a limp noodle. “Shit.” Clint muttered, Harriet looked up to find the threat but only saw Clint’s eyes on Natasha’s arm.

“It was completely shattered Clint. She would have needed pins and plates and she would never have gain full movement again. By vanishing it I can have my skele-grow grow her brand new bones.” Harriet explained softly, she looked back down at Natasha to finish up the last bits that she could before they needed to move, “It’s the only good thing I learned from Lockhart.” She huffed, Bucky snorted.

“Whose Lockhart?” Clint asked.

“Remember that stupid blond I texted you about two days ago?” Harri asked, easing Natasha into a deeper sleep for the trip out.

“The idiot who couldn’t teach the alphabet?”

Harriet nodded, “Him, my Defense against the Dark Arts teacher. It actually happened last time and he ended up vanishing the bones in my arm after I broke it falling from my broom.”

“Dark arts? Broom? Just what kind of school is this?” Clint scoffed.

Harriet grinned at him, “Come on Clint. I expected better from you. You don’t think I’m just some crack pot with a stick do you?”

Clint blushed, “We thought you were just an incredibly powerful mutant who made up special words and stories to help you cope with your powers.”

Harriet giggled, “Nope, there is a whole bunch of who use the special words and stories. And we definitely aren’t your traditional mutants.” She glanced up at Bucky, “I feel like breaking out into ‘It’s Magic’.” She hummed a few bars as Clint’s jaw dropped.
“So you’re…what? A witch?” Clint rasped.

“Looks like second times the charm.” Bucky laughed.

“Seriously?!” Clint exclaimed, his surprise vanished into a wide grin, “Will you take me flying on your broom some time Sabrina? Do you have cauldron? A pointy hat?”

Harriet giggled as she stood, “Yes, yes, and surprisingly yes, quite a few.” She snapped her potions kit back in place, “Alright, let’s do this. What’s the quickest way to the exit Clint?”

Clint quickly stooped and picked up Natasha in a princess hold. “Out this door, two lefts, a right, three flights of stairs down, a right, and a left.”

Harriet nodded and flicked the safety off her gun as Bucky pulled two of his own, “There are four men waiting for us outside of the door.” Bucky said, his voice edging on the Soldier.

Harriet raised her wand at the door, “Leave it to me. Ready?” they nodded seriously and she flicked her wand, “Bombarda Maxima!” she said evenly, the door blasted outward and screams sounded for a short second before the men were crushed by the heavy steel door. “Let’s go.” They turned left and Bucky shot forward as three more guards appeared around the corner, he took them down in seconds two with bullets between the eyes and the third with a kick that sent him into a wall. Harriet spun as she heard movement behind Clint and took out another two that had been coming from behind with over powered cutting curses.

“Holy shit!” Clint said again as he took in the beheaded Hydra agents, “Your like 12 right? Damn.”

Harriet looked amused, “Technically I’m 26 Hawkeye.”

“Still. Jesus.” Clint breathed, following behind her. They took another left, dispatching another group of agents quickly and efficiently, they took the next right without issues but stopped when they heard a larger group of agents running up the stairs, heavily armed if their heavy steps said anything.

“Second exit?” Harriet asked Clint quickly.
“A balcony but my grappling arrow will only hold so much.” Clint said.

“Is Artemis here?”

“She’s with Phil.” Clint answered cautiously.

“Is her armor charged?” Harriet asked, Clint nodded, “Lead on then.” Clint frowned but lead them through this level quickly Bucky checking ahead while Harriet covered their tail where the larger group would be appearing any time.

“It’s here.” Clint announced just as the first of the security force can around the corner, guns already firing. Harriet threw up her shield just a bit too late and two bullets caught her in her side and in her gun arm. She hissed furiously, shoved the pain behind her shields, and cast fiendfyre, directing it at the men. Bucky and Clint watched with wide eyes as the men burned alive, their screams sounding tortured and raw.

“Go.” Harriet urged, “We need to get out before the fire spreads.”

“You can’t put it out?!” Clint yelped.

“Of course I can.” Harriet huffed, “But I did say I would burn them all for hurting Natasha.” She glared at the burning men, “No one hurts my big sister and gets away with it.” Harriet muttered darkly as Clint and Bucky shared a glance.

They made their way out onto the balcony and Bucky took down the two guards who were there. Harriet slammed the door behind her and iced it over with barely a thought. The balcony allowed them a view of several abandoned warehouses in the distance but on the same dock they seemed to be on. Clint went to the edge, “Artemis won’t be able to hear me from here.”

Harriet stepped up beside him and cast a feather weight charm on Natasha before putting her wand and her gun away, “Leave it to me.” In the next second she changed to Glacia and perched on the balconies railing, she let out a screech that rang over space between the building they were in and the warehouses. Another screech answered her and seconds later the vague shape of Artemis was shooting toward them in the distance.
“Sweet!” Clint exclaimed as he took in Glacia, “What kind of bird are you?”

Bucky chuckled and pet Glacia’s wing gently, “She’s an ice phoenix.” Glacia trilled in agreement.

“That is so awesome!” Clint cried excitedly, resisting the urge to touch her only because he had Natasha in his arms, Glacia puffed up proudly.

Artemis perched a few seconds later and Glacia chirped at her, making the hawk bob her head. Both took off and circled behind Clint and Bucky, latching onto their uniforms and lifting them up without hesitation. Bucky drew in a sharp breath but didn’t dare moved as Glacia flew him through the air, Clint and Natasha carried next to him by Artemis. Glacia pushed forward as fast as she could, though the pain was behind her shields she knew that continuing to strain the wound in her arm with flying and shifting could cause problems later.

A few minutes later they landed in a warehouse that held only Phil and some equipment that he was no doubt using to monitor everything. Glacia could see Phil relax very subtly when he saw Clint and Natasha in one piece if not unharmed, she trilled her approval before releasing Bucky and changing back. “Agent Coulson.” She greeted even as she took Natasha from Clint and moved her over to a table that held weapons, a subtle movement of her hand had them clearing off onto the floor so she could place Natasha down.

“Did you set the charges?” Harriet heard Phil asked Clint.

“They made my presence so fast I thought it more likely that they had been dismantled. Harriet set a fire though.” Clint answered.

Phil came over to the table to stand opposite of Harriet, only glancing once at Bucky who stood by her protectively before addressing Harri, “Is the fire close enough to a source that will allow it to consume the building?”

Harriet didn’t look up from where she was measuring out skele-grow, “It’s fiendfyre, it will burn until everything around it is consumed or I put a stop to it.” She tilted Natasha’s head back and poured the skele-grow in carefully before looking up at Phil, “I can speed it up if you like, your snipers will be the fastest way to get any who manage to escape.”

Phil’s lips twitched up at the edge, “If you could.”
Harriet grinned maliciously, “Let me wrap her arm.” She pulled her wand from her thigh and flicked it over Natasha’s arm, bandages shot out to wrap around her arm, keeping it in place. Harriet nodded before going over to the window that gave her the best view of the base she had just escaped. She felt for her spell and fed more magic into it causing the fire to flare and burn hotter, faster.

“Snipers.” Phil called with his hand to his ear piece, “Shoot any and all who emerge from the structure.” Phil and Clint watched the flame engulf the building stoically, feeling a little better seeing the place that had tortured Natasha burning in bright hungry flames. The building started to break down and the initial stream of fiendfyre arched up over the building in the shape of a snake, it’s fangs bared menacingly as it dove in for another pass. Eventually all they could see was a pile of slowly burning rubble and Phil turned to Harriet, “Thank you Miss Potter, I think that will do it.”

Harriet nodded and pulled all of her magic from the fire across the way, making the fire die down to just some tiny licks of regular flame that could be put out easily. Harri turned to Clint and Phil, “I’ve healed as much as I am able, unfortunately I am not fully trained Healer. I know just enough to get us by during a battle. You’ll need to get her checked over further. Her new bone should be fully grown by tomorrow but I wouldn’t take her out of the wraps for two days and then have her take it easy for another two after that. Other than that the arm should be fine.”

“Will do Miss Potter.” Phil said blankly.

Clint grinned, “Thanks for coming Harriet! I don’t know what I would have done without you two showing up.”

Harri softened a bit, “Of course Clint. I’ll always do my best to be there for my family members.”

She threaded her arm through Bucky’s, “Have Natasha text me when she wakes up so I know she’s alright.”

“Got it!” Clint chirped, he gave Bucky a cocky salute, “Nice to meet you! See you later!” he called just as they flamed away.

When they landed in Salazar’s study Harriet sagged a bit, “Shit. I need to get the bullets out.”

“Bullets!” Fred and George exclaimed. Harriet spun to see them, the Marauders in their human forms, and Luna waiting for them in the study. Luna went over to Bucky immediately and hugged him in a silent welcome.
Harri dropped into her chair and nodded, “Got my shield up a second too late.” She said with a shrug, she snapped her fingers and Dobby appeared, “First aid kit and my night clothes please Dobby.”

“Yes Harri Potter Ma’am!” Dobby chirped.

Fred and George rushed over to her and the Marauders came over to stand in front of the desk, watching nervously. Dobby popped up with Harriet’s sleep pants and her tank top, she did the switching charm so Dobby could take her gear to be cleaned. The change in attire bared the bullet wound in her arm for everyone to see making James and Sirius flinched and Remus hiss in sympathy. Fred leaned over it worriedly, brushing his hand over it even as Harriet was opening the first aid kit with her teeth, “It’s alright. It’s not a bad one and the bullet didn’t shatter.” She reassured them all softly, she pulled the tweezers out of the kit and twisted as much as she could to get to the wound.

“You’re going dig it out yourself?” Sirius yelped.

Harri cocked an eyebrow at him as she cast a weak scourgify to get rid of the blood, “You want to do it?” The Marauders blanched and Fred looked a little queasy at the idea of digging into Harriet, even to get a bullet out of her.

George nudged Fred out of the way, “I’ll do it.” He said determinedly, holding his hand out for the tweezers. Harri searched his expression for a moment before handing the tweezers over to him. He knelt beside her and carefully and as gently as possible dug the tweezers into the wound to find the bullet. She flinched as he began to pulled it free and he stopped for a moment.

“It’s alright.” She said, “It’s just caught in the muscle.” George gave a short nod but continued, once the bullet was pulled free Harriet covered her hand in blue flames and pressed it over the wound until ice formed over the wound. “There, it will be healed by morning.”

George gave her a slightly wobbly smile, “And the other?”

Harriet began to draw her tank top up and James yelped, almost jumping across the desk to stop her hand, “No! No way!”

Harri rolled her eyes, “Relax dad, it’s in my side, no higher.” She shook his hand off and continued to pull her tank top up until the second wound was bared for them to see; there was more blood
oozing from this one, making everyone gulp. Harri shifted a bit, “It missed my ribs but they were too far away with a too low of a caliber bullet for it to pass all the way through me.” She cast the scourgify on the wound before pulling her hand back.

George steeled himself and edged forward to pull the bullet from Harriet’s side, he bit his lip as he worked, grabbing her hand with his own when one movement had her squeaking in surprise and a bit of pain. Finally, after several tense minutes, he managed to pull it out of Harri and everyone let out a sigh of relief. Harri smiled at them as she iced the wound over, George rubbed his thumb over the back of the hand he had, “Anymore?”

Harri shook her head, “That’s it. Thank you for helping.”

“Of course.” George said shakily, Harriet softened and moved so she could hug him, Fred joining them a moment later when Harriet tugged him down into the group. “Please be more careful.” George murmured into her shoulder.

“I’ll do my best.” She muttered back.

It took a couple days for things to get back to normal after that. Fred and George stuck to Harriet like glue, like they had when they had first found out about the schemes of their family. They had insisted on checking the wounds the next day to make sure that they had really healed and had shared a weighted look when they saw the scars that clearly showed where the bullets had been. Harri reassured them that the scars would disappear on her next burn but they had replied that the scars weren’t the problem. Harriet figured out the problem rather quickly when they threw themselves into the morning training sessions. Recognizing the symptoms of something that happened off and on last time Harriet had asked them to spar with her for the first time. Once she had them disarmed and pinned to the mat she was able to calm them a little and assure them that it wasn’t their fault, that sometimes it just happened, no matter how trained someone was. After that they settled a little but still brushed their hand over the little scars every so often.

Harriet was making progress on the Lockhart front, the lessons she had given him were the correct topics for the second year class. Being actual factual lessons and not a bunch of fiction from his books meant that he was failing to teach them miserably. It was finally getting to the students and they were writing to their parents completely on their own initiative, something Harri knew was important so that Lockhart didn’t accuse her of making them write. It was just after he had finished going through the lessons she had assigned him that word reached her about a board representative coming to see if he was really up to par to be a teacher here at Hogwarts. Once the news reached Gilderoy of this development he was pissed and he unwisely tried to take it out on Harriet.
Lockhart stormed into the classroom, all the second years tracked him warily as he made his way to the front of the room. “Today we’re going over dueling technique.” He said in a clipped tone as a dueling platform appeared along the front of the room. “Who shall I demonstrate with?” he said agitatedly, “Miss Potter!” he called, “You’ll duel with me some we can show your fellow student the proper technique!”

Harriet gave a soft snort but set her bag on her desk and made her way up to the dueling platform, taking a rather upright and guarded stance on her end. “Shall we Professor?”

Lockhart was having trouble hiding his anger, even with his famous press smile, “We shall Miss Potter.” They bowed to each other before Gilderoy swept his arm around dramatically to cast the first curse. Harri kept her movements tight and precise as she played with him, doing nothing but defense spells as she watched him over telegraph his movements and botch some of the easiest spells. She grew tired after several minutes of no challenge and struck hard and fast, three first year spells had him bouncing down onto his ass on the platform and a final disarming charm had his wand in her hand where she twirled it through her fingers, bowing to the clapping of her classmates.

Harriet walked over to Lockhart and leaned down close to him as she offered him his wand back, “You should know when you’re beat.” She whispered, “I don’t know why you applied for this job but you are doing us more harm than yourself good.” She stood and walked nonchalantly back to her seat.

It was a week after a surprisingly uneventful Halloween that the event that they had all been waiting for happened. During a Saturday training session Dobby popped into the Room of Requirement and announced to the entire group(sans Severus and Neville), “The young Weasley has been captured by Miss Samarra!”

Movement stopped and eyes turned toward Harriet who was in the middle of sparring with Loki who had changed back for the morning session, “Really?” Harri asked, a grin spreading across her face.

“Yes! Dobby be seein Miss Samarra put her tail on top of little red hair!” Dobby squeaked.

Harriet nodded and dodged as Loki tried to get in a hit while she was distracted, “Great, we’ll be right down. Make sure to take her wand Dobby.”

“Yes Harri Potter!” Dobby replied before popping away.

Harriet rubbed her hands together, “Whose coming?” everyone chorused their agreement and they
quickly put themselves together to go down to the Chamber.

When they reached the Chamber of Secrets it was to find Ginny struggling helplessly against Samarra’s tail, her eyes blood red, and spitting curses in parseltongue, that hilarious sight was helped by the fact that as soon as Harri got in range Ginny’s appearance changed and she was dressed as a French maid. *Hatchling!* Samarra said happily, *You have come! Make the little red snack stop saying such vicious things about me!* 

*What has she been saying about my darling Samarra?!* Jor hissed harshly as he slithered from his father’s shoulders and enlarged himself so he could bare his fangs at the now wide eyed Ginny/Voldemort.

Harriet chuckled, *Don’t worry Jor, she will be punished for saying things against Samarra.* Harriet came over to stand over Ginny, “My, my Tom. Looking a little girly today aren’t you?”

The red eyes narrowed, “How do you know my name?” she spat viciously.

Harri hummed and bent down to pry the diary from her, “I know all your names. You’re supposed to be my arch enemy after all, Voldemort.” She taunted, she waved her wand over the book and suddenly Ginny began choking, “Know thy enemy, of course. I know all about you, your followers, your goals, and these little trinkets that split your soul and gave you immortality.” Ginny continued to choke as Harriet weaved her wand tip in a complicated pattern until her head jerked violently and the red poured from her eyes and back into the journal. Harriet tossed it away just Ginny’s eyes closed and the book began to glow. The glow drew away from the book slightly to form a semi-visible boy with black hair, pale skin, and deep blue eyes, “Tom Marvolo Riddle. We meet again.”

Lee snickered, “You going for classic hero/villain dialogue?”

Harriet smirked but didn’t take her eyes of her shocked looking enemy, “It’s tradition!”

Tom glared at her, “Who the hell are you?” he growled.

Harri crossed her arms over her chest, “I am Harriet Potter, the-girl-who-lived, the-woman-who-conquered, the defeater of Voldemort, the Savior of the Wizarding World, etcetera, etcetera, pick one, they all mean the same person.”
“No one defeats Voldemort!” Tom snarled.

“Kid, we saw it.” Fred began.

“You got defeated”

“by three kids who”

“were some fifty years”

“younger than you and”

“the power of love!” the twins chorused together dramatically.

“Power of Love?” Tom sneered, “How utterly ridiculous.”

Harriet rolled her eyes and let her power creep into her eyes, the distinctive color and the power she was letting off making Tom stop, “Oh please, save your sneers. Honestly, you aren’t even the biggest threat to me anymore. I have faced down Gods and Monsters and Mistress Death herself armed with nothing more than that power you scoff at and look at where we stand. Me, here with my greatest strengths at my sides, and you, nothing more than a pale memory stuck in his past. You may have once been my greatest enemy but honestly, now, it is more out of pity and obligation that I will destroy you. You’re pathetic and you wasted any and all potential you may have had on the wrong things for the wrong reasons. You’re not worth the magic I will spend sending you into oblivion.”

The Chamber was dead silent after her speech, most feeling no small bit of pride at Harriet’s beat down. Fred and George specifically feeling slightly embarrassed and yet so very loved by their mate who just declared them her greatest strengths. They drew themselves up proudly on either side of her.

Tom blinked once and his entire attitude changed, his face morphing into a seductive smile and his eyes flaring red, “You would make me an excellent Queen.”

Fred and George tensed and instantly slid their arms around her waist possessively, “That’s not going
to happen.” Fred almost snarled, the twins drew their wands as one and aimed at Tom who looked slightly wary at the sudden power they were putting out.

“She’s ours!” George growled before they cast fiendfyre as one at the younger version of the Dark Lord, the two spells joined and hit the young Dark Lord together. The spectral form of Tom Riddle screamed and wavered as the diary burnt, seconds before the Diary became ashes the spectral form disappeared altogether. Fred and George cut off the spell, breathing a little hard at the power and effort it had taken to hold the dark wild fire under their control.

Lee clearing his throat filled the relative silence and the trio turned as one to look at him, “Damn.” He commented, looking at the pile of ashes that had once been one of the soul pieces of Voldemort, he looked back at Fred and George, “Possessive much?”

With the diary out of the way and Ginny obliterated of its existence (and a few other things, because Ligia was feeling a bit vindictive when Harriet taught her the spell) soon after, they were able to relax a little. Their routine went as usual as they moved into November, the easier atmosphere only being disrupted by the traitors attempts to get to Harri, Dumbledore’s hilariously failed attempts to circumvent the restraining order, and the new board representative that was following Lockhart around, trying to teach him how to be a better teacher.

The school board rep was slowly losing her patience and Harriet was preparing for her final strike that would get Lockhart thrown out. She waited until she could practically see the woman’s temples throbbing when she spoke to the blond git to put everything in place.

That evening she snuck into Lockhart’s quarter’s under the invisibility cloak and grinned when she saw that the idiot laid out his clothes the night before, she had worried that she would have to put compulsions on a certain piece of clothing to ensure that it was the one he wore the next day but this made it easier. She quickly pulled out some of the arcnomantula silk that she had harvested from the Forbidden Forest to help sew the runes into her mission jacket’s hood and set to work on the ruffled shirt that he planned to wear tomorrow under his atrociously colored robes.

It was a simple line of runes with a simple purpose that would take effect on the user from the moment their skin touched the cloth. It was something Harriet had developed to help with interrogations after she had seen the almost outright torture of one who turned out to be innocent. The runes she used for the creation of her ‘cloak of truth’, as Clint had deemed it, was created to draw from the magic around them since most often they were interrogating muggles. This time she modified it just the slightest bit so it would run off Lockhart’s magic, tying the runes even closer to him and ensuring that they would take effect.

When Harriet was done she bolted for the tower, almost cackling to herself, content with the fact that
if everything went right she would be free of the blond peacock by tomorrow evening.

In the morning, she practically rushed through the training and dragged everyone down to the Great Hall early so they could get seats close to the front of the Hall for the best view.

“What has gotten into you?” Fred laughed lightly.

“Oh have you planned something?” George asked interestedly.

“Well I did go for a walk about midnight last night.” She answered cryptically.

Lee raised his eyebrows, “Your new favorite victim?”

“I did say I wanted him out by Christmas.” Harri said, wiggling her eyebrows. She perked up when she saw Lockhart enter with the board representative who was already looking angry as they made their way up to the front table. “Good morning Miss Crow!” Harriet called cheerfully, the woman’s eyes skated over to her and she gave Harriet a soft smile and greeting in return.

“Oh Merlin, if people wouldn’t think you’d gone crazy you’d probably be rubbing your hands together and cackling right now wouldn’t you?” Lee sighed.

“Bruce used to say I’d make a great villain.” Harriet giggled.

“And we’d be your”

“loyal henchmen.” Fred and George offered, George snuck a quick kiss to her cheek, making Harriet blush, “Henchmen to the”

“most brilliant villainess”

“to walk the Earth.”
“You guys are disgusting.” Lee commented as he popped a piece of bacon in his mouth. Fred and George grinned while Harri just stuck her tongue out at him like the mature person she was.

As the hall filled up with students Harriet felt her anticipation rise, especially as Lockhart tried to draw the sweet Professor Sprout into conversation only to end up insulting her. Miss Crow’s left eye was twitching and her grip on her utensils had her knuckles white. Lockhart made another wide gesture that almost hit Miss Crow while he was trying to explain another of ‘his’ grand adventures and that was it. “I’ve had it!” Miss Crow screamed, making the hall go quiet and all heads to swivel toward the head table.

Lockhart noticed the attention immediately, “Alright Miss Crow why don’t…” he started with a nervous laugh.

“No!” Miss Crow screamed, “Do you even hear some of the words that come out of your mouth?! You are an idiot! You aren’t qualified to teach a kindergarten muggle let alone magical children in this great school! What in the name of Merlin and Morgana made you think you were qualified to teach these children?” she demanded.

“Nothing.” Lockhart answered immediately, he looked shocked at the answer that came out as did many of the students who were fans and Miss Crow herself. Lockhart laughed nervously, “I mean…” he struggled for a second, “Nothing.” He said clearly, his eyes going wide.

“Nothing!” Miss Crow shrieked, “And you were accepted to teach students at Hogwarts?! What exactly did you put down on your application that got you accepted then?!” she demanded.

“My stories.” Lockhart answer without hesitation.

“Stories?” Miss Crow questioned, everyone picking up on the word, “Not your adventures as you always called them?”

“They were not my adventures.” Lockhart replied before slapping his hands over his mouth, his eyes wide with horror.

“Explain.” Miss Crow said coldly.

Harriet huffed as Lockhart kept his hand over his mouth, that was the glitch in the cloak. It had to be
She coughed quietly and Severus’ eyes landed on her, she locked eyes with him, *‘ASK him.’* she directed.

Severus nodded subtly, “Lockhart are you saying that you did not do those things in your books?” he asked, his voice low and dangerous.

“Of course not!” Lockhart ground out against his will, the room broke out into shocked whispers.

“Then who did?!” Miss Crow demanded.

“Just some nobodies that no one would be interested in if the story came from them.” Lockhart blurted, that earned him some gasps.

Miss Crow looked furious, “Why haven’t these people come forward if you have so blatantly stolen their stories?”

“I oblivated them and any who would remember the real story.” Lockhart choked out.

Miss Crow glared at him, “I will not allow a criminal to stay in this school!” she screeched, “You will be out of here by dinner tonight and don’t think for one second I’m not calling the Aurors!” she screamed as she made her way out of the Great Hall, Lockhart paling more and more as she went, “And the Daily Prophet!” she added before stalking out of the Great Hall with a frustrated scream.

Lockhart’s eyes were wide and his face was white as a sheet, he quickly stood up and made for the exit but not before Marcus Flint stood up and shouted, “Hey Lockhart! Is it true that you were beaten by a little girl?!"

“Yes!” Lockhart squeaked in answer, as he fled the hall and, shortly thereafter, the school, leaving the entire school population in an uproar.

Later that night, in the Slytherin common room, everyone raised their glasses (filled with various liquids, some alcoholic and some not) for a toast led by Severus Snape himself. “To Lady Slytherin, who valiantly chased away the blond pompous windbag who was wasting everyone’s time!”
“To Lady Slytherin!” everyone chorused, making Harriet blush and laugh happily.

Chapter End Notes

Next time: Valentine’s Day (twins courting), twins birthday, Spying on Dumbles and more!
Hey guys, I got a little carried away with this chapter so the last little bit of second year will actually be in ch 41.

It's very relation-ship centric in this chapter so enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Before they knew it they were arriving back at LeFay Castle for Christmas break; missing only Lee, Severus, Luna, Bucky, and Neville from the inner group.

Harriet dropped to the foyer floor and spread out her arms, “Oh yeah. It’s nice to be home.” She hummed. Fred and George laughed but joined her a second later, followed quickly by Sage and an amused Ligia who changed back to her regular male form a minute or two later. They all piled together, Fenrir cuddling up between Loki and Sage and the Marauders coiling together on Harriet’s stomach.

Percy rolled his eyes and looked down at them, “Wouldn’t this be better up in the family room? That marble can’t be very comfortable.”

Harriet waved her hand lazily as she released her glamours, “Comfort is relative Percy. I’m comfortable just thinking about spending the next couple weeks without intensive glamours on all the time.” She said.

Percy gave an exasperated huff, “Whatever. I’m going to go shower, being stuck on a train for five hours does not lend to freshness.” Percy said, waving his wand quickly at his trunk so it would follow behind him as he made his way up the stairs and toward the family wing.

A pop sounded nearby, announcing Bill’s arrival in the foyer, “Oh, you’re all home.” He said, smiling down at them, “Did Dumbledore try to pull anything?”

Fred and George smiled up at their brother, “The old man tried to”

“keep everyone at the castle”
“for the holidays but”

“the Slytherin parents and”

“the school board was quick”

“to shut that down.”

“Then he switched focus to keeping just”

“Harriet at the castle and she ended up”

“having to call the DMLE to come and”

“set him straight.” They said.

Bill’s eyebrows rose and he looked to Harriet, “You told them you stayed at the Potter Manor all summer right? It’s your ancestral home. What excuse could he have to keep you from it?”

“It’s not safe for me to be alone and I need supervision.” Harri said with her eyes wide and a pout on her face, “I’m the one everyone expects to take down the Dark Lord but apparently I may hurt myself alone in an empty manor.”

Bill chuckled, “Aw, does the poor defenseless girl who lived need babysat?” Harri stuck her tongue out a him and he rolled his eyes before holding out a parchment to here, “Griphook asked me to give this to you.”

“Ooo, it’s my OWL scores.” Harri piped as she took the parchment and unrolled it. “Hm, Os in Potions, Charms, Transfiguration, Care, DADA and Runes. Es in History and Astronomy and an A in Arithmancy.” She rolled it up with a huff, “Not too bad I guess.”
“You did very well cub.” Remus hissed.

Those are excellent scores Harriet.” Fred said.

“Don’t pretend they’re not.” George added.

Bill chuckled, “Yes, modesty doesn’t become you.” Harri rolled her eyes and Bill’s gaze moved to the twins, “So are you two ready for your dinner at the Malfoys?”

“Our what?” they exclaimed, slightly horrified.

Harriet sighed and sat up, gently moving the Marauders off onto the floor despite their complaints, “Thanks for that Bill, I hadn’t actually asked them about it yet.”

“Happy to help.” Bill snickered.

Harri stood and reached her hands down for the twins to pull them up, “Come on.” They took her hands and she pulled them to their feet easily, they kept hold of her hands without hesitation and she didn’t pull free as she looked down at the rest who had remained on the floor, “Dinner will be in three hours in the small dining room.”

“And just where are you going with them?” James demanded, changing back quickly.

Harriet raised an eyebrow at her father, “I have some things I need to discuss with my mates. You’ll get the highlights over dinner.” Before he could protest further Harriet flamed herself, Fred, and George straight to their room.

“So what’s this all about?” George asked.

“And why haven’t we heard about it until now?” Fred continued as they pulled Harriet over to the small seating area that was arranged by the doors to the balcony.

Harri settled between them when they pulled her onto the couch, “I’m sorry, I got distracted by the
Slytherin stuff and completely forgot to mention it.” She sighed, “When I sent Lucius the paperwork to get Dobby transferred to me I signed it as Lady LeFay because I knew he would be more willing to do fair business with such an important name. It worked but the stipulation he set for keeping the price as low as it was, was for Lady LeFay to join his family for a meal over the Holidays. It’s something many politicians would do when they wanted to make an alliance. I saw that it could be beneficial to have Lucius on side if I could talk some sense into him, so I agreed to go.”

“You aren’t going without us.” Fred said sternly.

Harri smiled softly at him, “Of course not. I said I would only attend if my partners could come. He agreed.” Fred nodded.

“We’ll come back to that.” George said, rubbing his thumb on the back of her hand, “Don’t think we won’t. But Harriet you have to make sure to communicate with us.”

“We’re a team.” Fred reminded her, “What did you say? ‘Us against the world’? We can’t do that if you don’t keep us in the loop with everything.”

Harri blushed, “I know, I know. I’m sorry.” She said again, she stood and pulled free from their grips so she could sit on the coffee table and see both of them at once, “I’m not trying to keep anything from you. I said I wouldn’t and I meant it but...” she ran a hand through her hair, “I’m not...I’m not used to having to tell you guys.” Fred and George frowned but Harriet plowed on, “I’m used to the bond between us allowing us almost instantaneous communication. I rarely had to...” she looked down at the carpet, “physically tell you things because you already knew.”

Fred’s frown deepened, “So, it was like our twin bond?”

Harriet looked up at them, “Its...it was...more...” she bit her lip in frustration only to hear Glacia whispering a suggestion to her. “Can I try something?” she asked them abruptly.

“Yes.” George answered hesitantly as Fred blinked from the sudden change. Harri nodded sharply and pulled at her broken connection with the twins’ previous magic cores, Mischief and Mayhem popped into existence with startled squeaks. They barked softly at Harri before jumping over to the couches and jumping on their counterparts’ shoulders. “What...” George started as Mischief draped himself limply around George’s neck, biting his tail to make a complete circuit around George’s neck.
“I’m going to try and show you what the bond feels like.” Harri said gently, when Mayhem was settled she tugged at the broken bond and directed it like she would if they were attempting to manifest the bond. A weak white glow surrounded them and Harriet’s eyes glowed the green of the killing curse.

Mischief and Mayhem’s eyes flared gold in response and Fred and George felt like their breaths had been yanked from their bodies when everything clicked into place. They could feel Harriet so clearly at the opposite end of the bond. Her surface thoughts were like an open book to them, passing through to them easily, allowing them to see her devious plans for the upcoming dinner; her emotions were ringing through them as well, her current frustration at the situation but her overwhelming love for them, her anticipation of plans and yet her desire to simply relax for a time.

/It only half worked./ came Harriet’s musing through the bond.

/There’s more to it?/ Fred thought incredulously, it was similar but more intense than his bond with George, its existence actually seemed to boost their twin connection from what he could tell.

Harriet’s mental laughter echoed like soothing music through their minds, /Yes, much more. This is what you could call the base of the bond. What we feel without manipulating the bond. What we feel just living every day. Though we can put up light shields to keep from being distracted too much, a full cut off of the mental connection is next to impossible./

/Merlin./ George thought, /No wonder you’re not used to having to tell us things./

A bit of embarrassment came from Harriet, /Yeah. Still, sorry./ She gently let the broken bond fall back away and Fred and George slumped slightly on the couch at the disconnect as Mischief and Mayhem disappeared, “I promise I will try to do better. You may have to remind me though.” She said sheepishly.

“We will.” George promised as Fred pulled her over and into his lap.

“Now,” Fred started mischievously, “tell us more about these plans you have for the Malfoys.” George finished, a shark like grin grew on Harriet’s face.
Three days later Fred and George stood in custom dark grey and red formal robes at the base of the foyer’s staircase, waiting for Harriet to come to meet them to go to their dinner at the Malfoys. They had originally just wanted to get ready together with Harriet in her room, taking turns in the walk in closet as they had all summer, but James had nearly hexed them into next week. He was already unhappy that they slept in the same bed as Harri and demanded that they at least wait for her properly to be her escorts to the Malfoys. So here they were, being fussed over by Bill and drilled on etiquette by Percy as they waited for Harriet to make her grand entrance.

Finally, after waiting for almost half an hour, she arrived.

“Calm down Percy.” Her voice called, drawing their attention to the top of the stairs, “They’ll be fine.”

Fred and George’s jaws dropped as they took in their gorgeous soulmate who was coming gracefully down the stairs toward them. She wore an off the shoulder knee length satin dress that had three quarters sleeves and was the same dark grey as their robes. Around her middle was an emerald green satin sash and delicate emerald snakes were stitched into the edge of the dress with acromantula silk. Around her neck was a simple gold choker with an emerald set in its front, her hair was tied up in a loose but elegant looking bun, on her hand were only the Slytherin and the LeFay Ladyship rings, and on her feet were simple black flats. She was also sporting some very light make up; with light lipstick, some blush, and a bit of mascara.

“Damn.” Bill muttered only to grunt as Fred elbowed him.

The twins stepped forward as one to help Harriet off the last step, earning themselves a brilliant smile from Harri herself, “You look amazing.” Fred got out, his voice a bit weak.

“You’re beautiful.” George added.

“Thank you.” Harriet replied, “you two are looking quite handsome yourselves.” She allowed her eyes to rove appreciatively over their forms, the twins blushed lightly and Harriet grinned.

“Harriet!” they all looked up to see Loki at the top of the stairs holding a small box, “Last chance to wear the heels!”

Harri huffed, “I told you already, I can’t wear stilettoes yet. The proportions would be all off.”
Loki pouted before looking pointedly at the twins, “Wouldn’t you like to see your mate in high heels?”

Fred mouth went dry and all George could manage was, “Um…”

Harri stepped in front of them, “Some other time, you haven’t hit your growth spurt yet. I would end up taller than you.” Fred and George looked torn so Harri turned to Loki, “When they hit six foot I can wear all the heels you want.”

“Six foot!” Percy exclaimed.

“Merlin, you two are going to grow like weeds.” Bill huffed.

Harri smiled over at him even as she adjusted Fred’s red tie a bit, “They hit 6’3’’ before they stop. I’m a whole foot shorter than them.” She said, fixing one of the folds on George’s robe. She looked at her mates, “Now, ready to go play with pretentious purebloods?”

Shaking themselves out of their dazes the twins offered her their arms, “Whenever you are mi’ Lady.” They chorused.

Over at Malfoy Manor Draco was fixing his hair in the entrance halls mirror as his mother fuss ed over the clothing and his father ran through the schedule for the thousandth time. “Keep to approved topics Draco.” Lucius said seriously, “I need to get a feel for her, those should help.”

“Yes, father.” Draco said seriously as his mother drew him over to stand in the correct spot.

“This is the current head of the most historically powerful dark Houses, we need to make a good impression.” Lucius continued, “No one knows who she is, no one has had contact with her, we are the first.”

“Yes, father.” Draco said, setting his body in the perfect posture and his Malfoy Mask™ in place.

“Be wary of her partners. We don’t know who they are and in what capacity they are connected to
her.” Lucius warned, “We must look for places to break their alliance if it is beneficial to us.”

“Yes, father.” Draco answered once more as Narcissa made her way around to Lucius’ other side and slid her arm through his.

The floo chimed to signal someone coming through and the Malfoys straightened up smartly.

The first figure to arrive was rather small but radiated power, even through the thick emerald green travel cloak whose hood was pulled low over the figures head. With a lazy flick of the figures delicate hand all of the soot was banished and the figure stepped forward to clear the way of the floo, Draco’s eyes narrowed slightly at the movement, he recognized that lazy wandless magic.

A moment later two identical figures stepped out of the floo behind the first, they too were wearing heavy hooded cloaks that hid their faces. They settled into place just behind and on either side of the first figure who flicked their hand again, free the two of soot just as easily as it had for itself. Draco was getting a bad feeling about this, a feeling that his father was going to let his mask crack in a second.

“Lady LeFay I presume.” Narcissa greeted, the Malfoy family gave a slight bow as one, “Welcome to Malfoy Manor, it is an honor to have you within our walls.”

“Thank you for having me.” Came a light voice that had Draco’s stomach rolling with slight dread, “It was a pleasure to be invited.” The hood angled toward Draco, “Something you’d like to add Draco?” came the light taunt.

Draco blanched as his parents turned to him in surprise, he simply bowed his head, “No Lady Slytherin.”

Lucius and Narcissa whipped back around and lost all composure as Lady LeFay-Slytherin gracefully drew back her hood to reveal famous green eyes and raven hair. “A pleasure to meet you Lord and Lady Malfoy, I have heard much about you.”

“Potter!” Lucius spluttered in surprise.

Harriet folded her hands in front of her primly and gave him a bland smile, “Seems you’ve been taking lessons from Professor Snape. How…quaint.” Draco heard snickers from the two who still
remained hooded and instantly wished he had warded his room before this. Before Lucius and Narcissa could pull themselves together Harriet waved her hand behind her, “Lord Malfoy, Lady Malfoy, I would like to also introduce you to my partners, the twin Lords Prewett.” With that the other two pulled their hoods back to reveal the twins who most of Slytherin had taken to calling Lady Slytherin’s demons.

“Weasleys!” Lucius exclaimed.

“Ah, ah Malfoy.” The twin on the Left started.

“I do believe the Lady”

“introduced us as the”

“Lords Prewett.” They bantered back and forth.

Draco watched as his father struggled to pull himself back together, only keeping his own mask in place because he had been dealing with Lady Slytherin and the twins antics since the beginning of the school year. Draco looked back to Lady Slytherin who had a wicked smirk on her face, “This dinner will be fun.”

Several hours later, once their guests had departed and Draco had locked the floo, Lucius dropped into the nearest chair with all the grace of a dying duck. Draco watched his parents worriedly. Narcissa pressed her hand to her forehead, “I’m…I think I need to…retire for the evening.” She said wearily, she left without another word.

“Draco.” Lucius called, Draco hurried over to his father’s side. Lucius looked up at him, “Don’t anger her. We wouldn’t survive it.”

Draco swallowed at the emotion shinning in his father’s eyes, “Yes, father.” He answered solemnly.

Back at LeFay Castle Harriet, Fred and George were sitting in the family room and telling the rest of the group about their dinner. Harriet had ditched her shoes and was curled up between Fred and George who had gotten rid of their outer robes. “I think it went well.” Harri finally said to the
laughter of the room.

“Sounds like it went better than just well Prongslet.” Sirius chuckled.

James puffed up his chest proudly, “It sounds like my daughter broke the infamous Malfoy Masks with very little effort.”

Harriet giggled, “It’s easy to do when preconceived notions are in play.”

“Still.” James insisted.

The rest of Christmas beak went by rather quickly after that.

After the first time of getting to feel the bond, even as half complete Harriet insisted it felt, Fred and George asked her to connect them again every so often. Harriet did so without hesitation, enjoying the feel of it just as much as the twins did. Unfortunately, they couldn’t keep it up indefinitely since it both created a small light show, since it wasn’t the true internal bond between them, and used up a good deal of Harriet’s power, since the power couldn’t flow naturally back and forth between them. Still, they made the faux bond every couple days, relishing in feel of the intimate connection it provided.

Their Christmas was a small and yet, almost planet wide affair.

Tony wasn’t able to come to the castle since Pepper had him locked down in the lab, finishing the newest StarkPhone that he had been pushing off so he had joined them over the TV, having Daisy pass the presents back and forth between them. Harriet had gifted him with some rare elfin metals from one of her vaults, the twins had given him some tester products as well as some of the completed products from the previous timeline, Bill had given a book on wards, and the Marauders had sent a bottle of fire whiskey for him to try (Harriet had warned Jarvis that he would need to lock down any and all projects the moment Tony tried to drink it). Tony had sent Harri her second tracker in the form of a beautiful vibranium bracelet, the twins the receiver for said tracker and two headbands with HUDs like Harriet’s, and everyone else updated weapons, something that Bucky was extremely grateful for after inspecting his new guns.

Clint, Natasha, and Phil hadn’t called Harriet again but they did send Artemis with a Christmas card and gifts. Natasha had gotten her one of the electric batons she used in battle, Phil had gotten her a single bullet in a glass case, and Clint had sent her a nerf gun that he insisted she would need later.
Harriet had let Artemis rest before sending her back with two of the protection bracelets for Natasha and Phil, a set of throwing knives that would appear back in their sheathes a few seconds after they came to a stop for Natasha, three magical arrows for Clint to add to his quiver, and a magical tie that could turn into a knife for Phil that Luna had said he would need.

Bruce had sent Harriet a delicately woven blue wrap from the Asian area he was currently passing through with a tentative ‘Merry Christmas’ note. Harri had sent back an entire care package, knowing her brother was likely running on the bare essentials. She sent along some clothes, food, medicines, hygiene products, gold for him to exchange for more money, and another feather for Hulk. Bruce had written back with the journal, telling her that it was too much but she had brushed it off, replying that she was just taking care of her family.

Severus had sent them all greetings, with a few trinkets for Harriet, Loki, and the twins. In return Fred and George had sent him the alarm spell to put on the classroom work stations and Harriet sent him the memory she had promised as well as a small vial of Phoenix tears.

The rest of the group had exchanged small gifts, the most notable of which was the black velvet choker that Fred and George had given Harriet that clasped together in the front, the clasp being gold and shaped like two foxes that intertwined. Fred had designed it and George had laid the charms into the clasp that would heat up if she was ever in close proximity of poisons or love potions. Harriet had gotten them a few things but the ones they were most excited about were their battle suits and over jackets with the runes already sewed into the hoods that would hide their faces.

The entire group that had gone to Hogwarts had received various things from the Slytherins and most of those gifts were free from hexes or poisons so Harri counted it a win. There were expensive cloaks, rolls of rich fabrics, jewelry, books, Quidditch gear, and candy for the humans of the group, however there were also some warming rocks and heated blankets sent along for the snakes, and luxurious pet beds, brushes, and treats sent along for Fenrir and Bucky who both blushed at the various presents they received.

So their Christmas went pretty well.

On New Year’s day the Lovegoods and the Jordans joined them again and they rode out their winter holiday with relaxing family time.

Soon they were back at Hogwarts and in true Potter fashion, things kicked off with some craziness.

After the Welcome Back feast Dumbledore had managed to convince Tonks to stand in with them so he could speak to Harriet with the interference of the restraining order.
“Ah, Harriet, wonderful to see you my dear.” Dumbledore began, his grandfatherly mask in place, “How were your Holidays?”

“Great!” Harri said enthusiastically, “I’ve never been allowed a real Christmas before! The elves were so nice! We had a tree and I got to eat!”

“Oh Harri.” Tonks murmured.

Anger flashed in Albus’ eyes, “Come now my dear, must you harp on your relatives like that? They brought you into their home. Surely you must have some positive feelings for them.”

Harri shrunk in on herself and Tonks reacted, quickly stepping in front of Harriet, “Headmaster, that was inappropriate. The abuse she suffered under those people has been proven without a doubt. She doesn’t need to feel anything toward them.”

Albus frowned momentarily before nodding, “Ah...yes, apologies Harriet.” He glanced at her over Tonks shoulder, “I often seem to forget the effect it had on you.”

‘Forgot or didn’t care old man? Get it straight.’ Harri though bitterly while looking up at the Headmaster with hurt eyes.

Dumbledore stepped back a bit, “If we could clear this whole silly restraining order thing up I could meet with you to try and help you work through this tuff time.”

Tonks narrowed her eyes at Dumbledore and her hair turned red in warning, “That won’t be happening Headmaster. Your constant attempts to circumvent the restraining order have been logged and Madam Bones herself has locked the order in for an extra six months already. Even if Harriet herself asked for it to be released, we at the DMLE will not do so until you have proven that your unhealthy interest in Harri has stopped.” Dumbledore looked absolutely livid but Tonks turned away and pulled Harri out of his office without further thought.

“Got a little fancy in there Tonks.” Harri giggled once they were past the gargoyle.
Tonks grinned down at Harriet, “The boss has been briefing us on what to say ever since we kept getting alerted to him trying to get to you.”

“I see.” Harri laughed, “How is the investigation going?” she asked curiously.

Tonks sighed, “It’s slow going. We have swept your old house a bunch of times and found more blood and some strange wards around the house but we can’t connect it to anyone concretely. Though we have our suspicions.” She said, tilting her head back toward the office, Harriet giggled.

“Well, thank you all for your hard work.” Harri said, she stopped and gave Tonks a tentative hug. Before she knew it she was being squeezed tightly by the woman.

“No problem Harriet.” Tonks replied, she pulled back with a smile and locked eyes with Harriet, “It’s our job!”

Harri smiled and pushed a gentle suggestion into Tonks mind, “Still, I’m grateful.” She responded.

A couple days after that Rita came out with an article about one Arabella Figg being taken in for questioning by the Aurors for her seeming connection in the Harriet Potter case. Harriet watched as the Headmaster blanched at the head table before rushing off soon after, Lee mumbled under his breath about her becoming a villain and the twins had just smirked. They had found out where Harri had sent Tonks last night during their bonding time and had agreed that it was the push that the investigation would need.

Later that night, in the Slytherin common room, the second challenge was issued. This time by a fifth year named Sylvia Melville. The entire room had watched with baited breath and none were disappointed as Harriet defeated her without her wand, Harri had the girl face down with a knee in her back in a matter of seconds, twirling the girl’s wand in her hand. “If you wish to issue a challenge at least give me one.” Harri said nonchalantly before letting the girl up and walking through the fireplace to get to the Chamber with Fred, George, and Ligia.

So the first few weeks of the semester passed and the remedial muggle studies started up again. Everyone was also enjoying the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, a retired auror by the name of Winnie Wildsmith, who was an animated and fun teacher who even managed to teach Harriet a few things in class. She was also the descendant of Ignatia Wildsmith, a Ravenclaw witch who had invented floo powder, something that the Ravens liked to bring up at every opportunity. Harri wouldn’t mind having her again next year but knew not to put too much hope into a DADA teacher hanging around for more than a year.
Things were going pretty well for the spring semester until February hit.

Fred and George were avoiding Harriet.

It wasn’t too hard for her to figure out, they were an almost constant presence for her most of the time and suddenly they stopped. Harriet didn’t understand, she didn’t remember saying anything wrong or upsetting them. Their avoidance was weighing heavy on her heart, but really...she should have known they had something planned.

Lee marched through the seventh floor with Ligia and Sage on either side of him, their faces set with determination. The second they approached the wall leading to the RoR a door appeared and they stormed through the door only to stop in their tracks at the mad scientist lab they were presented with.

“What are you two doing?!” Lee demanded.

Fred and George looked up from the melted looking grey blob that was sitting on a pedestal in front of them, “Lee?” Fred started.

“Ligia? Sage? What are”

“you guys doing here?” they asked.

Ligia crossed her arms over her chest, “We came to see why you were avoiding your mate!” Ligia snapped, Jor hissing from her shoulder in emphasis. “She’s a complete mess! Today after class she sat in the Slytherin common room eating a pint of ice cream and watching some stupid rom com! The Slytherin’s are being traumatized as we speak!”

“What are you doing that has kept you from her?” Sage demanded, “She’s basically stolen Fenrir to cry on!”

Fred and George exchanged guilty looks, “Saturday is”
“Valentine’s day.” They answered.

“What?” Ligia asked, confused.

“You left her alone for a week for Valentine’s day planning?!” Lee exclaimed, instantly seeing where this was going, “Did that really require you avoiding her for a week?!”

“She would have found out!” George huffed.

“We want it to be a surprise.” Fred said, “But Harriet can read us like a book!”

“We haven’t learned how to hide surprises from her yet.” George moaned, dropping his head.

“I bet our older selves knew how.” Fred muttered darkly.

“Bastards.” George added. Lee doubled over laughing at this and twins shot him dark looks.

Ligia was still frowning, “What is this… Valentine’s day?”

“It’s a muggle holiday that we’ve adopted. It’s where you express your love for your significant other or hopeful significant other with gifts and acts of love.” George explained, “In the wizarding world we use it for the grander courting gestures.”

“We told Harriet that even though we are Soulmates we wanted to court her properly.” Fred said, “We kind of did it backward since we sleep in the same bed as her on holiday’s and the occasional weekend here in the RoR when we can’t sleep without her but we still want to do it.”

“So… you left her alone for an entire week to plan for one day of courting rituals?” Sage asked, looking at them like they were insane.

Fred and George winced, “We didn’t”
“know that our”

“avoiding her would”

“affect her so much.”

Sage nodded, accepting that they wouldn’t want to intentionally hurt Harriet. “Still a lot for one day.” Ligia huffed.

Fred snorted, “Oh we’ve got things”

“planned for the next’

“four days, not one.” The twins said, Lee’s laughter renewed and they rolled their eyes at him.

“Well those four day better be good.” Ligia said, “Because the Marauders are about ready to curse you and Harriet thinks you’re mad at her for something.”

Fred and George shared a determined look and got back to work.

The next morning Harriet, Luna, Ligia, Jor, the Marauders, and Bucky were down in the Chamber with Samarra and Salazar. Harriet had draped herself over Samarra the second they had come down much to Jor’s disappointment but he let it go when Harriet had sighed miserably and Samarra had taken to comforting her.

“I’m going to kill them.” James muttered, leaning next to Salazar’s portrait and watching Harriet closely.

“No you’re not Prongs, because I am.” Sirius muttered.
“Calm down. I’m sure they have a reason for their actions.” Salazar said, trying for calm even if he too was disappointed in their behavior.

“Did you get anything from them yesterday Loki?” Remus asked.

The god looked up from Harriet’s usual seat where he was lounging in his male form, “I promised not to say.”

“Can’t you see my pup is hurting?” Sirius huffed.

Loki gave him a flat look, “All I can say is that they’re not doing it to hurt her.”

“It’s happening anyway.” James growled.

Suddenly Harriet snapped into a sitting position up on top of Samarra and looked at the door, everyone followed her gaze to see Fred and George coming into the study. They looked over the room and walked directly for the Marauders, much to Harriet’s displeasure. Fred and George stopped in front of the three, ignoring their glares as they pulled three bracelets from their pockets.

“We present these to you”

“to declare our intentions to”

“both court and eventually”

“marry your daughter”

“Harriet Rose Potter.” They ended together before giving each of the now gaping Marauders a bracelet. Once they were free of the bracelets they made their way over to Harriet who sat blushing on top of Samarra and handed her an envelope before making their way out of the room quickly.

Salazar was the first to recover, “Now this I approve of.” Harriet buried her face in her hands as her blush darkened.
James examined the bracelet, “It’s…some kind of tooth?” he squinted, “Is that a stag?” he questioned, looking at the carving on the tooth.

“What in Merlin’s name?” Remus muttered, examining his tooth that had a howling wolf carved into it. Sirius’ had a grim.

“In Fiji suitors present their intendeds parents with the tooth of a sperm whale as a declaration of their intentions.” Luna informed them with a pleased smile, petting Bucky where he was sprawled out next to her still in his margay form.

“Is that what they’ve been doing?” Harriet squeaked in embarrassment.

Loki raised an eyebrow at her, “You’re perfectly okay talking about sex in front of everyone but courting embarrasses you?”

Harri drew her hair back behind her ear as she looked down at the envelope warily, “We mated in the middle of a war. Not a month afterward we were on the run. After the war we only had two weeks of relaxation before we were chased off to America where we were integrated into a group of muggle superheroes. We never really had time for courting or romance. We knew we loved each other, we could feel it through the bond. We never really did things like this.”

“Oh cub, you deserve to have that though.” Remus said gently.

“Go on!” James said excitedly, putting on his bracelet, “Open the envelope, we want to know what it is!” Sirius leaned forward in anticipation.

Harriet smiled and opened the envelope, as she pulled out the thick card inside dust puffed from inside and covered her in a fine coat that sunk into her skin and clothes. Harri wrinkled her nose but pulled the card free and read aloud, “They say give a bouquet but that’s cliché so we’ve given you flowers all day.” Sirius and Remus frowned but Harriet huffed lightly before sliding off Samarra. As soon as her feet hit the ground wild flowers began to grow around her, Harriet laughed lightly as she took a step and more flowers grew up around her.

“Well those will be fun to fight with in classes today.” James mused.
They were, in fact, not fun to fight with in classes today. While the flowers were okay if she was just walking with them appearing as she went, they were terrible if she ever stopped and allowed them time to build up under her. She had tripped multiple times and fell completely when she forgot to banish them before getting up from Charms. Despite all of this Harriet couldn’t stop smiling all through the day, something Fred and George noted happily as they watched her from afar.

As the note said, the flowers only lasted the day. The next morning, Harriet woke up with a bed full of crimson roses but once she stepped free of the bed the flowers didn’t grow under her feet again. Harriet took a couple roses from her bed and arranged them in the cradle of a half up do in her hair. The twins were still avoiding her but she knew they probably had more planned, they were pranksters after all, and they adhered closely to the ‘go big or go home’ mentality.

The next bit came at dinner that evening, as the meal was winding down Hedwig flew in with a package clutched in her talons and landed in front of Harriet. Harri took the package carefully before feeding Hedwig a bit of steak. Once the snowy owl had departed, Harri pulled the ribbon from the flat package and pulled off the lid.

*Is that a spoon?* Remus questioned as they all looked in the box.

It was a spoon. In fact, it was a delicately carved wooden spoon made of cherry wood. Its bowl was heart shaped, leading up to a long stem of tightly woven Celtic knots that supported a lock at the top that had three wooden links hanging off of it to form a chain. Burned into each link was their Marauder names; Godiva being in the center, Mayhem on the outside, and Mischief on the link that connected them to the lock.

The top of the box held a card that said ‘Welsh Lovespoon’, below, it labeled the different meanings of each piece of the spoon. Harri took the card and read, smiling so wide it almost hurt. The card jerked after a few seconds and lifting an eyebrow she turned it over to find another note from the twins, this one reading ‘Your unbreakable weapon for the upcoming battle’. Harri frowned at that.

*What battle?* Sirius asked warily.

Suddenly all the tables shook violently, sending food everywhere, hitting many of the students. Before everyone could figure out what had happened Sage jumped up onto the Hufflepuff table with a large bowl of mashed potatoes, “FOOD FIGHT!!” he announced, he grabbed a handful of mashed potatoes and threw it at one of the Gryffindors. From there things went downhill, the Gryffindors were happy to join in with the Hufflepuffs but then a plate of mincemeat pie soared over to hit Gertrude in the face, all of the Slytherins took offense and began a strategic attack, hitting more Ravenclaws before even getting close to the Gyffindors. The Ravenclaws, practical as always,
protected their books first before joining in. The teachers attempted to calm things down, until a mysterious cream pie hit Dumbledore right in the face and that declared a free for all on the staff.

Soon everyone was laughing and screaming as food flew through the air, Harriet did end up using the spoon to sling mashed potatoes at people as she giggled madly, making her way over to Luna and Bucky to create a basic defense. Things got worse before they got better as the unaware elves sent up desert without thought; the savory was joined by the sweet as ice cream, jams, pies, and cake were tossed willy nilly.

By the time everyone was calmed down, Harriet was absolutely covered in random foods, her hair a mass of cherry pie filling and crust from where Bucky had sneakily dumped a whole pie on her head. Harriet still had the Welsh Lovespoon in her hand and was smiling happily at her little sister who was trying to get the chocolate cake from her blonde hair, *Your mates certainly do court in style.* James laughed.

*Yes, yes they do.* Harri said happily.

It took Harriet a whole hour to completely wash all the cherry filling from her thick wild hair, but it didn’t matter. She stayed up most of the night staring at the lovingly carved spoon with a silly grin on her face, they may not have done this last time line and had never felt like they needed to but she was loving it now. Tomorrow was Friday and then it would be Valentine’s day. Harriet couldn’t wait to see what they came up with next.

Going down to breakfast the next morning everyone was relieved to see Great Hall free of splattered food, once Harri sat down Luna ambled over to join her. They chatted together until the mail owls appeared and both a Daily Prophet Owl and Hedwig appeared in front of them. Harri paid for the newspaper quickly before moving on to Hedwig who had another thin package with her, Harriet petted her faithful owl for a bit before rewarding her with bacon and taking the package.

*Oo, what is it this time?* Sirius asked, slithering up to Harriet’s shoulders to get a better look.

*Don’t know.* Harriet hissed offhandedly as she pulled the ribbon free and opened the box. Inside was a pair of black formal gloves, with emerald lace around the wrists. The card in this box read ‘Shield Gloves with a Twist’, she flipped it over and on the back was another note, ‘To protect our love in style’. Harri smiled softly down at the card.

*Why gloves?* Remus asked.
“It’s an old English tradition.” Luna said, “You presented someone you fancied with gloves and if they wore them they accepted your proposal of courtship.” Harriet looked down the table to where Fred and George were watching her closely and very pointedly put the gloves on without breaking eye contact, they grinned in response.

Harri wore them all day and later, in the Slytherin common room where her third challenge was sprung on her, discovered what the ‘twist’ was. Where the original shield hats and gloves would simply deflect the lesser jinxes and curses thrown at Harri, these allowed Harriet to physically catch the spell, strengthen it, and lob it back at the offending party. The mild cutting hex that had been aimed at her ended up cutting lose the challengers belt and pantsing the guy for the whole room to see, he lost mostly due to the wound on his pride and Harri was pleased with the functional gift.

Finally, Valentine’s day arrived and the whole school was in chaos. The great hall had been decorated for the holiday and many of the older students set out early with their dates to go down to Hogsmeade for the day. Harri wanted nothing more than to hide in the Chamber as by Breakfast she had been given a small boatload of candies and gifts, many filled with love potions. Unfortunately, Luna insisted she come up for meals and by dinner Harriet was sure that it was just to get the twins jealous because that’s all watching her receive things from others was really doing, they glared at any who dared to approach her.

Just as Harriet was about to move on to desert Fred and George approached her, “If you would”

“come with us.” They said softly, not wanting to draw attention to them.

Luna took the Marauders off of her as Lee slid down the table to sit with her, “Go, we’ll collect your things.” Harri smiled at them gratefully before standing and following the twins.

Once they were free of the Great Hall they each took a gloved hand, “So…” Fred began looking down at Harriet with an uncertain smile, “did you like our gifts?”

Harri beamed up at them, “I loved them.” Her smile moved to a pout, “Though I wish you hadn’t proceeded it by making me think you were angry at me.”

George squeezed her hand gently, “We didn’t mean to dearest.”
“We just knew you would be able to read us and we wanted it to stay a surprise.” Fred added, tugging gently at a strand of hair.

“I realized why after you talk about the courting but I was still hard.” She blushed, “I think I may have traumatized some of the Slytherins because of it.”

Fred chuckled, “Ah yes, Ligia told us.”

“Ice cream and rom coms was it?”

“Very traumatizing.”

Harri giggled, “It can be.”

Finally, they pulled her to a stop in front of the Room of Requirement and stepped in front of her, looking nervous. “So, we’re not”

“sure how you’ll”

“take this one but”

“it is based off an old”

“courting ritual from Taiwan.”

Harri quirked a brow at them, “Okay.” She said slowly.

“Close your eyes.” Fred directed, Harri did without hesitation. They pulled her into the RoR gently and instantly a whole lot of sweet scent hit her nose, she heard the door close behind her and then Fred and George released her hands.
“Alright, open your eyes.” George called.

Harri opened her eyes and promptly gaped at the sight before her.

“Happy Valentine’s Day Harriet!” The twins chorused.

Before her, set on three pedestals above some trays of fresh fruit, were the severed heads of Albus Dumbledore, Hermione Granger, and Ronald Weasley.

Or…at least, their candy heads.

Letting her eyes rove over the three heads she could see that Ron’s hair was made from twizzlers and Hermione and Albus’ hair from some correctly colored spun sugar. Various manipulated candies made up their other features over a base of fondant icing which seemed to make up their skin. At their neck was some sort of red jelly which seemed to be standing in for blood. All three had their eyes closed, thankfully.

Fred and George shifted nervously and stepped closer to the still shocked Harri, “Their brains are made up of ice cream.” Fred tried.

“Except Ron’s whose brain is marshmallow fluff.” George attempted to joke. Harriet’s eyes were still glued to the heads and the twins shifted uneasily, “Harriet?” they called weakly.

Harri suddenly shook herself and all but tackled George, throwing her arms around his neck and pulling him down into their first kiss. George flailed for a moment before sinking into the feel of Harriet’s lips moving sweetly against his, sparks lit behind his eyes and he felt something tugging him insistently toward Harri, he wrapped his arms around her waist lightly to keep her with him. The raven haired witch pulled away from the stunned George slightly, leaving him staring at where she had just been, before tugging Fred down to her and claiming her first kiss from him. Fred, having been shocked into silence by Harriet kissing George so suddenly, didn’t expect her and faltered for a second before trying to mimic her sweet but fierce movements. A fire flared in him at the intimate contact, sweeping through him and urging him toward Harri, he slid his arm around her waist, just under George’s, and the fire flared inside of him with the contact.

Harriet pulled back again, this time to give her shell shocked mates a bright smile, “Brilliant.”
“Wha…” was all George seemed to manage and Harri giggled.

“You brought me the heads of my enemies.” She said, her eyes going soft and her grip on them tightening, “I think they’re brilliant.”

“We-we’re glad.” Fred stuttered.

Harri giggled again before pulling Fred down for a second kiss, this one softer but no less filled with emotion. Fred stumbled a bit over the unfamiliar territory but tried to follow Harriet’s lead as her soft lips moved against his. The end this time was softer before she pulled George into his seconds kiss, taking it easy this time, giving him time to feel. George relished the feel of her lips against his coaxing him along, guiding him.

“That,” George rasped, coming out of his shock with the second kiss, “was…awesome.”

“Definitely.” Fred agreed even as a blush rose to his cheeks.

Harri giggled, “That, my beloved mates, was just the beginning.”

They tightened their arms around her as they focused on her happy face, “You’ll have to teach us.” Fred said solemnly.

“We’ll need lots of practice.” George insisted.

Harri laughed brightly, “Always happy to help.”

They weren’t seen until the next afternoon, the twins appearing down in the Chamber before Harriet. Instantly they were cornered by the Marauders, “Just where have you been?” James demanded.

“You better not have been doing what I think you were.” Sirius growled.

The twins held up their hands, “Whoa, we didn’t”
“do anything but kiss and cuddle.” They defended themselves.

Lee groaned from where he sat, “No! Now that you’ve progressed you’ll be doing it all the time.”

“Damn straight.” Fred muttered while George grinned.

James waved his hands, “No! No! You won’t be doing it all the time!”

“We forbid it!” Sirius exclaimed.

“Yes! Forbid is a good word.” James said.

Remus chuckled, “If you think forbidding her to kiss them is going to work then you don’t know your daughter.”

“What an astute observation Moony.” Harriet declared, coming into the room with Luna, Ligia, and Percy. Fred and George lit up at the appearance of their mate and Harri swept over to them to kiss them in greeting, ignoring her father’s spluttering. Harri settled into Fred and George’s arms as she looked back to her dad, “You’re being ridiculous.”

“It’s my job. I’m your dad.” He stated firmly.

“At least don’t show us all the time.” Lee interrupted with a slight whine.

“Just don’t look.” Fred and George shot back.

Before the conversation could go any further Sage escorted Tony into the room, throwing Harriet’s invisibility cloak on the chair as they did. “I’m here.” Tony announced. “And I’ve got the camera.” He held up a small video recorder.

“Why do we need a recorder?” Remus asked.
Harri grinned, "Have you have seen someone ingest a love potion that’s keyed to themselves?"

"No." Sirius answered, but his curiosity was peaked.

George chuckled, "Then you’re in for a treat. See Ron was one of the idiots who thought they had a chance with our mate and gave her chocolates yesterday." Ligia gave a quite snort at the possessiveness rolling off of them.

"Unsurprisingly it had love potions in it." Fred continued, "We’re just going to give one of the potioned chocolates to him and let the potion take its course."

"Then film it for our future watching pleasure." Harri finished with a grin.

James’ eyebrows lifted, "Well this I want to see."

Two hours later the group was huddled in a hidden alcove provided by Hogwarts in the second year boys dorm tapping the hilarity that was playing out before them. Harri had left the chocolate on Ron’s bed, conjured a full length mirror, and then joined everyone in their secret hiding place. When Ron had come in he had popped the chocolate in his mouth without care, five minutes later the potion took affect and Ron couldn’t stop staring at himself in the mirror.

It started with just him gazing at the mirror then he started swaying and looking over his body, now though he had devolved to running his hands over himself and muttering his own praises in the mirror. The group watching this was laughing uproariously, grateful for the silencing wards Ligia had put up. It got even better when Neville and Seamus appeared.

"Ron, what are you doing?" Neville asked in slight horror.

"Nothing Nev, just…just look at how hot I am." Ron insisted flexing his nonexistent muscles in the mirror and running his free hand down his side.

"Merlin man are you drunk?" Seamus demanded.
“No, no, just...I’m so...you know.” Ron said, he turned around and seemed to be inspecting his butt in the mirror, “Merlin I’m good looking.” He looked to Seamus, “Aren’t I good looking Seamus?”

Harriet sniggered in their hiding place, “Sweet Merlin don’t stop filming.” She gasped.

They ended up with an hour and a half of footage before Hermione had shown up to talk to Ron and ended up dragging him off to the infirmary. It was pure comedy gold and they planned to share it with Bill and Charlie as soon as they got home for the summer.

Time continued to fly during the spring semester. Dumbledore had backed off his attempts to circumvent the restraining order after the warning Tonks gave him at the beginning of the semester; Hermione, Ginny, and Ron had redoubled their efforts because of that but were still being rebuffed by Harri and pranks alike; and the Slytherins were coming along well.

Harriet was still waiting for the assassination attempts, the Marauders thought they were home clear after the impressive display she had created with the help of the twins’ glove gift but Harri knew better. She already had a good guess of who it would come from too. Graham Montague and Lucien Bole had been eyeing her up ever since she had taken over, they had been the most resistant to the changes and Harri knew that both males’ had at least one parent is Azkaban because of the fall of Voldemort she had caused as a baby.

In other news, the aurors had finally managed to get a court order to question Figg under the vertiserum which stopped all of Dumbledore’s attempts to ‘speak in defense’ of Arabella. The results had given the aurors many new leads but they refused to share them with the press, all Rita was able to write and lead with was the fact that Arabella was being held under suspicion of conspiracy. Harriet had sent Rita a short letter since aiming the woman and her vicious quill toward Dumbledore’s past, specifically with Grindelwald.

Severus had also made his first attempt at the Cure All, having finally received the last ingredients he had needed. The first one failed because of a rather ridiculous interruption by Dumbledore himself. Severus was now planning another for a time he knew he would be uninterrupted by anyone for the entire brewing process. A window Harri hoped to give him with the twins upcoming birthday.

Harri had felt terrible when she realized that she hadn’t celebrated their birthday last year, it was usually something she went all out for but with all the hectiness of last year and not having much breathing room from Dumbledore it had completely slipped her mind. That in mind she had been planning a special day that she was positive would be one to remember, or one to fear in the case of the poor people who would be stuck in the castle.
Fred and George woke up with a start when they felt a stinging hex hit them. George groaned and buried his face in Fred’s shoulder, “Go away.” He muttered.

“No can do George.” Came Harriet’s soft voice, intruding on their sleep, “I have much too much planned for you to sleep all day.”

Fred didn’t move George but felt around for Harriet with his hand, “Just come nap. We can plan” he yawned, “later.”

There was silence for a moment before a delicious smell wafted over to them, smelling buttery and sweet, pulling them from their sleepy haze. “Wake up.” Harri crooned, “Or I’ll eat all of these blueberry pancakes by myself.”

“No fair.” George whined, opening his eyes just in time to see Fred drool a little from the smell.

“Alls fair in love and war my dear Mischief.” Harri said brightly, “Now up! We have havoc to wreak!”

Grumbling the twins sat up sleepily and were greeted by the sight of Harriet sitting at the end of their bed in her own bed clothes holding two plates of fluffy pancakes with a bright smile on her face, “Happy Birthday!”

“Worst April Fool’s Day joke ever.” Fred huffed, even as he accepted his pancakes.

“We already have to attend class on our birthday Harriet, can’t we sleep?” George moaned.

Harri passed him his pancakes as a mischievous grin spread across her face, “You aren’t going to classes today.” She pulled her copy of the Marauders map from her pocket dimension, “In fact, for most of the day we won’t even be in the castle.”

The twins perked up a little despite their sleepiness. “Do tell.” Fred prompted.
Harri activated the Marauders map between them, “I’m going to have Hogwarts switch around all the rooms and hallways and then we are going to set up pranks all throughout the place. Then we’re going to leave for some fun. Everyone has already agreed to keep the chaos going for us while we sneak out of school. We’ll come back about dinner time and I’ll put the school back to rights while we reap the hilarity provided by pranking the entire school as one.” She beamed at them, “And it’s your birthday so you get final say on almost everything!”

“Almost everything?” George asked.

Harri nodded, “I’ve got special plans for where we’re heading after we leave school but other than that’s its all up to you two. I’m just here to facilitate the craziness.”

Fred and George exchanged a raised eyebrow before looking at Harriet, “Halls with anti grav mist?” Fred asked.

Harri nodded, “Yep.”

“Kitten McGonagall?” George asked.

“Sure.”

“Sudden slides?”

“No problem.”

“Hall of Horrors?”

“We can do that.”

“Never ending pitfalls?”

“Shouldn’t be too hard.”
“Locked in a room puzzles?”

“In groups or individuals?”

“Dumbledore stuck on the roof of a tower?”

Harri snorted, “Like you need a special occasion for that.”

Fred and George grinned, “Let’s do it!”

It took two hours for them to set everything up with the assistance of Hogwarts herself, luckily Harri had woken them up at three in the morning so they didn’t run into any early risers. Harriet had also gotten Hogwarts to draw in cameras she had gotten from Tony so they could watch everything when they had a chance later. Once everything was done Harri had Hogwarts put everyone but her group in a deeper sleep and move them into the Great Hall which would be the starting point, it would eventually force everyone out of the great hall but for now they would be safe there. Next Harri flamed them down to the Chamber, another thing left untouched for their family members. Harri left them with the group for a moment so she could go get dressed.

“So I assume everything is ready?” James asked.

“Yep!” Fred and George said happily, their eyes bright with anticipation.

Remus chuckled before snapping his fingers, two house elves appeared with large cauldrons full of a bubbling grey liquid, “Not quite.”

Fred and George drew closer and eyed the potion, “Why do we need polyjuice?”

“You don’t.” Sirius smirked, “We do.”

“Why?” George asked before Luna came up behind him and plucked a couple hairs, “Hey! What was that for?”
James laughed. “See, you have amassed a great reputation.” James started as Luna put George’s hair in the left cauldron, “We are going to use that to ratchet up the chaos!”

Lee came over and plucked a couple of Fred’s hair, “Because what is more terrifying than one set of demon twins?” he asked with a smirk as he put Fred’s hair into the right cauldron.

“Four sets of demons twins.” Bucky chuckled.

Fred and George looked at them all wide eyed before faking seriousness, “Do you think you can play us convincingly?” Fred asked haughtily.

Lee scoffed, “I’m your best friend. Of course I can imitate you.”

Remus grinned, “I’m sure I can fake it enough to convince the first years.”

Loki chuckled, “They don’t have to be exact, everyone will be distracted by the school and pranks themselves.”

“And they’ll never be good enough to fool me so what can we really expect?” came Harriet’s voice as she reappeared in the study. Fred and George zeroed in on her immediately and had to shift as their hormones kicked in at the sight of her. Harriet was wearing a cute knee length black and white checkered dress with a high collar, short sleeves, and green buttons with other green accents. She also had on the gloves they had gifted her and black ballet style shoes. Her hair was swept up on top of her head in an up-do that made her hair look like a cute bow.

“Whoa.” They breathed.

Harri smiled at them, “So…do I look appropriate for your birthday?”

“Definitely.” George said.

“You look beautiful.” Fred added.
“Thank you.”

“They’re right you do look beautiful princess.” Came Fred’s voice again, the trio turned to find four more sets of twins already changed and ready to go.

“We are right, you do look beautiful princess.” Fred choked, “There is an army of us!”

“That’s the point.” Another Fred said, “We’re you.”

The real George looked around and spotted Loki still in his own form, “Are we not doing another set of our gorgeous selves?”

Loki chuckled, “I’m taking over for Severus so that he can brew in peace.” Green magic welled around him for a second before an exact replica of Snape appeared and looked down his nose at George, “So I would suggest Mister Prewett that you run off for you little date before you disturb the peace much more.” He sneered.

George chuckled, “You’ve got that down.” Loki-Snape inclined his head slightly.

Harriet giggled, “Yep, he’s the best. Ready?” the twins nodded and looped their arms around her waist possessively.

Fred and George saluted their polyjuiced selves, “Good luck men!”

“Take no Prisoners!”

“Leave no person unpranked!”

“No teacher unharrassed!”

“And remember Dumbledore is on the roof somewhere so keep an eye out.” Harriet finished with an
amused smile.

Harri flamed them away and directly onto the branches of Yggdrasil, steadying them quickly so they wouldn’t fall. “Careful.” She warned, “Don’t let go.”

“Where are we?” George asked, looking around at the colors and icy black space that swirled around them in awe.

“We’re in the branches of Yggdrasil.” Harri answered as she led them along the path.

“The World Tree.” Fred breathed.

Harri nodded, “Yep, come on, we’re almost there.”

“Where?” Fred questioned.

Harri looked back at him with a wicked grin, “Asgard.” Just then the portal that was the back door of Asgard came in to view. Harri quickly pulled Fred and George through the portal which dropped them right in the royal paddock like it had before when she had come to rescue Loki. Harri made sure that they hadn’t been seen before weaving disillusionment and concealment charms over them.

Fred and George were looking at the enormous Golden Castle in wonder as Harri led them more calmly through the city, no one taking notice of them with the magic that was wrapped around them. They walked hand in hand in a seemingly random pattern, Harri was moving them toward a very specific location however.

“This is amazing Harriet”

“But what are we doing here?” the twins finally asked.

Harri smiled up at them, “I know Tony introduced you guys to the idea of Disney World and we’ll be going there when it opens.” They perked up, Harri nodded, “But despite all of the individual stories I’ve told you I’ve never really covered anything on our relationship beyond the initial bonding. So I’m taking you to where we were married.”
Fred and George shot her amazed looks, “We were married on Asgard?” George choked.

Harri hummed, “Yes, by Queen Frigga. She was grateful that we saved Loki and protected him even though we barely knew him, that we could look beyond his violent past and welcome him into our home without hesitation.” She led them over to one of the many secret doors into the palace, it led to a very short passage that came out into the great room that Thor’s interrupted coronation had taken place in. It was empty at moment, thankfully. “In here.” She said, waving her hand at the room, “It was her thank you gift to us.”

She summoned Mischief and Mayhem and opened the faux connection so the twins could see what she was remembering. Her memories overlapped the room; showing the crowd of regular Asgardians who had heard tales of the ones that saved their youngest Prince, of the three who publically stood firm and scolded the Allfather himself for his treatment of his child; the Avengers, all of them as well as Lee, Pepper, and Jane, standing proud at the head of the room to act as their best men and Ladies in waiting; the twins waiting for Harriet in light Asgardian battle armor that Frigga had all but wrestled them into that morning; and Harriet making her way down the aisle to them with a brilliant smile on her face in a crimson and silver strapless gown that matched the sword of Gryffindor that she carried with her, with Loki escorting her. They watched as they participated in the Asgardian custom of exchanging swords before saying their vows, the nod to the earth traditions, before Frigga tied all three of their hands together with a golden sash and spoke in an ancient language over them. Finally, she pronounced them ‘Man and Wife and Man’ to the happy laughter of the Avengers and Harriet was kissed into a stupor by both of them to the cheering of the crowd.

As they were making their way back up the aisle together as a newly married trio Harriet let the faux bond fade, Fred and George jolted back into the moment, looking down at Harri in amazement. She smiled at them, “That was our wedding. We were the cause of the highest recorded number of mortals to come to Asgard. We did honeymoon back on Midgard but it was cut short by giant mutant…” she was cut off by Fred kissing her fiercely followed quickly by George who pressed her back against Fred gently. They were still new to kissing and they had yet to really progress to tongue but the raw emotion Harri was feeling behind the kisses was enough to leave her breathless. When they finally pulled back Harri looked up at them with half lidded eyes, “I guess you guys liked seeing it then.”

“If we could marry”

“you again right”

“now we would.” They answered her solemnly.
Harriet beamed at them, “I love you two, so much.”

They enveloped her in a tight hug, “We know.” They answered seriously.

Harri huffed, “Never should have shown you Star Wars.”

With that their banter lightened as Harri led them back out of the castle, completely unaware of the kind eyes that had watched them since their arrival.

After Harriet had flamed them back to Midgard they had spent the rest of the day at Disney’s Hollywood Studios, the park Harri claimed you could get the most out of in one short period of time. She did surprise them with the fact that she had bought them all Disney Platinum Passes and that they had at least two properties in the area which would make it easy for them to come back whenever they wanted. They stayed until 2pm, eating and playing, having an all-around good time as Harri introduced them to the wonders of theme parks. Their favorite ride by far was Rockin’ Roller-coaster which they insisted they go on four times before Harri had convinced them to try others, as it was they ended up buying multiple of the pictures offered at the end.

When they finally arrived back in the Chamber they were laden down with bags and the two cauldrons with the Polyjuice in them had only the last dregs remaining. Just as they were putting things down James and Sirius came running through the door, “Oh, you’re back!” James said brightly.

Sirius leaned over, trying to catch his breath, “Don’t mind us. The polyjuice wore off and we had to run back to make sure no one saw us.”

Harriet chuckled, “Yeah, it can happen at the most inopportune time.” She snapped her fingers and Dobby appeared with her and the twins’ uniforms, a quick switching charm had them back as they were supposed to be. “Alright, ready to see what became of the school while we were away?”

Fred and George rubbed their hands together evilly, “You bet!”

Harri nodded and tapped her foot on the ground, “Lady Hogwarts, if you would put yourself back to rights and leave your patrons in the Great Hall for dinner please.”
Magic heaved around them as the school shifted; depositing people in the requested spots, clearing the pranks, and putting the rooms, halls, stairs, and items back where they belonged. Once their group was put together correctly, the last of the polyjuice wore off, and everyone had retaken their school forms, they made their way up to the Great Hall. Just before they went in, Harriet stopped them one more time and tapped out a quick message on her phone.

Inside the Great Hall Jarvis’ voice rang out, “This has been a test of the Emergency Pranking System. Thank you for your cooperation. Have a nice day.”

Fred and George snickered on either side of Harriet and the group snuck in as the room exploded into questions, demands, cries of outrage, and laughter in one glorious soundtrack of chaos. No one other than those closest to them noticed their sudden arrival or the way they were looking around at the results of the massive prank with pride.

At some point Dumbledore must have made it off the roof and ran afoul of another prank because he was completely bald, making him look ridiculous and a tad repulsive without his hair. McGonagall was still struggling to shift from her kitten form and at this point still had her ears, tail, and a great deal of fur despite her overall, human appearance. Everyone else was an awkward amalgamation of scorched hair, dyed skin/hair/clothes, random animal parts, windswept appearances from sudden drops, shaking from newly formed claustrophobia, soaked in water, caked in food, and, for two mortifyingly embarrassed seventh years, completely naked and attached at the hip.

Fred and George looked around at all the chaos around them and leaned into Harriet, “Best Birthday. Ever.”

Chapter End Notes

Welsh Lovespoon carving meanings:
Heart-steadfast love
celtic knot-eternal love
links/chains - linked together forever
Lock - "I shall look after you"

Giving credit where credit is due I had two of my wonderful tumblr followers truly inspire me on the subject of what to do for the twins birthday so give thanks to sunstarmonstar and makaylabrady !!!

There are also a couple new chapters on the Outtake: School Years ficlet so check them out right here on Ao3!

Also, for those who are Loki/Harri fans I have started a smaller story that I am using to work through writers block, it is on both sites!
It took a good four and a half hours to get the school’s population calmed down and fixed enough that they were able to cart them off to their respective dorms. Another hour after that was spent with Dumbledore trying to calm the teachers themselves who were demanding answers that the man couldn’t give, but eventually Albus was alone enough to call Hermione and Ron to his office to try and gather more information about the chaos that had enveloped the castle that day.

They met at the gargoyle, Albus’ sharp blue eyes taking in Hermione’s scorched hair and neon yellow skin as well as Ron’s soaked clothes and rat tail. “I see you have also ran into some rather unfortunate times in the castle today.” He said solemnly, Ron scowled but Hermione nodded seriously. Dumbledore hummed, “Ronald, can you dry your clothes? I am not aware of the state of my office but considering that I woke up on the roof I don’t have high hopes and I’d rather not add wet floors to whatever mess is up there.”

Ron ducked his head and blushed, allowing Hermione to jump in, “He’s tried Headmaster, I’ve tried. Somehow the water seems to be emitting from his clothes themselves and I haven’t been able to do a switching charm to get rid of the clothes.”

Albus sighed, “I see.” He looked to the gargoyle, “Hubba Bubba.” The gargoyle jumped to the side and they made their way up stairs warily. When Dumbledore pushed open the door to his office his jaw immediately clenched and he fought to keep his emotions in check to prevent his magic from lashing out violently.

His entire office was covered in ice, his entire desk and its contents was encased in one solid block and thick sheets covered his bookcases, leaving them inaccessible. Various railings, nick-knacks, and other pieces of furniture that he had scattered around the room were also encased. It seemed that only the floor was left along, however once Albus stepped on it he found it to be covered in black ice and almost went careening toward a painful impact with the frosted fire place, only managing to save himself at the last minute. Fawkes was nowhere to be seen.

“Bloody hell.” Ron chattered, crossing his arms as the cold started to pierce through his wet clothes.
“What spell could have done this?” Hermione wondered, edging across the floor carefully. Dumbledore didn’t answer but pulled out his wand to attempt to banish the ice, after several minutes though it was clear that nothing was working. In frustration Dumbledore summoned a lick of fiendfyre and directed it at the ground, succeeding in only setting the edge of his robes on fire, which he put of quickly.

“I don’t know how, but this ice is impervious to spells.” Albus mused, looking around, “There must be some potion added to it or maybe…” he trailed off as another solution popped into his head but his shook his hairless head quickly, dismissing the thought, “No, one hasn’t been seen in years.” He muttered to himself.

“Headmaster.” Ron stuttered, his whole body shivering at this point, “Can we move this along?”

Albus looked over to the redhead and put on his grandfatherly mask, “Of course Ronald, just tell me what you can about what happened today and then you can go see Madame Pomphrey.

Ron nodded weakly, “It was the twins.” He stated without hesitation, “Had to be. It was like they were…everywhere. Taunting people. Only they would have been able to do something like this on such a massive scale.”

“Did you see Harriet at all today?” Albus asked.

“No.” Ron said, “But the twins like her, they probably holed her up somewhere.”

Dumbledore lifted his nonexistent eyebrow but gave Ron a dismissive wave, “Thank you Ronald. You can go now. We wouldn’t want you catching a cold.”

“Thanks Headmaster.” Ron gritted, his arms crossed over his chest to try and retain some heat.

Once he had left Dumbledore looked over to Hermione, “Have the Fred and George been showing Harriet any sort of affection?”

Hermione cocked her head, “Well, they are very close and they are around her all the time but I thought it was only because they were on the Quidditch team together. I will try to watch their interactions more closely.”
“You do that.” Dumbledore said, “I’ve been so focused on removing the restraining order and trying to end the investigation into Harriet’s situation I haven’t really noticed. We can’t have them becoming her best friends or worse, let one of them become her boyfriend. That would throw another of my plans through the wringer.” He leaned precariously against an iced chair, “We need to separate her from everyone, isolate her to give you two a bigger opening to get to her.”

“Actually Headmaster, that is not working out very well.” Hermione began steadily, “Ginny can’t seem to get close to Harriet at all for her to even attempt to bring me in, but I think I’ve found a solution.”

Dumbledore again raised an eyebrow, “Do tell my dear, you have been coming along nicely in your planning skills.”

Hermione beamed at her mentor, “The new parseltongue, the girl, Ligia Liesmith. I’ve seen her and Harriet speaking together. I’ve also heard she and her brother are muggleborns, if we could find something to offer them we may be able to get her to be our spy! Plus, she would be able to nudge Harri toward Ron to try and salvage the marriage plan from what it began as.”

Albus nodded slowly, “Yes, and the fact that she is a Slytherin will help build our case should it ever come to declaring her a Dark Lady.” Dumbledore’s face spread into a true smile as he looked fondly at his apprentice, “Very good Hermione, that is an excellent plan. One worthy of myself. Sometimes we old folks just need young eyes to help us along.”

Hermione blushed but puffed her chest up at the praise, “I learned from the best.”

Albus chuckled, “Yes. Now, let’s iron out those details.”

Despite the staff’s demand for punishment for those who had created the prank castle, there wasn’t much Dumbledore could do without proof. Fred and George’s involvement was clear but anyone with any sense knew that they couldn’t have pulled off the changing of the castles structure by themselves. Unfortunately, no one could really pinpoint who else was involved with all the chaos that had happened after they had been ejected so quickly from the Great Hall, all the stories were conflicting.

Fred and George were awarded one week of detention that turned to two when they refused to sell out their accomplices, they served them proudly. Of course it helped that they were given to Severus
for detentions that McGonagall thought would be a real punishment. However, Severus used some of the time to help Fred with his potions and Harri snuck in to talk to George while they were working. When Severus was busy with grading or his own potion work the trio would use the time for connecting through the faux bond.

After that things chugged right along with the end of the spring semester.

Severus’ second attempt at the Cure All had failed but he was confident that he knew what he did wrong and the crystal cauldron Harriet had loaned him was certainly upping his chances. Harriet offered to let him come over to the LeFay castle to brew in peace over the summer since she knew finding another large chunk of intensive brewing time as the school year drew to a close would be difficult and Dumbledore would be more prone to interruptions once school was out. He had refused initially but Harry had made sure that he had a portkey that would bring him to the castle if need be.

Dumbledore was working to refine Hermione’s plan, it drew his attention away from the restraining order that he had to admit was causing him more and more frustration as well as the rage that was building over his still iced over office. Nothing he tried had cleared the ice, at all, only when Fawkes had reappeared three days after the incident had he made any progress. The phoenix only agreed to melt the floor, telling the Headmaster through the manipulated bond that the man deserved it. After three curses from the elderly wizard Fawkes left in a huff.

Harry was enjoying the down time the new schemes were creating. Hermione, Ron, and Ginny had backed off somewhat and Harri assumed that they were laying low while they tried something new. She really hoped that they took the bait Ligia and Sage had been laying out for them to pick up and roll with.

Thankfully, they were.

Ligia and Jor steeled themselves as they ascended the stairs to the Headmaster’s office. They had been preparing for this the entire year and Ligia was honestly surprised it had taken this long for it to happen. Harriet told her that it wasn’t that surprising as the Headmaster liked to cling to his plans until there wasn’t the slightest chance of them working, at least in her experience. Still, Ligia and Jor were going into this with a great amount of wariness; Ligia was preparing to allow the Headmaster to lead the conversation while keeping the appropriate thoughts in front of her shields for the man to read.

Bringing her hand up to knock, she stopped when she heard, “Come in.” With a steadying breath Ligia pushed her way into the office and immediately had to hide her laughter as she saw that much of the room was still covered in ice. The Headmaster had apparently had the elves bring him a table and some chairs to sit in front of the block of ice that was his normal desk. Dumbledore looked up
from his little table and gave her what many would believe was a kind, grandfatherly smile; Ligia
wasn’t fooled. “Ah, Ligia, please come in.” he gestured toward one of the smaller un-iced chairs in
front of his table, “Take a seat.”

Ligia walked to the closest seat and dropped into it gracefully, “You wanted to see me Headmaster?”

“Yes, how are you and your brother settling in here?” Dumbledore asked, leaning forward on the
desk.

“Very nicely.” Ligia said, “Most of the people have been very welcoming and Sage really feels at
home here.” *Not a complete lie.* Ligia thought, *Though he has been missing LeFay Castle every
so often.*

“Good, that’s very good.” Dumbledore said, “And yourself?”

Ligia tilted her head, “It’s been challenging coming into Slytherin as a muggleborn but I think I’ve
settled pretty well.”

Dumbledore nodded, “Yes, was some of that settling facilitated by Harriet Potter?”

Ligia raised an eyebrow, “Harri? Yes, she was one of the only ones who wasn’t immediately afraid
of me because of my ability to speak to snakes.”

Dumbledore smiled, “Good, she really is one of Hogwarts’ best and brightest.” He folded his hands
in front of him, “So are you two very close friends?”

“I’m not sure if I’d classify us as ‘close friends’ but we do get along.” Ligia said, keeping her face
neutral.

“Oh dear.” Dumbledore said solemnly, “You aren’t having any problems with her are you? I’ve
heard only good things but those are mostly from the staff so I’m not sure.”

Ligia fought her urge to raise an eyebrow again or snort, *Just because we’re not ‘close friends’
doesn’t mean I find something wrong with her.* Still, Ligia decided to roll with it as she scrunched
up her nose, “Nothing too big. She does seem to act a bit self-important and she has an attitude that can be a bit much at times.”

Dumbledore sat back and stroked at his newly regrown beard, “Oh dear, that is unfortunate. It could turn into a real problem.”

Inwardly Ligia rolled her eyes at the obviousness of the leading statement, “A problem Headmaster?” she barely got out without sarcasm.

Albus hummed, “Yes, a problem.” He folded his hands over his beard, “I don’t know if you are aware of this Ligia but Harriet is actually a very prominent figure in our world. As the girl-who-lived she will always be a prominent voice in our community, her words will always hold some weight with the people around us. Unfortunately, being raised as she was in the muggle community, completely away from the wizarding world, means she has no real basis for the issues that affect our community today. If she really has an inflated sense of importance or the wrong attitude she could really harm us with her words or actions.”

“That doesn’t sound good.” Ligia said worriedly, she gave the Headmaster an uncertain look, “She couldn’t really cause that much trouble could she?”

Dumbledore’s eyes started to twinkle, something Harri had warned Ligia about, while his face remained serious, “She could absolutely cause a lot of trouble. With an inflated sense of importance and enough awareness to realize just what power she truly does hold over our community, she could lead the populace around with any of her strong beliefs that she has come up with without true knowledge of the wizarding world. This could cause discord or an uprising that could damage our community or even reveal us to the muggles.”

“The muggles sir?” Ligia asked, making sure her eyes were appropriately wide. “Why would she want to reveal us to the muggles?”

Dumbledore’s face drew into a sad expression, “I’m not sure if you have read the paper my girl but it has been discovered that the family she was put into for safety, ended up abusing her quite badly. I’m not sure if she would but people who have lived through such situations often try for revenge, completely uncaring of what happens to get to it.”

“I thought her relatives disappeared?” Ligia couldn’t resist throwing in, she quickly covered the slip when the twinkle started to dim, “Why would she go after the muggles after the ones who hurt her have vanished?”
The twinkle was back, “Fear is a great motivator to push past where things should end. Fear that others would treat her like that. Fear that she would be hurt again.” He inclined his head, “And that’s not to mention that damage that can be done if she turns her sights toward the magical community.”

*Ah, there it is.* Ligia thought, *He’s started his final pitch.* “The magical community?” Ligia asked, her eyes big.

Dumbledore nodded, “Oh yes, she could do a lot of damage internally. If she truly does have an inflated sense of importance, then she could take attention away from real issues or she could become another Voldemort.”

Ligia really couldn’t stop her eyebrows from raising this time, “Voldemort?”

Dumbledore looked solemn, “Yes, they have many similarities. They are both incredibly powerful. They both came into the magical world knowing nothing of it. They are both half-bloods. And they both think themselves above everyone.” Albus leaned forward again, “It would take very little, I think, to push Harriet over the edge. To start denying her muggleborn mother’s side and start rallying purebloods. To push to get muggleborns thrown out of our society.” Dumbledore looked into Ligia’s eyes and she felt him push some compulsions at her subtly, “It wouldn’t take much to start her on the path of a Dark Lady.”

Ligia shoved down the urge to sneer at the man who was coming on way too strong, despite the compulsions he was adding that was meant to smooth the way with someone who wasn’t already protected against them. If it was any other person with protections against compulsions listening to this, they would likely be turned off. Luckily for Ligia she didn’t have to play believable for the old goat, she just had to play along. She let her eyes widen again, throwing a good bit of worry and fear into her expression just as the compulsions were meant to do, “You really think she could become a Dark Lady? That she would try to throw out muggleborns?”

“If she truly dug into the Dark Arts it may go even further.” Dumbledore said seriously, “Voldemort was never shy about seeking out muggleborns to send a message with after all.”

*Taking a real risk there.* Ligia huffed internally, *What if I didn’t know that much about Voldemort’s actions toward muggleborns? What if I was just stupid? There are plenty of idiots in Slytherin.* Outwardly Ligia bit her lip and looked down, “That’s terrible.” She looked back up to Dumbledore with hope in her eyes, “There is something that can stop her from becoming that right?”
Dumbledore nodded solemnly, “I have tried to help things along but because of the DMLE’s recent actions I can no longer watch her as closely or guide her toward the light and away from the shadows. I have tried to get some information from others in Gryffindor but it would seem that she keeps to herself, the Quidditch team, and her snakes. I cannot get a good read on her from afar but I am trying to put things in place to deter her where I can.”

“Is there anything I can do?” Ligia asked, she almost frowned at the sudden flash of the Headmaster’s eyes at what he probably deemed was success.

Dumbledore let his face draw into a soothing, gentle expression, “I appreciate the gesture young Ligia but this situation could turn dangerous very quickly. I couldn’t allow you to risk yourself.”

“But I want to Headmaster.” Ligia insisted, *Clever goat, make it seem like it was my idea. That way I can’t pin it on you later.* “If Harriet does go down the path to being a Dark Lady then my brother and I could be in danger! We are muggleborns and that is not going to suddenly change. I want to help! To keep my brother safe!”

Dumbledore seemed to consider her for a moment, “Are you sure Ligia? You have just joined our world. This transition cannot be easy for you. To put this on top of things…”

“I’m sure Headmaster.” Ligia said with a firm nod, “Just tell me what I need to do. I won’t let an overinflated ego endanger my brother.”

Dumbledore smiled.

An hour later, Ligia made it back to the Slytherin common room to find the Friday remedial muggle studies class in progress. Harri was currently giving a presentation on muggle music, just facts and categories while Fred and George passed out and helped students use some very simple mp3 players that Harri had loaded and warded for this segment. Luna, Bucky, Percy, Lee, and Sage were all sitting on the couch watching, Fenrir had curled up near Harri’s feet and was sleeping.

Seeing Ligia come in Harri stopped and smiled, “Hey Ligia, can you help Fred and George with the mp3 players?”

“In a minute. We need to talk.” Ligia said. Harri moved to put up wards as Ligia approached but she shook her head, “No, they need to know what is happening as well.” Fred and George stood up and looked over to them as the Slytherin’s all straightened up attentively. Harri raised an eyebrow but
nodded for her to continue, Ligia settled into a loose stance beside Harri, “I’ve just come back from my meeting with the Headmaster.” Many of the upper years tensed.

Harri just nodded, “Did it go as planned?”

Ligia nodded, “He tried to compulsion me after feeding me some leading bullshit that was meant to lead me to believe that you would become a danger to Sage.” Crabbe and Goyle let out snorts as the rest of the Slytherins rolled their eyes, they were aware of just how much Harri cared and protected Ligia, Sage, Fenrir, and Jor. Ligia smiled, “Yes, ridiculous. I played along just as we planned though and I offered my services to him, which he took of course. I’m supposed to spy on you and report back all of your interactions, your interests, any plans you may have, and try to get you to consider Ron Weasley to be a friend and eventually more.” Fred and George scowled.

Harri snorted, “Well we can feed him very convincing bullshit about the first ones but the last we won’t even bother with shall we?” Ligia’s smile turned into a smirk, Harri grinned in response before turning to address the Slytherins, “Ligia is doing this on my request. She has not turned traitor. I trust her with my life. If you truly have concerns about this then you are welcome to come to me but as good Slytherins you should look at this as what it truly is. A way for us to gather information about our enemy.”

“Yes, Lady Slytherin.”

Harriet smiled before turning back to the screen, “Alright, that’s done for now. Let’s move on to Rock. AC/DC is…”

With Ligia’s new spy duties secured, there wasn’t much else for Harri to look forward to other than the training, the upcoming heist, and the assassination attempts. The two she was keeping an eye on didn’t seem to be calming with more proof of her movements against Dumbledore or her steadfast presence and determination to keep on top of the Slytherin reform. At this point, Harri was less worried about the assassinations for conquest claims (from the students themselves at least) since she had begun proving herself to a majority of the house and more assassination attempts simply because of who she was said to have and was destined to destroy.

Lucien Bole was beginning to act strangely so Harri zeroed in on him as the first contender. He was a fifth year beater on the Slytherin Quidditch team. His parents had both been Death Eaters in the first war, his mother had died by the hands of an auror two days after Voldemort had been defeated and his father was carted off to Azkaban shortly after that. He was living with his uncle currently, an ‘imperioused’ Death Eater who had gotten off with a sob story and a healthy bribe. Harri wasn’t afraid of him in the slightest but she was not under the illusion that he was a push over. She had heard talk of his uncle from the other Slytherins and knew that the man was a fierce dueler,
something he had likely taught his nephew. Harri had also had the misfortune of battling his father in the last timeline and knew the man had a certain flare for torture spells.

Bole struck a month before school ended.

Harri was walking through the halls toward the Slytherin common room with her hands filled with muggle books. It was Sunday morning and she had promised to bring in some new muggle fiction for the snakes yesterday when one of the third years had admitted to reading all of the stories Harri had left in the common room already. The muggle fiction was actually tied for the second most popular topic of muggle studies, ranking right there with music but both coming behind the TV shows Harri had managed to get the Slytherins addicted to.

Passing by the hall where she had caught Severus for their little talk over a year ago, it was only years of war and missions that allowed her to duck out of the way of red spell that was speeding toward her. Harriet snapped upright and whirled toward the origin of the spell only to find three more headed at her. Harri immediately dropped the books in her arms and rolled out of the way of the spells, flicking her wand into her wand in the next second as she popped back up into her defensive stance.

Lucien stepped from the shadows, his wand raised level with Harri’s chest, “You’re the reason I don’t have a mother. You’re the reason my father couldn’t see me grow up. I refuse to take orders from a filthy light witch like you any longer!” he snarled before launching a blasting curse followed closely by three cutting curses and a mild torture curse that wasn’t quite dark enough to set off the wards.

Harri deflected the first two and was about to shield from the rest when two first year Slytherins walked around the corner and right into her prepared deflection path. Harri quickly side stepped the second cutting curse but the third hit her chest right at her collar bone and the torture curse hit head on, making her skin burn like she had been dunked in scalding water. Glacia screeched within her at the boiling heat as she hunched over slightly, her eyes watering with the pain.

Bole faltered at Glacia’s inaudible screech, the sound making his soul freeze and his magic rebel slightly. That was just the opening Harri needed to fling her own spells, shielding the wide eyed first years as she did. Harri flung two cutting curses, one that hit Bole’s cheek and another that got his wand arm; a quick incarcerous spell after that had the guy in a heap on the floor; and a final over powered stinging charm that left Lucien’s belly red and sensitive released some of the pain and rage she was feeling from the torture curse she hadn’t had a chance to counter.

Taking a shaky breath, Harri countered the scalding curse and relaxed a little, despite Glacia’s internal angry monologue and her wish to find herself a freezer to curl up in for a while. Harriet
looked to the two first years with a soft smile, “You weren’t hit were you?”

“No ma’am.” The shortest one squeaked, her brown curly hair bouncing as she shook.

Harri placed a calming hand on her shoulder, “It’s fine. It’s all done now. Now I need one of you to go to the kitchen to get Fred, George, and my snakes and the other to go grab Professor Snape from his office. Okay?”

“Yes ma’am!” they cried before scurrying off.

Harri drew in another breath before waving her wand to make the books float behind her and grabbed the ropes holding Lucien to drag him behind her; ignoring his moan as she dragged him over the slight lip in the doorway of the Slytherin common room. As soon as she crossed the threshold all of the early risers looked up and let their shock show before running off to the dorms for the rest of the house. Ligia was among them but she didn’t run off, she ran over to Harri and eyed her worriedly, “What happened?”

“Assassination attempt.” Harri said dryly, dropping Lucien to the ground at her feet.

“What did he do?” Ligia asked, her hands hovering slightly but afraid to touch her, “Your skin is all red, you look like a tomato.”

“Scalding curse.” Harri said, shifting gingerly as her slow decrease in adrenaline was letting her begin to feel the after effects.

Ligia’s worry ratcheted up, “An ice phoenix can’t handle that kind of heat without their flames to disburse it.” She said soft enough so only Harri would hear.

“I know.” Harri hissed lowly, her teeth clenched, “Once I have this dealt with I’m going to go to the RoR and pull up a freezer to nap in.”

Ligia frowned before quickly shifting around Harri to hide her from the rest of the common room. She pulled a large box from her dimensional pocket, a dark grey semi-transparent box that seemed to hold something that swirled inside of it. Ligia’s skin started to turn blue, “Put your hands on this.”

Harri did without question and jolted as Glacia practically purred inside of her (a strange sound from
a bird but the deep rumbling from her chest couldn’t be counted as anything other), cold and ice
flooded her and Harri felt the pain fading fast. “Merlin…” she breathed, the cold still hitting her in
intoxicating waves, “Is that…” she shook herself and forced her hands off the box, “That’s the
Casket of Ancient Winters isn’t it?”

Ligia put the box away, “It is. Didn’t I ever show it to you before?”

Harri shook her head, “You mentioned still having it but there was never really a reason to whip it
out.”

Ligia smiled, “Well, it might be useful with what you are. Maybe I can let you perch on it every so
often during your burning.” Her smile turned a bit mischievous, “Not too much though, you’re
looking slightly tipsy.”

Harri giggled, “I feel slightly tipsy.”

“Harriet!” they both turned in time to see Fred and George barreling into the common room, skidding
past the crowd that had gathered and coming to a stop next to her.

Harri threw up a quick privacy ward around them as Fred and George checked her over, the
Marauders slithering over to her from her mates to do their own checks. “I’m fine, I took care of him
and Ligia helped me recover from the scalding curse. All I have to show for it is the cut on my chest
and even that isn’t that bad since it wasn’t head on.”

Fred glared down at Lucien as George healed the cut across Harri’s collar, “Can we take the
punishment?” Fred growled.

“If you want.” Harri conceded easily, “I didn’t do much to him. Just stopped him and a little revenge
for the scalding curse.”

Lucien looked up at the twins fearfully as they glared down at him, “You’re in for a world of hurt.”
Fred growled.

“You shouldn’t have hurt what was ours.” George added dangerously.
Harri smiled at them as she petted the Marauders reassuringly, “After I address the House,” She warned before dropping the privacy ward and hardening her expression. She saw Severus enter the common room with the two fluster firsties and gave a slight nod before looking back out to the rest of the House. “Coming to the common room this morning I was attacked. An attempt was made on my life by Lucien Bole.” She kicked the tied up boy lightly where he was trussed up. “It failed but I have no doubts that some of you will try again.” Her eyes rested on Graham Montague until he shifted uncomfortably and she moved on, mission accomplished, “Those attempts will also fail. However, those attempts will differ in one crucial way.” She waved a hand down at Bole, “I will not stop here. This is a warning. The only warning you will get. Next time there will be bigger consequences. Next time…” she looked down at Bole, “next time you will wish the thought never even entered your head.”

Harri was pleased with the response the attack had created. The majority of the Slytherins were livid that Bole had tried to kill Harri, he was instantly the lowest of the low in the hierarchy. Of the majority that were angry on Harri’s behalf, over half were very enthusiastic to join in on Fred and George’s punishment, which relegated Lucien to a dog within the Slytherin dorms, making him crawl around on all fours and sleep in the common room, since “Bad dogs aren’t allowed on the bed”, for a week. All in all, that response meant that the Slytherins were more than just resigned to her presence and orders, they were beginning to get attached to her and were showing just the very first bits of staunch loyalty.

As the school year drew to a close Harri was able to relax, especially when Luna said that Montague had fallen back to plan for next year. It was an unexpected event but one that let Harri relax and focus on the end of the year exams that, while not really important for her since she had already completed her OWLs, she took seriously as a way to practice for the NEWTs she would need to take not this summer, but the next.

Finally, the end of June arrived and everyone gathered in the Slytherin room after the Graduation Feast for one final celebration.

As Harri lounged between Fred and George, drinking butter beers and planning for summer with Ligia, Sage, Luna, and Lee who were all sitting across from them, Harriet scanned the room.

The graduating seventh years seemed to be waiting for something. They had been acting strangely all day, Harri thought at first that it was nerves for graduation but that had passed and now they were just waiting for the train to take them home tomorrow. “What do you think has gotten into them?” Fred murmured in her ear, his own brown eyes roving over the seventh years who were strangely the most docile at their graduation celebration.

“One more challenge?” George questioned, Harri hummed in consideration.
“What, all of them at once?” Fred asked, “They can’t hope to take her otherwise.”

“No…” Harri said, “If that was it they would have done it before the party started. They’re waiting on something.”

“Should we be worried?” George asked.

Before Harri could answer the door to the common room opened and all of the seventh years straightened as Severus walked into the room, his back straight and his face blank. Harri smiled as Severus made his way over to them, effectively silencing the chatter in the room, “No, it will be fine.” Harri said softly.

Severus stopped in front of them, “Lady Slytherin, I challenge you to a duel.” He said clearly, his drawl rolling over the common room and inciting excited whispers from everyone.

Harri stood slowly but fluidly from her spot, “I accept your challenge.” Harri said before tapping her foot on the ground. Everyone gave out startled noises as the room shifted, moving everyone off to either side before a full sized dueling platform appeared in the cleared center of the room. “Shall we?” Harri said with a smirk. Severus only lifted an eyebrow before walking over and jumping up onto the center of the platform.

*Kick his ass Princess!* James cheered.

*You show him what your made of!* Remus called.

*Are you going to go full out with him?* Ligia asked curiously, tucking her legs under her so she had a bit of a boost to watch the fight.

*With spells at the very least. He can take it. He is powerful and was mentored by Voldemort.* Harri said, taking off her robes, leaving her in just her uniform skirt, sock, shirt, and sweater, her shoes having been taken off for the party. She jumped up onto the platform easily and nudged the ward stone that would keep any of their spells from straying. As they bowed to each other Harri smiled at him, “Don’t you dare hold back. I hate to look like I only won because I was fighting an old man.”
Severus sneered at her, “I’m hardly old Potter. If you want age to help you win maybe you’d rather be fighting Dumbledore.”

“I would.” Harri chirped brightly, “Then I could cut off his head and still have a relatively decent summer.” With that they turned and stalked down the platform five paces before turning and taking their stances. They eyed each other for several tense seconds before they struck at the same time, the first spells colliding and making a bright flash as they both went into action.

Severus used the bright light to send a barrage of spells which Harri ducked and deflected mainly on instinct, throwing two quick spells back at him as she back flipped out of the way of a bone breaker curse. Landing in a crouch Harri summoned six snakes and sent them after Severus, they slithered over toward him like they were shot from Clint’s bow, making him back up as he shot at the fast moving creatures that were moving toward him. Harri wasted no time in conjuring a small boulder behind Severus as he scrambled away from the snakes, he tripped and fell backward but shot another two spells at Harri as he toppled. Harri managed to avoid the first but it moved her right into the path of the second and she could only block, making several shallow cuts appear along her left arm, shredding the sleeves of her clothes and further ruining it as blood began to seep out.

Harri and Severus recovered at the same time and the spells flew, both dodged and blocked, received and returned fire as they fought back and forth on the platform. Harriet had a brilliant smile on her face as she battled, it wasn’t often that she had someone who could fight her on her own level. Severus, though not smiling like Harri was, was quite happy as well, it was the first real challenge he had had in a while. He did suspect that if Harri were to add weapons and her hand to hand combat then this would have been over a lot quicker but right now, just one on one, they were pretty evenly matched. Despite how much fun she was having, Harri could see the Marauders growing antsy and the Slytherins edging toward the ward line, where they would begin to be in firing range. Fred and George were shifting too but Harri recognized the looks on their faces as something completely different from worry.

With a spectacular end in mind, Harriet set off a strong fog charm, obscuring the entire platform in thick mist. As Severus tried to banish it, Harri quickly moved into action.

Severus huffed as he banished the thick fog, it was a great diversion tactic but now his robes were just a bit damp and he was chilled. He wanted to finish this quickly so the seventh years could be satisfied and he could leave the party for the book he had started that morning. Once the fog cleared Severus froze at the sight in front of him.

There were two identical Harri’s in front of him now, both smirking and both twirling their wands between their fingers, completely in sync. The Slytherins were whispering excitedly and Ligia was grinning, her chest puffed up with pride seeing Harri use her own strategy so effectively.
Severus scowled and launched a wide attack at the two Harriet’s who both managed to dodge or shield against the oncoming spells as they walked resolutely toward him. He sent a blasting hex toward the one on the left and she flipped over him completely to avoid it just as Severus shot another cutting curse at the one on the right. Severus felt a small sense of victory when the cutting curse hit Harri’s arm and her entire form wavered, the victory died though as he remembered the one behind him and spun to face her only to have her wand pressed between his eyes.

“Do you yield?” she asked flatly, but her eyes were warm as they regarded him, respect and playfulness showing through, reminding Severus strongly of Lilly.

“I yield.” Severus answered, his lips quirking up on the side.

Thus Harri’s second year ended on a high note, the final challenge being issued and won and the Slytherins knowing exactly who was in charge now. The ride home was uneventful other than the excessive kissing and lovey dovey stuff Harriet, Fred, and George played up to annoy Lee and make Neville blush with. Back at LeFay castle they settled in for the summer quickly, giving themselves a few weeks off of intensive training, only doing morning workouts and after lunch weapons maintenance.

There really wasn’t much they had to do this summer. Harri would go through her burn, something she was preparing Fred and George for, walking them through the process and letting them know what to expect. They were a little uncertain but they memorized all the information Harriet told them religiously and were determined to stay with her the entire time. Harriet and Bucky had already planned out Steve’s kidnapping, only they would be going for the extraction, and then he would be brought back here for what Tony had jokingly called, initiation. Harri had promised a worried Bucky that Tony wouldn’t be present for the first discussion but the genius didn’t help matters when he chuckled darkly and said that he didn’t need to be here for it. Luna and Xeno were also planning out the groups Crumple Horned Snorkack trip, a week later than Harri had originally planned it but Luna had just said that there was a scarlet delay that would put off their trip. It hadn’t really messed with anything so Harri had simply shrugged it off.

Really, all this only covered up to Harriet’s birthday, so there really wasn’t much to do over the summer other than plan and finally relax between the super concentrated bits of activity. Honestly, Harri couldn’t wait.

Of course, she should have known it was too good to be true.
A week after they had arrived home and a three days until Harri’s burn hit Harri froze in the middle of a training exercise when she felt something breach the wards. Not noticing anything wrong, Sleipnir landed a punch to the distracted Harri’s side, making her yelp. Everyone stopped at the sound, used to Harri not making any noises of pain during training. Sleipnir slapped his hand over his mouth, “I’m so sorry, I didn’t notice you stopped! Are you okay?”

Harri straightened, her eyes hard, “I’m fine, but someone breached the wards.” In an instant everyone was moving, switching clothes and following Harri who was gearing up on the run. “They came in from the north field, the breach felt a little strange so I’m not sure how many but there are very few who know where this place is…or will know where this place is and knows how to get through the wards without express permission.”

As soon as they moved through the open doors, Fenrir enlarged himself until he was standing in his real enormous size, towering over all of them, before running off with Loki on his back. Sleipnir changed into his horse form and allowed Bucky onto his back and then followed after his brother quickly. Fred, George, James, Sirius, and Remus all mounted brooms to take air support, Glacia flying with them. They spread out and covered the area, looking for what breached the wards in a large fan so no spot would be missed.

Finally, they heard Fenrir barking and they all converged on the wolf.

When they arrived, it was to find Fenrir with his front paws holding something to the ground, his hind end in the air and his tail wagging like a particularly excited puppy. Glacia changed back right in front of him and walked closer slowly, “What did you catch Fenrir?”

“Some bit of red fabric. It was attached to some man who disappeared when Fenrir gave chase.” Loki huffed as he slid from Fenrir’s back.

Harriet frowned, “Red fabric?”

Loki nodded, “It seemed to be blowing in no wind, but Fenrir caught it.”

Harri’s frown deepened, “That’s impossible…” she muttered as the first thought that popped into her head registered.

“What’s impossible?” Bucky asked warily, approaching Fenrir’s paws curiously.
Harri bit her lip but nudged Fenrir gently, “Can I see it Fenrir?” The wolf carefully lifted his paws off of his prey a little bit so Harri could see the familiar fabric squirming under the remaining weight of Fenrir’s paws.

“What the hell is it?” James asked, frowning down at it, “I’ve never seen a cloak move on its own before. Unless it was a lethifold and not a cloak.”

“It’s the Cloak of Levitation. An artifact from the Mystics, the artifact that chose the new Sorcerer Supreme.” Harri rasped as she knelt down and ran her hand along the collar of the cloak to calm it. “But it shouldn’t be here. It should be in the New York Sanctum. Let up Fenrir, I’ve got it.” Fenrir pulled off the cloak completely and it plastered itself against Harri.

“What’s wrong Harriet?” George asked gently.

“You look like you’ve seen a ghost.” Fred added.

“I think I have.” Harri said faintly as she ran her hand down the cloak that seemed much too familiar with her, looking for stitching that she knew would be there but that shouldn’t be there at this point in time. She felt the peculiarly stitched up rip and began to shake slightly as she pulled the section up to eye level; there, stitching up a rip that had been made by the teeth of a cloned t-rex was rainbow charmed acromantula silk in the shape of a lightning bolt, her lightning bolt.

“A lightning bolt?” Fred asked, leaning over Harri’s shoulder to look at it.

Harri gave a slightly hysterical laugh, “He told me it was my fault the t-rex ripped the cloak, despite the fact that he was the one who flew too close trying to get the reversal serum in it, so I should be the one to fix it. He was being annoying so I stitched my scar into it.”

“He who Harriet?” George asked gently.

Harri swallowed hard but stood with the cloak, releasing it so it would float next to her, “I think… you’re going to find out.” She looked to the cloak again with a frown, “I just don’t know how.” She tilted her head at the cloak, “Alright, did he come with you?” she asked, Fred and George shared a worried look but it cleared a bit when the cloak twisted and bent with what was a clear nodding gesture, “Then where is he?” the cloak flicked a rolled corner up to Harri and deposited a gold double ring that had a bar connecting the two rings in her hand. “He lost his sling ring in transit? Where?” the cloak moved again in a vague way that the rest of the group was confused by but Harri
snorted, “The mirror dimension?” she slid on the ring with a grumbled, “Hate mystic arts.” Before holding up the ringed hand flat and making a circle motion with her other hand.

Everyone watched curiously as gold sparks began to form in the air, mingled with Harri’s own magic, soon the sparks began to circle before it opened into a wide circle that seemed to be a portal. Harri dropped her hands and peered into the hole, “Stephan Vincent Strange! You get your ass out of the mirror dimension this instant!” she demanded.

“I told you never to say my middle name!” a voice replied angrily, seemingly a good distance away but coming closer.

“I’ll use it whenever I think I need it!” Harri snapped back, she glanced back at Loki, “How far away did the cloak lose him?”

Loki frowned, “A good half mile or so.”

Harri dropped her head a little and looked back into the portal, “Run Strange! Or I’m leaving your ass in the Mirror Dimension to find your own way out!”

“You wouldn’t dare!” the voice, Stephan Strange, said indignantly, “My cloak wouldn’t allow it!”

“You know your cloak likes me better, I’m the one who stiches it up when its hurt after all.” Harri taunted, in response the cloak draped itself over Harri’s shoulders.

“I can’t believe you would…” Strange started as a dark haired head poke out of the portal. The man had strong cheek bones that was partially covered by a dark goatee. His side burns where slightly gray, leading up into his otherwise thick dark hair. He was well built but not too muscular, he was wearing some deep blue monk style robes and soft boots. His eyes, a stormy gray, were currently wide as he stared at Harriet, “What the hell happened to you Queenie?” he asked, stepping from the portal.

“What the hell happened to me? What the hell happened to you!” Harri demanded, allowing the portal to close, “You’re not supposed to be here! Your accident doesn’t even happen for another five years!”

“Another five years?” Strange said with a frown, “Have you been drinking? My accident was some
six and a half years ago. Now what happened to you? You look like a child. And your hair is long, three days ago it was in the stupid pixie cut.”

“Don’t you go ragging on my hair Mr. It-takes-me-forty-minutes-to-make-my-hair-look-exactly-the-same-as-it-did-when-I-started!” Harri huffed, “My hair was fine!”

“Yes, _fine._” Strange leered, “But longer hair is always sexier on a woman.” Harriet punched him in the face and he reeled backward before landing on his butt, “What the hell was that for Harri?”

“Um, Harriet?” George asked uncertainly.

Harri turned back to look at them and her face dropped into a slightly sheepish look, “Sorry.” She stepped to the side so everyone could see Strange, “Everyone, this is Doctor Stephan _Vincent_ Strange, Protector of the New York Sanctum Sanctorum, Earth’s Defender Against Interdimensional Threats, and the newest Sorcerer Supreme.” She crossed her arms over her chest, “He is also currently the King of Not Being Where He’s Supposed to Be!” Fred cleared his throat and Harri deflated a bit, “Right, Strange, I’m sure you recognize everyone but Fenrir, the Great Wolf and youngest son of Loki; Sleipnir, the Mightiest Steed and eldest son of Loki; and my fathers’ James Potter, Sirius Black, and Remus Lupin.”

Strange stood and nodded to each person he was unfamiliar with before stopping when his eyes found Fred and George, he did a double take before looking down at Harri with wide eyes, “Seriously, what the hell happened? You three look much younger than you were three days ago.”

“I’d like to know…” Harriet stopped as a high pitch whine rent through the air. She and Strange whipped around was everyone else attempted to pinpoint the direction it came from. “Where exactly were you before you came here Strange?” Harri asked slowly.

“The Dark Dimension, chasing a Leviathan full of Chituari sent in there by Hermione to try and recruit the Zealots.” Strange said, his hands twitching.

“Did you destroy the Leviathan?” Harri asked slowly, her hand settling on her wand.

“I didn’t see the point.” Strange replied, “I got Dormammu to destroy the Zealots so they couldn’t be used against us.”
“By the Norns.” Loki exclaimed, “What in Hel is that??!”

Everyone gapped at what could only be described as a giant space battle whale flew through the air toward them, its maw opening wide to emit the high pitch whine, this time being close enough to vibrate them where they stood.

“Do you see the point now?” Harri demanded.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, explanations on Strange and Harri’s burn!
This was supposed to be up two days ago but my grandfather came home from the hospital and threw that off. Don't get me wrong. I'm happy to see him home, but with all the activity around here to get him settled back down it didn't leave me much time to sit and finish the last half of the Chapter.

Also, to keep things clear, those from the Potter Verse with magic are Witches and Wizards, those who practice the Mystic Arts from the Marvel Cinematic Universe are Sorcerers and Sorceresses'. Okay? Just to keep things straight. Loki is a God and we're leaving it at that!

Thirdly, things that I think are important and don't give too much away from the comments will now be posted on Tumblr throughout the week to give everyone a level playing field so if you haven't joined us then...what are you waiting for?

Finally, THERE ARE SPOILERS FOR DOCTOR STRANGE IN THIS CHAPTER!!! If you haven't watched it yet, I'm sorry. If you have access to a Netflix account then it has been recently added and I high recommend that you watch it! It's amazing! If you don't want to watch it then most of the stuff I mention can be found on the wikia or you can just ask and I'll try my best to explain!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Do you see the point now?!” Harri demanded.

“Well yes, obviously.” Strange snapped as his cloak flew from Harri’s shoulders and wrapped around him. “They shouldn’t be able to get past to Castle wards though right?”

Harri clenched her jaw, “That specific ward is impossible for me to lay on my own! What makes you think I can do that!”

“Well I assume some sort of time travel element is at play here but you three are still soulmates right?!?” Strange yelled.

Harri slapped him in the back of the head, “Just because we’re soulmates still doesn’t mean we’ve completed the bond! It has to be completed for us to do something like that! The ward was made and supported by the bonds existence!”
“Can we focus on the battle whale that’s heading toward us please!” James shouted.

“It’s called a leviathan.” Strange corrected.

“It’s called fucking huge and scary!” Sirius snapped, “Do we…distract it? Feed it? What?”

“We kill it.” Harri hissed, “And all the chitauri it’s currently carrying. I don’t know how it happened but that’s back from the last war and if we let it escape it will inform Thanos, leaving us at a disadvantage.”

“How in Merlin’s name do you kill that?!?” Fred demanded as the leviathan breeched the ward line.

“Depends on how many people you have,” Strange replied, “and their power and strengths.” He looked over to Harri, “If you’re not fully mated and you can’t put up the big ward I assume you also can’t do your three-point blast.”

“Good assumption.” Harri said, she rolled her neck slightly as she saw a platoon of chitauri detach from the leviathan, “Strange, can you teach everyone how to find the chitauri holding the platoon’s kill switch?”

Strange settled into a stance as the chitauri approached and waved his hands, prompting a sparking orange whip and a round shield made of intricate circles to appear in his hands, “You’ve got the leviathan then?”

“You bet.” Harri grinned, with a blast of blue flames Glacia shot into the air, toward the leviathan.

Fred and George made to go after her but Strange held them back, “I’m not sure what’s going on here but you should know your mate can handle herself.” He said seriously, “She’s taken on bigger leviathans with just a sword. Stay and focus on the chitauri.”

“But…” Fred started.

Strange snapped his whip forward to catch the first chitauri around its neck, pulling it forward and bashing his shield against its face. “Do you remember how to take down a leviathan?!” He
demanded.

“No but…” George began.

“Then let her Majesty handle it for now! You’ll just make things harder!” Strange said sharply, he spun and kicked another chitauri, “See the gold crest of their helmets?” he called, as the other started in on the approaching aliens.

“Yeah.” Several of them called as they attacked.

“On one of them there is a small black triangle in the center.” Strange said, flinging another circle of light at a chitauri and effectively cutting off its head. “Kill that one and the rest go down. Be careful though, its helm is stronger than the others.”

“That’s a rather convenient weakness.” Remus commented warily as he sent blasting curses at the charging chitauri while dodging the energy blasts sent at him.

“Not too convenient.” Strange said, “In the first invasion apparently the kill switch for the entire army was in one place and one well aimed nuke took them all out. They changed after that to the command switches being spread out between the entire army, making them a much bigger pain in the ass.”

“I guess that would be better.” Sirius said, sending out a wide swath of Sectumsempras to mow down four chitauris. Bucky gave a grunt of agreement and Loki rolled his eyes as he moved fluidly with his spear.

“Found it!” Fred and George chorused triumphantly a few minutes later as they sent overpowered cutting hexes toward the commander chitauri. The two hexes reached and breached the alien’s helm in just enough time for Bucky to shoot it through the forehead, making all the remaining chitauri collapse like puppets whose strings had been cut.

“Well that was fun.” Loki commented dryly.

Fred and George immediately jerked around to find Harriet and gaped when they caught sight of Glacia diving straight down with the leviathan right on her tail feathers. “What is she doing?!” George exclaimed worriedly.
“Being a show off.” Strange muttered as Glacia turned back to Harriet and aimed herself straight down, the leviathan speeding up right behind her as its mass pushed it forward.

“Why did she change back?” James fretted.

As they were nearing the ground Harriet spun midair so she faced the leviathan and waited, the leviathan’s maw opened, ready to eat her and Harriet shot fiendfyre directly into the beast’s mouth. As soon as the fire caught hold of the leviathan Harriet turned back to Glacia and flew a safe distance away before landing and changing back to watch the leviathan crash violently, headfirst into the earth, making an enormous indent. It slumped where it landed, letting out what could only be a death rattle as the fiendfyre over took it. Harriet threw her arms straight up, her fists clenched in victory.

Harri turned and practically skipped back to the group, moving over the bodies of the chitauri without care. She came to a stop with a big grin and brushed at her shoulder, “Yep, still got it.” She chirped.

“Do you want me to list every movie you took that move out of?” Strange snarked, Harri stuck her tongue out at him.

“That was awesome!” Fred and George exclaimed, stepping over to her quickly to hug her.

“Thank you.” Harri replied, sending Strange a smug face over their shoulders as she returned their embrace. Stephan flipped her off.

“That was pretty great pup.” Sirius said, “But Strange said you could take one down with just a sword. How in Merlin’s name would you do that?”

Fred and George pulled back a bit to look down at her curiously.

Harri wrinkled her nose, “Allow it to eat you, from there you can cut out the important bits, killing it from within.” Remus gagged and the twins blanched, Harri waved a hand, “Yeah, it’s not ideal. To be fair, I was half asleep when I did that.”

“Yeah.” Strange commented, “A certain couple of people kept her up late the night before, wonder
“Why?” Harri sent a stinging hex at him as the twins blushed, “Rude.” Stephan huffed, rubbing at his arm.

Harri rolled her eyes, “Let’s go inside. We can get cleaned up and then,” she looked to Strange, “we can figure out what exactly happened.”

An hour later, everyone sans Strange was walking from the family wing and toward the small dining room, Luna joining them this time.

“Why isn’t he in the family wing?” Loki asked.

“Strange wasn’t around long enough for us to adopt him fully into the family.” Harri said, “We only met him after Todd died and the Tower fell. After we met he was gone mostly, trying to figure which of his sorcerers were the ones who taught Hermione the Mystic Arts as well as protecting the New York Sanctum. It wasn’t until the last year or so that he stayed here at the castle on a semi regular basis and at that point we had so many allies taking shelter here he was one among many.”

“Are you sure he’s not family?” Fred asked.

“You seem very comfortable with him.” George added.

Harri frowned, “He’s just fun to snark with. Like Tony but even more of an asshole.” She shrugged, Fred and George shared an amused look over her head.

When they entered the dining room it was to find Strange already there waiting for them, examining some of the chitauri blasters and rifles that Harriet had ordered Dianna to retrieve before disposing of the bodies. His cloak was hovering behind him and snapped him on the back of the head when she entered, he looked up in surprise but sat up when he saw them. “Hey, Dianna just finished up.”

“Any damage to them?” Harri asked.

Strange waved her off, “Only to a few of the blasters, I destroyed them already so they won’t blow anything up.”
Harri nodded and spread her hands over six of the rifles, drawing them into her pocket dimension, “Can’t stand the blasters anyway.” Everyone settled in around the table in their spots, “Alright.” She folded her hands on her lap and focused on Strange, “How about you start and then I’ll tell you what happened on this end.”

Strange frowned but nodded, “Three days ago we got intel from Fawkes that said that Hermione was sending a platoon of chitauri into the Dark Dimension to seek out and recruit the Zealots. I told you about the deal I had made with Dormammu and how they were most likely changed into Mindless Ones by their new master but we decided that if the chitauri were able to get to the Zealots and break through Dormammu’s spell then they would take the chance to leave. The chance that they would make it out and give the enemy more soldiers with the abilities granted to them from the Dark Dimension was too high and too dangerous to ignore. Being the Sorcerer Supreme it fell to me to go to the Dark Dimension and take care of things. I left the next day after Clint challenged me to get a selfie with Dormammu.”

Harriet’s lips quirked up a bit, “Did you get it?”

Stephan smirked, “Yep.” he pulled out his phone and flipped through it quickly before turning it toward everyone. It showed Strange holding up a peace sign, his cloak fluttering dramatically behind him, off in the corner; the rest of the picture was dominated by a huge black and red pulsating face with glowing purple eyes.

“That’s Dormammu?” Loki asked incredulously.

Strange frowned at the God, “Yes. I’ve shown you all memories of him before.” He looked back at Harri as he put his phone down, “What happened?”

Harri waved him off, “Finish your story.”

Stephan huffed, “I entered the Dark Dimension and activated the Eye of Agamotto to set a time loop in case Dormammu used the opportunity to kill me. I managed to get Dormammu to agree to kill the Zealots. Unfortunately, Kaecilius was reached by the chitauri and broken out of his spell first, I managed to draw him away from them and kill him. Dormammu chased the chitauri away and then told me to leave. I closed the Eye and made my way back to our Universe. I made a portal back and the Chitauri followed me back in. For some reason I landed about three miles from the castle, when I was trying to fly back in Fenrir attacked me and I jumped into the Mirror Dimension but lost the cloak and my sling ring to Fenrir. That’s when you came.”

Harriet sat back in her chair when he finished, a frown on her face as she looked down at the table.
“What is this Eye of Agamotto?” Loki asked curiously.

Strange frowned, his eyes brows drawing together in confusion, “Seriously, this is getting ridiculous. I’ve already told you all this.”

“No you haven’t.” Loki countered, leaning forward, “Harriet came back in time. I’ve never meet you before in my life. Now tell me about this thing that can make time loops.”

Stephan’s jaw dropped and he looked over to Harriet with wide eyes, she was still deep in thought though so Strange shook himself and jerkily pulled a necklace from beneath his robes. At the end of the chain was an intricately eye shaped piece of gold holding a larger bit of gold in the center. With shaking hands, Strange motioned in front of it and the gold moved to the outside to reveal a glowing green gem within, “It’s the Time Infinity Stone.” He rasped.

Loki’s eyes widened as they locked onto the stone, “By the Norns.” He muttered softly, “Its… how…in the hands of mortals.”

Strange nodded, “The device around it dissipates its overwhelming energy enough for the Sorcerer Supreme to be able to wield it.”

“Is that what allowed you to come back in time like Harriet?” Sleipnir asked curiously.

“No.” Harri said, speaking up for the first time, she looked up, “The Eye limits the Time Stones power to moving time around a person or object. The Time Stone would have to be extracted and put into another device to move a person through time.” She focused on Strange again, “At least from what I remember of your explanations and Loki’s theories.”

Strange nodded, “Yes, the Eye wouldn’t allow it. The first Sorcerer Supreme didn’t want the temptation of having the ability available to him so he prevented it when he created the Eye.”

“Then how did he come back?” Fred asked.

“Shouldn’t he have arrived during or after the final battle?” George added.
“The Dark Dimension is different from any other Dimension or Universe that exists.” Strange explained, “It is a place beyond Time. When someone is in the Dark Dimension Time doesn’t affect them. I did activate the Eye while I was there, giving the Dimension its own time for a while.”

Harri ran a hand over her face, “Glacia must have jerked me back in time after you deactivated the Eye. She said that the old timeline was destroyed so you wouldn’t have been able to go back there even if that’s where you were aiming for.”

“Shouldn’t he have shown up before this then?” James asked.

Harri scrunched her nose, “The Dark Dimension is a little iffy.” Strange snorted and Harri glared, “It’s iffy.”

“What are you? Four?” Strange snapped.

Harri rolled her eyes but a small smile over took her frown, “The Dark Dimension is a strange place with strange rules. The perfect place for a certain someone really.”

“I’d prefer not to be a Mindless One.” Stephan retorted.

“And yet you keep talking.” Harri sang, she shifted in her chair, “Anyway, it could have been the Dark Dimensions properties or it could be whatever Strange was focusing on to create the portal back.”

“Or a mixture of both.” Strange jumped in, “The Dark Dimension is a hostile dimension, I was aiming for the Castle and the Avengers but left it pretty wide so I wouldn’t land in the middle of a battle and be killed, the Dark Dimensions properties could have effected that.”

“And you were probably focusing on the Castle as it was when you knew it. I didn’t come back to the Castle until last year, before that it would have been completely different.” Harri said, “As for the Avengers. We don’t exist yet so that could have skewed things further.”

“Sounds like a lot of guess work.” Sirius groused.
“When you’re dealing with Infinity Stones, the Dark Dimension, and a multilayered time manipulation that has never happened before there isn’t much you can pin down.” Strange said.

“That’s the Mystic Arts for you.” Harri snarked, Strange made a face at her.

“What are Mystic Arts?” George asked.

“And why don’t you like them Harriet?” Fred questioned.

“Because she’s a magic snob.” Strange huffed.

Harri crossed her arms over her chest, “I’m not a magic snob Vincent!” Strange glared at her, “I just am a little wary of the consequences of pulling power from different universes and dimensions! I think I have the right to be wary after you exploded Potter Manor’s East wing simply trying to meditate and gather power!”

“None of us knew that my gathering power would affect the artifacts in that wing!” Strange exclaimed, “And I fixed it!”

Harri rolled her eyes at him before looking over to George, “The Mystic Arts is magic done by drawing power from different dimensions and universes. The people who practice it aren’t born with their magic, they simply undergo strict training to learn how to draw the power from the other dimensions and to forge that power into weapons and pseudo spells.”

“Simply.” Strange scoffed, “Mystic Arts training is hard work dammit! It takes long and involved training.”

“Excuse me, how long did it take Fred to master your sling ring?” Strange slumped in a pout and Harri raised an eyebrow, “Did I hear two tries?” the man glared at Harri and she looked smug, “That’s right, two tries. No long and involved training needed.”

“He had his own magic to help him along.” Stephan huffed, Harri rolled her eyes.
“Oh Merlin cub!” Remus interrupted, “He’s definitely part of your family!”

Both Harriet and Stephan looked at him in confusion, “No I’m not.” Stephan said as Harri said, “No he’s not.”

“Yes he is pup.” Sirius said, shaking his head, “Don’t be ridiculous.”

Bucky nodded, “I could see hanging out and getting to know him.”

“I can as well.” Loki added in, Fred and George nodded in agreement.

“Flock designation doesn’t have to be sudden every time.” Luna hummed. Strange frowned but Harri simply raised a brow in consideration as Glacia shifted within to focus on Strange.

Stephan shook his head and sat back, “Whatever,” his eyes went over to Harriet, “If I’m understanding this right it means there are currently two of me.”

Harri nodded solemnly, “Yes, I had Jarvis tag your name so I’d know where you were. You are already working as a surgeon at Metro-General and are just beginning your rise to fame.”

“I’ll have to fix that.” He muttered, closing the Eye of Agamotto as almost an afterthought, “It could do real damage having two of the same exact person in the same timeline.”

“Not to mention having two Time Stones in the same timeline.” Harriet noted, her eyes drifted over to the cloak, “And two Cloaks.”

Strange hummed, “I may be able to find a spell in the Library to merge the artifacts but merging myself into one person may be too dangerous.”

Harri nodded, “You would have to die or kill your younger self.”

Strange winced, “I need to research and I will have to do it carefully, if anyone sees me it could cause problems. With the Ancient One, with Mordo, or Wong. The fact that are currently two
Sorcerer Supremes in existence at the same time. Even Kaecilius, if he finds out I know of his plan he could try to torture it out of me to streamline this attempt. I don’t know how to stand up to torture like you, Natasha, and Clint.”

Harri nodded, “You can stay in your room here when you aren’t actively searching, but when you go out you have to leave the cloak and the Eye here.”

Strange frowned and his cloak attached itself to his shoulders quickly, “I’m not doing that.”

Harri raised an eyebrow, “Strange, you showed us before how you were able to track Mordo and Hermione through the artifacts that chose them. If one of the other Mystics catches the trail they will quickly discover that there are two cloaks and Eye’s or worse, track you back here with them. The wards would keep them out but they’d still have a location.” She folded her hands again, “There is also the rules that time turners bring up, no coming into contact with your other self. While it’s highly unlikely that you would come into contact with your younger self, the possibility is higher that you will run into the other Eye or other cloak depending on which of the Sanctum Libraries you go to. We don’t know what it would do and until you’re sure you can combine the artifacts you shouldn’t risk it. Especially since your cloak is sentient and the Eye is one of the most powerful things in the universe.”

Stephan deflated a bit, “You’re right.” He rubbed his hands over his face with a frustrated groan before looking back at her, “The cloak will be okay just hanging around her but the Eye gives off a bigger signature, even under the wards.” He slid it off, “You’ll need to take it. Your phoenix signature should be enough to mask it.”

Harri raised an eyebrow as she eyed the necklace that was extended to her, “You want me to wear it?”

“Just until I can merge it with the current one.” Stephan said, “And if for some reason it does get tracked then the fact that you’re a witch and not a sorceress would throw them off long enough for you to escape.”

Harri took the Eye hesitantly, “Can’t I just put it in my pocket dimension?”

Strange shook his head, “When I was talking to Loki he said that he tried to keep the Tesseract in one of his pocket dimensions and it drained his magic trying to contain it.”
Harri huffed but slid the necklace on and quickly wove the same spells over it that she did her Ladyship rings which left it invisible to the naked eye, leaving only its weight on her neck to assure her it was there. “You better hurry and find that spell. I don’t like carrying an Infinity Stone, I feel like something is going to happen at any moment.”

Stephan grinned, “Like Thanos is hiding behind the next bush?”

Harri’s lips twitched up slightly, “He’s complete garbage, it’d be a trash can.” Strange broke into loud laughter.

The rest of the day devolved into Harri catching Strange up on what had happened since she had come back in time and the current plans. Once that was done they moved on to telling the rest of the group stories from the last timeline of when Stephan had worked with the Avengers. This kept up until dinner when Bill and Percy came home, once Strange had been introduced to them and the two Prewetts were caught up things moved to lighter subjects.

Harri was still adamant that Strange hadn’t been family before, but now Glacia was assessing the man and considering the idea. Strange just rolled his eyes whenever it was brought up, stating that he was fine just taking care of the Sanctums with those under his command thank you very much. Everyone else, however, could see it. Even if they didn’t want to admit it completely yet, Harri saw Strange as part of her family and Strange saw Harri (at the very least) as part of his. Their brother/sister relationship was less outright support though and more based on one upping each other and snarking each other into the ground, it was amusing for everyone to watch.

Three days after Strange’s arrival it was time for Harri’s burn and she was already feeling it. She felt sluggish and she could hear Glacia croaking pitifully within. She had slept in for once and had to be woken up by Fred and George, Fred having been the one to carry her down to the family room when she tried to bury herself under the pillows. They had set up her nest in the family room so that everyone could be more comfortable and Harri would be more accessible to those wanting to see her, something that had been fought about when Harri first set up her nest in her and the twins’ room and Fred and George had announced that people could visit but they would be the only be allowed during ‘visiting hours’. Despite the fight that had taken place everyone at the castle was ready for Harri to burn today.

Harri was curled up on the couch next to her nest, blinking sleepily and leaning into Loki as she watched James, Sirius, Remus, Fred, and George scurry around the room, preparing the last minute things that they were deeming necessary.

“They do know you’ll be an egg for twenty-four hours right?” Loki asked, “They’ll have all that
time to get the rest ready."

Harriet gave an amused hum, “They may know that logically but in practice it’s another story.” She yawned.

Remus came over to her worriedly, “Are you alright?”

“Tired.” She sighed.

“You weren’t like this last time.” Remus fretted.

“Last time I had a reason to push off the burn, now I’m accepting it completely.” Her eyelids slipped half closed, “Nothing to put it off, time for rest and rejuvenation.” She let out a strange half trill as her feather gave off a few weak licks of flame. Remus bit his lip but nodded and went over to Sirius to help him organize the blankets.

*Why couldn’t you be a fire phoenix?* Jor whined half-heartedly from Loki’s shoulder, his tongue flicking along Harri’s forehead. *Those blankets look really comfy and I could have cuddled your egg if you weren’t going to be so cold.*

Harri gave a soft laugh, *Fred and George said I turned into an ice phoenix because of my love of winter time and snow.* Jor huffed and simply settled his head on top of Harri’s.

Percy and Bill came up the stairs a few minutes later and moved around the frantic pranksters with amusement before coming over to Harriet. They smiled down at her as she opened her eyes and gave them a weak wave in greeting, “Good morning Harriet.” Bill greeted lightly.

“We just wanted to give you an update before you went under.” Percy said.

Harri nodded as Loki mumbled, “She’s only going to be an egg for a day.”

Bill grinned at Loki, “We know but we wanted to see if she wanted us to do anything else in the next day or so.”
Percy focused on Harriet, “I’m going in for my follow up interview at the Ministry.”

Harri smiled, “Good, you’ll do great.” She reached out and took Percy’s hand gently, “I want you to be happy though so if you’re not doing this because it’s what you want then don’t do it. You’re a part of our family and I don’t want to see you suffering through a job you don’t like.”

Fred and George popped up on either side of Percy, “Yeah, Percy if”

“you truly want to be part”

“of the ministry then take”

“it by storm but if you don’t”

“want to then don’t. We’ve got”

“plenty to support you in”

“your dreams or even if”

“you just want to be a”

“beach bum!”

Percy gave them fond smiles, “Thank you, but I’d like to at least give it a shot.”

Fred and George nodded in understanding, “If you don’t like it then just quit.” Fred said jovially.

“Do it in style though!” George teased, “Turn the Minister’s hair green and let in Skeeter on your
way out!”

Percy rolled his eyes, “I’ll consider it.” He said before nodding to Harri and leaving.

“Good luck!” Harri called after him, her voice a little slurred.

“Georgie look how adorable our mate is all sleepy and out of it.” Fred cooed.

“Isn’t that what he says after sex Harri?” Strange asked as he walked into the room and plopped down onto the couch on the other side of her nest, his cloak fluttered into the room after him like an over eager puppy and draped itself over Harri gently.

Harri turned to Strange with an amused look, “We’re Gryffindors Strange, after sex we high five.” Fred and George choked a little bit and Loki laughed.

“‘She’s not wrong.” Bill chuckled.

Fred and George scrunched up their noses as they looked at Bill, “That’s a chilling look into your’

“love life we didn’t need Bill.”

The eldest Prewett shrugged, “I’m hearing more and more about your guys’ future sex life. Turnabouts fair play.”

“No its not.” George half whined, “We can’t even brag about our own conquests.”

“Conquest.” Harri corrected, narrowing her eyes slightly, “Notice the lack of an ‘s’. Just one.”

George took her hand and kissed the back, “You dearest, count as more than one.” Harri huffed slightly as a blush dusted her cheeks.
“It’s all her split personalities.” Strange snarked.

“Way to ruin the moment Strange.” Sleipnir snorted from over by the window where he was lounging with Fenrir.

Bill chuckled but was quick to change the subject so Harri and Strange wouldn’t spend the next seven minutes in a sarcastic battle. “Harri, we finally found the correct place in Little Hangleton. It’s warded to the gills but I and my team will be able to get through. We should have the horcrux by the end of the week.”

Harri nodded, “Be careful, there is a curse on the ring that almost succeeded in killing Dumbledore. Also, be sure to seal it and bring it back here once you’ve taken care of the wards and curses. Don’t let anyone get a close look at the stone itself, we’d have a riot on our hands.”

Bill’s eyebrows shot up, “Why?”

“Remember the tale of the Deathly Hallows?” Harri asked.

“The children’s stories?” Fred questioned, Harri nodded.

“Are you saying that the stone is the Resurrection Stone?” Bill asked incredulously.

Harri nodded, “It is. The horcrux is contained in the gold itself, the stone won’t be affected when you kill it. Don’t put it in the vault, bring it back here. If word gets out that it’s in a vault at Gringotts some will try to get in and we’ll get quite a body count.”

“I understand.” Bill said with a quick nod.

Harri smiled, “Good. Take it slow, there’s no need to rush. Be careful.”

“Yes Boss.” Bill chuckled before leaving with a wave.

James, Sirius, and Remus came over, only slightly calmer than earlier, “Alright.” James said,
“Everything is ready.”

“You told the rest of your family about the burn right pup?” Sirius questioned, “I don’t think we want Tony busting through the ceiling again to get to you.”

Harri gave him a soft smile, “I informed everyone yesterday before I handed off my bracelets and they got back to me when the feels of the bracelets changed.” She tugged Strange’s cloak closer, “And Tony will be coming here in a little bit, he didn’t believe me when I said I would be an egg.”

“I showed him pictures!” Sirius huffed.

Harri glared at him weakly, “You take pictures of me this time and I’ll do worse than turning your hair into seaweed.”

A pop behind the couch signaled Tony’s arrival and everyone looked over to see Daisy holding both Tony and Pepper’s legs. Pepper found Harriet in the room first and smiled, “Hello Harriet.”

“Hey Pepper.” Harri greeted, “I didn’t know you were coming.”

Pepper walked around to the front of the couch so Harri didn’t have to strain her neck, “I came to make sure Tony didn’t stay the entire week like he wants to.”

Harri nodded before looking over to her pouting big brother, “It’s not that eventful Tony.”

“It’s a being going through a complete renewal in a weeks-time by way of flames the miraculously produce cold instead of heat.” Tony stated, crossing his arms over his chest, “I could make significant scientific breakthroughs through observing this.”

“Hear that Queenie? You’re only good for a science experiment.” Strange snorted. Harri rolled her eyes.

Tony looked to Strange with a frown, “Who are you?” he looked back at Harriet, “Is he another of our family?”
“Yes.” Fred, George, James, Sirius, and Remus said.

“No.” Harri and Stephan denied.

“Sort of.” Loki finished with an amused look, he looked up at Tony, “He actually showed up from the previous timeline. He’s a Sorcerer.”

Stephan stood and held out his hand, “Nice to meet you again Mr. Stark. I’m Dr. Strange.”

Tony shook his hand hesitantly, “How exactly did you come from the last timeline? I thought it was destroyed.”

“It’s a long story.” Strange started, his gaze snapped over to Harriet when she gave an audible wince and the cloak moved to float behind the couch, “And I’m not sure we have the time for it right now.”

Everyone watched curiously as Harri changed to Glacia and the bedraggled looking phoenix flapped awkwardly into her nest. Without the pushing off of the burn and their normal human form in the way, the burn this time was much less violent.

Blue flames surrounded Glacia, emitting a shimmering light as the flames grew dense enough to hide Glacia completely from view. The flames died gradually until all that was left in the nest was a pile of ashes and Glacia’s green, blue, and black swirled egg.

“Holy shit.” Tony muttered, his wide eyes locked on the egg that had once been his sister.

Fred and George subtly gripped each other’s hands, feeling panic building despite the fact they knew Harriet was technically alright. Their awareness of the currently uncompleted bond that existed between them and Harriet had grown since they had begun the pseudo bonding at Christmas break and right now the bond was pulling at them. They knew their mate was alright but the bond was insisting that they check, that they hold her, which they knew they couldn’t do or their body heat would affect her in her vulnerable state. Wild thoughts were cycling between them, their minds a wild storm of ‘She’s in danger. She’s vulnerable. She needs to be protected. The egg is so fragile. Everyone is TOO CLOSE!’
James moved forward to adjust the ashes and they snapped.

George dove to cover the nest and Fred spun to create a shield that pushed everyone away from the fragile egg.

“What the bloody hell!” Sirius snapped, everyone looked at the twins like they had gone insane.

Everyone except for Strange who huffed and simply dropped back onto the couch next to the shield, “It’s like you guys have never seen the twins in overprotective mode.”

“Fred and George Prewett! You let me through to my daughter!” James snapped, Fred glared at him before moving over to the nest with George and helping him bury Glacia’s egg in the ashes.

“It’s not going to work.” Stephan sang, pulling a book out and settling down.

Remus frowned, “You two know we’re not going to hurt her.” Fred and George ignored him.

“It doesn’t matter.” Came Luna’s airy voice, everyone outside of Fred’s shield looked over to see her and Bucky coming in the family room. “They aren’t operating on logic right now. They just know their mate is vulnerable and that they have to protect her.”

“When can we get to her then?” James whined.

Strange snorted, “Only Harriet herself can get them out of overprotective mode. I’ve seen it twice; it will get ugly if you try to get past them. Last time they ended up throwing Thor out…” he turned slightly and pointed to a window behind them, “that window.”

“Really?” Loki asked, perking up curiously.

Stephan chuckled, “Yep, funniest slash scariest thing I ever seen. Their faces as they did it was the stuff of nightmares.”

“They’re just kids right now.” Sirius huffed, “Come on guys let us in.” his hand landed on Fred’s shield and he let out a yelp as he was flung backward. “Shit.” He hissed, sitting up and rubbing his
head. Looking back toward the shield he was met with Fred and George’s murderous gazes and he gulped involuntarily.

James, Remus, and Tony all took wary steps back, “Damn.” Tony mumbled.

Strange smirked, “And that is why you wait for Harriet.”

Waiting for Harriet to hatch was filled with just as much watching and worrying as the last time, this time however the worry was ratcheted up further for the Marauders due to Fred and George refusing to allow them close. The twins fretted over the egg of their mate for the entire twenty-four hours; George maintaining a temperature regulation spell to make certain that the nest was cold enough for Glacia’s needs and Fred shifting the ashes every so often to make sure all the nutrients that they contained for Glacia would soak in evenly. The twins stationed themselves on either side of her nest, completely ignoring everyone outside of the shield and their own needs in favor of protecting Harriet from every threat they could think of (however irrational those made up threats may be).

Everyone else watched this from afar, cycling through the room at different intervals to see the continued spectacle that the Marauders were making as they tried to talk the twins into letting them closer to Harriet. Tony and Pepper had left pretty quickly but Tony checked in periodically through the family rooms TV with the help of Jarvis. Luna and Bucky drifted between the common room, the training room, and outside were Luna taught Bucky about various magical creatures. Sleipnir and Fenrir had only really left for necessities and a quick run when they needed to burn some energy, other than that they stayed in the common room and napped. Loki, Jor, and Strange had engaged in a deep conversation within the first half hour and split their time between the family room and the library. Percy had returned that evening but had actually had the sense to get some sleep for his new job, saying that he would come check in when he could. Bill was stuck at the job site while they very carefully and methodically took down the layers of protection.

Harriet hatched exactly twenty-four hours after her burn, just as she had last time.

Fred and George were watching the clock closely, Fred having a tempus right next to them to monitor the time down to the second. “Is it going to be like this every time?” Fred asked anxiously as he stared at the egg.

“Merlin I hope not.” George answered, his eyes also glued to the little pile of ashes between them.

“You should let us in now.” James called, “She’ll be hungry when she hatches!” Fred reached into his pocket and very dramatically removed a small container of preserved fruit bits and a tiny spoon
which he sat in front of Harri’s nest carefully, still not taking his eyes from the ashes.

“She needs her stuffed Marauders to protect her!” Sirius whined, holding up the stuffed deer. George’s mouth pressed into a thin line and he focused quickly on conjuring two small stuffed foxes which he sat down into Harriet’s nest.

“We’re being replaced.” Remus muttered bitterly. Fred and George shared a slightly guilty look but steelied themselves, their mate was extremely vulnerable at the moment and they couldn’t…wouldn’t let up now.

The sound of soft movement drew their eyes down to the pile of ashes and they watched with baited breath as the pile started to shake. A sharp tap sounded, followed shortly by a few more until the ashes were knocked away, revealing a thinly cracked shell. Another couple of taps made the crack grow until the very first piece broke from the shell and a delicate beak poked through to work at making the hole bigger. It took another five minutes before the whole was large enough for the baby bird to shift herself through and tumble free of the remnants of her egg.

“Aw.” George cooed, his voice catching at the sight of the adorable little featherless bird who was pin wheeling her tiny limbs to try and turn over. He reached down hesitantly and collected the baby bird from the bottom of the nest, being as gentle as he possibly could, like she was a delicate snowflake. “I’ve got you Harriet.” He whispered, she cheeped weakly in response, curling into his hand trustingly.

Fred leant close, his eyes wide as he took in the tiny helpless bird that currently contained their mate in all her glory, “Merlin, you’re tiny,” he swallowed hard, “and so adorable dearest.” She cheeped again, raising a tiny featherless wing up toward him. Fred carefully met it with a single finger and stroked the wing gently.

“Pup tell them to let us in!” Sirius whined.

“Give it a rest!” Strange groused from the table near the windows where he and Loki were enjoying some breakfast.

Fred frowned as Harriet’s cloudy eyes turned toward where Sirius had spoken and quickly added a silencing ward to his shield, “It’s alright dearest. We’ll protect you.” He said seriously.

George nodded sharply, despite the fact that Harri wouldn’t be able to see it, “We’ve got you. We
won’t let anything happen."

*I trust you guys.* came her voice weakly.

Fred and George smiled down at her before Fred picked up her food again, “Are you hungry now?”

Fred and George took turns feeding Harriet the tiny bits of fruit before they took the bits of her egg out of the pile of ashes and carefully covered her in the ashes, allowing her to sleep off her hatching. Fred kept the silencing ward up no matter what the Marauders attempted outside, both of them only slightly worried about what they would face from the Marauders in retaliation for keeping them away from Harriet. They had no intention of letting the others close until they were positive Harriet was fully recovered.

Of course Harriet ended up cutting that short late that night once she had recovered from the hatching and her down was thick enough to allow her to leave her pile of ashes a bit. It was the first time she had fully comprehended the situation. She looked between Fred and George with as much amusement as her current face could impart, *You’ve had them locked out this entire time?*

They blushed slightly, “They are a threat…” Fred began in a slight whine.

*No they aren’t.* Harri chided gently, *You know they aren’t.*

“But you’re so vulnerable like this.” George said.

*You know they wouldn’t hurt me.* Harri countered, *Not on purpose.*

“We didn’t want to take that chance.” Fred huffed.

“Not with your safety being in the balance.” George said solemnly.

Harriet would have smiled if her beak allowed it, *Did you two leave my side even once?* she asked, already knowing the answer.
“No.” they answered.

*Did you plan to move even if my fathers’ had been allowed close?* Harri asked, again, already knowing the answer.

“No.”

*Would you have watched them like hawks and made them stop if they had gotten too rough?* Harri questioned.

“Yes.”

Harriet bobbed her head, *Then I would still have been perfectly safe under your care.* Harri soothed. Whenever her mates became over protective she would have to do this. Not that she could fault them. She was ten times worse when one or both of them were injured, sick, or vulnerable and she couldn’t be reasoned with at all, even if they were the ones trying to talk her down. *You are confident in your abilities to keep me safe right? After all, you’ve maintained a barrier that would throw back even Loki and you’ve stood guard over me for almost thirty-eight hours now without food or sleep, which we will be discussing later by the way.*

Fred and George shared a look over Harriet’s nest and relaxed marginally, “Alright,” Fred finally groused.

“They can come closer but they best be careful.” George warned.

Harri gave a soft cheep, *Why don’t you let them close for a little while and then we can move up to our room so you can get some sleep in a real bed.*

“Deal.” The twins chorused, with that Fred let the shield fall.

“Finally.” Strange commented, drawing everyone’s attention from the movie that they had been half watching and to Harriet and the twins. Strange’s cloak was, surprisingly, the first to react, shooting from the sorcerer’s shoulders and curling around Harriet’s small form and the mound of ashes she was perched on. Stephen huffed, “It’s supposed to be my cloak.”
*You can’t fault it for liking me better. I don’t insult it all the time.* Harriet retorted, snapping her tiny beak at Strange.

This was enough to break the Marauders from their shock and the rushed over to Harriet, stopping just in front of her when Fred and George leveled their wand at them, “Carefully.” Fred said sternly.

“Don’t rush.” George bit out.

“Don’t think we won’t hex you if need be.” Fred growled.

Everyone else watched in amusement as the Marauders lowered themselves down and crept forward carefully to greet Harriet. Once they had assured themselves that she was alright, the conversation immediately devolved into complaints about her overprotective mates which Harriet promptly ignored.

Crisis dealt with, they all settled in for a slightly more peaceful recovery.

Another full day later found an exasperated Severus Snape portkeying into the Castle with a single bag in his hand and immediately gaping uncharacteristically at his surroundings. Despite all he had seen under Harriet’s cause and the things they had spoken about, a small part of him had never truly believed that Harriet was staying in the legendary LeFay castle or that she would allow him a portkey to said legendary castle. He had honestly believed that she had just given him a portkey to Potter Manor so he could use the potion lab there. So being greeted by the grand foyer of LeFay Castle where the banner’s confirmed his whereabouts proudly was a shock.

A pop drew his gaze downward and he found a little female house elf looking at him sternly, “Welcome to LeFay Castle. Is Lady LeFay expecting you?”

Severus straightened up, “Not necessarily. She granted me a portkey to come here if need be but we never specified a time.”

“Very well. Please wait here, I will ask Lady LeFay where she would like you.” The elf said before popping away.

*Professor Snape.* came Harriet’s voice a couple minutes later.
Severus looked up and raised his eyebrows in surprise at the ice blue finch sized bird that was currently floating down the stairs to him on the carefully folded collar of a cloak that seemed to be moving of its own accord. “What have you gotten yourself into now Potter?” Severus huffed.

The little bird let out several small squeaks that seemed to serve as laughter, *Surprisingly, nothing at all. Or at least nothing that shouldn’t be happening.*

“Care to explain?” he drawled, his eyes ran over the cloak, “And did your mates rig that up for you?”

*I’m recovering from my yearly burn Professor.* Harriet said with a small chirp, *And no, the twins didn’t make the cloak. This is the Cloak of Levitation, an artifact from the Masters of the Mystic Arts and the artifact that chose the newest Sorcerer Supreme.* one of the cloaks edges lifted, while still holding Harriet aloft, and wrapped around Severus’ hand, shaking it gently.

Severus let out an exasperated breath, “You attract the strangest people Harriet.”

Harri let out another squeak, *You have no idea Professor,* she shifted on the cloaks collar and it turned back the way they had come, *Now, what happened?* Harri asked as she and the Cloak led Severus out of the foyer.

“It’s been an absolute nightmare at the school.” Severus said, “Have you seen the Prophet this morning?”

The tiny bird looked over to him, *No. With my burn I’m lucky if I get my overprotective mates and fathers to allow me to go over my own notes let alone a paper in this state.*

“And they let you come to greet me?” Severus asked in disbelief.

*It wasn’t so much them letting me. More of, I snuck out while the Marauders were pranking my mates in retaliation for the first day and a half of my burn.* Harriet answered, *And of course it helps that I had the awesome Cloak to secret me away.* the Cloak fluttered at the praise.

“I see.” Severus said with an amused look at the Cloak. “The Prophet this morning had another of
those articles by Skeeter. This one publically announcing that Dumbledore has been linked to your living situation with irrefutable proof. The entirety of the School Board showed up along with Amelia Bones and Minister Fudge. Dumbledore has also been flooded with howlers but the article was so vague at this point, no one quite knows how he is linked with your situation. From what I overheard from Kingsley and Tonks, Madame Bones wasn’t planning to release that fact until they had collected as much information as they could on things to keep ahead of Albus. With what they have now they can only really pin negligence on Dumbledore and if he is able to cover his tracks then that may be all they can do.”

Harriet bowed her head, her wings fluttering as she thought, *Without the Dursleys the proof of his further involvement in my living situation won’t be found. It would be only their memories and testimonies under Veritaserum that would be able to link him to the abuse since he never did it himself. The only other thing I could really lead them toward would be the potions and blocks but I would have to be careful with that because the potions may implicate you even if it is just in the smallest manner. You would have to have brewed at least one of the more advanced potions.*

Severus looked over to the tiny phoenix in quite surprise, “You shouldn’t hold another of Dumbledore’s crimes back just to protect me. I will be fine as I always am.”

*Don’t be ridiculous Severus.* Harri replied, she clacked her beak and ruffled her feathers, *There are still other options that can save you the court case and myself the lawyer. I’ll just have to nudge Rita and maybe Kings toward Dumbledore’s brother.*

“There’s two of them?” Severus asked, horrified.

Harriet cheeped, *Actually there used to be three but Arianna was killed in Albus’ confrontation with Grindelwald. Aberforth however is alive and well and holds an extreme hate for his brother. He knows a great deal of Dumbledore’s personal history as well, so if I can get Rita to him first it will help in the articles she’s going to publish about Dumbledore’s relationship with Gellert and any others in the future.*

“And just where is she going to have to travel to get to Aberforth?” Severus asked in slight trepidation, “I doubt Albus would leave him unguarded if he knows so much.”

*Actually he’s closer than you think. He runs the Hog’s Head Inn in Hogsmeade. Everyone thinks of him as a crack pot because of some illicit behavior when he was younger and the image that Albus himself built up but Aberforth is actually quite nice to talk to and knowledgeable.* Harri said just as they made it to the family wing. *His help will further the investigation without putting you in danger.* she looked over to him, *Did he ask you to do anything?*
“He ordered me to work on the Cure All, he wants you to be back under his thumb and it would seem that right now he’s putting his hopes on the Longbottom’s.” Severus said, “Unfortunately with this morning’s article the castle is infested and I have been interrupted twice already, first by Lucius and then again by Filius and Pomona. I left the Headmaster a note about leaving for a quite work space so he shouldn’t be looking for me for quite some time and any problems he does have with it should be softened by me bringing him the Cure All.”

Harriet bobbed her head, *Yes, well, you should have all you need here to brew in peace.* she and the cloak led him down to the bottom floor of the family wing, *The bottom floor of the family wing has the rooms that have labs attached. You can have the furthest from Tony’s so any explosions in his lab won’t bother you. You’ll need to decide on a mark to put on your door, it’s what marks it as taken and what regulates the wards around each room. You can set the wards however you’d like but be aware as the Lady of the Castle, I will always have access. I won’t use it unless it’s an emergency but I want you to be aware now.* they came to a stop at a blank door and Harriet cocked her head toward it, *When you decide on a mark, press your hand against the door and it will appear.* the door swung open of its own accord and Harriet led him into the suite.

Severus looked around the room curiously as he followed Harriet inside. The room they entered was a well-appointed sitting room, with several gray high backed chairs and a coffee table centered around a fire place. Half-filled book shelves lined two of the walls. Across from the door they had entered from stood two more doors, each done in a darker wood.

*The door to the right holds your bedroom and the door to the left holds your lab area, you can fill it as you like. We have most of the standard equipment you may want in storage here at the castle so you’ll just need to ask. I will assign you one of the house elves here in a bit and she will come introduce herself, she will be able get you whatever you ask for.* Harriet said, turning to look at Severus, *Questions?*

“Not at the moment. Thank you for allowing me here.” Severus answered gratefully.

*It’s no problem, your family now so…* she trailed off as they heard shouts of her name trailing through the open door from the floor above, *It would seem I need to escape now. Happy brewing Severus! Come on Cloak, into the vents!* With that the Cloak swept the tiny finch sized Harriet into the closest hole of the vent network and they disappeared.

Severus closed the door to his new room and dropped gracefully into the nearest chair to take a moment, “Family are we?” he mused.

The rest of Harriet’s recovery week went by uneventfully. Fred and George still worried over her but the borderline panic diminished as she grew closer to Glacia’s normal size, no longer leaving her as
fragile as she had been. When Harriet was big enough she got into races and aerial stunt battles with Strange’s Cloak, something that she practiced when the others were training in the mornings. Over all, it had been a good burn and she was ready to go back to normal.

Just like a year ago, Remus was the one to measure her tail feathers. Everyone was in the common room, Severus even having taken a break from his brewing to attend. Fred and George waited on either side of her, more than ready to have their mate back to her normal self after a week of being unable to touch her and hold her like they usually were. Harriet herself was ready to be back for that same reason, her mates had been so careful with her over this period and all she really wanted was a full Fred and George hug.

Remus tugged on Harriet’s tail feathers sharply, “Stop squirming. After last year you should know I can’t measure when you’re moving around.” Harriet clacked her beak in exasperation but froze in place so Remus could get a correct measurement, “Here we go…” Remus hummed.

“Hurry up, we haven’t been able to hug her in a week!” George whined.

“Hugging, right, I’m sure that’s what you two are missing.” Stephan muttered from the edge of the circle, Severus snorted softly.

*Can it Strange.* Harriet snapped.

“Two feet exactly!” Remus announced.

Harriet launched into the air with a trill and swept around so she was aimed right at Fred and George; she changed back just before she hit them and they wrapped their arms around her tight, only stumbling backward slightly with the momentum. “Missed this.” Harriet whispered, their grips on her tightened.

“Look princess, the streaks disappeared! Only your feathers are still in your hair!” came James’s excited voice.

Harri hummed slightly but was distracted by Fred pulling her into a sweet but firm kiss, he pulled away and grinned as George took over, adding to Harriet’s distraction. “Welcome back dearest.” Fred chuckled.
Help with some of the Burn week ideas have come from my wonderful followers on tumblr! Specifically sunstarmonster, diamondsaremadeunderpressure, and clouded-stripes. Praise be to they who have hogtied a muse and dragged her back to me! Hope it came out alright guys!

Next time! Kidnapping Captain Ameriabear!
Kidnapping Captain Ameribear

Chapter Notes

6/16/2017 - Just some small fixes, nothing big guys!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Godiva crept through the vents of the Shield facility with Fred and George close behind, “Can’t wait until we can take our fox forms.” Fred grumbled halfheartedly from the back of the train.

Godiva let out a low mew and George huffed, “We know we were the ones who insisted we come along but still.” He whined. Godiva stopped and gave him an amused look before quickly licking his cheek and continuing on. “Should have transfigured ourselves.” He muttered, following after her.

“G said we wouldn’t be able to change back without an energy output potentially being sensed.” Fred pouted, Godiva meowed in response, “Yes dear.” He huffed, Godiva let out a mur sound from her throat, “You already told us that.” Godiva snorted and George stifled a laugh.

Godiva slowed as she came to a vent grate and quickly peered inside, “Is that it?” Fred asked. Godiva shook her head in a negative and continued on to the next, her tail flicking back and forth every so often. As they passed the grate, Fred and George looked inside to see the black man with the eye patch they had seen in Harriet’s memories a year ago. He was on a gun range and was alternating quickly between three guns in front of him, reloading quickly, and going at it again with the next target with very little delay.

It took three more vent grates before Godiva sat down and angled her head toward the grate, George reached up and activated his headset, “Jarvis?”

“I am here Mr. Prewett.” Jarvis answered promptly.

“Good, Godiva found the room. Can you take control of the cameras?” George asked.

“One moment…pinpointing your location.” Jarvis said, a couple seconds went by before Jarvis piped up, “Cameras acquired, the room is empty and I have looped the footage. You are clear to enter.”
“Thanks J.” George said as he nodded to Godiva. She spun in place before kicking her back paws against the grate hard enough to knock it loose. It landed on the floor below, followed quickly by Godiva who changed back midair and landed gracefully on her feet.

Harriet stepped forward to give Fred and George enough room to follow her down, they landed only slightly less gracefully, stumbling slightly on the landing. Harri smiled at them, “You good?”

They righted themselves and smiled at her, “Yep!” they chorused.

Harri nodded, “Steve’s shield is at the back.” She said, cocking her head toward the rest of the armory and leading them as they quickly made their way toward the back. They weaved their way through the armory until they reached the very last table which held the round, red, white, and blue shield under a dome of protective glass. Harriet crouched down by the table where there was a keypad and fingerprint scanner that controlled the glass.

“Can we break it and then do a repairo on it?” Fred asked curiously, eyes moving between the glass and the keypad.

“No, if the glass is breached the alarm will go off. If we want to set the decoy we will need all the time we can get.” Harri said.

George was reading through the information Jarvis was presenting to him on his headset, “Jarvis has the code but without having your fingerprint on file he can’t set the scanner to accept your print.”

Harri hummed before tilting her head to look at the scanner at a different angle, “The last print is still there…” she grinned and moved her hands to conjure up a couple items, “That’s why Luna wanted us to watch the live action Scooby-Doo movies last night.” She opened conjured a small blush compact and brushed some of it on the scanner before conjuring a pore strip and ripping off the backing. “What’s the code?” she asked as she pressed the strip to the fingerprint scanner.

“54985870.” George read off number by number.

Harriet snorted as she put the numbers in and the glass fell away, “Steve’s serial number. How unoriginal. Anyone who is a big enough fan could guess that.” She stood up and took the shield from its stand easily, “Alright. Now for the decoy.” She said as she slung the shield easily behind her and stuck it to her back with a quick sticking charm.
Fred and George nodded and pulled out several jars of colored prank potion paste as Harriet pulled the decoy that she had baked this morning from her pocket dimension. She set it gently on the stand, making sure not to break anything off before accepting the silver jar of paste and a paint brush from Fred. Harriet moved to the back of the decoy and started to quickly paint the back silver as Fred and George did the design on the front. As the paste was applied and it dried, it took on a metallic sheen, mimicking the actual shield.

“Jarvis, be sure to monitor these cameras so we can see it take effect.” George chuckled quietly as Fred finished up the red edge, pressing unnecessarily against Harriet to get the top edge.

“Of course Mr. Prewett.” Jarvis replied as Harriet huffed with a small smile on her face as Fred moved over her crouched form to get the top of the shield. She moved quickly up between his arms and kissed him quickly, making him start and his brush veer off into the white George was painting.

“Control yourself Fred.” George said in amusement as Harriet ducked back down to finish the silver back.

“Georgie didn’t you see what she did?” Fred whined through the smile he couldn’t hide, “How can I control myself when she does that.”

“At least you got a kiss, she only licked me.” George teased as he covered up Fred’s slip.

Harriet peaked at George around the shield, “It was a cat kiss.” She pouted.

It took them ten more minutes to finish the fake shield after which Harriet quickly reengaged the security measures. They left the same way they had come returned home, laughing at the chaos their prank would cause tomorrow after Harriet and Bucky had retrieved Steve.

Fred and George jolted awake when the mattress beneath them shuddered, they noted Harriet’s absence from between them before they registered the starry eyed blonde who was at the end of the bed, staring at them. “Luna?” George muttered.

“What are you doing in our room?” Fred asked.

Luna blinked at them, “I’ve come to help Harriet get ready. You two need to go.”
“Later.” Fred huffed, dropping back onto the bed and throwing an arm over his face, “It’s too early.”

“It is ten-thirty in the morning. You shouldn’t have stayed up til three working on your fireworks, you know you can’t live on five hours of sleep like Harriet.” Came Lee’s voice, the twins both looked over to see their best friend lingering in the doorway, looking around the room curiously.

“When did you get here?” George asked with a frown.

Lee smirked as he zeroed in on the twins, “An hour ago; since I, you know, went to bed at a decent time.” He shifted off the door frame and tilted his head, “Come on. We need to help Bucky get ready.”

“He doesn’t need our help.” Fred said with a frown.

“I need your help to get him in the outfit.” Lee said flatly.

“And you can’t be here for Harriet’s dressing.” Luna said, “You can’t see her until we’re finished.” Fred and George shared a look and was about to deny that when the bathroom door opened and Harriet stepped out, making their mouths drop open.

Harriet was wearing just a towel as she stepped from the bathroom, wringing out her long hair as she stepped toward the closet barefooted. Lee made a choked noise, making Harriet stop just before she got to the closet door and turn around, she looked at Lee with a raised eyebrow before looking to her gaping mates, she smirked. “Enjoying the view?” she purred, they nodded with wide eyes. Harriet hummed, crossed her arms under her breasts, and leaned forward slightly, effectively accenting her developing breasts, “I’m glad, but you know who else is enjoying the view?” their mouths worked silently so Harriet answered for them. “Lee.”

Fred and George’s heads snapped around to their best friend who was also staring at Harriet’s towel clad form, his eyes beginning to wonder. The twins scrambled from the bed and caught their friend by his arms, dragging him from the room, completely ignoring that they were in their pajamas still. Lee struggled as soon as he came back to himself, “I didn’t mean too! You can’t blame me! She’s the one who came out like that!” he cried nervously as they drug him past the final door that separated the Queen suite from the castle.

The twins pinned Lee against the double doors and glared down at him, “So you liked looking at our
mate huh?” Fred growled.

Back in the room Harriet was snickering as she dropped the towel and walked into the closet, “Poor Lee, it wasn’t his fault.”

Luna hummed as she dropped onto the edge of Harriet’s bed, “Try telling your mates that.”

Harri chuckled as she pulled the special outfit from one of the secret drawers she had in the closet that used to keep sexier surprises away from Fred and George until she was ready to bring them out. “We both know that won’t work Luna. I doubt they’ll feel comfortable enough to let others look at me while they show me off and brag until we’ve been mated for a while. It took two years last time.”

“You never know.” Luna said with a smile as she pulled a few things out of her pockets and laid each item out on the bed carefully.

Harriet came back out of the closet with a box in her hands and grinned at Luna, “You know something I don’t little sister?”

Luna raised an eyebrow at Harri, “Don’t I always.”

Harriet put the box on the bed before putting her hands on her hips, “Luna Lovegood did you just sass me? I knew Bucky would be a bad influence on you!”

Luna giggled, “You could say that.” She pulled the lid of the box free, “Now, let’s get you ready.”

“I’m not wearing it!” Bucky growled, crossing his arms over his chest.

“You already said you would!” Loki snapped as he waved the blue fabric at Bucky, “Just put it on!”

“I didn’t know it was going to be so utterly ridiculous when I agreed!” Bucky shot back as he eyed the red gloves and blue boots that were sitting on the couch with disdain.
“From what Harriet has told us, the Captain’s outfit is ridiculous too!” Loki said, “And it’s not like you’ll be wearing it all the time!”

“There’s fucking bright red tights!” Bucky tried to reason, “I am not wearing those!”

“Yes you are!” Lee said, coming from the hallway that lead to the Queen Suite with his hair looking a little singed, the twins right behind him, “You said you would and that is part of the outfit in the comics!”

“What sort of comic artist decided that I was a little boy, Steve’s sidekick, and wore red tights!” Bucky yelled, “I was a soldier! Not a part of the USO show like Steve! And I’m older than Stevie dammit!”

Lee huffed before going over to the bag he had brought this morning and pulling out some of his comics, which he passed straight to Bucky, “It made you more palatable for the kids and from what I hear you were Steve’s side kick.”

Bucky glared down at the comic in his hand that showed a cartoon Steve posing heroically behind a little boy wearing a long sleeved leotard-like blue outfit with red tights and gloves and blue cuffed boots like the ones Steve had worn while he was in the USO show. “We were a team.” He grumbled, “And I sure as hell wasn’t a little kid.”

“Come on man,” Fred started.

“It’s just for”

“a little bit and”

“It’s not like that will”

“be your new uniform.”

“It’s just to throw”
“Shield off and”

“have some fun!”

Bucky pouted, “I don’t see you two lining up to put on tights and a ridiculous leotard.”

“No but we put on”

“skin tight body suits the”

“second Harriet gave them to”

“us. If it weren’t for the”

“jackets we’d look silly.” Fred and George said, crossing their arms.

“And at least the outfit isn’t totally outlandish.” Lee cut in, “You’ve seen Loki’s helmet.”

“My helmet isn’t outlandish, it’s traditional!” Loki huffed, “The horns reflex my magical might!”

“Really?” George asked curiously.

Loki pursed his lips and nodded, “All those with magic in Asgard have horned helmets.”

Fred and George shared a look, “Interesting.” They muttered.

Lee rolled his eyes, “Yeah great.” He looked back at Bucky and crossed his arms over his chest, “Harriet’s dressing up. You need to too.”
Bucky frowned, “I can wear something else to hide my identity.”

“You already agreed to this!” Lee shouted, picking up the red gloves and waving them at him, “Now you either put it on yourself or we’ll put it on for you!”

Bucky narrowed his eyes at Lee, “I’d like to see you try.”

Lee clenched his jaw, “You are going to cosplay or so help me Merlin…”

“What’s going on here?” came Harriet’s voice.

“Bucky wont…” George started before trailing off as his eyes found Harriet again. The twins were left gaping for the second time this morning.

Harriet stood in front of them in a pair of tight blue pants that hung low on her hips and a long sleeved blue top with a white star on her chest that ended a few inches above her belly button with a little area of red and white stripes. She also wore red gloves that traveled up to her elbows and red knee high combat boots. A blue and white utility belt, a blue eye mask that held back her hair, and two silver wing headpieces finished off the ensemble. Her hair was not her usual black either, it was now a golden blonde. Her eyes had also changed from green to blue.

“Just who the hell are you trying to be?” Bucky grunted, the first to shake themselves out of their shock.

Harriet grinned at him, pulling her hand up for a salute, “I’m Stephanie Grace Rogers otherwise known as Captain America, The First Avenger.”

“Maybe the time travel scrambled your brain but Steve is a guy.” Bucky huffed.

“Rule 63.” Luna hummed.

Bucky frowned at his soulmate, “Rule what?”
“Rule 63.” Harriet answered, “For any given male character there is a female version.” She waved down at herself, “It’s an internet rule but also a pretty safe rule to use with the multiverse. Strange has told us of universes where Steve is actually Stephanie, Anthony is actually Antonia, Natasha is Nathaniel, Clint is Clara, and so on. We actually met one of my male counterparts, so we know it’s true. Plus, if you think we lived in a tower with three magical pranksters and people didn’t get their genders changed at least once then you’re just kidding yourself.”

With that Fred and George shook themselves out of their shock and moved over to Harriet quickly, “What have you done to your hair?” Fred asked mournfully, tugging at a blonde strand with a frown.

“And your eyes?” George added, looking into her now blue eyes sadly.

Harri smiled softly at them, “I can’t very well be Captain America with black hair and green eyes.”

“But you can apparently be Captain America with boobs.” Bucky muttered darkly before Luna smacked his arm lightly and he drooped in place.

Lee frowned at the twins, “What’s the problem? You change her hair for pranks all the time.”

“But never her eyes.” George snapped at his friend, he looked back at Harriet, “They don’t need changed, even for a prank.” Harri blushed.

“And when we change her hair we know it will be changed back.” Fred argued, he tugged Harriet gently and she looked over to him, “You are changing it back right?”

Harri nodded, “There are already too many blondes on the team.”

“I second that.” Loki muttered.

Harriet ignored him, “I’ll change back once we return to the castle with Steve.” She reassured her mates.
“Good.” They answered, hugging her between them.

“Yes, yes, it’s good and all.” Lee huffed, looking back to Bucky, “But now to complete Harriet’s cosplay she needs a Bucky Barnes as her side kick! Put it on!”

Bucky crossed his arms over his chest, “I am Bucky Barnes kid, no fucking tights required!” he looked to Harriet, “Can’t I just wear my Howlies gear?”

Harriet lifted an eyebrow at him, “Do you have your Howlies gear?”

“Don’t give me that. I know you can transfigure the stuff.” Bucky huffed.

“So you do pay attention in class.” Loki laughed.

Bucky grinned at him, “Damn right I do.”

Harriet just dropped onto the couch and cast a tempus, “I don’t really care either way but we have an hour before we have to be in Times Square. That’s an hour for Luna to work her magic.” Bucky looked over to Luna with wide eyes and was greeted by her luminous orbs boring into him, he swallowed hard and Harri smiled as she sat back to watch the show.

“I cannot believe this.” Bucky huffed an hour later as he and Harriet moved through the crowd of Times Square.

“We can.” Came Fred and George’s voices over the com units in Harriet and Bucky’s ears, “Not even mated yet and she has you wrapped around her little finger.” Fred continued.

“Like you guys are ones to talk.” Bucky grumbled, discretely shifting to try and get comfortable in the bright red tights.

“At least we can admit it.” George shot back.
“Admit what?” Came Tony’s voice from the coms suddenly, “And are you wearing the comic book uniform there Barnes?”

Bucky groaned, “Why are you on the coms Stark?” he asked, trying to stave off embarrassment, his metal hand clenching in his red gauntlets.

“My com links you’re using, my AI you’re borrowing. Don’t change the subject Bucky. What’s with the new duds?” Tony asked.

“Chatter.” Harri muttered, trying to move the conversation along as she saw Bucky’s cheeks getting even redder beneath the black cloth eye mask.

“Did you just say chatter? As in cut the chatter? I didn’t expect you to be the buzzkill of the team.” Tony snorted.

Harriet smiled, “I’m channeling Cap since it’s him I’m cosplaying as.”

“That explains so much.” Tony laughed, “So Bucky, gonna stick with that uniform? I’ve got to say, while it’s a bit cheesy, it is nice to see you with short hair and no stubble. You clean up nice.”

Bucky was about to snark back in his own defense when a scream sounded to Harri and Bucky’s left and they swiveled, ready to deal with whatever had caused such a reaction, Harriet shifting the gift wrapped package in her hands to the side so she could draw her wand or the shield if need be.

They were completely unprepared to see a slim brown haired girl rushing toward them with bright excited eyes and a huge smile, “Oh. My. God. I love your cosplay!” the girl exclaimed.

Bucky blinked at her in bewilderment and confusion while Harriet relaxed and smiled, “Thank you.”

The girl grinned, “I can’t believe this! This is the best birthday I’ve had in forever! First New York and now this.” She bit her lip, “I…could…would you mind if I got a picture with you guys?!”

Harri glanced up at Bucky, who looked embarrassed but resigned, before looking back at the girl, “We have no problem with that Miss…”
The girl blushed, “Oh! Sorry! How rude of me. I’m Miah!” she came forward and pumped Harriet hand up and down enthusiastically.

Harriet smiled, “Hello Miah and happy birthday. How would you like this picture?”

Miah released Harriet’s hand, “I’ll go grab my mom!” she exclaimed before taking off back into the crowd.

Harriet smiled up at Bucky, “You okay?”

He huffed, “Is it gonna be like this when we become our big team?”

“Pretty much yeah.” Harri laughed, “We’re popular with the people.”

Bucky sighed, “Guess I’ll have to get used to it then.”

“You could always retire and live as Bash.” Luna said dreamily.

Bucky smiled softly, “Thanks Маленькая луна, but I don’t think I’d be able to do that.”

“You’d go crazy after a couple of sat out battles.” Luna agreed.

Before they could say anything else Miah came back, dragging a woman with slightly lighter hair behind her, “You waited! Thank you so much!” Miah said.

The woman behind Miah smiled, “Thank you for doing this.”

“It’s no problem ma’am.” Harriet assured, she looked to Miah with a smile, “Now, how would you like this?”
Miah looked thoughtful before an excited look stole over her face, “Can we do the heroic pose and stare off into the middle distance thing?”

“From the cover of the comic?” Bucky asked, a small smile on his face. It had seemed like something Steve would have done in his more theatrical days. Miah nodded her head enthusiastically.

“You may wish to speed this along.” Jarvis said, “Captain Rogers is stirring.”

Harriet quickly set down the package and pulled the shield from her back, “Alright, we can do that.” They posed together with Miah, the sight being on a little awkward since the ‘side kick’ of the scene was so much taller than the ‘hero’ and their new fan.

“Got it.” Miah’s mother said with a smile.

“Captain Rogers is awake.” Jarvis reported.

“Hey! Can we do the fighting pose too!” Miah asked.

“Sure.” Bucky said distractedly. Harriet got down in a fighting pose with the shield in front of her and Bucky next to her, Miah took a wild stance on her other side and the all held there as Miah’s mother took pictures.

“Got them.” The woman said with a smile.

“Holy shit! Steve just punched two guys through a wall!” came Tony’s voice, Bucky tensed, “I mean it was a fake wall but still.”

“Can we…” Miah started.

“Sorry, we’ve got to go.” Bucky said distractedly, already moving toward the area Harriet had told him Steve would stop on his escape.

Harri gave Miah and her mother an apologetic smile as she hooked the shield to her back again and
picked up the gift. “Sorry, we have a party to get to.” She started after Bucky only looking back to wave and yell, “Have a happy birthday Miah!”

As they got closer to the street they saw Steve dart by in the midst of the busy New York traffic, Bucky took off after him without problem and Harriet followed with a huff, having to roll over a car that got in her way. “Steven Grant Rogers!” Bucky yelled “You stop this instant!” Steve stopped well before he had in the footage Harriet remember seeing as he spun in search of the voice.

“Jarvis!” Harriet called as she caught up and threw up a shield that would keep the cars from them.

“Changing traffic lights now.” Jarvis answered.

Meanwhile, Steve was standing with his eyes wide and chest heaving as he looked at Bucky with fear and apprehension. Bucky, seemingly having forgotten his current attire and their location in favor of his friend, crossed his arms and glared at his friend, “What the hell were you thinking punk?! Running out into the middle of the road?!"

“Bucky?” Steve voiced brokenly.

“Don’t you Bucky me!” the man snapped, moving forward as his mother hen instincts took over, even Winter assessing Steve carefully for injury. “You could have been hit by a car! I don’t care how indestructible you think you are, that is not okay!”

“Buck.” Steve croaked, his eyes welling up and his body slumping as he continued to stare at the friend he thought was dead.

“Shield has arrived.” Jarvis reported, Bucky’s head snapped to the side to take in the black SUV’s pulling in to surround them.

“Grab him Bucky.” Harriet said as she dropped her magical shield and pulled free the metal one, she flung it at Fury’s SUV with her phoenix strength, making it dent the car door before bouncing along to the next SUV. Harri rolled forward as Bucky pulled Steve into a hug, she dropped the wrapped present on the ground and came up on her feet in time to catch the shield right next to her two brothers. She put a hand on Bucky’s shoulder and flamed the three of them to safety.
Agent Phil Coulson was preparing the paperwork needed for his team’s next mission when his phone rang; Clint, who had been lounging on his office couch attempting to be a distraction, looked up curiously. Coulson flipped open the phone and put it to his ear, “Hello?”

“Coulson!” came Fury’s harsh voice, “You want to explain to me why your team’s guardian angel just kidnapped Captain America?!”

It was only years of Shield craziness that kept Phil’s face blank, “I am not aware of any plans she had to kidnap Captain America.” Clint’s eyebrows shot upward and he immediately pulled out his phone to text Natasha who was off gathering their gear and any other fun bits she could get off the quarter master that she had frightened into submission.

“Planned or not she’s done it! And with that Bucky Barnes that helped her extract your agents a while back! Can you guess what conclusion I’ve come to?” Fury snapped.

Coulson allowed himself a small frown, “James Buchanan Barnes of the 107th was killed almost seventy years ago, falling to his death from a train. It is highly unlikely that the Bucky Barnes that has been Hydra’s Winter Soldier is the same person.” He looked up when he heard the door snick open quickly and saw Natasha enter, “It was likely only a name given to a Hydra Agent to dishonor the memory of Captain America and his cause.”

“Barnes scolded Rodgers and Rodgers recognized him.” Fury bit out, “And you know how I feel about coincidences Coulson.”

“What would you like me to do sir?” Coulson asked.

“You and your team. The west armory. Now.” Fury growled before the line went dead.

“What happened?” Natasha asked as Coulson stood and pocketed his phone.

“Harriet just kidnapped Captain America.” Phil said, straightening his suit.

“No way!” Clint exclaimed, jumping to his feet, “Do you know what this means Phil!” Coulson gave his agent an amused smile, “We were part of a team with Captain America! We fought alongside the red, white, and blue poster boy!” he wiggled his eyebrows at Phil, “Jealous?”
“He was dead; I don’t think he had time to be jealous.” Natasha deadpanned.

Clint blanched and faltered before latching onto his handler’s arm, “We won’t let it happen this time. You’ll get to work with your fanboy crush.” He said steadily, “I’m sure Harriet has already changed enough not to let it happen.”

Phil gave a small fond smile to Clint, “I’m sure.”

“Does he want us to bring her in?” Natasha asked.

“Right now he wants us in the west armory.” Phil said. Clint nodded and released Phil to go the single window in the office, he opened it and gave a sharp whistle. Seconds later Artemis glided in and landed on his shoulder.

Clint greeted her with a gentle pat on the wing before falling in line with Natasha behind Phil as he led the way from his office. People cleared the way as they came and Clint fought the urge to smirk, they were the most successful team the agency had with a 96% success rate. The highest since the very first team created for Shield, which had been comprised of the remaining members of the Howling Commandos and Peggy Carter herself.

They reached the west armory relatively quickly and were greeted by the sight of armed guards. “She’s a witch, do they really think armed guards are going to be a problem for her?” Clint muttered as they passed through the door.

“How.” Natasha said even as her lips quirked up at the side.

When they entered they saw only Fury and Hill standing at the back where a case held Captain America’s shield. “The case has not been open by any unauthorized personal and none who have entered for the past twenty-four hours have even neared the case.” Hill reported as Phil, Clint, and Natasha made their way back to them.

Fury turned to look at the approaching team, he nodded to a box that was set one table away, “She left us that when she took him.”
Coulson picked it up curiously and slid the lid free; inside was a pristine, vintage Captain Ameribear with a little white stock card that read ‘I.O.U. One Super Soldier’ in loopy blue letters. Clint snorted when he got a look at it over Phil’s shoulder and Natasha fought a smile.

Fury inclined his head, “Your little friend also had some sort of replica of the shield but I’m sure once the Captain calms down he will be wanting his own shield back.”

“Have you checked that shield?” Natasha asked.

Fury looked over to her with a raised eyebrow, “We were about to when you arrived.” He folded his arms behind his back, “However, while we do that I’d like one of you to call up this witch of yours.”

“Of course sir.” Coulson said, pulling out his phone once more.

Harriet, Steve, and Bucky appeared back in LeFay castle in Harriet’s customary whoosh of flames, the strange feel had Steve jolting in Bucky’s arms and pulling back to look around wildly. “What was that? Where are we?” he shook himself and his focus drew back to Bucky, “Is that really you Bucky?” Harriet stepped back as Bucky reassured and calmed Steve. Though she wanted to help her brothers she knew that Steve didn’t know her and it would cause him more distress. So she kept back and let Bucky do what he had been doing since he had first met a scrawny, scrappy little blond kid back in Brooklyn; take care of Steve.

“Princess!” Harri turned around and was greeted by her fathers’ pulling her into a group hug, “We got back just in time to see you throw the shield at the black car.” James exclaimed, “We didn’t know you could sling that heavy thing.”

Harri laughed, “Most of the team can. Though before I got Glacia I could only do it with my magic.”

“I’ll bet.” Sirius said, “That thing is heavier than it looks.”

Harri nodded before turning to Remus, “How was the full moon?”

“It was fine pup. Moony didn’t like that you weren’t there though.” Remus said with a small smile, dark circles heavy under his eyes.
Harriet winced, “Sorry, I had to make sure I got to bed in time to get Steve.”

“Speaking of Steve.” James jumped in, “Nice hair.” He teased, tugging at a blonde lock.

“Yes, it does match Steve’s hair.” Fred huffed impatiently, just past the barrier of Marauders.

“And your eyes match his too.” George added, “Now please”

“turn back to our Harriet.” Fred ended.

The Marauders parted their hug to look at the twins in amusement but Harri just smiled at her mates and ended the prank charms she had used to complete her look. With of a quick rush of magic her hair was back to its shimmering black and her eyes were her own emerald green. “Better?” she asked.

“Perfect.” George said as he pulled her over to them and into a kiss. Harri pulled away and smiled up at him as Fred buried his face in her hair for a second before planting a kiss on her head and pulling away.

In the lull everyone heard a watery, “Now, what in God’s name are you wearing?” and Bucky’s ensuing laughter.

Everyone looked over to see Steve looking at Bucky with puffy eyes and a tear stained face but he had a brilliant smile as he took in his friend. Bucky glared at Steve half-heartedly, “Since you decided to make yourself into a super hero they made you into a comic book and apparently since I’m your best friend that qualifies me as your side kick.” Bucky huffed, passing over a comic that Lee handed him.

Steve gaped down at the comic before giving a shaky chuckle, “Guess this means I’m finally older than you.”

“Like hell you are!” Bucky shouted; everyone chuckled, drawing Steve’s attention to the rest of the room for the first time. Steve stepped closer to Bucky instinctively, Bucky threw an arm over Steve’s shoulder and pulled him forward with a smile, “It’s alright Stevie. These are good people. I promise.”
He pointed over to Loki first, “This is Loki, God of Mischief. He’s got three kids staying here with him too but they’re out at the moment.”

Loki nodded with a small smile, “They are out running in the forest. Hello Captain Rogers, I have heard much about you. It’s nice to finally put a name to a face.” Steve gave him an uncertain smile with a nod.

Bucky moved on to Lee, “This is Lee Jordan, he’s a wizard and the one who decided on this ridiculous outfit.”

Steve blinked slightly at the wizard part and looked to Bucky, “Like the ones we meet in the beginning on the war?” he asked even as Lee said, “I didn’t pick it! The artist did!”

Bucky ignored Lee, “Yes, like the ones we met at the beginning of the war. We have a lot of them here.”

Steve nodded and looked to Lee, “Nice to meet you.”

Lee huffed at Bucky before smiling at Steve, “Hello Captain, it’s nice to meet you too. I’m a big, big fan.”

Bucky pointed over to the Marauders, “This is James Potter, Sirius Black, and Remus Lupin, also known as the Marauders. They are wizards too.” The Marauders all nodded or waved in greeting and Steve gave them a small smile. Bucky moved on quickly to Fred and George, “This is Fred and George, they’re magical twins, don’t…”

“Now, now Bucky.” Fred jumped in.

“Let’s not give too much away.” George added with a chuckle that made Steve’s eyes widen a bit in alarm.

Bucky glared at them, “Steve, don’t take food from them. They’re pranksters. You will end up with blue hair or orange skin or being turned into a canary or speaking gibberish…” Bucky glanced over at Harriet who lifted an eyebrow at him, “or turned into a girl.”
“How come we didn’t get a warning!” Sirius demanded.

Bucky looked over to them, “You are least respect the sanctity of food most of the time!” Sirius looked to consider that and finally nodded; they did, but mostly because of Moony’s temper when he was hungry.

Steve took this all in with a slightly overwhelmed look but seemed to sense the lightness of the banter and smiled. Bucky nudge him slightly and brought his attention to Luna who had wondered over to drop in the chair she and Bucky usually shared. “This, Stevie, is Luna; моя луна, my soulmate.” He introduced proudly with a wide smile.

Steve’s eyebrows shot up as he looked down at Luna, “Hello there.”

Luna smiled dreamily up at Steve, her silvery eyes shimmering as she regarded Steve, “Hello Steve. It is nice to finally meet you.” She tilted her head to the side, “You panicked my mate earlier. I would ask that you refrain from running through traffic, for his peace of mind at the very least. If you do it again I will tell him about the grenade from basic training.”

“What grenade from basic training?” Bucky growled as Steve blanched, he looked between the blonds before settling on his mate, “Luna, what grenade from Steve’s basic training.”

“How do you know?” Steve rasped.

“I’m a special type of seer.” She told Steve airily, her eyes boring into him before looking to Bucky, “If I tell you now I don’t have leverage to keep your friend from racing against cars in the middle of a street.”

Bucky looked torn until he leveled a glare at Steve, “You best hope I never find out punk or you be in trouble for both!” Steve swallowed hard and looked back at Luna who simply smiled. Bucky clenched his jaw and all but dragged Steve over to Harriet, “This is Harriet, she’s a witch, the daughter of the Marauders, the mate of Fred and George, the head of our new family, our leader, and she is also mad you ran through traffic like an idiot.”

Fred and George choked in the background while Steve slumped in place like a kicked puppy, “Buck I didn’t mean…”
Harriet rolled her eyes and pulled Steve into a hug, “It’s alright Steve, Bucky’s just been missing having someone to mother hen. He just needs to get it out of his system.” Steve relaxed slightly into Harriet’s hug. When she pulled away she smiled, “That doesn’t mean I support your nasty habit of running through busy roadways, but I suppose you get some of that from Peggy try to play chicken with a car.”

Steve chuckled, “What can I say other than I learned from the best.”

Harri giggled, “I’m sure.” She folded her still gloved hands in front of her, “Now, what Bucky said wasn’t completely true. I am Harriet Rose Potter, I am a witch, the Marauders are my fathers, and Fred and George are my mates; however, I don’t see myself as the head of the family and I’m certainly not the leader. I’m simply holding the spot for when our leader is ready to take it up.” She stopped and her eyes lit up, “Oh yes! I’ve got something for you!” she unhooked the shield from her back and presented it to Steve, “I’m sure you want this back.”

“My shield.” Steve said with a smile as he took the disc from Harriet.

She nodded, “It went in the ice with you…”

“I don’t wish to interrupt but Agent Coulson is being ordered to call you Miss Potter.” Jarvis announced through the TV as the screen powered on and several camera views appeared, showing Fury, Hill, Coulson, Natasha, and Clint standing around the glass case that held Steve’s shield.

“Prank time!” Fred and George called excitedly, pulling Harriet over to the couch with them.

Bucky tugged Steve over to the chair next to his and Luna’s, “Come watch with us. It will be fun.”

“A prank?” Steve asked curiously, clutching at his shield and making sure he had Bucky within his line of sight while keeping the screen in view. “Who are they? What kind of screen is that?”

Luna smiled at him as she settled in next to Bucky, “Relax Steve, there will be plenty of time to figure out ‘the future’, as my mate so helpfully described it, once you’ve settled and taken everything in. Just relax and enjoy the prank.”

“Jarvis is Tony still listening in?” Harriet asked as her phone began to ring, she settled between Fred and George on the couch and set the phone on her knee.
“Sir closed the connection when you got to the ‘boring, mushy stuff’.” Jarvis reported.

“Alright. These are the only people I know for certain aren’t Hydra within Shield.” Harri said, “You can note them but try not to tell Tony unless you absolutely have to. They are spies and as such have very finicky trust, going in full blast will cause them to close off rather quickly.”

“Noted Miss Potter.” Jarvis replied.

“Hydra!” Steve exclaimed, his face paling.

“Easy Stevie.” Bucky said, playing his hand on Steve’s arm, “I told you we had a lot to go over. We’ll explain once you’ve settled. Just relax.”

“Why isn’t she picking up?” Clint asked on screen.

“Probably talking to the Captain.” Hill huffed.

“Everyone just keep quite.” Harriet instructed before hitting the accept symbol on her phone, “Agent Coulson, what can I do for you today?” Harri asked, her voice doubled slightly through the screen.

“I was hoping you could point me in the direction of a certain individual.” Phil said lightly.

“And who would that be?”

“Captain America.” Phil replied, Steve tensed slightly.

Harriet smiled, “Of course Phil, out your main doors, a right, a left, straight past three intersections, another right, a left, then stand there and wish yourself back in time about seventy years. There you should find the newly created Captain America running down a Hydra agent.” The twins snickered softly and Harri waved them off with a smile.
“Ah, very nice. I was hoping for something more recent though.” Phil said, his lips quirking up at the side as Fury’s face went hard.

“Well I hear the Smithsonian is adding a wing dedicated to the Captain. Should I print out some directions to DC?” Harri asked innocently, Loki snorted and Harri stuck her tongue out at him. Clint snickered on the screen.

Fury waved a hand at Coulson, prompting him to push a bit, “Miss Potter we actually had Captain America here with us this morning but we seem to have misplaced him.”

“How terrible for you Phil, losing a whole person? Doesn’t that kind of break your record? Be careful, Hawkeye is very proud of that record and he’ll probably spiral into depression if it dips below 90%.” Harri said, clucking her tongue. On screen Clint drew himself up proudly while exchanging a discrete high five with Natasha who looked smug.

Phil chuckled dryly, “Thankfully it wasn’t my team in charge.” The vein in Fury’s neck started to show as he frowned and his eyes narrowed.

“Ah, rookies then. I understand.” Harriet said, Hill looked over to Fury warily as Harri continued, “Bit of an important mission to assign to amateurs wasn’t it?”

Fury exploded.

“Save it Potter!” Fury snapped, “We know you have him! We have some idea why but you need to return him this instant! We need to monitor and protect him! You need to return Steve Rogers to our custody!” Hill and Clint were openly gaping while Natasha and Phil just exchanged a raised eyebrow.

“Hello to you to Director Fury.” Harriet laughed, “I thought I heard the breathing of the Darth Lord in the background somewhere. Did I just crack the infamous mask? In one conversation? It’s one for the record books. All I had to do was call you an amateur a few times, really now.” Harriet chuckled, she crossed her legs daintily, “Now, for the rest of it. If, and that is an if, if I had Captain Steve Rogers in my company why would I return him to what seems to be jail?”

“We are not attempting to imprison Captain Rogers Miss Potter.” Hill said politely, “We would just like him safe and to help him acclimate to the 21st Century.”
“And yet the Director used the word custody, Deputy Director Hill.” Harriet answered without pause, Hill and Fury exchanged looks. “As far as I know, people aren’t in someone else’s custody unless they are a criminal, a child, or an invalid in one form or another. Captain Rogers has never committed a crime that I am aware of and if he has survived this long I doubt he’s a child, was he an invalid in some shape or form?”

“No.” Fury bit out between clenched teeth.

“I see.” Harri hummed, “Well, then I see no reason for you to be looking for Captain Rogers other than his lack of knowledge of our time, however since you can’t find him I doubt he is alone or incapable of taking care of himself. To hid from Shield nowadays you need to be good at covering your tracks or have help.”

“We know you’re the help!” Fury snapped, “It was your blue flames that took him from the scene! No amount of blonde wigs or blue contacts can replicate those!”

“How much have you been able to find on witches Director?” Harriet asked sweetly.

“Nothing.” Fury snarled.

“Then I am touched that you believe me special enough to be the only one able to wield blue flames even without further evidence.” Harri cooed, a grin on her face. Natasha turned slightly to hide the smile on her face at that but one of the other cameras picked it up.

Phil cleared his throat, “Miss Potter, if you happen to see the Captain could you ask if he wishes to return?”

Harriet looked over at Steve with a cocked eyebrow and saw him frowning at Fury, “I will but I don’t see why he would want to Phil.”

“We have his shield here with us and we would like to return it to him.” Coulson answered, Fred and George sat forward excitedly.

“The Captain’s shield?” Harri asked with an innocent lit to her voice, “As in, ‘When Captain
“America throws his mighty shield,” Harriet sang.

“All those who chose to oppose his shield must yield!” Clint sang out.

“If he’s led to a fight and a duel is due,” Harri continued through her laughter.

“Then the red and white and the blue’ll come through!” Clint answered brightly.

“When Captain America throws his mighty shield!” Clint and Harriet finished singing together before they broke into laughter. Steve was clutching his shield tight as he looked down on the ground, his cheeks red with embarrassment, Bucky just patted his back reassuringly with a smile of his own.

When their laughter died down Harriet could see that Fury was beginning to look resigned while Phil was looking happier, his eyes fond as he watched Clint so carefree. “That shield Phil?” Harri asked before shooting out, “Hello by the way Hawkeye, Widow, Artemis.” The three chorused a greeting back to her that had Fury looking sour.

“Yes, that shield Miss Potter.” Phil said, amusement clear in his voice. “The mysterious person that aided in his…escape, had a replica but we think he will be more comfortable with his own shield.”

“Interesting.” Harri hummed, “If the person who aided him was one of the witches or wizards who could wield blue flames they may have commissioned the shield from the goblins. Those are said to be indestructible. Are you positive that the shield you have could measure up to a goblin made shield?” Fury straightened at her tone and motioned to the shield case quickly, Hill knelt and pressed her thumb to scanner before quickly typing in the code.

Fred and George were bouncing on the edge of their seats and everyone watched closely as Fury gripped the decoy shield tightly in preparation for its usual weight and lifted, only to have the shield break off in his grip. “Holy shit it broke!” Clint exclaimed, he, Natasha, and Phil moving closer to the table to inspect the larger piece that wasn’t in Fury’s trembling hand.

Natasha poked at it curiously, “Is that…?”

“Artemis no!” Clint shouted as the hawk snapped up the piece in his hand and ate it. Artemis ignored his frantic hands and glided down onto the table to peck at the rest of the shield. “It’s a…” he
brought another piece to his nose and sniffed carefully before popping it in his mouth, he moaned, “Chocolate chip and peanut butter cookie.”

“Potter!” Fury roared, making Clint and Hill duck in surprise.

“Oh would you look at that!” Harri chirped, “My potion is exploding! Gotta go!” The room exploded into laughter the second Harri hung up and Clint snorted into his next bite of cookie on the screen.

“Alright, alright, that was good.” Remus chuckled as he looked to Harriet and the twins. “But you could have topped that.”

Fred and George gave him an offended look, “Moony! It’s like you have no faith!” they exclaimed.

Harriet pointed to the screen and everyone looked back to see Phil nibbling at a small piece while Hill had taken an actual bite, “I know you’re mad boss but this is actually pretty good. You should try it, no reason for it to go to waste.” Hill said.

Natasha eyed Artemis for several tense seconds before she too broke off a piece and took a bite. Fury glared at the piece of shield cookie in his hand like he was attempting to set it on fire with just his mind, finally he took a bite and chew grumpily, looking supremely disappointed when he discovered that it did taste rather good.

“I don’t get…” Sirius started.

“Artemis!” Clint yelled again and everyone looked at the hawk to see her surrounded by a gold glow. Everyone froze, staring at the glowing hawk before Natasha’s head shot to Clint just as a purple glow began to radiate from him. Despite the panic that was just peeking through Natasha and Phil’s masks, Clint looked excited as he waved his hand around, “I’m like a glow stick! And I’m purple Phil! My favorite color!” The remaining four quickly looked down at themselves to find that they too were glowing; Phil was glowing a light blue, Natasha a dark red, Hill a sunset orange, and Fury was glowing bright pink.

The group at LeFay castle descended into laughter again as a slight panic ensued on screen, even Steve chuckled a bit at the sight of the human glow sticks.
“You’re right!” Remus laughed breathlessly as he looked back to the screen, “We should have had more faith.”

“Fred figured out the potion mix required just in time.” George said proudly.

“Brilliant work Fred.” Harriet said, kissing him fiercely, effectively turning him to a pile of goo.

Once the screen turned off with the Shield groups exit to go to medical, the laughter died down and the group fell into a comfortable silence. That is until Steve’s stomach rumbled and Harriet and Bucky looked over to him, his cheeks were red again with embarrassment.

Harri laughed softly, “Right, you haven’t had proper food in seventy some years.” She stood from the couch and clapped her hands together, “Everyone to the dining room! We have a late lunch feast to clear out!” With that everyone started toward the dining room. Harri fell into step with Steve on the opposite side of Bucky, she smiled up at her big brother, “Welcome Home Steve.”

Chapter End Notes

'When Captain America Throws his mighty shield! All those who chose to oppose his shield must yield! Unless you’re a plane or a bomb or some ice or a brain washed buddy or a spiderman! Then you don’t necessarily have to yield!' lol LOVE HISHE you guys! Love it!

Happy Birthday Miah! I hope you liked your shout out! I could tell much about you from your comments other than you love for the Harry Potter verse bits, so this is what I went with. Unfortunately, wizards aren’t out to the world yet so for this chapter I had you as a comic fan girl!

Bucky's bits in Russian: (They're from google translate so don't kill me if they're wrong!)
The first means - little moon
the second means - my moon

Steve's Serial number came from the Avengers Cartoon wikia!

See you next time!
Steve stuck his head out of his rooms quickly and checked the hall for people. Or one person in particular. Bucky. Ever since he had been brought to the castle a week ago and he found out Bucky was still alive, his old friend had been stuck to his side. Of course Steve was relieved and excited that Bucky was alive, despite all of the horrible things his friend alluded to that kept him that way, but Steve needed a little time to himself to process all the information that he had been given over this time. Hence, the sneaking out.

Seeing that the hall was clear, as it should be for five in the morning, Steve darted out of his room and through the little bit of hallway that took him to the end of the family wing. He darted from the doors, down the halls, through the foyer, and slipped from one of the grand castle doors before he stopped, listening closely to attempt hearing if his best friend had followed him, despite the fact that he wouldn’t be able to hear Bucky because apparently…he was an assassin!

Nevertheless, once a few minutes passed without Bucky popping out of nowhere to scold him for ditching sleep Steve relaxed and stepped away from the castle a bit to stretch for his run. He had only managed this three times so far in the week he had been here, he needed it. Not only to recover from the ice but because running helped him think. The monotonous activity helped focus his thoughts, work through things, assess information; all of which he needed right now.

As Steve was shaking his muscles loose in preparation a meow interrupted his thoughts, he looked down and smiled. “Hello again.” He greeted softly. The large spotted cat sat down next to him and looked up at him with big green eyes, it licked it pink nose and Steve chuckled, “Are you running with me today too?” the cat let out a sneeze that Steve supposed was an affirmative. He smiled, the cat had showed up all three times he had managed to sneak out to run, it kept pace and would settle on his lap if he stopped to work through something. He never talked and it never made a noise beyond a pur but it was a calming presence. “Let’s go then.” Steve started off and, as before, the cat kept pace easily.

Steve set a course around the castle and toward the forest where he would run along the edge and down to the beach. As he settled into a rhythm, Steve’s mind began to wonder to all he had found out, all he had been suddenly dragged into when he was rescued by Harriet and Bucky a week ago.

Seventy-years. He had been frozen in the artic, in the plane, for seventy-years. A whole generation had passed him by. He couldn’t believe it. He had missed so much. He had missed… Everyone he knew was dead. Expect Bucky of course and Peggy who was alive but apparently suffering from dementia. Would she even realize the significance if he went to see her? Would she think he was a hallucination? Steve’s chest ached, he so wanted to see her but even with Harriet’s offer to take him to her, he was afraid.
Harriet was another thing. Not only was she a witch, and apparently a powerful one at that, but she was also from the future. A future where they had been part of the same family. Her story was wild but Steve supposed it was no wilder than himself being alive after being frozen for seventy years. Still, Steve could hardly believe it, magic or not. It seemed completely impossible. Harriet even agreed with him! When she had told her part of the story she had admitted she didn’t think it was possible and it had only happened because of her animagus form Glacia. It made Steve’s head hurt just to think about.

This family she had spoken of sounded promising though. Apparently they all lived together, they all fought together, and they were very close. Steve would be lying if he said that wasn’t something he wanted, something he knew he would need to get through this time. Bucky was going to be with him but there was a whole mess of future concepts, idea, and new history for him to wade through. He couldn’t imagine what would have happened if he had been left by himself to learn this new time or with Shield for that matter.

Steve wasn’t stupid. Even before Harriet and Bucky had presented it as a possibility he knew that the Shield Director wanted him for something. Sure the Director may just have wanted information or something similar but Steve didn’t think it stopped there. He was way too adamant about having Steve back. Then Bucky told him about Shield being infiltrated by Hydra (which was apparently still around despite his efforts) and he knew that he wouldn’t want anything to do with Shield until he was sure that it was free of Hydra, something that Harriet said was already in the works but was slow going to keep Hydra unaware until the last minute.

Overall Steve was over whelmed.

That was an understatement.

Every day he was getting new information. More was piled up on the information he already had, causing him to have to reevaluate what he had before. Oh he understood why Bucky and Harriet were breaking it into different days. If they had dumped everything on him at once he wouldn’t have been able to handle it. Steve knew his limits and liked to push himself sure but it was good having two other people know them and hold him steady. Still, with the information cascade he had settled into a seemingly perpetual mindset of ‘what crazy thing will I be told tomorrow?’ It was disconcerting and really he just wanted something that would give him a break from the daily earthquake that set his mind whirling.

Making it to the shore Steve slowed and dropped onto the nearest flat rock with a sigh. He rested his elbows on his knees and dropped his head into his hands with a deep sigh.

Steve didn’t know how much more he could take. He needed time. He didn’t like what was being hinted at. The war that had wiped out this new family he had been a part of, the evil they were up
against, or even the relatively smallest bit of information, his role within the family. Harriet hadn’t outright said it but despite everyone stating multiple times that she was their leader, Harri kept hinting that the real leader was him.

A soft mew drew Steve from his turbulent thoughts and he drew his hands away from his face to see the cat sitting in front of him, its head cocked at him curiously. “What the hell am I supposed to do? I don’t know the current president let alone how to lead a team of super powered people outside of a time of war!”

Steve jerked backward with a little yelp as the cat suddenly transformed, his arms cartwheeled and he ended up on his ass behind the rock.

“Are you okay Steve?” Harriet asked worriedly, standing up and leaning over to look at his sprawled form.

“Harriet?!” Steve exclaimed in embarrassment and disbelief.

Harri lifted an eyebrow, “Yes?” she reached down a hand to him.

Steve took it and hid his surprise as Harriet easily hauled him back on to the rock, “The cat had been you this whole time?”

“Yes…” she said with confusion, “You didn’t realize?”

“Why would I think a cat was you?!” Steve huffed, brushing sand out of his hair.

Harri dropped into the sand in front of him, her legs tucked under her as she rubbed at her arm, “Well, my eyes don’t actually change in that form and I didn’t think you’d willingly run around with a wild ocelot. At least I hope you wouldn’t.”

“A what?” Steve asked with a blink.

Harri sighed, “An ocelot. It’s a dwarf leopard. It’s a wild cat Steve.”
“I…didn’t know that.” Steve said sheepishly, “I just thought you were a big cat.”

Harri laughed lightly, “No, not just a big cat.”

Steve’s brow furrowed, “Why have you been running with me?”

Harri smiled up at him, “You’re my brother Steve. I know that running helps you think through and process things but while this property is mostly safe there still are wild, magical animals running around. I just came along to ward them off. They know I’m the Lady of the Castle and won’t harm someone with me.” She brushed her hair back, “I truly thought you knew it was me, I didn’t mean to trick you.”

Steve relaxed at the explanation, “I didn’t realize about the magical animals. Thank you.” He said softly, Harri nodded.

Harri cocked her head, “Do you still want to talk?”

Steve sighed and slid off the rock to sit cross legged in front of Harriet, “I guess I should.”

“You don’t have to rush it Steve.” Harri said reassuringly, “It’s a lot to take in. You haven’t found your footing yet. We can wait if you want.”

“No I…I need to before the next bit dumps on me.” Steve said, stress evident in his tone.

Harri studied his face for a few seconds, “Alright. Just ask what’s stressing you out the most right now.”

Steve steeled himself, “I was the leader of the team wasn’t I?”

“Yes.” Harri said truthfully, “There were certain situations where others were more familiar with the problem and took lead but you were our leader most of the time.”
Steve slumped back against the rock, “I…I don’t know if I can.” He ran a hand over his face as panic began to flow over him. “I’ve been frozen for seventy years! I don’t recognize the world around me! I can’t…”

“Whoa Steve.” Harri said, holding up her hands, “Calm down.” She leaned forward and put a hand on his shoulder, “Breath. Deep in.” Steve took a deep breath, “Good, out.” Steve let out a breath. “There you go.” Harri said softly, “It’s alright Steve. You don’t have to take over if you don’t want to.”

Steve looked up at her, his blue eyes boring into her, “But you said…”

Harri rolled her eyes, picking up where he was heading, “I said I was holding it for when you were ready. If you’re never ready, then you don’t have to take it. I’m not going to force you into a position you’ll be uncomfortable in.” she sat back a little with a smile, “I’ve had to convince everyone else of this and I will convince you too. I’m not looking to make an exact copy of the last timeline. I’m looking to gather my family and have us happy and safe.” She huffed, “Or you know, as safe as people who are addicted to superheroing can be.” She gave Steve a lopsided smile, “I want you happy, not stressed trying to fill a role you’re not ready for.”

“But what about you?” Steve asked.

Harri sat back, “Don’t give me those puppy eyes, seven years and I’m immune to Captain America’s Puppy Pout™.” Steve blushed but Harri nudged him, “Steve I’ll be fine. I’m not particularly attached to the position but I am comfortable in it and honestly, until our family is back together and has built up its bonds again, it’s the logical place for me. I know everyone’s skills, personalities, and limits and I have experience built up over hundreds of battles with you guys to base decisions off of. For now, I’m the best choice and I have no problem with being what my family needs at the moment.”

“And later?” Steve asked warily.

“We’ll cross the bridge when we get there.” Harri said easily, “But I will never force you into anything.” She leaned forward and wrapped her small arms around Steve’s broad shoulders, “For now, just relax. You have plenty of time to process things, to decide what you want to do, where you want to be. We’re your family, we will be here no matter what you decide.”

Steve sagged into Harriet’s hug as relief flooded him, “Thank you.”
“Of course Steve.” Harri said gently. After a few minutes of comfortable silence Harri pulled away with a mischievous smile, “Now, I just felt Bucky leave the castle to look for you. What say we play sneak up on the assassin?” Steve chuckled, his face relaxing as his worries fell away momentarily in favor of messing with his best friend.

Over at the DMLE, Tonks was sitting in the relatively empty bull pen, reviewing the Figg Statement for probably the hundredth time over her morning tea. This was currently all the concrete evidence they had against Dumbledore. It had given them leads but unfortunately Skeeter had gotten ahold of it, sending Dumbledore enough of a warning to make it almost useless. The negligence charge would be all they could definitively pin to the man, even the conspiring to commit child abuse that Madame Bones had thrown out to cement the longer restraining order could slip without further proof.

“Still picking that statement clean Tonks?” Kingsley asked in amusement from the desk directly across from hers.

“Yes.” Tonks huffed, “I want the truth of Dumbledore, not what we’ve been told. These last couple times I’ve seen him have really showed me something different.”

Kingsley hummed, “Yes, much different.” He tapped his wand against some papers to complete them and send them off toward the filing department. Kingsley pushed his chair over to Tonks desk, “Have you thought about the Order?”

Tonks looked up from the paper, “Thought about the Order what? Like in terms of this mess?” Kingsley nodded and Tonks bit her lip, her hair tinging blue, “It’s made me wonder about its true goal. I mean I joined to protect people but is that what we’re really doing under Dumbledore?” she tapped the paper, “This Dumbledore? That knew a little girl was being abused and did nothing or at the very least dropped her with muggles and never checked on her again?”

Kingsley nodded, “I’ve been wondering the same.” He admitted quietly. “I think there are people in it that truly want to protect people, my problem is with the leadership and said leaderships accountability.”

“Kingsley!” came a shout, the dark skinned wizard jumped to his feet, immediately at attention as Amelia Bones round the corner from her office. “With me!”

“Got something boss?” Tonks called curiously as Kingsley grabbed his over robes quickly and jogged after Madame Bones.
“Skeeter sent us an apology with a lead!” Amelia returned, “We need to go before the Headmaster can cover it up! Keep an eye on the monitoring devices! Remember to note if the Headmaster tries to get to Harriet again!” with that she and Kingsley reached the apparate point in the office and disappeared with a crack.

Tonks sunk back in her chair with a huff, “I could have come along.” She muttered as she ducked back down to continue reading.

Slowly the room started filling up with her fellow aurors, all going to work on their own cases or heading out to man important posts. Tonks greeted a few, mentally grumbling and wishing for her mentor. At least she would have had someone to spar with. She dropped her head onto her desk, “So bored!” she moaned.

Tonks’ head jerked up when one of the monitoring devices chimed; she practically skipped over to the devices, quickly finding the one that was going off. Her enthusiasm only dimmed a little when she saw that it was the device monitoring Privet Drive, they had placed it in hopes that the Dursleys would return. Tonks quickly silenced the monitor and grabbed her robes, barely stopping on her way to the apparate point.

Wanda huffed as she walked down the sidewalk of the rather boring Surrey neighborhood, trailing after the hulking mutant that was sniffing around like some common dog. She glared at all the cookie cutter houses around her, after almost a year of searching they were all that remained between her and the one who could save her brother.

She had started with Stark, despite the hatred she held for the man, but she couldn’t get close. Something was keeping her away from his house and something else was guiding him away from her when she managed to find him outside of his home. Her power had also failed her on the Stark front, even subtle bits seemed to slide off of him. So that lead had failed.

Wanda had next tried focusing her telepathy on the metal phoenix that still held just the slightest bit of cold energy. She had followed the trail for months only for it to lead her to two dead ends, one a set of strange foreboding feeling ruins in Scotland and another to a large area along the sea which had some sort of barrier that kept her from the end of the trail. She had returned to the Mutant School feeling defeated and miserable.

Professor Xavier had offered to try what she had with Cerebro to expand the power. That had created another lead that narrowed things down to a small section of England. With that Charles had sent her off to find Logan, who he believed she could get to track down her savior. It had taken very
little to discover that he could detect a little of the person’s scent coming from the power the was held within the phoenix, but it had been considerably harder to convince him to help her. She had been literally tossed from his cabin twice before a crazy bit of luck had happened.

“Wolvie have you found my charming birdie yet?” sang out an obnoxious voice from behind her.

“Shut up Wade. Why are you even here?!” Logan growled.

Wanda dropped her head with a small groan, “Should have asked Rogue or Kitty to come.”

“Sunstarmonster asked for me!” Deadpool chatted back happily, skipping past Wanda to throw his arms around Logan, “So here I am! Like six chapters earlier than I was supposed to be but when have I ever been on time?!”

Wanda watched the two arguing mutants in front of her warily, despite her power they were both experienced and very dangerous so she didn’t want to be caught unaware if their anger suddenly turned on her. She also grudgingly felt some gratitude toward the crazy red suited anti-hero. He had arrived during her attempts to get Logan to help her. It was him who had given her the first real bit of information she could get about her savior.

Her savior was a powerful female.

That was more than she had gotten in her entire search! And she had only gotten it because Deadpool happened upon her changing from her bird form in New York of all places. Apparently the mercenary had tried to sell her and the girl had left him paralyzed in an alley after turning his katanas into balloons, after that she had sent him pizza!

Who was this crazy person she was searching for?

“Here.” Logan announced gruffly, shaking Deadpool off of him as he came to a stop in front of a plain looking house.

“What a quaint little bird house!” Wade cooed before striding toward the door without hesitation. Logan grumbled under his breath but followed after Wade. Wanda looked around carefully before following them, shivering when she felt something pass over her lightly. “It’s empty!” Wade announced just as Wanda stepped through the now destroyed door.
Wanda stepped over to Logan who was crouching in front of an opened cupboard underneath the stairs. “She lived here.” Wanda’s blood ran cold, Logan sniffed again and reached in to scratch at something, “There’s blood.”

“Someone hurt her?” Wanda asked softly.

Logan looked up at her with a hard gaze, “Yeah.” He answered finally, he stood and closed the door, “But I doubt if she was powerful enough to save you that she’s still being hurt by them.”

A pop sounded in the kitchen and Deadpool leapt down the stairs without touching on, “Hear that?” he asked curiously.

“Of course we did.” Wanda huffed as Logan let out one set of claws and stalked toward the door that separated them from the kitchen. They entered warily, Wanda with her red power already swirling around her hands and Deadpool with a katana drawn. They scanned the room carefully before moving in to check the dining room.

The second Logan stepped into view there was a flash of light and ropes wrapped round the unsuspecting Wolverine, causing him to drop to the floor like a ton of rocks. Wanda threw her power outward as she stepped forward, she heard a surprised exclamation but yelped herself when something surrounded her and her power, rising her to the ceiling easily and trapping her power around her.

“Easy birdie!” Wade called, “It’s just me!” he stepped out and frowned through his mask when he came face to face with a petite woman with bright purple hair and glowing eyes of the same shade who was pointing a thin stick at him. “You’re not the pretty bird.”

Wolverine chose that moment to claw his way through the ropes around him and launch himself at the woman. She rolled out of the way but Logan caught her by her ankle, she hissed and kicked him in the face, before flicking the stick down at him and firing another beam of light at him. This time it hit and Logan slumped into unconsciousness. The woman scrambled to her feet and once again pointed her stick at Wade who had begun to move forward, “Who are you and why have you trespassed on this crime scene!” she demanded, the tip of her stick glowing ominously.

“I don’t think you want to do that.” Wade growled low.
Wanda beat against the bubble that was containing her, “Wade don’t! She could know who we’re looking for!”

The woman narrowed her eyes, “Who are you looking for?” never dropping her stick from where it was leveled at Deadpool’s chest.

“There is a girl who saved me!” Wanda said, pulling the metal phoenix from her pocket and waving it at the woman, “She left me this phoenix!”

The woman maneuvered so she could keep Wade in sight but look up at Wanda, she glanced at the metal, “The only known phoenix in Britain is Fawkes.”

“Does Fawkes have blue feathers and the ability to turn into a cute girl about yey high that has black hair and crazy green eyes?” Wade asked, dropping his katana to let it rest at his side.

The woman’s eyes narrowed further and her hair turned red, “Fawkes isn’t blue.” She said slowly, “And he can’t turn human.”

“But you know who he’s describing.” Wanda pressed, kneeling in the little bubble and looking at the woman intently.

“What do you three want with her?”

“I’m here to be her sidekick!” Wade announced jovially, his mood doing a 180.

The woman frowned and Wanda hurriedly jumped in, “I need her help! Please!” the woman focused up on Wanda, “Please, I need her help to save my brother.”

The room was tense as the woman considered Wanda’s plea, eventually she let her stick sink, “I’ll take you to her.”

Wanda let out a relieved breath, “Thank you.”
“But you’ll have to do it my way.”

Harriet was sparring with Strange during the group training time when a house elf popped up to the side of the platform, “Young Lady Harri!” the elf called, effectively drawing everyone attention from their own training.

Harri delivered one last kick that was blocked by the Cloak before she called time out with Stephan and looked down at the little elf. “Hello Poe, has something happened at Potter Manor?”

“A Miss Tonks bes askin’ for Young Lady Harri in de fireplace.” Poe reported smartly.

Harri frowned, “Let her through but don’t let her out of the receiving parlor. I will be there in a minute or two.”

Poe bowed, “Yes Young Lady Harri.” He said before disappearing.

“Is everything alright?” Steve asked even as the Marauders converged on Harriet and changed into their snake forms.

“I don’t know.” Harri said as she changed clothes quickly and threw on her glamours. She picked up the Marauders and allowed them to take their places as she looked to Fred and George, “Coming with me?”

“You’re actually going”

“to let us this time?” they asked in surprise.

Harri smiled, “You know I only kept you from it because you hadn’t trained. You’ve come far in your training.”

“Then of course!” they chorused, quickly making their way over to her.

Harriet looked to everyone else, “I’ll send a patronus if we need the cavalry.” She looked over to Luna who was lounging in a sun spot by the window like a cat, “Or Luna will tell you, whichever
comes first.” Fred and George latched onto her and with that they flamed over to Potter Manor.

They landed in the foyer and Harri let her school persona drop into place as she led Fred and George to the parlor with curiosity on her face. When she entered it was to find Tonks sitting in one of chairs with a shaking cardboard box at her feet. “Wotcher Harri!” Tonks called in greeting, standing when Harri appeared. Tonks blinked when she took in the twins, “Fred, George, I didn’t expect you two here.”

“Bill let us visit Harri”

“while he was at work today.” They lied easily.

“We’ve been practicing some Quidditch moves.” Harri added with a smile.

Tonks looked between them before a grin came over her face, “I’m sure that’s what you three were doing.”

“Tonks!” Harri squeaked in faux embarrassment, letting her glamor color her cheeks. Behind her Fred and George were doing their best to look innocent.

Tonks giggled, “Aren’t you three adorable!” she waved a hand, “That’s not why I’ve come though.”

Harri furrowed her brow, “Oh?”

Tonks gave a serious nod, “Some people showed up at the Dursleys today looking for you.”

*The old man?* Sirius guessed.

*The Dursleys wouldn’t be able to get free of the Goblins.* Remus said.

Harri frowned, “Looking for me? Why would they do that? I don’t have any friends in the muggle world.”
“I wouldn’t call them friends.” Tonks said, “They don’t seem to know who you were, but they did describe you to me.” She crossed her arms and leveled a look at Harri, “They also seemed adamant that you could turn into a blue bird.”

Harri tensed slightly and she heard the slight whisper that meant Fred and George had drawn their wands with her shielding the motion from view. She frowned and cocked her head, “A bird? I’ve not begun an animagus transformation and I highly doubt I’d be a bird, let alone a tropical one.”

“One of them said you saved her and needs your help and another said they were trying to be your… sidekick?” Tonks continued with a frown.

“Sidekick?” Fred and George said with a frown, Harri felt a headache coming on as she made connections.

Tonks softened her stance a bit, “Harri, I’m not in any position to ask and you’re not the one being investigated so I can’t demand but I’d like the truth.”

Harriet considered her options. If it was who she thought, it was going to be a headache either way but she had considered bring Tonks over to her side. Not disclose everything of course. That was for her family and her mates but just enough to gain her help. In the last timeline Tonks had dated Remus for a little while before the war really kicked in full force and they broke off, in that time Harri had gotten to know her as a sort of kooky Aunt rather than a distant cousin, Harri knew she was interested in protecting people and not what Dumbledore was planning.

Harri dropped her act just the slightest bit and straightened up, her face becoming serious, “This has nothing to do with your investigation. I’d like a vow of silence please.”

Tonks frowned, “Harriet…”

Harri shook her head, “We all know who has a strange interest in me and his capabilities; I know as an Auror and the daughter of a Black you were taught how to shield your mind. I can’t risk it.” She flicked her wand into her hand in clear view of Tonks who tensed back up, “I can’t risk it getting out.”

Tonks looked torn but her curiosity won out and her hair turned completely black, “I, Nymphadora Tonks, vow on my magic not to reveal any information learnt in the presence of Harriet Rose Potter...”
to anyone not already in the know through any means unless given permission by Harriet Rose Potter herself.”

Harri relaxed and cast a secrecy ward for the people she was sure were in the little cardboard box, “Thank you Tonks.” Behind her Fred and George relaxed, “Now I’ll answer as we go. Who do you have in the box?”

Tonks raised an eyebrow but walked over to the box, “Not one for small talk are you?”

“If one of those people in the box is who I think it is then I have a hostile in my manor so no, no small talk right now.” Harri said.

“They didn’t seem hostile.” Tonks said with a frown as she flipped back the flaps on the box.

A red and black blur shot out of the box and toward Harriet, leaping into the air only to be snatched by Harriet’s seeker reflexes. Movement stopped, the blur solidified into a black and red bunny that was looking up at Harriet with big eyes, its nose wiggling as it chattered a mile a minute. Harri sighed, “I can’t believe you turned Deadpool into a little bunny.” She looked over at Tonks, “Do you have any idea who this is?”

“Um, crazy muggle in a strange suit?” Tonks guessed, pulling a black and silver bunny from the box next, this one looked murderous, its big ears practically glued to its head.

“Crazy muggle assassin.” Harri said, looking back to the bunny, “Behave. Remember what I told you Wade.” With that she dropped the bunny and threw the transfiguration reversal at him at the same time.

Deadpool landed sprawled at her feet with a yelp, he immediately rolled and gripped onto Harriet’s legs, “Birdie! I have searched high and low, far and wide, from Marvel to J.K.’s domain!” he cried, Harri rolled her eyes at his insane babbling.

“Okay what is with the bird thing?” Tonks asked, petting the grumpy black and silver bunny gently.

“I’m an ice phoenix.” Harri said, kicking Deadpool off of her none to gently but he didn’t seem to care, just jumping up and skipping over to Tonks.
“I can’t believe you turned the vicious Wolverine into a precious little bun bun.” He cooed, taking the black bunny from Tonks who was staring at Harriet slack jawed.

“You’re an ice phoenix!” Tonks exclaimed as Harriet choked and pointed at the black bunny, “That’s Logan?”

At that point precious little bun bun Wolverine decided the bite Wade’s hand hard, making Wade jerk and release him, giving Logan a chance to bolt for the door. Harri rolled her eyes and took the opportunity to prove her point to Tonks, she changed to Glacia, effectively dropping the snakes into a heap on the floor, and flew after Logan. She dove and snatched the bunny easily from the ground before flying back and canceling the transfiguration right above Wade which ended with a severely pissed off Logan crushing Wade. The twins laughed at their cursing as Glacia swooped over between them gracefully and changed back to Harriet. She bent down and picked up the Marauders gently, hissing a quite sorry as she slid them back around her neck.

“You said you hadn’t done an animagus form!” Tonks exclaimed over Wade and Logan, pointing at Harriet.

Harri smiled, “Ah, actually, I said I hadn’t started one. I’ve finished two.” She corrected.

“Are you kidding!” Tonks exclaimed, “I haven’t had the chance to do the first one!”

“Harriet’s the best!” Fred bragged, throwing an arm over her shoulders.

“No one can compare!” George added, sliding his arm around her waist.

Wade managed to throw the still grumbling Logan off and bounce to his feet, “So these are the twins you were talking about!” he said.

Harri smiled at Wade in amusement as she leaned back in their mates, “Yes, but remember, I don’t share Wade.” Tonks choked in the background as Wade pouted enough to be visible through his mask and Fred and George blushed.

“You don’t share.” Tonks asked in delight, rubbing her hands together as she came forward, not
noticing Logan who was pulling the last bunny from the box. A small brown bunny with glowing red eyes. “Are you claiming Fred and George Harriet?” Tonks asked excitedly.

Harri beamed, “Hell yeah. They’re my soulmates.” She answered proudly.

Tonks and Wade grabbed each other, seemingly by instinct, as they bounced in place and squealed, “It’s so adorable!” Tonks cried, the twins’ blushes darkened but they gripped Harriet tighter.

“Oh my god!” Wade said, fanning himself, “You three will be magnificent together. I don’t suppose…”

“No you can’t watch Wade!” Harri snapped, Fred and George looked to him in alarm while Tonks looked to consider the idea. “You either Tonks! I swear to Merlin…”

“Hey!” Logan bellowed, everyone looked over to see him holding the little brown bunny. “Can we get on with why we’re really here? Cause I left my perfectly nice, quiet cabin to come deal with this crazy shit and I’d like to fucking go home!”

There was silence for a moment before Wade stepped away from Tonks, “I liked you better as a bunny Wolvie.” Wade huffed.

Logan growled at Deadpool as he walked forward and shoved the brown bunny into Harriet’s hands, “A one-way ticket to reality would be nice right now.” Logan gruffed, crossing his arms as he glared at Harriet. Harri raised an eyebrow before giving the bunny to Tonks, pulling a pin from her hair, and transfiguring it into a metal phoenix. She cast the portus spell for the school and gave it to Logan who looked unimpressed. “How does it work?”

“You have to say ‘I’m too old for this shit’.” Harri said with a smirk.

Logan growled again, “I’m too old for this shit.” He said, the portkey snatched him away in the next second.

“You sure are Murtaugh!” Wade called after him, holding up a hand to Harri for a high five, “Lethal Weapon. Priceless birdie.”
“He didn’t want anything?” George asked.

“Then why was he here?” Fred added.

“He’s our tracker!” Wade said, “Bunny girl here is the real reason we’re here.”

“Then why did you come?” Tonks asked.

“To annoy me.” Harri muttered.

“To fill the sidekick position!” Wade answered, “If it has good dental at least, cause I gotta keep these pearly whites nice and shiny to drawn attention away from the mess that is my face.”

“We’re her side kicks.” Fred huffed, George nodded seriously.

Harri rolled her eyes, “Don’t be ridiculous Fred. You’re my partners. Much higher than a sidekick. If we took on Wade he’d be like an unpaid intern, running around to get us tea and stuff.” The twins looked smug. Harri looked to Wade again, “Wade, we don’t have need of a sidekick at the moment.”

Wade let out a put upon sigh, “And I thought we had something.”

Harri rolled her eyes, “You wouldn’t like the position right now anyway, too much paper work not enough un-aliving people.”

Wade cocked his head, “I would miss it.”

Harri nodded before turning back to Tonks with a sigh, “Alright, last one.” Tonks set the brown bunny down and canceled the transfiguration, causing the Scarlet Witch to appear before Harriet who steeled herself. Feeling her unease, Fred and George drew their wands again.

Wanda looked up at Harriet with big eyes as she hurriedly stood, “Finally, I’ve found you.”
Harri regarded her blankly, “Why were you looking for me?”

Wanda ducked her head and pulled out her metal phoenix, “You saved me…And I wanted to say thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” Harri said stiffly, trying to squash her distrust. This wasn’t the same Wanda who had messed with Tony’s mind in an attempt to create a skewed AI, but she knew the girls hate for Tony ran deep and she wouldn’t allow her to come close to Tony with that kind of attitude. Especially with such unfounded hatred. “Is that all?”

Wanda shook her head, “I need your help. My brother is still there. Still with them. There’s no telling what Hydra is doing to him!” her breathing was starting to pick up and she clutched at the metal phoenix as everyone tensed around her, “They probably think he helped me leave. They’ll punish him! He’ll be hurt.”

Emotions warred in Harriet. On one hand this girl wouldn’t hesitate to hurt Harri’s brother and a vindictive part of Harri was growling that they reaped what they sowed after voluntarily joining Hydra in the first place. On the other hand, this girl, though having begun to train under Hydra and holding unfounded hate that was probably nurtured at Hydra, was still just a kid and Harri could relate to wanting to save and protect a sibling.

Wanda was crying now, the silence and the possibility that the one she had used so much time looking for wouldn’t help her in the end was weighing on her, that she would have lost her chance to save her brother on one plan that fell through. Her grip on the metal phoenix was so tight now that it was starting to break skin, “Please.” She sobbed, “Please, help me. You’ve broken in before. You can do it again. Please, I can’t live without my twin.”

Fred and George went rigid behind Harri and her jaw locked even as Tonks’ inner Hufflepuff took over and she hugged the girl, trying to soothe her.

Harri snapped her fingers and Dobby appeared, “What can Dobby be doin’ for Harri Potter?”

“I need my computer and headset and we’ll need some tea and snacks please Dobby,” Harri said.

“Dobby will do so quickly!” Dobby answered, popping away. He popped back up in a couple seconds with Harri’s computer and headset before popping away for the snacks.
Harri nudged Tonks and cocked her head as she led everyone through the manor and into the den. Tonks got Wanda settled on a couch while Harri and the twins sat on another and Wade wondered around the room, uncomfortable with Wanda’s crying. “We’ll be able to help right?” George asked worriedly, locking hands with Fred behind Harriet.

“We’ll do what we can.” Harri answered, starting up her computer and locking her headset in place, “Jarvis? You there?”

“Always Miss Potter. What can I do for you?” Jarvis asked.

“If you have a moment can you help me scan Hydra for someone? We need to mount a rescue.” Harri said.

“With pleasure Miss Potter. What do we have for searching?” Jarvis asked as numbers started to fly by on the headset and Harri hacked her way into Hydra files with the back door she had left after finding Bucky.

“Wanda.” Harriet called, the crying girl looked over to Harri, her eyes puffy, “I need your brother’s names and designation.”

Hope lit in Wanda’s eyes, “Pietro. Pietro Maximoff, codename Quicksilver. When you saved me he was still a trainee. They were looking for ways to strengthen our mutations.”

“Fuckers.” Wade muttered from somewhere behind Harriet.

Harriet nodded and waved at the table when Dobby appeared with snacks, “Eat, you’ll need it if we’re going to be doing this.” Her focus fell back to her computer and the holograms Jarvis was running at the edges of her vision.

Wanda and Wade practically fell on the food.

“Don’t think we can’t see your dislike for her.” Fred whispered in her ear, leaning in close to watch the information that was flying across Harri’s screen.

“Why don’t you like her?” George asked, leaning into her other side. The Marauders looked up at her curiously too.
“She was our first Avengers mission last time.” Harri muttered, “She had used her powers to mess with Tony’s mind, showing him his greatest fears. We went to detain her. She never mentioned a twin, probably protecting him.” She bit her lip through a rough bit of code and softly thanked Jarvis when he helped her through it, “Other than that she blames Tony for killing her family. The faulty bomb that collapsed her house was a Stark Industries model. She blames Tony even though he was only doing his job, designing it. He wasn’t the one to buy the weapon or shoot the weapon. It would be like me be pissed at Ollivander because the killing curse that took my mum from me came from a wand he made.” Harri huffed.

*You’re still helping.* Sirius noted, *Even though her brother will most likely hold the same belief.*

*Of course I’m still helping Siri. I’m not heartless and I couldn’t imagine the pain my mates would go through if one of them died before the other. No one deserves that, not even her.* Harri said, *Besides, just because I’m helping doesn’t mean I’ll let them anywhere near Tony with such beliefs in place.*

It took another half an hour before Harri and Jarvis found Pietro, by that time Tonks had drifted off to sleep with Wanda’s head in her lap and Wade had pulled out his phone where he lay next to the table to play some game.

“Ha!” Harri said with a grin, making Wanda jolt into a sitting position, “Got him. Good work Jarvis.”

“As cliché as it sounds, I believe teamwork got us where we are Miss Potter.” Jarvis answered.

Harri chuckled, “Good point J.” she turned her screen toward Wanda, “That him?”

Wanda ran over and stared at the screen desperately, “That’s him! He’s alive!” her legs trembled as relief flooded her face.

Harri nodded, “Yep and the base they’re holding him at is actually just a small testing base. So which is it?” she asked her mates, “Guns blazing or sneaking in?”

“I would hope its guns blazing.” Came Loki’s voice, everyone looked over to the doorway to see
Loki, Steve, Bucky, Jor, Sleipnir, and Fenrir all standing there in their battle gear, “Or we’re here for no reason.”

Harri grinned as she closed her computer and stood, “Guns blazing it is.” Dobby appeared with Harri, Fred, and George’s battle gear and they changed with practiced flicks of their wands. “Dobby, please take Tonks back to her desk at the DMLE.”

“Who is she?” Steve asked curiously, his eyes following the strange changing of colors in her hair as she slept.

“Tonks is an Auror. A magical police officer if you will.” Harri said, Dobby popped away with the unconscious Auror, “I’ll send her a message tomorrow.” She added as she let the Marauders off her.

“Holy shit!” Wade exclaimed as the snakes changed back to human, “Can all of you become animals?”

Harri giggled, “Most of us.”

“How are we going to get to the base that has Pietro?” Wanda asked anxiously.

“Magic.” Harri said vaguely as Fred and George activated their headsets and pulled up their hoods. “Jarvis, can you give me a sheltered place near the base?” she asked as she walked over to a clear space and everyone gathered around her.

“Of course Miss Potter.” Jarvis responded, flashing coordinates and a satellite picture across Harri’s holograms.

“Alright.” Harri said as everyone in her group latched together, Harri reached out to Wanda and Wade, “Grab hold or you’ll be left behind.” Wanda latched onto Harri’s hand tightly but Wade just gripped her hand like he was going to shake it. Harri pulled her flames up around them and they were gone in a flash.

They arrived in a small grove of trees that was across from the small base, everyone broke along the tree line to observe the facility. “Alright, circle up.” Harri said, “Quickly, before they decide to get smart and send out a patrol.” That earned her a few chuckles as they circled together, looking to Harri for direction. “It’s a small base, two levels above ground, one below; only two hundred people
total not including prisoners and test subjects. Anyone wearing the Hydra insignia on their shoulder has taken the oath and should be wiped out. The priority is getting prisoners out. Once they are clear, Fenrir, Jor, you can go wild and destroy the place.” The brothers exchanged an excited look, “The base only.” Harri warned, “This is on the outskirts of a small town, try not to drag the rest of the town into it.” They nodded solemnly. “Okay, everyone got coms on?” they all nodded.

“Good. To keep them from setting up anything significant, we’ll be splitting up. Jor I want you along the side that leads to town to keep any from trying to run off through the civilians. Steve, dad, Siri, I want you to go on the left side; Loki, Sleipnir, Bucky, Wade, you’ll be in the front, you’ll draw the most fire but I know you can handle it. On the right is where Fred, George, Wanda, and I will enter. Fenrir, Remus you’ll be on the right drawing out and protecting any of the prisoners or test subjects we send out your way. Everyone understand?” there were nods all around, “Good, five minutes to get into position. I will send up red sparks when it is time. Move out.”

As Harriet’s group moved into position she looked to Wanda, “Follow what I say, don’t deviate. On this mission you’re under my supervision.” Wanda nodded seriously, “Stay close behind us, you don’t have any protective gear. Don’t going running off ahead, you’re pretty powerful but they already know how to stop you. Stay calm, I know your powers respond to your emotions, if you bring down the building on top of us we’ll have trouble saving ourselves let alone your brother.”

“How do you know my powers respond to my emotions?” Wanda asked, her eyes wide as she crouched next to Harriet, opposite of where Fred and George were.

“Call it an informed guess.” Harri said flatly, her eyes checking the wall they were getting ready to breach. The timer on her headset reached zero and Harri shot red sparks into the air from her wand.

As one all four groups moved forward to attack, only Remus and Fenrir hanging back behind Harriet’s group to wait for any prisoners. With a trio of bombarda maximas they blasted their way in, taking out several of the Hydra agents within with the first hit. Fred and George flanked Harriet, standing a few feet further from her than normal so they had clear casting paths. They cut effectively through the base, heading toward the lower level where their goal was.

When they finally reached the bottom floor Harri slowed them to a stop, peering into the huge main room where test subjects and prisoners alike were all caged like animals in a huge room. Guards lined the cages, their guns at the ready and looking a bit twitchy at the explosions coming from overhead. “How do we get past that?” Wanda asked worriedly.

Harriet shook her arms loose and Mischief and Mayhem popped into existence, hanging off her shoulders with their back paws on her belt for support. Harri looked to Fred and George, only her mischievous grin visible to them through her hood, “Wanna give it a go?”
“Yes!” they said excitedly.

Mischief and Mayhem jumped from Harriet over to their respective counterparts and draped themselves around their necks. Once the circle was complete Harriet pulled the bond tight, as tight as it would go without being completed, and they began to glow as their minds connected.

/Let’s go./ Harriet thought. Thinking as one the trio stepped into the room before them and attracted the attention of the guards.

What followed was hardly a fight, it wasn’t even a skirmish.

The three soulmates moved around each other like they were dancing; their awareness of enemy locations, enemy weapons, and their mates expanded exponentially through the bond. Harriet would pull Fred out of the way of the bullet and George would shoot a spell over his shoulder to catch the guard who had shot at Fred. Fred would spin Harriet out of the way of a kick and George would flip her over his arm to catch another guard full in the face with her foot. Fred and George would be fighting back to back and Harriet would flip over top of them to nab a guard in their blind spot. It was a deadly dance and within ten minutes of its start the three dancers stood among a sea of bodies, bearing only minor injuries from their battle.

Harriet let Mischief and Mayhem fade as she released a breath, “And that…is how that is done.” She said with a bright smile. Fred tugged her over a body and into his arms for a kiss which she returned passionately. George stepped off the body he had ended up standing on top of and tugged Harriet from his brother to claim his own kiss.

“That was amazing!” Wanda exclaimed from the doorway, her eyes wide as she took in the bodies and the three standing in the middle of them.

The trio looked over to her with a smile and Harri stepped away from her mates reluctantly, “Let’s free everyone.” They all took different sections of the room and set about freeing the prisoners and test subjects. Harri, Fred, and George doing quick first aid where needed, before sending them out the door, telling them to follow the path and to find the wolf outside.

“He’s not here!” Wanda cried, coming from the last cell.

“Relax Wanda.” Harri soothed, “He was in a testing room when we found him. Jarvis?”
“To your left is a door, down that hallway is the testing rooms. Mr. Maximoff is in the third room.” Jarvis reported.

Harriet repeated it to Wanda and the girl tore across the room to the door, Harri, Fred, and George followed. When they came into the hallway they found two guards standing in front of the door that held Pietro, Wanda’s eyes blazed and red wisps flared around her fingers. With a single motion both guards flew head first into the wall across from them. She stalked down the hall to them and kicked them both repeatedly, ignoring the groans they let out.

The trio watched this with mild amusement, “You should probably”

“go get Pietro.”

“He’ll probably want to get”

“in a few kicks as well.” Fred and George commented as Harriet destroyed the door.

Wanda brightened and rushed into the room after Harri.

Inside Wanda froze at the sight of her brother. He was strapped to an exam table with two IV’s in his arm. He was bloody and beaten, bruises and lacerations covered him and the awkward angle of his feet made it clear that his ankles at the very least had been broken. His eyes were closed and his breathing was shallow.

Harriet was running a diagnostic on him as Fred and George stepped around the horrified Wanda and joined their mate, “He’s in bad shape. We couldn’t see this much on the security camera.” She murmured.

“Any potions he needs right away?” Fred asked, pulling out his potion pouch.

“Blood replenisher and pain reliever for now.” Harri said, “I’m going to put him in a magical coma so we can get him out of here and to the castle. I’ll have to check for internal damage when I have more time to do the more in depth scan.” Fred nodded and quickly administered the two potions as Harri carefully removed the IV’s and stored the bags so they could have it tested later.
“Top two floors clear.” Loki announced.

“All prisoners clear.” Remus added.

“Copy.” Harri said, “We’re clearing the last prisoner. He’s in worse shape than the others at the moment. We’ll flame him to the castle and then come back to assist in clean up.”

“Copy that.” Steve replied.

“Wanda.” Harri called sharply. The girl jolted, “Get over here. Your brother needs you. You can’t freeze up.” The girl rushed over to Pietro and gripped his hand tightly, “Good, I’m going to take you to our house. He’ll be fine. He just needs to be healed. Understand?”

Wanda let out a sob as she clung to Pietro’s arms, “Yes…” she said shakily, “Thank you. Thank you for saving us.”

Harri softened and nodded before flaming them all away.
Crumple-Horned Snorkacks

Chapter Notes

Sorry its a tad late. We lost power. No power, no internet, no update.

BTW, there is now FANART! It is in part 2 of the series!!

Also, its a bit small but its mostly a filler chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After Harriet, Fred, and George got the Maximoff twins settled in the med wing and Harri had told Dianna to keep an eye on them, the trio returned to the testing facility. They were greeted by the sight of Fenrir and Jor in larger forms, wrestling on the rapidly collapsing facility with Loki and Sleipnir watching nearby in amusement.

Harri moved over to the larger group where James, Sirius, and Remus were healing minor wounds on the prisoners and Steve was calming a few of the test subject with Bucky standing guard by them. Bucky’s head shot over to Harriet as she approached and inclined his head, Harri gave him a once over to check for injuries before looking back to his face, “Report.”

“The attack went off without a hitch. They had no time to gather any sort of defense. Only minor wounds among our group, Loki healed them once we gathered back up. The Marauders are healing what they can and stabilizing what they can’t for the prisoners and test subjects. The Captain is soothing the frightened who are relatively unharmed.” Bucky reported smartly, “Fenrir and Jörmungand started in on the demolition about five minutes ago once Loki assured that there were no other life forms within.”

Harri nodded, scanning the scene around her with a practiced eye, “Where is Deadpool?”

“I haven’t seen him since the all clear.” Bucky said with a frown. Harri’s lips pressed together and she was about to cast a point me when a loud laugh caught her attention.

“Oh birdie!” came the happy voice of Wade; Harriet, Bucky, and the twins looked to their left to see Deadpool approaching, drawing a struggling man by his hair. “Got you a present!” he sang, when he drew close enough he pulled the man up and threw him at Harriet’s feet.

Harriet’s eyebrow shot up before a smile came on her face, “My, my is that Anton Trojak?” she
crouched down as the man struggled to his hands and knees, “Whatever would a Shield scientist be doing in a Hydra base?” she asked innocently. The man made to lunge at Harriet but Deadpool’s boot landed between his shoulders, sending him to the ground with a muffled umpf. Harriet smiled and stood, “This was a great present Wade. Did you take out his cyanide cap?”

“Right here!” Wade said proudly as he held up a bloody tooth shaped object. “He should really brush better, really this thing is just fucking covered with plaque.” He looked down at the squirming man, “You got to get all the way to the back when you brush there, genius.”

Harri giggled, “Yes, I’d hate to be up against villains with bad oral hygiene.” She pulled out her phone and quickly found the number she would need, she put her phone to her ear and stepped back to watch with amusement as Deadpool tormented the man on the ground under the guise of teaching Fred and George sensitive spots on the human body they could exploit in fighting.

“Hello.” Came the serious voice from the phone.

Harri smiled, “Hello Phil. Whatcha doin’?”

“Currently? Paper work and attempting to keep Clint from bring down the ceiling on top of us with that crazy magic ice arrow you sent him for Christmas. You?” Phil said flatly.

“Oh you know, just taking down a Hydra base.” Harri said nonchalantly, she heard a soft snap of fingers followed by a slightly louder movement of bodies moving closer, “I’ve got some freed prisoners here that I could use some help with and a double agent I can throw in if you’re willing to help with the first.”

“Are they alive?”

“He is currently.” Harri said, looking back to Deadpool, Fred, and George, “He may be a bit beat up by the time you make it to me, but hey, that’s just a head start on his…questioning isn’t it?”

“Is he worth all that?” Phil questioned, but Harri could already hear them moving in the background.

“I recognized him which should tell you something at least.” Harri said with amusement, “Call me back on Widow’s phone. I know for sure hers is secure. I’ll send you the coordinates on yours.” With that Harri hung up. Harri huffed when she heard a bone snap under Wade’s boot, “Wade don’t
kill him! We need to question him now that we took his way out. He’s high up enough to give us a bit of information.”

“Aw!” Wade whined.

Harriet’s phone rang and she brought it back to her ear, hitting the accept button as she went, “Hey Clint.” She answered.

“How did you know it was going to be me?” he asked incredulously, Harri didn’t answer and he huffed, “Right. Time Lord.” Harri rolled her eyes, “We’re on the Quinjet. Nat swept it, we’re clean, and we’re doing the start-up. We’ve got two other jets following us for the prisoners and injured. Just waiting on your coordinates.”

“Great, I’m sending them through.” Harri said as she saw Jarvis flash the message across her headset screen. “Anyway, we managed to catch Anton Trojak. He’s a doctor who at this point should have only recently entered Shields service and still be undergoing his checks. He’s currently developing a pair of weapons that will be used in the future against one of Shields computers that will be made specifically for finding out The Supreme Hydra’s true identity once Shield is made aware of their continued existence. Fury will stop him but I figure it’s best to get it done now. Plus, he’s high enough up for you guys to get at least something from him to further your mission.”

“What there’s no way to magic it out of him?” Clint asked.

Harri laughed, “There are several ways to ‘magic’ it out of him but the potion is dangerous to use on just plain old muggles, it can cause brain damage if used too much and we need the information in there. The other I haven’t had a chance to recreate fully and doing so is a bit of a pain since the people we would be using it on has no magic to support it. I have faith in your guy’s ability.”

“Alright fine,” Clint pouted, there was silence for a moment, “We’ve got your coordinates. We’ll be there in about an hour and a half.”

Harri frowned, “What are you guys doing in Europe?”

Clint chuckled, “See you in a bit Harriet.”

Harri pocketed her phone with a huff before she stepped back over to join everyone, she looked over
“to check on Loki and his kids. They were just finishing up so Harri waited until they joined them before addressing everyone, keeping her voice calm for the still frightened prisoners they had freed. “Shield is on their way to facilitate clean up and to get those of you who need it back to your families or into witness protection.” Many of the recently freed relaxed slightly, the adrenaline of the escape wearing off. Harri smiled, “Please just wait to the side, they will be here soon.”

Once the freed prisoners shuffled over to the side, Harriet’s group circled up around their own prisoner.

“Is it wise to bring Shield in?” Steve asked.

Harri smiled at him, “Unfortunately they are a necessary evil at the moment. With our current focus in Europe and the lack of our team being public, I don’t have the complete resources I need to place people in witness protection. It would only be a half assed job and these people deserve all the security available. There is a chance that Hydra will try to get them back but since they will be tagged as Hydra refugees within Shield they will be kept a close eye on. The ones I called know of the infiltration and are working toward ending it too so they will be keeping track as well.” Steve nodded, looking a bit happier at the explanation.

“What are we doing with him?” Fred asked, looking down at Anton.

“Are we going to keep him alive?” George questioned.

James raised an eyebrow at Harri, “I thought you said we take them out so they don’t pose a threat later.”

Harri’s lips pressed into a thin line, “His cyanide capsule has been taken from him and he is high enough within the organization to know information important to weeding out Hydra from Shield. We also currently have a team working toward that goal. He is more valuable alive at the moment, even if he came to us by a bit of luck.” She cocked her head at Wade, “Deadpool usually wouldn’t have hesitated.”

“But I’m a good sidekick and thought before I unalived the bastard!” Wade grinned through his mask, “Yellow caught sight of the Shield badge under his coat right before I ran him through with Bea and Arthur!”

“Who?” Remus asked.
“His katanas.” Harri answered, holding out a hand to stop Wade before he could whip them out, "Thank you Pool. We don’t need a demonstration."

Wade sniffed as he dropped his hands back to his sides, “You ruin all my fun.”

Harri rolled her eyes, “Alright. Our Shield siblings aren’t quite ready to have the full onslaught of the family. So you all should head back.” She looked over to Loki, “I know you know quite a bit of healing. If you could look over Pietro that would be great.” Loki nodded, Harri sighed as she ran a hand through her hair, “Also, I hate to say this since she technically hasn’t done anything yet and her power is nowhere near what it would have been if Hydra had gotten a chance to enhance it but everyone should be wary of Wanda. She has many abilities based around her telepathy including telekinesis and mental manipulation. She can pull on negative emotions and make you see your greatest fears and worse memories. Keep your minds closed tight in her presence.” Harri looked to Steve, Bucky, and Wade, “You can’t do that without extra training so try not to approach her without one of those with the ability to do so. We can’t protect you from mental invasion but we can stop her if it comes to it.”

Steve’s eyes were wide and Bucky growled, “Has she done that to us before?”

“She got Tony last time before she was stopped.” Harri said carefully, trying to make sure Deadpool wouldn’t catch on to the time travel, that could be a disaster. “Made him see terrible things that almost made him make a killer robot.” Harri noticed Jarvis noting that down on her headset and nodded, “She has a deep hatred for Tony. Don’t let her near him.” She said sternly, “She will hurt him and I will take drastic action if need be.”

“Well this is all very cryptic and confusing.” Deadpool jumped into the serious conversation, he cocked his head at Harriet, “Your Phoenix thing give you a view into the other universes? Cause I get an eye full sometimes and let me tell you…Damn. Do you understand how hot I am as a chick? Like, I’d do me.” Fred and George choked as Harriet descended into giggles. Deadpool blinked, his white eye pieces following the motion, “I’m serious, I’m a bombshell blonde! I’d hit that!”

Harri patted Deadpool on his shoulder, “You should ask Strange about the other universes. He’s seen them.” She gave him a mischievous smile, “Ask him about the female Weasel.”

Wade leaned forward, “You know Weasel?” he shook himself, “No, bad pool.” He smacked his cheek, “Female Weasel. What, is he a hooker or something?” Wade pressed his hands to his cheeks, “Is he a short little pixie?” he cooed, “Oh my god I’m not letting him live this down!”
“You’re really going to let him back home?” Loki asked.

Harri brightened at Loki labeling the castle home, “Until he annoys me too much. If I don’t he’ll find a way to break in and destroy the place in the process.”

“Yep!” Wade exclaimed, bouncing over to Loki, stepping on Anton’s back in the process. “So we going or what greenie?”

Loki rolled his eyes but reluctantly took Deadpool’s arms and teleported him away, Jor, Fenrir, and Sleipnir going after him. James and Sirius took hold of Bucky and Steve, who looked over at Harriet solemnly. “We’ll keep her contained.” Steve said.

“And Tony away from her if he shows up.” Bucky added.

“Thank you.” Harriet said, letting out a breath. With that The Marauders apparated away with Steve and Bucky. Harri turned to Fred and George who look back at her definitely, she smiled, “So…how did you like your first real mission.” She asked easily, they relaxed knowing she wasn’t going to make them return to the castle without her.

They fell into easy conversation as they waited, the twins making sure to keep an eye on the freed prisoners and Harriet keeping Anton in place. When the conversation had started Trojak had tried to crawl free but Harriet had pulled her gun and shot out one knee, ignoring the following screaming and cursing. Now Harriet kept one foot resting easily on the wound to prevent Anton from trying to escape again.

Just as Clint predicted, they arrived an hour and a half after he had hung up on Harri. She made sure that Fred and George’s hoods were in place before she cast an *incarcerous* on Trojak and started toward the center quinjet, only slowing when agents from the other two jets disembarked first with their guns aimed at the trio. Head bowed to keep her face from showing to the agents, Harri waved her free hand and erected her advanced shield around the four of them wandlessly.

“Stand down.” Coulson ordered as he descended from his quinjet with Natasha and Clint, Artemis flying past them quickly and beating her wings at the shield as she came to a stop in front of Harriet. Once the agents dropped their guns to their sides, Harri dropped the shield and Artemis flew over to
perch on her shoulder.

“Hello pretty girl.” Harri cooed, brushing at Artemis’ wing. The hawk pressed into the contact.

“Go recover the freed prisoners.” Phil ordered the other agents, “Get the names into the data base as quickly as possible so base can start identifying them.” They all nodded and made their way over to the prisoners who were still huddled together, waiting. Phil looked over to the trio, “Harriet.” He greeted.

“Phil.” Harri replied, inclining her head. She drug Anton in front of her and dumped him on the ground, he started cursing her as he landed on his wounded knee and Harriet hit him with a wandless stunner before drawing her hood down and smiling at Clint, “Clint.” she looked over at the Widow, “Natasha.”

Clint grinned, “Hey Harri!” he greeted, Natasha gave her a small nod. “Why didn’t you invite us to crash the Hydra base?” Clint whined.

Harri laughed, “We were on a rescue mission, time was of the essence. We only captured Anton here by chance, we were going to clear everybody from the facility.”

Natasha bent down over Anton to look him over with a critical eye, “Did you start the interrogation already?”

“Na that was just Deadpool.” Fred laughed, Natasha’s head jerked up and Clint frowned while Phil remained just as blank as usual.

“He was using him to show us weak points.” George added.

“Very useful.” Fred commented.

“Of yes, we’ll definitely”
“in the future.” The twins ended together.

“You know Deadpool?” Natasha asked warily.

“Please tell me that crazy asshole was not part of our family.” Clint moaned.

Harri giggled, “He wasn’t no.” Clint relaxed a little.

Phil’s eyes were moving between Fred and George though, trying to see past their hoods, “Who are you two?” he asked with genuine curiosity.

The twins pulled down their hoods together with identical grins spread across their faces as they pointed to each other, “He’s Fred” George said.

“And he’s George.” Fred continued. “Pranksters extraordinaire!”

“Mad inventors!”

“Mischief and Mayhem!”

“Havoc and Disorder!”

“The Knights of Chaos!” they ended together with a bow, “At your service!”

Harriet smiled at the introduction while Clint laughed lightly, “Awesome!”

Natasha looked over at Harriet with a small smile that to anyone else would seem fake but Harri knew the little glint in her sister’s eyes, “Twins huh?” Harri grinned in response and wiggled her eyebrows, Phil’s mouth twitched up at the side.
They were interrupted by Fred and George’s phones going off simultaneously, they both took them from their pockets and frowned at them, “We need to go Harriet.” Fred hummed, “Lee is freaking out.”

“Why?” Harri asked, George moved his arm over her shoulder so she could see the screen and her eyebrows shot up when she saw a picture of a headless Deadpool running into a wall. Harri looked back at the three agents, “Seems we need to go take care of something. If you have any questions about things you know how to reach me.” She said as Artemis flew over to Clint.

“I don’t suppose you could get your people to fill out mission reports.” Phil called before she could disappear.

Harri laughed, “Send me the forms. I don’t have any laying around at the moment.” Fred and George latched onto her and she swept them away in her blues flames.

Once they returned home and Harriet calmed everyone down by reattaching Wade’s head to his body, things calmed considerably.

Loki had run a check on Pietro and had discovered multiple fatal internal wounds much to Wanda’s horror. Loki with a bit of input from Strange, had theorized that the advanced healing factor he had was stopped by one of the IVs that had been in him when they found him. They were very wary of putting him on any more potions for fear that it would interfere with whatever Hydra had given him. With that in mind Pietro was started on a saline drip in an attempt to clear out his system. In the meantime, Harri kept him in the coma so that he wouldn’t be in any pain and she, Loki, and Strange had set magical alarms in place to monitor him. Wanda refused to leave his side and Harriet happily set her up in the infirmary with a trip alarm to alert her if Wanda ever left.

The evening of their Hydra attack, Phil sent over the mission report paper work and Harriet took a strange pleasure in making everyone sit down and learn how to fill them out correctly. When the complaining about the paper work had peaked Harriet revealed that she had done most of the team’s paperwork last time because of attitudes like this and that if they wanted her to do so this time they would have to start paying her per page. That shut everyone up pretty fast and they suffered silently through the paper work. Well, most of them did. Wade complained for another couple minutes until Harri cut out his tongue and burnt it with fiendfyre, making him wait for his tongue to regrow before he could complain again. Needless to say, Deadpool’s paperwork had more than a few blood spots on it when Harriet sent Hedwig off to Phil with the paperwork.

As promised Harriet sent Tonks a letter. She apologized for having her moved back to work while
she slept but offered to have Tonks over once she was done with her trip with Luna and Xenophilius. Harri wanted to bring the other woman into the fold a bit but she knew she would have to be careful not to cross into investigation territory too much until it was over, she really didn't want to get Tonks in trouble for ‘withholding information’ from Madame Bones. Tonks replied only a day later and accepted her invitation but suggested they hold off deciding the date until she had gotten back just in case anything came up in the interim. Harriet agreed.

This turned out to be a good thing, as the morning they were scheduled to depart for their crumple-horned snorkack trip, Severus finished the Cure All.

Severus came into family common room feeling supremely pleased with himself, so much so that the crazy whirlwind that seemed to be sweeping through the place didn’t even register to him. He knew that almost everyone was leaving today for a week long camping trip to study crumple-horned snorkacks of all things, his good mood wouldn’t even allow him his normal snort at the insane goal, he would believe that when he saw it. The only people that were staying were those new mutant twins in the infirmary; Doctor Strange, the Sorcerer Supreme that Harriet had managed to befriend; Lee Jordan, who was on a small trip with his parents; and the elder two Weasley boys who had jobs that interfered. The strange muggle in the red and black suit that Severus had behead (mostly by accident) wasn’t going either but apparently he had business in the muggle world ‘unaliving’ people.

Severus scanned the room and quickly found Harriet chatting happily with the Lovegood girl who looked far more mentally present for this expedition than he could ever hope she would be for potions class. Harriet’s mates were close by but for once didn’t seem glued to Harriet’s sides.

Snape made his way through the room and came to stand in front of Harriet and Luna, Harri looked up at him and gave him the bright smile that reminded him so much of Lilly. “Hey Severus!” she chirped, “Did you change your mind?” she pulled out a ridiculous t-shirt that Luna had gotten made the day prior. It was fuchsia in color with obnoxiously large white letters that spelled out, ‘In Pursuit of Crumple-Horned Glory’ with a strange looking horn speared between the two lines of text. “We’ve got an extra t-shirt!”

“I think not Harriet.” Severus scoffed, eyeing the shirt in distaste.

“We’re all wearing them.” Harri pouted, tugging at her own shirt that she had on over dark cargo pants. “And it will do you good to get away for a bit. You’re too stressed.”

Severus’ lips twitched up at the side a bit, “Actually. Much of that stress was just alleviated.” Harri raised an eyebrow at him and he drew himself up a little in his pride, “I have completed the Cure All.”
Harriet beamed at him and pulled him quite suddenly into a hug after dropping the shirt, “Congratulations Severus!” she pulled back, “That’s amazing!”

Severus had to fight not to descend into a memory of a young Lilly saying much the same over other, relatively smaller, achievements. “Thank you.” He said, pulling away fully and straightening his robes discreetly to try and control his embarrassment at the praise. He cleared his throat, “The batch only produces eight vials. So I want to test two before saving three a piece for the Longbottom’s recovery. Just to make sure they work.”

Harriet nodded in understanding, “Do you have plans on what or who to test them on?”

“I hope to test one on an animal and another on a human once the first is confirmed as working.” Severus said, “Unfortunately I don’t want to waste much time. For such a complicated potion, the Cure actually has a very short shelf life and any stasis charm destroys its potency.”

“There is currently a sickly thestral colt on the edge of the wood.” Luna hummed helpfully.

Harri looked up at Severus, “Will that work for the animal testing?”

“As long as I can find it in time that should be fine.” Severus said.

“My elf can lead you to the colt.” Luna said, “Her name is Twilight. Just call for her and she will lead to the poor dear.” Severus nodded.

“And then, unless you have plans for the human trial you can try that one out on Pietro.” Harri said. “Whatever Hydra gave him is really holding strong. The Cure All may be what he needs to clear it out or jump start his healing again.”

Severus frowned slightly but eventually nodded, “I will see.” He looked down at Harriet, “If it succeeds then I will try to hold off getting it to them until the end of the potions shelf life which mean they should feel the effect by the time you return.”

Harri nodded seriously, “I’ll be planning what I can while I’m away. I will be ready Severus.” She gave him a small smile, “If something happens you can return here. The wards will remain open to
“Thank you.” Severus said, bowing his head slightly.

“Of course.” Harri replied, “I will see you at the end of the week.”

Severus nodded and turned to go, “Have fun chasing shadows.” He snarked.

“Have fun playing with the old goat.” Harri shot back as he left. Severus chuckled quietly.

An hour later Harriet and her group portkeyed to a remote magical forest that Harriet had scouted as Glacia a while before to give them the best area to find the snorkacks. Everyone had their own packs with them but Bucky was stuck playing pack mule for Luna and her father who wanted to bring along all their research equipment; much to Steve’s amusement Bucky had only given the token protest before shouldering all of the sensitive equipment that couldn’t be shrunk for his little soulmate. They arrived in a relatively clear area near a small stream.

Xenophilius immediately broke from the group to look around, “Where are we?” he asked, “All the legends say they are in Sweden. We’ve covered every inch of this place. Not a snorkack in sight. Are there blibbering humdingers hiding them? Those crafty little mites!”

Harriet laughed softly, “Easy Xeno. Calm down. We’re in Finland.”

“Finland!” Luna said dreamily, “Of course!”

“One country over!” Xeno hummed, “Ingenious! The crumple horned snorkacks must have heard they were being hunted and moved.”

“Quite smart creatures the snorkacks.” Luna sighed.

Harri nodded, “Let’s set up camp here for now and explore the area. The herd was headed this way when I checked last. We should be able to hear them by tonight and go to their summer grazing ground tomorrow to see them.” It didn’t take long for Harriet, James, and Remus to raise the
wizarding tent and everyone to claim their rooms within it. Once they had all freshened up they all met up outside.

Sleipnir changed into his horse form right as Fenrir grew to his true giant size and shook out his coat happily, drawing in the fresh air around them. Sleipnir shook his mane out, *This is brilliant weather for a run!* he nosed Loki, *Change and go with us mother!*

*Please!* Fenrir added in a whine.

Loki chuckled, “That does sound nice.”

“Running.” Bucky huffed, “Aren’t we supposed to be relaxing?”

“It’s not like you’d join us anyway.” Loki chuckled, gesturing toward Luna and Xeno who were already drifting toward the woods together to explore. “You’ll go with your mate.”

“And I wouldn’t be able to keep up on two legs.” Steve chuckled, “Super soldier or not.”

Remus whined softly as Moony tried to claw free to go running as well, even if Remus let him loose they wouldn’t be able to change, it wasn’t the full moon.

Harri glanced at Remus, before she hummed, “Well I want to run!” she looked over at Steve and Bucky, “Bucky you really will want to stay with Luna.” He huffed, his cheeks reddening slightly in embarrassment, “And Steve I know you’re even more relaxed drawing than running and there is plenty to draw around a magical forest. We’ll run and then we’ll join up for dinner and to listen to the approaching snorkacks later.”

There were nods all around except for Fred, George, and Remus who looked a bit skeptical. Jor spoke up, *Father please give me to one of the soliders. I’m already cold and I don’t see how hanging around your necks as you run around at breakneck paces will help the problem.* he huffed.

Harriet giggled and looked to Steve as Loki carefully removed Jor from his neck, “Can you take Jor Steve? He needs warmth and the serum makes you a space heater.”
Steve huffed even as he gently accepted Jor from a hesitant Loki, “That’s all I’m good for I suppose.” He said with a put upon sigh.

Harri laughed, “Yep, it’s why you’re at the center of the Avengers dogpile.”

Steve blushed but looked to Loki as he let Jor wind around his neck, “I’ll make sure he stays warm.” He said with a small smile, Loki returned it carefully before Steve and Bucky went after Luna and Xeno.

“I guess we’ll have”

to go with them.” Fred and George pouted.

Harri rolled her eyes before leveling her wand at her mates, “Don’t be ridiculous.” With two flashes of light Fred and George were replaced with Mischief and Mayhem, looking a little off balance and stunned before they squeaked in shock as they saw each other. Harri smiled down at her mates, “There’s that.” She looked over to Remus, “Coming Moony?”

Remus grinned at her, “Of course cub.”

“That’s the spirit Moony!” Sirius laughed as he transformed into Padfoot. Loki chuckled at the sight as he shifted into a beautiful mare and trotted over to stand with Sleipnir who nosed his mother again happily.

Harriet transfigured Moony into a wolf, his werewolf genes high jacking the transformation and making it larger than normal. When that was finished Harri put her wand away and smiled at her father, “Race you!” she laughed. They shifted at the same moment and Prongs snorted proudly as he completed his form just a second before Godiva.

*Finally!* Fenrir exclaimed, *Let’s go!*

So the group ran, their spirits high as paws and hooves beat powerfully against the ground. Restless energy flowed from them, driving them faster and leaving a euphoric feeling in its wake.
Loki took joy in the simple freedom of running with his two eldest. Galloping next to Sleipnir, matching hoof beats as well as he could with his sons majestic and powerful equine form. Springing playfully with Fenrir who was prone to sudden rolls and happy barks as he ran. Loki felt his heart leap just knowing that his previously imprisoned children had the ability to do this with no boundaries.

Moony was enjoying running with his pack, this included the two newest members and his cub. After years of having believed his pack lost, that he was alone, Moony cherished any moments like this that they had. His cub, in all her spotted glory, was prone to suddenly climbing trees but she was would appear moments later to jump on a pack member. Moony found great amusement in this and wrestled playfully with his cub whenever she pounced on him. The two newest of the pack were learning their forms Moony knew, but they managed to keep pace with everyone pretty well.

Godiva was feeling elated. She had noticed Loki, Sleipnir, and Fenrir break off a little bit ago, most likely to stretch their significantly longer legs in a larger space, but Godiva was still happy. She was running with her fathers and mates, something she had dreamed of many times. Nothing quite compared with the real thing. She brushed against Mischief before taking off to another convenient tree and climbing it in a flash, judging the distance, she leapt from the branch and launched herself onto Prongs.

The stag bucked in fright for a second before pulling to a stop and turning his head to glare at her, Godiva gave him wide eyes and a soft meow before licking his nose and jumping from his back, running after the rest of the pack who had run past them a second ago. Godiva let out a triumphant meow when she heard a snort and quick hoof beats behind her. Godiva caught up with her mates quickly and was greeted by light yips and the brush of tails.

They all stopped when Moony pulled up short of a fallen log that he could have easily jumped over. Padfoot padded over to Moony and whined in question, the wolf simply looked pointedly over the log. A bit in the distance was a pair of white mountain hares foraging in the underbrush. Godiva perked up, they had played hunting games before to see who would win. Mischief and Mayhem edged up on either side of her curiously and spotted the two hares almost immediately. Godiva looked over at Moony and flicked her tail in challenge, Moony gave her a doggie grin, his tongue hanging from his mouth.

Godiva huffed softly before lowering herself to the ground and edging forward silently, just before she got within striking distance Prongs kicked the tree that was hiding him, spooking the hares and making them take off in different directions. Godiva huffed again but took off after the closest one as she heard Moony peel off after the other. Godiva heard paws behind her and on one sudden turn caught a glimpse of red fur, she smiled internally, knowing her mates were following her. With an extra burst of speed, she pounced on the hare capturing it securely between her jaws. She bit down just enough to still the frightened rabbit before looking around for her mates.
Hearing them coming behind her, Godiva quickly climbed a tree and sat in wait for them. She waited, coiled and ready to spring as they came closer, she heard them slowing and watched curiously as they came into view and tried to scent her. Godiva purred happily, even knowing that they wouldn’t gain that ability until their transformation was their own, just the fact that they felt they knew her scent enough to try was worthy of the purr. Flicking her tail, Godiva leapt from the tree and hit her mates, making them roll together before she rolled free, leaving them in a tangled heap.

Mischief and Mayhem looked up at her from their pile and she meowed proudly as she presented them the hare, putting a paw on the creature as it tried to escape. Mischief and Mayhem climbed to their paws and licked her cheeks, making her purr even more as they nuzzled her. Godiva butted her head against Mayhem affectionately as she intertwined her tail with Mischief’s. They stayed pressed together, content in each other’s even breathing until a short howl sounded in the distance and Godiva looked up.

Sighing inwardly Godiva picked up her hare and padded easily alongside Mischief and Mayhem toward the rest of their pack. Mischief and Mayhem noticed the loss of her purr and felt their own disappointment die a bit knowing Harriet hadn’t wanted to leave their quiet cuddle either.

The next day everyone was well rested and relaxed, all of their stress having melted away by the peaceful atmosphere. They shared a simple breakfast before Harriet led them from the tent to go find the crumple-horned snorkacks. Last night after dinner they had heard the strange yet soothing sounds the snorkacks made as they settled in, Xeno had wanted to go right then but Luna had managed to get him to wait.

Now, Harriet was leading them to the summer grazing ground and Xeno and Luna had effectively stolen Fred and George’s spots at Harriet’s sides in their eagerness. Fortunately, the twins understood the father and daughter’s excitement and stepped back to wait until their spots were available again.

Harriet slowed the group to a stop when she heard the strange croaking croon sound that was made by the crumple-horned snorkacks. Harri reached back and tugged Luna to her, “Ready little sister?” she asked with a smile.

Luna was practically vibrating with excitement, “Yes!” she nearly squeaked.

Harri smiled and slipped behind Luna to cover her eyes, she walked Luna through the bushes carefully. Harriet grinned as she saw the snorkack nearest them look up in interest, “Three…two… one.” Harri pulled her hands away from Luna’s eyes and watched with a smile as Luna’s hands shot to her mouth, her eyes going wide as she took in the strange but beautiful creature before them.
“The crumple-horned snorkack!” Luna squealed through her hands, Harri laughed softly even as she reached back and pulled back the bush for everyone else.

Xenophilius clasped his hands together tightly to contain his joy, afraid of frightening them off. “Here they are!” he said in awe as everyone else gathered around them to take in the snorkacks.

The crumple-horned snorkack was indeed a strange looking creature. It had a short squat body that was held up by four relatively thin legs that ended in three toed hooves. A large hump sat on its back right between its sloped tailless rump and its thin neck. Its head was relatively small in comparison its wide flat muzzle and large cow like ears. Sticking up between its rather flat eyes were two large, crumpled horns that curved up out of its face. The horn was perhaps the only sensibly colored part of the animals in its rather boring ivory, the rest of the snorkacks body was pastel, with the colors among the herd spanning from lavender to baby blue to soft pink, all interspaced with shiny scales in different hues.

“Wow.” Sleipnir said softly.

Harri smiled before taking Luna’s hand, “Let’s go see one.” Luna skipped along beside Harriet happily, her eyes glued to the nearest snorkack.

“Is it safe?” Remus asked as the rest followed after.

“Of course. They’re pretty calm creatures generally.” Harri said, “Just be gentle. They will know if you mean them harm and then they’ll be aggressive. And maybe don’t try to feed them grass. They don’t differentiate from one food to the next and will try to chew on your hand.” Harriet turned back to Luna as they approached the snorkack that had looked up at them initially. The creature had gone back to eating, not bothered by the people that had come to gawk at them. “Alright Luna, just…” Harriet blinked as Luna darted the last few inches forward and wrapped her arms around the snorkacks neck. The creature sniffed Luna curiously before deciding food was more important and going back to grazing, ignoring the human around its neck stoically in favor of food.

Luna beamed up at Harriet, her eyes clear and joy practically radiating from her, “Thank you big sister.” She said, “This is going to be the best week ever!”

Chapter End Notes

Torjak is from 616, he's not really important he's just there to help me get where we need in a couple chapters.
Severus made his way through LeFay Castle with a purposeful stride. He had been monitoring the sick thestral colt for the last two days after having given it the Cure All. It seemed to be working perfectly, the colt was no longer sporting a peeling coat and it had regained its energy.

Now, Severus was going to attempt the second test on the Maximoff boy. From what little he had gathered in overheard conversations and the short one with Harriet, the boy’s advanced healing factor needed to be regained. Some muggle cocktail of chemicals had apparently blocked the ability, leaving the boy on the teetering edge of life. He was held in a magical coma at the moment, to reduce any strain or aggravation to his current wounds and Harriet and Doctor Strange had been hesitant to give him any other potions while the unknown chemicals were in his blood stream.

Severus was hoping that the Cure All would work for the boy, both so that he could take the other Cure Alls to Dumbledore and so that the Maximoff twins could get out of the castle. He wasn’t blind. Even with him spending most of his time in the lab, he could practically feel Harriet’s tension and he knew it came from their presence. He wasn’t entirely sure why Harriet was so wary of them (apparently he had missed an explanation somewhere) but he trusted Harriet enough at the moment to himself be wary of their presence.

Entering the infirmary, Severus spotted the two down near the end of the wing, where most of the windows were situated. Dr. Strange was also with them, checking the boy’s vitals and trying to ascertain if his healing ability had kicked in yet. “Any change?” the girl asked from her spot next to her brother.

“None.” Doctor Strange replied, “If there is no improvement by the time Harriet returns we will have to start potions regardless of what is in his system if we don’t want to risk losing him.”
“Excuse me.” Severus said tightly, the Doctor and the girl looked over at him, “I actually have something that may be able to help him.”

“What is it?” Strange asked.

“It is the Cure All potion.” Severus said, “It is an incredibly powerful healing potion.”

Stephan’s eyes seemed to light up as he zeroed in on Severus, “Really?” he asked, curiosity clear in his voice.

“Yes.” Severus replied, his lips quirking up at the side. He focused on the girl in front of him, “I am aware that we have not been able to figure out what is keeping your brothers healing from returning but I believe the potion could help him.”

“What’s the catch.” The brown haired girl asked warily.

“Depending on what exactly is in your brother’s blood stream it could react negatively with the potion.” Severus said, “However, that is the same risk you would be taking when Harriet returns and you try the milder potions.”

The girl bit her lip again, her gaze shooting to Strange before going back to her brother, “Do you think it would help?”

Severus really didn’t have all of the facts on her brother’s case to make such a call but with the short shelf life of the potion he couldn’t afford to wait. “I believe that if any potions can force the bad chemicals from your brothers’ body completely it would be this one.” He said truthfully, being careful to not make any promises.

The girl nodded, “Give it to him please.” Severus nodded.
Severus and Strange monitored the boy, Pietro, as Severus had been informed by an irritated Wanda, closely for the next several hours after the potion was administered.

It was a true potion marvel.

The potion moved through Pietro like a wildfire, burning all of the dangerous chemicals from his blood stream, which he sweated out. Once that had been cleared out, the potion moved on to the injuries, healing and fortifying, repairing all of the damage done by Hydra in the last year or so. Pietro also started regaining his color and his cheeks began to look a little less hollow. By the end of the evening, Severus and Strange both felt safe saying that Pietro was healed.

They decided to leave him in the coma one last night to make sure there weren’t any sudden adverse effects.

Severus sent Harriet a patronus that night to keep her informed before he sent an owl to Dumbledore, alerting him to the potions completion and final testing stages so that he could prepare whatever surely shady way he would get St. Mungo’s to allow a Ministry banned potion to be used on two patients. He made sure to remind Dumbledore of the short shelf life on the potion, hoping the old coot would heed his warnings for once.

Severus settled in his rooms with a book and a cup of tea, taking this moment of relaxation for himself as he knew the coming couple weeks would be hectic.

Over in Finland, lounging against Fred who was sitting against a tree and with George’s head in her lap, Harriet listened to Severus patronus message attentively before it dissipated. “The Cure All really packs a punch huh?” Fred commented.

“Oh definitely.” Harri hummed, “Saw it take on even an Asgardian illness before. And those ones are a bitch to overcome in mortals.”

George quirked an eyebrow, “What happened?”

Harri smiled down at him, “Remember me showing the time you guys pranked Odin?” George nodded, “Amora was really pissed about Loki trying to shift the blame on her, which accidently exposed some plans she had for trapping Thor in one of her crazy marriage schemes. She infected us with Asgard’s equivalent of the flu. Of course we’re mortals so it turned pretty deadly for us.”
“And just where did we get a Cure All in all of that?” Fred huffed.

Harri looked up at him, “You fought the sickness off and brewed it yourself.”

Fred’s eyes widened, “Even sick? That potion is supposed to be almost impossible on its own!”

“You’re just that good.” Harriet said smugly, George chuckled.

“No seriously!” Fred deadpanned, “Loki helped right?”

“Nope.” Harri said, popping her ‘p’, “He was off delivering a beat down on Amora for me.” She ran a hand absently through George’s hair, making him blush but grin.

“How many tries did it take me?” Fred asked.

“Only three.”

“Three! Snape has been at it for weeks!” Fred exclaimed in surprise.

Harri smiled, “You had a better motivation at the time. The second time you succeeded in brewing it, it took you a few more tries, but that time wasn’t as urgent.”

“Woah.” Fred breathed, George smiled up at his brother.

The small quite space they had managed to sneak off to was suddenly intruded on by Fenrir crashing through the bushes. *Luna told me to come get you! There are poachers coming!*”

Harriet sighed, “Potter luck strikes again.” Fred and George laughed.

Dumbledore sat in his, unfortunately still iced over, office with Severus’ missive in hand, feeling
Finally, something was going right!

Even since that blasted bint Skeeter had leaked the DMLE’s claims, he hadn’t had a break. His staff had been demanding answers that he didn’t seem to be able to work around. The board members had also been crawling down his neck and around his castle; sticking their noses where ever they could, disrupting the work he needed to be doing, the least of which being getting rid of Skeeter herself. He hadn’t been able to do anything productive during this intensified scrutiny, even getting out to see his apprentice to further her studies. It was maddening.

So the fact that Severus had managed to finish the Cure All, that he would soon once again have Harriet Potter back where he needed her, was something that finally put a smile on his face. His plans could be salvaged; loose ends could be tied up. It would run on patchwork for a while but he would get things back on track and moving toward his goals.

Soon the Longbottoms would be up and about and under his strict influence. He had to plan things carefully. He had to set compulsions and manipulate minds within St. Mungos to get the couple not only the Cure All but the slew of other potions that would be required to have them completely under his control. He needed to get them back on top of Harriet’s conditioning. Just one year out of the Dursleys special care and he could already see her improved attitude and outlook, he couldn’t allow that to happen. She needed to complete the prophecy and then die, preferably while married to Ron so he didn’t have to fight the ministry for all of her assets.

Dumbledore popped a lemon drop into his mouth. Yes, things were looking up with just this one letter from Severus.

The next morning, Severus and Strange made their way back into the infirmary to check on their patient.

Wanda was sitting attentively by his bedside as usual, but this time with a wide smile across her face, “He looks even better this morning!”

“Excellent.” Severus said, the only outward sign that he was pleased coming from the upturned corner of his mouth.

Strange was doing his own tests on the boy, a strange mix of his muggle doctor background and the
mystic arts. “He is completely healthy.” Strange announced, a small smile coming on his face as Wanda cheered, all but tackling her still comatose brother in a hug.

Severus cleared his throat and raised an eyebrow at her as she drew back sheepishly, “Yes, well. I can take him out of his coma now.” Wanda nodded eagerly. Severus drew his wand and started the complex pattern of movements that would unweave Harriet’s magic from Pietro. It wasn’t as difficult as he imagined; knowing Harriet herself and having dueled her, Severus expected her magic to be stubborn. Now though it was releasing Pietro easily. The boy’s breathing deepened as he slipped into a regular sleep. Severus looked to Wanda again, “Now he is just sleeping. He will wake up on his own but you can wake him now if you want.”

“Thank you.” Wanda said, moving down to hug her brother again, tears making it into her eyes when Pietro hummed and rolled toward her slightly. “Thank you so much.”

Severus bowed stiffly and exited with a quite farewell to Strange. It was time to go see an old goat.

Dumbledore was once more in his office, this time with significantly less sleep. He knew better than to disregard Severus’ warning about the delicateness of the Cure All’s shelf life and as such had been up all night working to ready the St. Mungo’s staff. It had been a long night full of compulsions and manipulations and a dash of blackmail but everything was in place. All he was waiting on was Severus to bring him the potions. He had taken his breakfast in his office this morning, informing Minerva that he had some business to attend to today. Dumbledore knew it would raise the suspicions of the board members and the staff who believed what they read in the paper but he knew that this was something he needed to take the risk with. His grip on Harriet was slipping and though Ligia’s presence as his new spy on Harriet gave him some insight, he really needed the home life covered.

The sound of the floo interrupted his musings and he looked up to see Severus’ stepping through with his usual graceful stride, “Ah Severus my boy! How are you? I trust finding some quiet helped you in your task.”

“Yes Headmaster.” Snape answered, his mask in place. “I was able to complete the Cure All as you asked. The animal and human trials were successful.” He pulled a flat case from a hidden robe pocket and laid it on Dumbledore’s table. “As you can see there are six vials left.” Severus said as Dumbledore opened the case to find those six vials and two empty spaces, “With the Longbottoms having been in their condition for so long you may need to give them all of the remaining Cure All. The test I did were on recently injured, there was certainly no time for me to duplicate the Longbottoms circumstances.”

“Of course my boy. I understand.” Albus said, his grandfatherly mask in place as he smiled at
Severus, “I appreciate your hard work Severus.”

Snape bowed his head slightly, “Is that all Headmaster?” he asked stiffly.

Albus hummed, “If you could lend me your time and attempt to get rid of the board members skulking about Hogwarts I would be grateful Severus. They are hindering our peaceful holiday and I fear Minerva is about to burst.” He said genially. Severus sneered but walked from his office with a purposeful stride. Albus chuckled, “So defiant. Remember I own you boy.” He pulled out one of the vials and eyed the liquid within gleefully, “And with this I shall own Harriet Potter.”

Harriet shivered mid-kick, reducing the power it delivered to one of the poachers she was currently fighting.

“Are you alright Harri?” Loki asked from close by, he was fighting a few others with a bored expression, truly unimpressed with their skill.

“Fine, just felt a sense of dread hit me. Someone must be scheming.” Harri replied easily.

“The old man must be planning now.” Loki chuckled.

“It would explain why it was so small.” Harriet giggled, Loki gave a short laugh.

An explosion sounded nearby and their fighting stopped as everyone looked over to see smoke rising from the poachers’ caravan. Loki looked back to his opponents, “Looks like Fred and George just blew your equipment.”

“You want to leave now without your haul or get dragged back to civilization in the cages you put them in?” Harri asked dangerously.

It was around noon that day that Dumbledore managed to give the Longbottom’s the Cure All. He gave them both two vials to begin with, just to be safe. Then, unfortunately, it was just a waiting game.
At LeFay castle, after having visited Harriet for direction, Dianna moved the Maximoff twins into the guest wing and Stephan Strange into the family wing. All of Harriet’s group had teased her about bringing the Mystic Arts Master into the private wing after her insistence that he wasn’t family. Harriet countered it was just to keep him away from Wanda but she couldn’t hide her smile and couldn’t deny (even to herself) the pleased cooing Glacia was making at having Strange moved into flock space. The Maximoff twins themselves were doing much better with Pietro’s recovery, Wanda had sobbed her way through apologies once her brother had woken up and he had soothed her to the point she could actually tell him what was going on. They had holed up in their new rooms that Dianna had led them to and stayed there, catching each other up on what had been happening while they waited for Harriet’s return so they could speak with her.

In Finland, the family (still minus a few members) was celebrating the take down of the pitiful poachers. Despite the terrible Potter luck that had brought the poachers to them, everyone had had fun getting rid of them and freeing the animals. Harriet, Fred, and George had left the camp only for a little while to turn the poachers in to the relatively small magical community in Finland. Returning to the camp site, Luna had informed Harriet that some of the animals they had freed from the poachers were returning to the castle with them, to which Harriet of course agreed; what her little sister wanted, she got. They spent the rest of their trip getting to know and cataloging the animals and various eggs that would be returning with them on Luna’s insistence.

However, it was in St. Mungos that the real interesting stuff was happening. Atrophied muscles were repairing. Bones gone brittle were strengthening. Skinny forms were filling out. Pale cheeks were coloring. Long dead synapses were firing. Minds tortured past the brink were waking up; stretching, reaching, crawling for their sanity.

Four days passed.

Blue-gray eyes snapped open, awareness alight in them for the first time in almost twelve years. “Neville.”

Neville Longbottom was screaming on the inside as he all but ran to keep up with his Gran’s long strides.

St. Mungos had owled them this morning, telling them that their presence was needed immediately and Neville couldn’t help but panic. He had been dreading this owl for years. It could only be one thing in his mind. He had been waiting for it and honestly he wasn’t sure whether to grieve or be relieved.

His parents had finally died or were dying.
On the one hand, he didn’t want them to die. He didn’t know anyone who would want their parents to die. But on the other hand Neville had long come to terms with the fact that his parents were just suffering in the state they were in. As terrible as it was for him to know or think this at the age of twelve (thirteen in a couple days), Neville knew they were suffering and knew that death would be the only peace they would get. He couldn’t help but thank anyone who was listening that his parents were finally dying, that they were finally going to be at peace, that they...

“What do you mean I can’t leave! I want to go see my son!” a voice sounded through the halls. Neville’s eyes shot to his Gran when she gasped, a hand going to her mouth.

“Frank calm down!” A woman’s voice echoed through the sterile space, “I’m sure the healer is keeping us for a reason.”

“There is no reason Alice! You heard her! We’re perfectly healthy!” the male voice shot back.

Augusta and Neville rounded the corner that led to the Janus Thickey Ward and came to an abrupt stop at the sight before them.

Something began to rise in Neville’s throat as he realized just who the two people facing off against a healer and four medi-witches were. They were just outside of the doors leading to the Ward, still dressed in hospital gowns and looking rather disheveled. The man, tall with a slightly stocky frame, had scruffy brown hair and a proud face with clear aristocratic lines; a face that Neville shared. The woman, shorter than the man by a couple inches but with a willowy figure, had long blonde hair and a heart shaped face that was dominated by blue grey eyes; eyes that were Neville’s as well. The pressure in Neville’s throat increased as tears strayed from his eyes and his heart began to pound.

“Frank?” Augusta rasped, the hand at her mouth fluttering in disbelief.

All eyes turned to them and the healer signaled the medi-witches to stand down at the man frowned, “Mother?”

“Neville!” the woman cried, pushing past her husband and, very quickly thereafter, Augusta to pull the stunned Neville into her arms.

“Mum?” he said shakily as the woman kissed at his head, hugging him tight.
“It’s me baby. It’s me. I’m right here. Oh my baby boy, look at you.” Her words were a constant stream as she held Neville and his tears came faster.

“Mum!” he sobbed, burying his face against her as he hugged her back.

Neville felt a large hand on his shoulder and flinched instinctively, alerting his mother who looked up and smiled at who she saw. “Frank. Look at our baby! He’s all grown up.” Neville looked back to see his father looking down at him with a soft smile.

“So he has.” Frank said, his voice watery as he quickly joined Alice in hugging Neville. Neville could only cry harder at the sensation of having both of his parents hugging him, holding him. Around them, the medi-witches were tearing up at the heartfelt reunion, all of them ignoring Augusta Longbottom who had begun to demand answers as to how this had happened from the healer, why it had taken so long, why they were trying to keep them here if they were healthy.

It was all background noise for Frank, Alice, and Neville who were finding family again.

They’re awake.

That was all the note said.

Dumbledore smiled and popped a candy in his mouth as a reward for himself. Once the third day had rolled around with no change he had considered going to give them the last vials but luckily he had waited. Now all he had to do was sit back and wait for his carefully laid plans to fall into place.

The healer at St. Mungos would insist that the Longbottoms take his swapped out potions before they left as standard procedure. The potions would kick in shortly there-after and Dumbledore would send his owl of congratulations, layered with the extra compulsions to give them the extra nudge they needed to seek out Harriet in the first place. They would claim her and she would be taken into a new home, a new home where she would again be conditioned for his purposes. He, of course, would be available for them to talk to when they had doubts, when the potions began to fail, so he could reassure them, and top off their compulsions of course.

Harriet and the group arriving from Finland appeared in her standard flash of flame; like any trip,
their luggage seeming to have tripled in size since when they left. Strange and Severus were waiting for them in the family room, watching in amusement as much of the group disbursed in short order to put away souvenirs in their room and get cleaned up. Luna, Xeno, and Bucky were actually headed to the forest with an expanded bag full of the rescued animals that they were keeping, the ones still in eggs would be cared for by Luna and Twilight in the castle until they hatched, and a very select few of the already grown animals would be staying inside the castle. Soon it was just Harriet, the twins, the Marauders, Strange, and Severus standing in the family common room which already looked like a tornado hit it.

Harriet smiled at Severus and Strange before focusing on Stephan, “Report.”

“Pietro made a full recovery with the Cure All, Dianna moved them to their new rooms and they have been there ever since. They are waiting to speak with you, I have been monitoring their rooms along with the elves. They aren’t sure if they are welcome here so they will wait until they meet with you.” Strange laid out quickly, he smirked, “Thanks for my new room by the way. Moving up the ranks it seems.”

Harriet smiled, “Yes, well, I’d rather have the cloak closer to keep me company.”

“It’s still my cloak.” Strange huffed, Harriet rolled her eyes and gave him a wave to continue, “My task is pretty slow going. My having to sneak around is causing setbacks. The current librarian at Kamar-Taj is actually less strict than Wong but more attentive. It’s hard to portal in but it will be suspicious if I wear a shadowed hood inside the sanctums. All in all, I’m working on it still.”

Harriet nodded, “Good. Don’t forget to check Morgana’s Mystic Arts section here. It has her notes on your discipline as well as what she learned from past Masters and ideas for combining our magic types. That may help.” Strange nodded and Harriet looked over to Snape, “Severus?”

“They woke up yesterday.” He reported succinctly, “They were allowed to go home with Lady Longbottom and Neville. There were still rather disoriented with the sudden time shift for them but they are well. This morning they began making demands at the DMLE, wanting to see you. Last I heard, Amelia Bones were examining their claims of having a right to see you and take custody. With Dumbledore being behind this, I’m sure that won’t take very long.”

Harriet nodded, “So I should expect them at Potter Manor sooner rather than later.”

“It’s a safe bet.” Severus said, Harriet hummed, “Did you want me to work on anything else? Now that I have delivered the Cure All, Dumbledore seems to be giving me a bit of a break.”
Harri nodded, “I need you to make up a list of all current and past Slytherins that are alive. We’re having the reunion so that I can deal with them all at once.” Severus’ eyebrows shot up, “I’ve already got the form letters done with the portkey to Slytherin Manor, I just need to know who to send them too.”

“Very well.”

Harri let out a breath, “Alright, I can deal with the Maximoffs later. Right now I need to get over to Potter Manor.” She turned to her mates, “I’m not sure how this is going to go. Would you like to come with me or stay?”

They snorted, “Really, you shouldn’t”

“even have to ask.”

Harriet giggled, “I know, I just like to give you the choice.”

Harriet swept her mates and her fathers away to Potter Manor quickly to give them enough time to freshen up before they had to put on the show for whoever decided to call through the floo. They all managed to shower, change, and move to the den to relax a little before Poe appeared to say that there were people at the floo.

“Let them through and bring them here please Poe.” Harriet said, sitting back on the couch as her fathers took their snake forms and curled next to her where she was reading a book. Fred and George were actually at the coffee table planning some prank for next year, looking deep in thought already.

A few minutes later Harriet looked up in confusion when she heard Neville calling her name, she hadn’t thought they would bring Neville, Fred and George drew their wands under the coffee table. Neville burst into the room, his eyes finding her immediately, “Harriet. Something is wrong!”

Harri closed her book, “What happened Neville? Are alright?” she stood and made her way to her fellow Gryffindor.

“My parents! They w-oke up! An-d th-ey were fine! U-ntil this morning! Th-they demanded to
se-ee you and ke-pt talking abo-ut custody. Gr-ran said they we-re acting really strange! T-they’ve gone mental!” Neville stuttered out, his breathing harsh.

Harriet nearly growled, she had hopped Dumbledore would take it easy on them after just having been healed rapidly after years of vegetative states. It would seem not. “It’s alright Neville.” Harri reassured, pulling her friend into a hug, “Did you bring them with you?”

“Neville!” came a male voice that Harri was unfamiliar with, she looked over Neville’s shoulder as he tensed and found Tonks walking in with two people who could only be Frank and Alice Longbottom.

Glacia gave a warning noise from within her and Harri was quick to note the sweat on their forehead that seemed out of place with their easy breathing, their eyes were fever bright. The Cure All should have restored them completely and Dumbledore’s potions should have no outward sign, her only guess was the remnants of the stronger potion was warring with the new ones, making the behavior more startling and aggressive. She didn’t doubt that Dumbledore had added compulsions along the line somewhere as well.

“Neville get away from her!” Alice snapped, Harri’s eyes narrowed as Neville tensed even further.

“Did you give your father back his wand yet?” Harri asked softly.

“No.” Neville answered shakily.

“Has your mother got hers?”

“No.”

Harri pulled back and looked at her friend, “Neville do you trust me?” Neville looked at her with wide eyes before nodding hesitantly. “Good.” Harri said before she spun Neville behind her and shot off two stunners, each hitting an unprepared Alice and Frank square in the chest.

“Harriet!” Tonks exclaimed in shock.
“They’re fine.” Harri said, rolling her eyes.

“Why did you stun them!” Tonks snapped, getting down to check the two former aurors.

“Because I’m not having potioned up, compulsion happy people running amuck in my manor!” Harri huffed.

“Potions?” Tonks asked with a frown.

“What compulsions?” Neville asked from behind her.

Harri turned to him and smiled, “Don’t worry Neville. We’ll get them off.” She looked over at Fred, “Do you have…”

“Cleansers?” Fred asked, he already had his emergency potions kit out and was pulling two vials free, “Right here dearest.”

Harri beamed, “Thanks Fred.” She skipped over to him and gave him a quick kiss as he handed her the vials.

Neville blushed at the casual affection as George pouted, “I see, we have to help to get a kiss.” Harri smiled and moved over behind George, her arms going over his shoulders, he turned his head to meet her gaze and she met him with a kiss of his own. This one was deeper than Fred’s and when Fred complained halfheartedly, George flipped him off.

“Harriet stop snogging your boyfriends before Neville’s head explodes!” Tonks yelled.

*Kids gonna need so much brain bleach.* Sirius chuckled at Neville who was as red as a tomato.

*Neville? What about us?* Remus hissed in distress, James had already wisely hidden his head in his coils.
“Get over here and help me with them please!” Tonks continued. Harri broke off her kiss with George and moved over to help Tonks, effectively leaving the blushing Neville with Fred and George.

“So you guys are dating Harriet?” Neville stuttered nervously.

Fred and George looked up to where Neville was standing, “We’re more than just dating her Neville.”

“She’s our soulmate.”

“We’re going to marry her.” They stated together firmly, they narrowed their eyes are the shocked looking lion, “Got a problem with that?”

Neville shook his head quickly, eyes wide and hands out in surrender, “No! I think it’s really sweet!”

Fred and George smiled, “Good.” Neville let out a sigh of relief.

Neville looked over to his parents when he heard a groan, his father was rolling over and just managed to move out of the way of Tonks before he threw up. “Bloody hell.” He moaned, clutching at his head.

Alice jerked awake, her fist lashing out at the easiest thing to get to, which happened to be Harriet’s face, making her reel backward. “Shit.” Alice muttered, rubbing at her forehead. She looked up when she noticed someone kneeling beside her and squinted up at Harriet, “Lilly? Why do you have black hair?”

Harriet grinned, barring bloody teeth at her mother’s best friend, “Hello! I’m Harriet Potter! It’s very nice to meet my Godmother!” she took Alice’s hand and shook it as the older witch just started at her in shock, “Once you and Frank get cleaned up we have a lot to talk about!”

Chapter End Notes

Don’t forget to check out all the awesome fanart! It’s the second part of the series with
artist separated by chapter! Enjoy!
Yo! How's it goin’?

So, I completely spaced when I posted the last chapter. Dakota is doing much better! She is still supposed to take it easy this upcoming week but the doctors say the danger has paced. She was overwhelmed with all the support you guys have shown her and almost cried when I showed her all of your comments and well wishes. We thank you again for all of your support!

If you haven't checked out Ch. 46 The Longbottom Theory, please do so! It's up now!

Almost make sure to check out all the awesome fanart! It is in the second part of the series here on Ao3.

Finally, I have no excuse for how late this one is going up. I am sorry. Please enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Oh, Harriet. I can’t believe I punched you!” Alice said sheepishly a half hour later as they all sat around the den. Harri had given them a moment to compose themselves and reassure Neville before drawing the four guests over to the sitting area and taking the more central loveseat with Fred and George, the Marauders lounging on the couch behind them. Frank, Alice, and Neville were sitting on a couch across from them and Tonks had taken an arm chair.

“It’s perfectly alright.” Harriet said with a smile, this one with noticeably less bloody. “Getting compulsions removed can be disorienting and I’m sure me knocking you unconscious beforehand didn’t help.”

“No kidding.” Tonks huffed.

Harri shot her an amused glared before looked back to the Longbottoms, “How are you recovering?”

“From the potions and compulsions or the apparently twelve years we spent in a coma?” Frank asked dryly.

Harri’s lips quirked up as James snickered behind her, “Let’s start with the second shall we?”
Alice sighed, “It’s very strange, everything is very obviously different and yet…not. It is very disorienting.”

Harri nodded in understanding even as Frank continued, “We are getting a lot of information and honestly we don’t know what is right and what is not. And honestly right now we are more focused on Neville anyway.” Neville ducked his head shyly.

“And the potions and compulsions?” Harriet asked.

Both former aurors frowned, “We want to find out who did it obviously.” Frank huffed, “Find out their motive as well. The healer couldn’t tell us what caused our miraculous recovery, just that it was miraculous. We can only assume that it was who ever needed it under those potions and compulsions.”

“We cannot allow it to happen again.” Alice said with conviction, “We scared Neville and from what I can remember, we were about to hurt you Harriet.” Alice rubbed her forehead, “We must put an end to this.” Harri smiled at the quick deductions and logical conclusions as well as Alice’s conviction, it was no wonder these two had been described as top notch aurors.

*Are you going to tell them cub?* Remus asked curiously.

*To a point.* Harri answered carefully cataloging Alice and Frank’s reactions to her parseltongue, her assessing eye making the two adults squirm. *I don’t know where their limits lie at the moment and I don’t want to push them into anything, especially since Neville just got them back.* Alice and Frank were trading a surprised look but seemed in silent agreement to say nothing about her parseltongue for now, their eyes darting to the Marauders every few minutes warily.

“It was Dumbledore.” Harriet announced bluntly, hoping the shock would elicit true reactions and give her a better insight into her parent’s old friends.

“Excuse me?” Frank sputtered.

“I knew it!” Alice said triumphantly, Fred and George raised eyebrows at the woman as she jumped to her feet, their arms went around Harriet’s waist discreetly.
“Alice what are you talking about?!” Frank demanded, “Dumbledore would never do such a thing!”

“Oh please Frank. You inherited your mother’s blind spot when it comes to the Headmaster, but Lilly knew something was up! I did too!” Alice said, her right hand tapping against her thigh in agitation, “Moving out of Potter Manor, with all these protective wards? It just didn’t add up. And his plans! The order plans! Think Frank!”

Harri watched Alice pace, *Mum suspected something?*

*Your mother didn’t like the thought of leaving the family wards. She thought that Dumbledore was being too insistent about it.* James said dully, *But he was truthful when he said that the Fidelius wouldn’t reach all the way around the manor. It is a charm not a full blown ward, so trying it with the manor would be difficult. That’s what convinced me.*

Alice spun to look at Harriet, “What all do you know? Do you have proof?”

“Whoa, whoa.” Tonks butted in, “You two aren’t aurors anymore! You just got out of a long vegetative state. Leave that investigation to us! You only wanted to come here to claim guardian ship of Harriet anyway!” she frowned, “And Harriet is a kid!” she huffed at Harri’s glare and held up her hands, “Okay so she’s a smart and mature kid but still a kid. She shouldn’t be investigating Dumbledore!”

Harriet’s lips pressed into a thin line as she straightened up and channeled Pepper, “I was never allowed to be a kid Tonks as you should know by now with all the investigating you’ve done into my home life.” She said stiffly, Tonks winced, “And why shouldn’t I investigate Dumbledore? He has taken an unhealthy interest in my life, an interest that left me with abusive muggles, an interest that led to the DMLE filing a protective restraining order of their own accord.” Alice and Frank’s eyes widened as their gazes shot to Tonks. “You have not gotten the chance to know this about me Tonks but I don’t do well with people trying to control me and Dumbledore is doing just that. If you think for a second that I am unaware of his exact intentions toward me then you are dead wrong. You would also be wrong to think that I don’t have plans in place to keep his manipulative little hooves off of me.” Tonks swallowed hard at the intense green that was currently nailing her to her seat, “You have a conflict of interest here; being a DMLE officer, being an Order member, having a forming emotional attachment to me, so if you don’t believe that you can leave that out of this and sit and listen then there is the door.” Harri pointed stoically at the arch that would lead out of the den.

“I’ll listen.” Tonks said meekly, sinking back in her chair with a cowed look.

“Dear Merlin. James’ girl is a Slytherin.” Frank muttered to his wife in shock.
“That was all Lilly, Frank, and you know it.” Alice said softly with a small smile as she retook her seat. “Harriet, why don’t you explain how you know it was Dumbledore who dosed us?”

Harri relaxed a little, “Dumbledore was the one who ordered the Cure All to be made to bring you out of your vegetative states. Being that the potion is illegal due to the illegal ingredients needed to make it Dumbledore must have an important reason to risk his positions and plans to have such a potion made at this stage. What has happened recently and why you two? Dumbledore has lost hope of finding the Dursleys to have them resume their treatment of me so he needs someone who can legally take custody of me and take up where the Dursleys left off. The options are very narrow, he couldn’t take me because he still needs me to see him as my savior, none of the other Pureblood families with close enough connections would be easy for him to get under his control, and I don’t have any other muggle blood relations. You however, through Alice’s claim as my Godmother, could legally take custody of me. Just coming out of a vegetative state you both would be required to take potions upon your release from St. Mungos, potions easily switched for the obedience and behavioral potion cocktail he needed you to have when he laid compulsions on you at some point. Compulsions that would lead you to demanding custody of me. Once that was finalized you would have taken me into your home where the potions would drive you to continue the Dursleys behavior thus remolding me into the quiet, submissive pawn that Dumbledore needs.” Harriet explained quickly, almost nonchalantly. Fred and George gripped her a bit tighter even as Alice, Frank, and Tonks stared at her in disbelief.

“The Dur-urslys ar-re the ones from the p-paper right?” Neville asked shyly, “The ones who abused you?”

“Yes.” Harri said, giving Neville a small sad smile, “They despised those with magic and attempted to ‘beat it out of me’. Dumbledore made it worse by paying them to up the ante.”

“No.” Alice choked.

“When we came in earlier.” Frank said unsteadily, “I was…so angry. I wanted…”

“To hurt me.” Harri said, accepting it with a graceful nod, “He was likely trying to recreate the Dursleys as best he could so that I would relapse faster. Neville would have been made into the new Dudley. Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon could never stand Dudley having any contact with me unless it was him beating the shit out of me so Alice telling Neville to get away from me makes sense.” Fred and George’s grips on her were almost bruising now, she never really talked about her time at the Dursley’s other than to claim she got her revenge twice. Now, hearing the facts, Fred and George could only wish to have them in front of them in that moment so they could curse the two who had hurt Harriet so much.
“Do you have proof of this?” Tonks asked, her hair a fiery red in her anger.

Harriet looked over to the Hufflepuff, “I have proof of a lot but not the compulsions and potions bit. That was educated guesses made with the information that was provided by my source and the evidence I saw myself.” She tilted her head toward Frank and Alice, “When they came in, their foreheads were sweaty and their eyes were too bright. They were aggressive and far too insistent. Then of course there is the fact that the cleanser potion actually had something to take effect on and the compulsions you and I pulled off of them. You may be able to gather more evidence of that if you hurry to St. Mungos and keep it quiet, sneaking in an illegal potion and switching out a standard mix of potions with another that a Healer surely should have picked up on is bound to leave a trail.”

“And the rest?” Tonks asked, “The money and…whatever other crazy things that you’ve found?”

Harri gave a mischievous smile, “I’d rather pull that out at the last minute so he can’t counter it. Preferably at his trial.”

Frank let out a soft groan, “Merlin, she’s just like her father.”

“Thank you!” Harri said perkily, James gave a proud hiss and slithered onto her shoulders to press his nose to her check affectionately.

Tonks smiled, “Alright Harriet. I’ll trust you on this for now, but don’t think I don’t want the rest of the story.” She pointed at Harri seriously, “We’ll get together to finish this talk right? Because I want to go hit Mungos now before the trail is gone.”

“How about a week after my birthday? You can floo in and we can talk over lunch.” Harri proposed.

Tonks nodded, “Sounds great Harri.” She stood up, “Now, before I go, do you plan on taking custody of Harriet?” she asked Frank and Alice.

“They can’t.” Harriet said in amusement, watching the three Longbottom’s startled faces. It would seem they had forgotten that point again.

“Harriet dear, your mother asked that I take care of you in the event she and James couldn’t.” Alice said, “I know you may be a little skeptical with what Dumbledore has done but I promise…”
“It’s not that.” Harri interrupted with a soft smile, “I’d love to get to know my Godmother and to see Neville more but it won’t happen as your legal ward. I’ve been emancipated.”

“At twelve?!” Frank exclaimed.

“Yes…” Harri hummed, “Let’s go with twelve.” Fred and George chuckled at her expression. “I told you. I have plans in place to keep Dumbledore’s hooves off of me. This was just one.”

“Are you ever not going to surprise me Harriet?” Tonks laughed, her hair dying down to a warm orange as her anger took a back seat to her amusement.

Harri looked at her innocently, “I guess we’ll have to find out won’t we?”

After that, Tonks and the Longbottoms dispersed in short order. Tonks was off to drag Kingsley with her to St. Mungos, ready to follow the leads Harri had given her. The Longbottoms had left reluctantly and only after one of their elves appeared, telling them that Augusta was looking for them. Alice had made Harriet promise to call for them if she needed them as well as to visit Longbottom Manor in the near future. Harri, in turn, had made Neville promise to floo her when the healers deemed his parents recovered enough to take up their wands, from what little Harriet had seen of her, she didn’t believe that Alice would take Augusta’s attitude in regards to Neville kindly at all.

Once they had locked the floo down once more, Harriet, the twins, and the Marauders went back to LeFay Castle.

The next couple of days were a bit hectic as Harriet, Fred, and George compiled a list of what wards and charms they would need to put up in Slytherin Manor to keep things private and to alert them if things didn’t stay that way. Harriet had sent out the letters to all the Slytherin Alumni the day after her conversation with the Longbottoms, just minutes after she received Severus’ list. She made sure that the form letter gave no ideas as to the identity of Lady Slytherin, just so that those who ignored the summons would be kept out of the loop. Harri had sent a special invitation to the Malfoys, inviting them a short time before the rest, knowing that it could help to bring down the other Slytherins guards a bit to see the more prominent members of their house there.

The only break that they took was on Harriet’s birthday, but it was a quite affair this year on the birthday girl’s insistence. Pepper and Tony were occupied with the tower going up and Stark
Industries new expansion into the magical world so they couldn’t attend anyway. Mr. and Mrs. Jordan and Lee did come to the castle again though to join them in the festivities.

Finally, three days after Harriet’s birthday, it was time for the grand production that would be the first Slytherin House Reunion.

The Slytherin Manor was just a little too big to be called such, yet it wasn’t big enough to be called a castle. It clung to the steep south face of Ben Nevis mountain in Scotland, hidden from the mountains visitors by parseltongue wards and spells. Its intimidating stone façade presented outside by the manors four towers and stern lines was softened only the slightest inside where the emerald and silver furniture and tapestries filled the cool halls with a bit of warmth. For only being a Manor, Salazar had managed to pack all of the grandeur of LeFay Castle into the place, including yet another throne room that Harriet didn’t need or want. Sure it would come in handy but she would have liked to repurpose the room into something more useful. Unfortunately, Salazar had charmed either the throne or the room, making it impossible to remove the throne or the dais that seemed to pop up wherever Harri moved the chair in the room.

Currently Harriet was lounging in the luxurious bath in the Master suite, beginning the long and frankly annoying task of making herself into the perfect picture of a pureblood lady so she could make an impression on the Slytherins. She didn’t really care what they thought but, to quote an adorable red panda, ‘before the battle of the fist, comes the battle of the mind’. She needed to create an intimidating picture and to these purebloods, that meant she needed to present cool, calm, collected, untouchable perfection. She could afford to be a little lax with the young Slytherins, the ones still in school, but with the elder groups this was needed.

Harriet sighed as she stirred some of the rose petals that infused her steaming hot bath water, she really wished she could get the reaction she needed out of her battle gear. The only upside to this was the reactions she would get out of Fred and George. Harri ducked under the water to massage her hair, working some of the petals into her long locks to make sure it was infused all the way through. The heat of the water was a bit irritating to Harriet and Glacia but it was necessary and not even half as bad as the scalding curse that Lucien had thrown at them.

Just as Harriet surfaced from the bath, Clint’s bracelet started glowing. Harri frowned at it but quickly stepped from the bath, dried her hair with a quick spell, and pulled on her underwear and a robe. She didn’t feel any injuries but it wouldn’t do for her to wait if something bad had happened, she could always call Dobby for her things if they were needed.

With that in mind, Harriet flamed to Clint quickly, raising an eyebrow when she found herself in an interrogation room with Clint, Natasha, Phil, and Fury.
Fury had his gun aimed at her the second her flames died down but Harri ignored him in favor of her siblings and Phil, “What’s up Clint?”

“Fury wanted to talk to you.” Clint said, looking a bit guilty.

Harri narrowed her eyes slightly at her brother’s discomfort, “You couldn’t text me and set up a time?” she asked lightly. “I’m in the middle of preparing for something.”

“Fury threatened to throw him in the brig for insubordination.” Natasha supplied with her own disapproving look leveled on Fury.

Harriet’s jaw clenched as she turned fully to Fury and his gun, “Is that so.” She said lowly. She met his single eyed glare with an unimpressed look, not backing down, “I see the lack of common sense wasn’t something you developed after your retirement.”

“I’d say I’m the only one with any sense.” Fury countered, gun still steadily pointing at Harriet’s chest, “I want answers and I’m going to get them, compromised agents or not.” His finger caressed the trigger, “If I see one hint of flames I will shoot.”

Harriet snapped forward and Fury shot, Harri twisted out of the way of the bullet gracefully and slid behind Fury’s dominate arm. She gripped his wrist and squeezed with her phoenix strength, making Fury curse as his wrist bones were ground together; Harriet moved her body back to back with Fury, reaching with her other hand to make a precise strike to a pressure point on the man’s neck. The Director dropped like a rock, crumpling at her feet. Harri quickly moved back, taking the gun with her; knowing that Fury would likely wake up violently.

Harri turned back to Clint, Natasha, and Phil to see Clint grinning and Natasha looking pleased, “Did I teach you that?” Natasha asked.

“Yes you did.” Harri said with a grin as she expertly emptied the clip and disassembled the gun. Once she had set it on the table in the center of the interrogation room Harri looked back to the three agents, “Want to go on a trip? I think it would be best that the good Director here sees just who he’s dealing with and I’m sure he could use an escort.”

Clint turned to Phil excitedly, “Can we Phil?! Please?!” Natasha also looked to their handler with her interest clear to those who knew her facial cues.
“It would be against protocol for the director to meet a relatively unknown party alone.” Phil said with a small smile, “And I have a feeling he will be going one way or another.”

Harri nodded, “Oh yes, I think it’s about time I set some things straight for him.” She held out her arm as she settled a bare foot on Fury’s back, “Grab hold.” They did so, Clint much more quickly than Natasha and Phil, and Harriet flamed them back to Slytherin Manor, right into her dressing room.

“Where are we?” Phil asked immediately as Clint and Natasha moved to catalogue the area.

Harriet went over to her vanity and sat down in the plush chair to start in on her hair. “Scotland, Slytherin Manor.” Harri said with a smile as she started to brush out her hair, picking petals from the thick locks carefully.

“What exactly are you preparing for?” Natasha asked as she made her way over to where Harriet was sitting, her eyes roaming over the array of makeup and hair pieces before Harriet.

“I’m getting ready to put some pompous purebloods in their place so they won’t interfere with my plans too much.” Harri said, setting down her brush momentarily to pick at a stubborn tangle. Natasha glanced up at Harriet’s hair as she fingered the tiara Harri would be putting on soon, Harriet peeked up at her sister through her lashes before offering her the hair brush.

Natasha stared at the brush Harri offered with carefully blank eyes. Harriet didn’t retract it or push it on her. This was something very personal that Natasha had shared with Harriet in the last timeline and something Harri was using to send a message with this time. It was left over conditioning from the Red Room, the simplest trust or not to trust exercise they used on the girls when they first arrived. Natasha had told Harriet that it was an exercise meant to get the girls to mistrust everyone. Any of the handlers who brushed the girl’s hair would bring them great pain with the task, leaving the girls with patches of hair missing and bloody scalps.

Eventually, the very first lesson of the terrible Red Room was hammered home; trust no one with your hair or your body. It had taken three years and one case of the two being captured together for Natasha to trust Harriet with her hair and once Natasha got through the explanation Harriet didn’t hesitate to let Natasha brush hers. So for Harriet to offer Natasha the hair brush was a message of complete trust as well as more proof for the spy of Harriet’s story of them being family.

Phil and Clint watched the standoff from behind the two women, not knowing the full story but knowing Natasha well enough to know that it was significant.
Natasha’s eyes softened slightly and she took the brush from Harriet, starting in on the wild black hair carefully.

Clint cleared his throat softly before trying to break the tension, “So, if Nat taught you pressure points, did I get to teach you anything?” he grinned, coming closer and meeting Harri’s eyes in the mirror, “Can you shoot?”

“Guns.” Harri said, “But I’m shit at archery and trust me when I said you tried everything.” Clint pouted and Harri smiled before bringing her hands up and signing to her brother, ~You taught me to sign when it became obvious that I was going to hurt someone if I picked up a bow again.~

Clint perked up, ~Awesome!~ he signed in return.

Natasha hummed, “It’s better than some of the more questionable things you could have taught her.”

“Says the one who apparently taught her to incapacitate a man with a single strike.” Clint laughed.

Harri smiled, “Sure is easier to take down enemies with pressure points rather than with waving hands.” Clint pouted and Natasha’s lips twitched in amusement as she moved through Harriet’s hair.

“Do you live here Harriet?” Phil asked.

“No.” Harri responded, “I’m just using this Manor for this meeting. I’m usually at Potter Manor or LeFay Castle.”

Clint’s eyebrows shot up, “Castle? Harri are you…loaded?” the archer yelped as Phil slipped him in the back of the head, “What Phil? I just wanted to know if she was playing sugar momma! Cause I need to be prepared.”

Harri laughed, “Yes Clint, I’m loaded. Inherited wealth. But I wouldn’t say I was a ‘sugar momma’.”

“She’s already dating twins.” Natasha said dryly, “She doesn’t need to pay you for sex Clint.” The
archer blushed and looked away with a huff.

“Where are your twins Harriet?” Phil asked.

“Sneaking into my school to get Samarra.” Harri said, tilting her head forward when Natasha nudged her.

“Who is Samarra?” Clint asked.

“She’s a basilisk who guards our school, but she wanted to get out more often and this is a good start for her.” Harri replied.

“A Basilisk?” Phil questioned, “The legendary snake that’s supposed to be able to kill with a look?”

Harri looked up at him through the mirror, “You know your stuff Coulson. Yes. A Basilisk can kill you with a single look or petrify you if you look at it through something.”

“Are you kidding me?” Clint exclaimed, “Why would you want to bring one of those here?”

“Intimidation tactic.” Harri said.

“Snakes aren’t that frightening.” Natasha said blandly, “And the effect will be lessened if your meeting a big enough group.”

Harri giggled, “Samarra is quite large. It will work.”

“I get the intimidation part.” Clint huffed, “But it could kill you with a look!”

“Her gaze doesn’t work on me.” Harri said, “Not since I took on the mantle of Lady Slytherin. As for everyone else, I can add people to my protection and she has some blinders that keep it from effecting anyone beyond that.” Feeling Natasha start gathering her hair together for the final brushes, Harri reached for her wand and started on the beauty spells, staring with waxing her eyebrows and curling her eyelashes.
“Who are these purebloods your making yourself up for?” Clint asked, frowning when he saw Natasha set the hair brush down and pick up a set of bobby pins that she stuck in her mouth before starting to separate the hair.

“Bangs?” Natasha asked through the pins.

“Hmm, not this time.” Harri said, “Going for intimidation not sex appeal.” Natasha hummed and started in. Harri focused on her makeup, putting down her wand to pull out her supplies. “These purebloods are all Slytherin alumni. Slytherins are cunning and manipulative, they will look for any single thing they can to try and pick at my defenses. Putting on all of this is essentially my armor for a different type of battle. Presenting a perfect façade that they can’t see past will intimidate them more than any other one thing I could do.” She gave an inpatient huff as she put on her black eyeliner, “But I’d pay money for my battle suit to work for this.” She muttered, “Stupid dress wont hide my gun holster.” Natasha gave a soft laugh.

“They aren’t going to try anything are they?” Clint asked worriedly.

Harri smiled as she started on her eye shadow, Slytherin green with a dusting of silver at the edge, “They might.” She replied, “But I’m stronger than them and have the distinct advantage of being able to fight without my wand, both physically and with wandless magic. There is also the last resort, which is using the wards to force them from the Manor. That would throw them down a mountain though so, really, last resort.”

“Can you fight in that dress?” Phil asked, eyeing the dress on the form over by the old fashioned dressing screen.

“I wouldn’t wear something I couldn’t fight in or easily get out of.” Harri said with a small smile, “And Natasha made me learn to fight in heels.”

“Natasha can kill someone with her heels.” Clint snorted, “I’m not sure if she’s the best role model.”

“You once taught Fred and George how to kill someone with a nerf bat.” Harriet said dryly, “At least Natasha was being practical.” Natasha looked over to Clint with a raised eyebrow and he grinned.

“How did your team survive this?” Phil asked, exasperation edging into his voice.
“The family that goes into battle together stays together.” Harri joked as she finished up her eye shadow and picked up her blush.

Clint came over and sat himself on the back of the vanity, “So...tell me about the weirdest battle we’ve had.”

Harri raised an eyebrow at him, “You want me to pick one? The absolute strangest battle that we, a group of actual factual Superheroes, fought against a bad guy, which seemed to be literally everyone who thought they had a half good idea.”

“Well that sounds promising.” Phil said with slight amusement.

Harri snorted delicately, “There was the corn people, robo-cats terrorizing the city, the idiot who thought he could play Joker from Batman, Lord Barkington who had an army of Chihuahuas, cloned dinosaurs on the loose in Huston and having to deal with Texans who wanted to take a t-rex down themselves, that time you and Steve ended up steaking through Buckingham Palace and interrupting the Queen’s tea time…”

“Excuse me?” Phil said, eyes wide.

Harri laughed lightly, “Yeah, that one was hilarious, but it got us invited to dinner with the Royal Family.” Natasha moved to pick up Harriet’s tiara and Harri put down her blush so she could sit still for the hair piece.

“You’re lying.” Clint huffed, his cheeks red.

“Nope.” Harri said with a smile as Natasha pinned her tiara in place, “It was fun too. We had her Majesty over to LeFay Castle before the war got to bad and of course she got a kick out of the field name Fred and George chose for me.”

“And that is?”

“The Queen.” Harri replied with a fond smile.
Clint snorted, “Really?”

“How fitting.” Natasha said, giving one last adjustment to the tiara.

A sudden pop interrupted them and they looked to see a house elf in an emerald shift standing behind them, he bowed, “Lady Slytherin. Fang es informing yous that Mistress Samarra has arrived with Lady Slytherins mates.”

Harri smiled, “Thank you Fang. I’ll be out shortly.”

“Yes Lady Slytherin.” Fang said with a bow before he popped away.

“What was that?” Natasha asked with a tight frown.

“That’s a house elf.” Harri said, applying her mascara. “They serve wizard kind.”

“That’s terrible.” Clint huffed.

Harri turned to him with a small smile, “They love to serve Clint and as long as they are treated well then they are loyal and loving creatures. Unfortunately, they have to be tied to a wizard or magical house one way or another or they can’t use their magic and eventually die from the lack of it.” Clint’s eyes went wide and Harri turned back to the mirror to put on her lipstick, a red this time. “Sometime you’ll meet my personal house elf Dobby, he came from a house that abuses their house elves in an attempt to ‘train’ them; he rebelled against them and that made them punish him even more, to the point where he would beat his head against something if he thought he did something to displease his master. Now that he’s free of them and with me though he’s much happier and I’ve managed to get him to stop hurting himself. So it’s all about how the elves are treated, since they can’t actually survive without being tied to a wizard.”

“Wow.” Clint muttered.

Harri nodded as she capped her lipstick, “See anything Natasha?” the Widow bent slightly to study Harriet’s face in the mirror before shaking her head, “Great.” Harriet quickly pulled up her wand and cast the spells that would keep it all in place and keep it from running. “That’s done.” She stood and
smiled at her sister, “Thanks for the help Natasha.”

Natasha gave her a small but genuine smile, “You’re welcome Harriet.”

Harri made her way over to the dressing screen, stepping over Fury’s form without looking. “I think I may have pushed too hard.” She commented, “Once I got my phoenix I had trouble controlling the nerve touches.”

“He’s fine.” Natasha said, “He’s still breathing.”

“Not that you two wou-whoa!” Clint exclaimed as Harriet dropped her robe onto the floor, “What are you doing?” he yelped, putting his hand over his eyes.

Harri gave her brother an amused look, “Oh come on Clint. I know you’re not embarrassed or interested.” She reached up to the top of the dressing screen where her wand holster lay along with a thigh sheath holding throwing knives. “Or is little Hawkeye a virgin?” Harri teased as she put her wand holster on her thigh.

Clint huffed and dropped his hand from his eyes so he could cross his arms over his chest, “I was trying to be a gentleman.” He defended, “Why are you just dropping your robe like that in front of us? Shouldn’t you be all about modesty or something?”

“I have a bra and panties on.” Harri pointed out before snorting, “And modesty? I lived with nine males who all had boundary issues and one woman who believed in equality so would come out of the gym shower with no shirt.”

Natasha’s lips twitched, “If you guys can walk out with just a towel around your waist then so can I.”

“I don’t have boundary issues.” Clint mumbled petulantly.

“Do you want me to give you a count of how many times you happened to be in the vents over my room whenever I was getting dressed?” Harri asked, attaching the knife sheaths to her other thigh. “Cause let me tell you, it’s more than what would be considered ‘accidental’.”
“And you didn’t retaliate?” Phil asked.

Harri smiled at Phil as she bent over to put on her shoes, “I didn’t see a reason to. I’m not his type. He was just doing it to be an ass. He wasn’t interested and even if he actually was he’d have to get past Fred and George.” She adjusted the pieces of the heel that wrapped up her shin, “No, he’s more into…”

“Alright!” Clint interrupted Harri who raised an eyebrow at him, his eyes darted around before it stopped on her dress, “How are you going to get the dress on without messing everything up?”

“Terrible misdirect.” Natasha whispered to Clint who blushed slightly.

Harri played along for his sake, “A charm. I use one like it all the time to change clothes quickly, this isn’t much different.” She flicked her wand out and made a fluid movement between the dress and her body, in the next second the dress was on. Harri dropped her wand, allowing the holster to draw it back in while she straightened the dress up. Finally, she smoothed her hands over her sides and looked over to Clint, Natasha, and Phil. “So… how do I look?”

Harriet was wearing a floor length dress with a slit up to just above her knee and full length sleeves that came from the off the shoulder neck line. The dress had a silver bottom layer overlaid with a layer of intricate emerald lace, creating an alluring color effect. Her heels were only three inches but they made quite an impact with the silver strap and wrap that went up her shin, all with little diamonds along it. Natasha had put Harriet’s hair up into a twisted bun, all her hair swept from her face, and had placed the tiara right at the crown of her head. The tiara was made of a multitude of tiny delicate silver snakes, intertwined into the classic tiara shape; in the center, the heads of two of the snakes met and they held an emerald between their fangs.

“Well you certainly live up to your code name.” Phil said dryly, Harriet chuckled.

“How are you going to get to your weapons quickly?” Natasha asked, “That cut is a little too low for you to get it discretely.”

“Spring action release on the wand.” Harri said, “It will jump to my hand with little disruption. If it progresses to the point that I need my knives I will likely already be moving and I can distract while I pull one. I also have weapons in a pocket dimension that, while harder to use in a dress, will be easier to pull out if speed is an issue.” Natasha nodded.
“I think your twins will be all over you.” Clint said, wiggling his eyebrows at her.

“Perks of the situation I guess.” Harri hummed with a smug smile.

A groan sounded from behind them and everyone looked to see Fury struggling to roll onto his back, finally managing it only to blink slowly at the ceiling. “Fuckin’ hell.”

Harriet put on her mask and strode easily to stand slightly in front of her siblings and Phil, “Now, now Director. Such language is not necessary.” She said sternly.

Fury’s head shot over to her and he scrambled to his feet, “What have you done Potter? Where are we?”

“I only hit your pressure point and where we are is of no concern to you.”

“Like hell it’s not!” Fury snapped, his gaze went over to Natasha and Clint, “You two are compromised! I…”

“Director.” Harriet snapped, her voice cold, he looked back to her with a wary gaze, “Your conversation is with me.”

“I will talk to my agents whenever…”

“They are not your agents.” Harriet interrupted, a sharp edge to her voice. “They haven’t been for almost five months now.” Natasha, Clint, and Phil looked at her with frowns.

“What the hell are you talking about?” Fury demanded.

Harriet tucked her hands behind her back and channeled Loki as she began to circle the Director, “Looks like someone hasn’t been paying attention to some very important parts of his precious Shield.” Harri purred, “Like the parts that own all the toys, all the bases, the parts that provide all the money.” Fury whipped his head around as she made it behind him, “Doesn’t a super-secret spy agency require money to run?”
“The money coming from Stark doesn’t entitle you to anything.” Fury almost growled.

Harri chuckled darkly as she continued to circle, letting her a little of her aura out, as a muggle Fury would be able to truly feel it but it would register as ‘danger’ to him. “Ah, but there is a new contributor isn’t there? One that has been buying up all of the other contributors?” Fury tensed, “Why it seems there is very little diversity left among your investors, the people who essentially own you. In fact, I think there is only 10% of Shield that isn’t now owned by Stark industries and this new contributor.” Fury narrowed his eyes, “10% is a pretty significant number isn’t it? Isn’t that the amount that the precious World Security Council owns?”

“What have you done Potter.” Fury snarled once she was standing in between him and the three agents once again.

“What have I done?” she asked innocently, “Don’t you mean what has the Vulpecula Conglomerate done? Why it would seem they have taken control of Shield.” Harri’s innocent face melted away into something darker, “It would seem that they and their close partners, Stark Industries, now own the majority of Shield.” Harriet directed some of her magic into her eyes to make them glow, “Just imagine what would happen if we suddenly cut ties. Do you really believe that the Council could hold you afloat on their measly 10%? Do you believe that they would?”

Fury’s hands fist discreetly at his sides, “What do you want?”

Harriet’s face smoothed over, “What do I want? I want you to realize exactly where you stand. I want you to understand where the line is. I want you to do your job, correctly from now on. I want you to get that you will not be interrogating me about the future. I want you to accept that you are not the end all, be all.” Her eyes flashed again, “I want you to comprehend that if I ever find out that you were the cause of one of my agents’ injuries then I will be far less calm than I am now.” Her jaw clenched, “I want you to wrap your head around the fact that all it would take was two words from me and a green light and you would be dead on the floor in front of me. Do you understand?”

Fury held her gaze, his stance hard, trying to force her to submit. After a tense minute Fury was the one to drop his eyes slightly, “I understand.”

“I don’t like you Fury.” Harriet said bluntly, “I never have. You remind me too much of the man who wanted only to use me as a weapon before discarding me and taking my possessions. I do believe, however, that unlike him you have a conscience. If you would listen to it once in a while I do believe that we could find some measure of civility.” Fury’s jaw locked and he gave a jerky nod, “Good.” Harriet said primly.
The Malfoy family portkeyed into Slytherin Manor and held themselves in rigid control to keep from fawning over the glorious Slytherin property they were currently standing in. Draco was drinking in the entire area with bright eyes, betraying his excitement to any who looked. Lucius only managed to contain himself with a refined scanning motion that allowed him to take in the beautiful foyer. Narcissa was by far the most successful of the three, only her eyes moving from spot to spot.

“Lucius.” Came a familiar drawl. The three Malfoys looked up to see Severus descending the stairs and coming toward them, “Narcissa, Draco.” He greeted, “Welcome to Slytherin Manor.” He said with the corner of his mouth turned up in amusement.

Lucius quickly composed himself, “Yes, Lady Slytherin called for us?”

“Yes.” Severus chuckled, “Come with me.”

The potions master led the small family up the stairs and through hall after hall of Slytherin Manor, past years of history that Draco could only guess at. He would give his left arm to be able to explore this place but he knew he had to be proper, his father would be furious if he was in anyway uncouth in front of Lady Slytherin, despite how they acted at school.

Severus showed them into a well-appointed conservatory, lush plant life filled the glass chamber all the way up to the top. Draco heard rustling in the bushes next to him but was quickly distracted by voices. He strained to hear the conversation.

“…had to leave…” that was Lady Slytherin, Draco recognized.

“Too bad…”

“…played a prank with…” ‘Her demons are with her then.’ Draco observed, listening as the conversation became clearer the closer they went.

“Can’t believe you chewed Fury out.” Came a light laugh, Draco knew that was Ligia. A second later there was a series of hissing before Harriet and Ligia laughed together.

Severus led them around one last corner and Draco caught sight of the group. Lady Slytherin,
looking particularly refined today, was sitting on a bench with her demons flanking her as usual. What wasn’t usual was the twins having their arms tucked around her waist, possessively by the looks of them. Draco raised a single eyebrow at this new information. He made note that it may be entertaining for him to push some people to try and court Lady Slytherin at school next year. Ligia was sitting on a smaller bench across from them, a small smile on her face. Draco noted that they didn’t have any of the snakes with them though and decided Ligia and Harriet had been talking to teach other in parseltongue to keep the twins out of the loop on something.

Harriet looked up as they approached and gave them a polite smile, “Ah, the Malfoys. Wonderful, that means we only have twenty minutes before the rest begin to arrive. Have a seat.” She gestured gracefully over to a clear bench as Severus took a seat next to Ligia. Draco sat next to him mother as his father took the end closest to Harriet. “Thank you for coming.”

“It was our pleasure Lady Slytherin and may I say it is quite an honor to be invited to the legendary Slytherin Manor.” Lucius said graciously.

Harriet looked amused at this but continued, “Yes, well, after our wonderful dinner I just knew I had to invite you to one of my properties.” Draco watched, entertained, as his father stilled and his mother blanched a little, “I know I quite enjoyed it. Lords Prewett?”

“Oh very enjoyable.” The twin on the left said.

“Absolutely.” The twin on the right agreed, both grinning at Draco’s parents, making them grow paler and paler.

“Hmm, you do seem a bit under the weather.” Harriet said with polite concern, “Will you be able to stay for the meeting?”

“Yes.” Lucius got out a little weakly.

“Excellent.” Harri said with a smile, “Severus, I know you just sat but if you would escort Lord and Lady Malfoy to the antechamber I would be grateful. They can have a short rest while they wait for other Slytherins to arrive.” Severus nodded with an exasperated look at the twins and Harriet before leading Lucius and Narcissa from the conservatory.

Once the adults were gone the group relaxed a bit and Ligia looked over at Draco, “So how has your summer been?”
“Certainly not as eventual as your surely was.” Draco said dryly.

“Come one Draco”

“don’t spare the good”

“stuff. You got to play”

“some Quidditch right?”

“We’ve been too busy”

“to play.” The twins pouted.

Draco snorted, “I have too unfortunately. Father has had me in extra lessons ever since you three appeared for our dinner.”

Harriet laughed, “Sorry Draco, that was not our intention.”

“Was your intention to traumatize my parents?” Draco drawled, mimicking his godfather, “Mother still won’t go back into that dining room. We’ve move all of our meals to the second floor.”

“Aw, poor Draco has to move to his second dining room.” Ligia teased, “What other first world problems has the poor boy had to suffer through.”

Draco blushed slightly, “Of all the things to use for our meme homework.” He managed to get out with a snooty tone.

Harriet laughed, “What else should all the rich Slytherins use for the meme practice?”
Draco sniffed and turned his nose up slightly, “None of them.”

Harriet laughed, “Ah, come on. Nothing? Have you listened to your mp3 player at least?” Draco gave a slightly embarrassed nod and Harri smiled, “Good.”

The bushes behind them rustled again and Draco looked behind him warily.

“Don’t worry. It’s just Jor and Samarra.” Ligia said.

“Is Samarra new?” Draco asked curiously.

“No, Samarra is very old.” Harri said, there was a violent hiss behind Draco, making him jump, and Harriet hissed right back. When the hissing stopped Harriet looked to Draco again, “Samarra actually lives at Hogwarts. She’s the Slytherin appointed guardian of the school, but she wanted to get out for a while.”

“Slytherin appointed?” Draco asked pointedly, “Did the other founders appoint guardians?”

“I’m not sure about Helga or Rowena but Godric appointed Fawkes to watch over the school.” Harriet said.

“Fawkes isn’t Dumbledore’s?” Draco asked in surprise, this was news to him, but very useful news.

“No, he just made everyone believe that.” Harri said.

“I see.” Draco hummed, wheels turning in his head.

“Scheme later.” Ligia chuckled, breaking Draco from his thoughts, “We actually called you here for a reason, none of the other students were called today.”

Draco looked to Harriet attentively, excited to be included in something Lady Slytherin was planning.
“We want to start a mentor system with the first and second years.” Harriet began, “It will help integrate the newer students into the remodeled house as well as give the younger students someone to learn from as they develop their cunning and their own resources. I would like you to head this up.”

Draco blinked, “Me?”

“Yes Draco, you.” Harriet said in amusement, “We have some things outlined about what we want to happen between these mentors and mentees but I would like you to use your knowledge to pair people; exclude those who would be inappropriate, recruit those who would be good in the roll, all of that. We will help if you need it but I would like you to take the lead in this one.”

Draco swallowed hard, “Yes Lady Slytherin. You can depend on me.”

Harriet smiled, “I’m glad.” She cast a quick tempus, “I need to go to the meeting.

“Good luck dearest.” One of the twins said, kissing Harriet on the cheek.

“Go rule with an iron fist.” The other teased, kissing her forehead. “We’ll come watch after we get Draco set up.

Harriet smiled as she stood, “See you in a little bit.”

Draco watched Harriet and Ligia leave before turning back to the twins and almost jumping out of his skin when he found them close and glaring at him, “Don’t get any ideas Draco.” The twin on the left growled.

“She’s ours.” The one on the right continued.

“We may be lions”

“but we will strike”
“like snakes if you”

“try anything.”

Draco swallowed hard once again, “Got it.”

“Good.” They answered in a low tone.

Harriet stood in one rooms off of the throne room which kept her hidden until all of the alumni had gathered before the throne. Samarra was behind her chatting happily with Jörmungandr, who had matched his forms size to his girlfriends. Ligia was out in the throne room with Severus, getting ready to announce her and Harriet took a moment to breathe deeply.

She rolled her neck and shook out her limbs as she put up her Occlumency barriers carefully. The time she had gotten to spend with Natasha and Clint had been nice and had brought her stress levels down a little but she was still agitated. She understood why this needed to be done but she really wished that she could just curl up and leave it to someone else for once. Hearing the throne room go silent she let out her breath, putting on a calm façade as she heard Ligia call out her title.

Harriet walked out between the curtains gracefully, back straight and head held high as she took measured steps to Salazar’s pompous throne. There were audible gasps as people began to recognize her, light murmuring filling the hall quickly. Harriet sat primly on the throne as Ligia and Severus moved to the edges of the room to watch and guard her from the alumni.

“Let us desist with the mutterings.” Harriet said calmly and clearly, “We are not Hufflepuffs.” That silenced everyone and Harriet nodded, “Hello, I would like to thank you all for coming. I am Lady Slytherin, better known as Harriet Potter. As I’m sure you guessed by now, this claim is valid.” She willed her ring onto her finger and presented it to the room, “This ring and this Manor are all the proof you should need but if you are a skeptic there is a Gringotts certificate in the back validating my claim.” She laid her hands back in her lap gracefully, “Now, this meeting is largely informative and if you all stay quiet and don’t try anything regretful then we can get you out of here rather quickly.”

“Since the beginning of last year I have taken all of Slytherin House at Hogwarts under my control. I have set in place new rules to create for us a better image while at the same time bettering ourselves. We have worked on keeping the younger kids away from bullying and while honing the current
snake’s cunningness in the face of such things.” Harri let her eyes roam over the assembled people, “Let me be clear. I am doing this to fix the reputation of the mighty Slytherin house, a reputation that you all have torn to pieces. You are the ones who have labeled us, you and your parents before you. There needs to be changes and I am starting at the very bottom of the ladder with those who will eventually move up.”

“For your parts in this, I ask that you stay clear.” Harri said sternly, “I am fixing our reputation while trying to fight off Dumbledore’s advances. If I have to contend with you as well I will not be happy.” She let her eyes glow for a second, several people back up because of it. “Be warned, if you cross me I will not hesitate to take you of the equation on way or another. Most of you know I was sorted into Gryffindor. Rest assured that that was a strategic move on my part. I am just as much or more Slytherin than any of you and I will use all of my considerable pull if I need to. Understand?” everyone nodded, “Good, any Questions?”

Hands flew up, many were old but clearly none of them forgot how to be an eager student.

Harriet gestured to the closest and he cleared his throat, “So you consider Dumbledore the enemy?”

“I do.” Harriet said, “And I will continue to do so. Many of you know about him leaving me with abusive muggle from the paper but what you don’t know is that he currently scheming what will eventually lead to line theft.” Many of the alumni looked horrified. As purebloods, family and its history was everything. Line theft was seen as a great tragedy and committing it to be a heinous crime.

Harri gestured to another hand, the woman clasped her hands together in front of her, “My son came home and told me that you are requiring them to take remedial muggle studies. What is that all about?” this made many of the alumni grumbled and mutter to each other angrily.

Harriet raised a hand for quiet and things calmed down, “I understand that you dislike muggles however the truth of the matter is that it is almost inevitable that any of us will come into contact with a muggle. The current muggle studies course is a complete disaster! They know nothing of the current age and if you send your children out into the muggle world without in information then it is a sure fire way to catch attention. I teach them remedial muggle studies, not to turn them into muggle lovers, but to teach them the muggle capabilities and how to avoid drawing attention to themselves around muggles.” That seemed to pacify people though some still appeared skeptic.

“I’ve got a question for you.” Came a gruff voice from the back.

Harriet lifted an eyebrow as many turned to look at the big burly man, “And just is that?”
“Why should we even listen to a little girl like you?” the man sneered.

Harriet raised an eyebrow, “Good question.” She hummed with amusement, everyone tensed up and their eyes widened as Samarra slithered from the back room and curled bodily around the throne, her head resting on top of it as Harriet stroked the nearest bit of scales, “Well this could be one answer. This is Samarra, and in case you were a complete idiot, you should have recognized her as a basilisk.” Everyone backed up a couple steps, the Slytherin self-preservation kicking in. “She has her blinder on currently but think of the carnage if I should take it off.” Some of the alumni’s eyes bulged.

“There is also the fact that should you try to challenge me you are all hilariously outclassed monetarily, politically, physically, and magically. But yes, please make things hard on yourself when all I’m asking is for you to stay out of my way, not to hinder my plans. I’m sure that’s the way to go.” She tilted her head with a tight smile on her face, “I need a little fun every once in a while I suppose.”

“No takers?” Harri hummed, “What a shock.” She stood and walked to the edge of the dais where a large bit of Samarra blocked her from the others. “I’m not asking for much from you elder Slytherins because I don’t believe any of you are capable of positive change. None of you are worth my time or effort. This little meeting was more of a PSA and unless you can come to me and show me genuine change then that is how it will stay. So for now, all that I ask is that you stay out of my way and not undermine what good I have been doing for the Slytherin name. Is that understood?”

Everyone was staring at her in shock, not used to being completely dismissed. Many of them were very influential people and those who weren’t were still feared because of their sorting. Harriet had just written them off and they didn’t know how to take it.

Harriet’s eyes narrowed and she released her aura fully, allowing her gray magic to swamp the room. Many of the weaker alumni dropped to their knees under the pressure while other, stronger, alumni shook under her power. Out of the corner of her eye Harriet could see Severus and Ligia holding strong and smiling faintly, and in the back were Fred and George whose eyes had darkened a bit under the feel of her magic. Harriet quickly brought her focus back onto the Slytherin Alum before her, “I said, is that understood?”

“Yes Lady Slytherin.” The group chorused.

Chapter End Notes
Next week: Harriet's talk with the Maximoff's, Alice's talk with Augusta, and more!
Of Jarveies and Lilies

Chapter Notes

So the reason this was so late was because I got carried away. Originally this 'chapter' had right about 35,000 words. Dakota pared down the unnecessary bits and had me rewrite somethings but it was still like 29,000+. So in the interest of keeping our chapters relatively equal we split this thing into parts! This is the first one, the second I'm polishing up, and the third I need to wrap up in a nice little package.

Because of this there will probably be a double update next week to get everything out there.

Also because of this, the Alice v. Augusta has been moved to next chapter or the second part of the big one.

So enjoy this chapter and await the next in baited breath!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Sir.” Jarvis called, “You may wish to put down the blowtorch.”

Tony looked up from his project, blowtorch still in hand, “Why?” he asked warily.

A pop sounded behind him and Tony swiveled to find Fred and George standing there with several boxes in their arms; Daisy was at their feet, having just brought them in. “Thanks Daisy.” Fred and George said with a smile at the elf, she beamed up at the twins before popping away.

Tony smiled and flicked off his blowtorch with a practiced move, “Hey guys! What’s up?”

The twins looked to him with innocent looks, “What?”

“We can’t just come”

“visit our new brother?” they pouted.

Tony crossed his arms over his chest with a smirk, “Without texting me directly first?”
Fred laughed, “Fair enough.”

“We brought you a present!” George grinned as they moved toward his current work space with the boxes.

“Well, two presents.” Fred put in.

“But one is better than the other.” George added.

Tony frowned, “It’s not my birthday.”

Fred and George gave frowns of their own as they put their boxes down on the clear space of the table, “What does that have to do with anything?” George asked.

“We just made something for you and we didn’t want to wait until Christmas!” Fred said, smiling again.

“And we figured while we were here we would give you the other present, which is more from all of us.”

“But everyone else is doing stuff and we didn’t want to wait!” Fred finished.

Tony grinned but it looked a bit tight to Fred and George, “Alright. Show me what you got.”

George nodded and handed him the first box, a slim one just about the size of a StarkPad, “The rest are all together so we’ll start with this one.”

Tony opened the plain brown box and found a cool black rectangle box inside with two green eyes etched on one side, the material was smooth but thick and Tony couldn’t decide what exactly it was made of. He examined it curiously, noting a small line of runes on the edge with the last rune of the sequence separated by a switch. “What is it?”
“Our new and improved”

“Demon Box!” the twins said excitedly.

“We brought you the first one!” Fred said seriously.

“We made them smaller and more sustainable.” George added excitedly.

“You mentioned that Hammer bailed himself out so we thought you could sneak it somewhere to mess with him.” Fred said with a mischievous grin.

“As long as he never finds it and destroys it, it will go off randomly for a long, long time.” George said proudly.

“Yeah, no running out of magic like the last one.” Fred laughed.

Tony ran his hands over the box again, thoughts were running through his head a mile a minute as old anxieties rose and threatened to choke him. He forced a smile on his face as he looked up at the twins, “Thanks guys.” He startled when they both leaned in really close with frowns, “What are…”

“Why are you smiling like that?” Fred asked.

“Don’t lie to us if you don’t like it Tony.” George huffed.

“It’s not that…” Tony said, swallowing hard, despite their age the twins could be a bit intimidating when they completely focused on you. Tony didn’t know how Harriet did it without any reaction. “Forget it, I’m…”

“Tell us what’s wrong.” George insisted.

“We’re family, we help each other.” Fred added.
“Also, we’re not sure what would happen if Harriet was angry with us.” George said sheepishly.

“And we’re sure she’s be pissed if we hurt you.” Fred said, nodding sagely.

Tony fiddled with the box in his hands before steeling himself and putting it down, crossing his arms soon after to stand defensively, “What do you want?”

Fred and George exchanged a look, “Want?” they echoed, confused.

Tony nodded, “People don’t do this.” He scoffed, gesturing toward the Demon Box, “Gifts without reason. It’s not a special day so this isn’t obligation. The only other reason is you want something. What is it?”

The twins shared a deep frown, “We don’t want anything Tony.” George said easily.

“Unless you count wanting to torment Hammer.” Fred added in.

Tony’s jaw clenched, “Don’t beat around the bush. Out with it.”

George cocked his head, “Tony…what could we possibly want from you?”

“Money is a popular one.” Tony snapped irritably, but that fell flat as Fred and George laughed.

“Money!” Fred wheezed.

“Priceless Tony!” George snickered, they calmed down to just a few amused chuckles as they grinned at Tony, “We don’t need money Tony.”

“Turns out we’re loaded!” Fred commented, “The Prewett family was very successful and without our mum to make a bloody mess of things we’re not exactly hurting for Galleons. Not between the patents, shares in businesses, and the three vaults under our name.”
“And even with having all of that, Harriet hasn’t exactly let us buy much since we ran away from the Burrow.” George said with a fond smile, “We only got to buy some new clothes. The Castle is hers and all of the food and potion supplies within are stocked out of her vaults. If we want to buy something with our own money we have to sneak it past her.”

“We almost didn’t get to buy the stuff to make her Christmas present with our own money.” Fred snorted.

Tony was feeling a bit lost, “Tech then.” He stated, less confidently than last time.

Again came the frowns, “What more would we need?” Fred asked. “We’ve got phones and the headsets you gave us for Christmas. Harriet already has TVs in the Castle and we never really use her computer.”

“There’s always more toys to be had.” Tony inserted.

“Yeah, but muggle toys?” George asked, “I know we’ve gotten the hang of the phones and the TV but we grew up in the magical world. Let’s go a little bit at a time. We still haven’t gotten to have Jarvis in our faces during training.”

“I think you’re doing quite well.” Jarvis cut in dryly.

“If you call getting our asses handed to us because we can’t focus past your holograms ‘well’ then sure J.” Fred snorted.

Tony’s mouth was opening and closing as emotions he didn’t recognize bubbled to the surface, “I’m…I can’t…you want…”

“We don’t want anything Tony.” They repeated. Tony started to tear up and the twins shared stricken looks. “Whoa Tony don’t”

“cry mate! We didn’t”

“mean to bring up”
“something bad!”

Tony swiped roughly at his eyes, “I’m *not* crying.” He said roughly, clearing his throat, “I’m just… leaking...”

Dummy heard this and rolled over, beeping in concern, as he held a squeeze tube of sealing glue. “Sir, I believe that Dummy has found you a solution for your problem.” Jarvis announced.

Tony let out a rough laugh when he took the bottle from the bot and patted at its claw, “Thanks Dummy.”

Fred and George grinned and both patted Dummy, “Good one Dummy!”

“I see we’re rubbing off on Jarvis”

“who is passing the wonderful art”

“of comedy onto you!” Dummy beeped in agreement, holding his claw up to Fred and George in turn for a high-five, which they gave him without hesitation. Tony set the glue down and scrubbed at his eyes before looking up to see Fred and George looking him and deadpanning, “Have you fixed your leak?”

Tony chuckled, trying to regain his composure, “Sorry, I just…I guess it’s been so long since I’ve… gotten a gift without a motive or obligation behind it.” He said with a wince.

The twins softened a bit and came around the table to smother him in a hug that had him frozen in surprise and confusion. “Only assholes give a gift with the sole intention of getting something in return.” George said softly.

“The world is only mostly filled with assholes; we promise we aren’t a pair of them.”

“Very profound Fred.”
“I thought so Georgie.”

Tony slumped between them, still feeling a bit off balanced. “Thanks guys.” He muttered.

They squeezed him gently before letting go. “Of course Tony.” They said, smiling at him.

“Although now we’re kind of glad we didn’t start with the group present.” Fred joked lightly.

“Would have crushed the poor girl.” George tutted.

Tony blinked and leaned back on his stool so he could fully see the twins, “Girl? What girl?”

Fred and George grinned and made their way back over to the boxes before putting a small gift box with a lid about the size of a toaster in front of him, “Why don’t you find out?”

Tony eyed the box warily, “You wizards don’t think it’s acceptable to give a person as a gift right?”

“Of course not.” Fred scoffed.

“Just open it Tony.” George urged, “We think you’ll like it!”

Tony stood cautiously and pulled the lid off carefully, pulling it up as a shield in front of him as he peeked into the box. “What the hell?” he muttered, putting the lid down as he moved closer. Inside was a soft blanket bunched up in the bottom, a few colorful plastic balls were there along the side of the box, and in the center was a puff of black fur. Tony reached for the little bundle of fur hesitantly but jerked his hand back in surprise as it moved and he was suddenly pinned by startlingly electric blue eyes.

The bundle uncurled further without the blue eyes leaving Tony’s but he could take in the small slim body that would certainly grow longer later, short stubby legs led to tiny feet with delicate claws, small rounded ears, and a short tail that ended with a bit of tufted fur. Tiny whiskers twitched as an adorable pink nose sniffed in Tony’s direction. The fur was jet black with strange blue streaks in the
tail tuft and around its eyes in a mask, along with a touch of blue right at its chest.

“Did…did you guys get me a ferret?” Tony exclaimed, not sure whether to coo at the ball of fluff or be horrified at the idea.

“Who the hell are yea callin’ a ferret!” an adorable voice squeaked. Tony gaped at the tiny creature who has just uttered that sentence and was currently trying to climb the walls of the gift box, “Come ‘ere! I’ll take yea down!”

Fred chuckled, “She is actually a jarvey Tony. Try not to call her a ferret. She takes offence. Almost took Steve’s thumb off.”

“Blondie will learn!” the little jarvey exclaimed.

George rolled his eyes, “She’s just a baby. We saved her from the gang of poachers we took out over in Finland.” Tony startled when the little jarvey gave a high pitched squeak and dove under a bit of the blanket in the gift box. George winced, “Yeah, she didn’t have such a good time with them.”

“They started experimenting on her just after her mother gave birth.” Fred said, “Trying to make a more attractive and exotic animal to sell to people.”

“Is that why she has blue in her fur?” Tony asked as he leaned down toward the box.

“Yeah and why her eyes are so blue. That’s definitely not a normal color on a jarvey and it certainly wasn’t done with a non-invasive potion.” George said.

“Luna did say she was in perfect health, the only big thing that they really managed to change was her smarts.” Fred explained, “Apparently when she was born they fed her sphinx blood mixed into her mother’s milk. Since it was fed to her at such an integral phase it had made her much smarter than a normal jarvey.”

“Yeah, usually jarveys only speak in short rude sentences but she’s got quite a mouth on her and she can carry a conversation.” George laughed.
Tony nodded absently at all this as he carefully tugged the blanket from the little jarvey and saw that she was curled in her ball again, practically vibrating with fear. “Hey little girl.” He said softly, “They already took care of the poachers, you can come out.” The jarvey poked her head up to look at Tony again, “And I promise not to call you a ferret.” She seemed to consider this before unrolling again and waddling out from under the blanket.

“Who are you?” the jarvey demanded.

Tony laughed, “I’m Tony. Who are you?”

The jarvey sat up on her back paws and gave a frustrated squeak, “Normal jarveys have no need of names and the two legs who rescued me wouldn’ give me one. Said me new companion would give me one.”

Tony looked over to Fred and George who grinned and gestured for him to continue, Tony looked down at the little girl sitting haughtily in front of him, “I’m guessing that’s me.” He said in amusement, holding his hand palm up right in front of the jarvey, she climbed into his hand and settled herself into his palm, not a bit of her going over as her tail twacked against his wrist, “You okay with that?”

The jarvey titled her head, “You’ll be givin’ me warm and food? And no callin’ me ferret?”

Tony chuckled, starting to feel at ease with this tiny creature whose attitude was bigger than her body. “Yes.”

“Then it’s good Boss!” the jarvey said, her tail curling around his wrist as much as it could at this point.

Tony grinned, “Alright, a name.” he scratched the back of his head and looked over to Fred and George sheepishly, “I’m actually not good with naming people. I mean, look at Dummy, Butterfingers, and U.”

“You named Jarvis.” George said encouragingly.

Tony snorted, “I named him after the man who basically took the role of father-figure from Howard.” He looked back to the jarvey who was waiting patiently as she took in their surroundings
curiously, “Hmm…how about Friday?” the little girl looked back at him, “That alright? Friday?”

“I could get used to it Boss.” She squeaked.

Tony grinned, “Then welcome to the madhouse Friday.”

Harriet sighed as she made her way to the guest wing. She had been putting this talk off long enough. She had completely ignored it after her first meeting with the Longbottoms in favor of preparing for the Slytherin Reunion. Now, two days after that, she had run out of excuses. She had to face them, to talk to them and assess, assess them fairly.

She would rather nap with a dementor.

It’s not that she was afraid of them or that they had done anything yet. They were innocent right now and not a little bit beaten down by the hand they were dealt. In any other scenario with any other people Harriet would be more than willing to help them reach where they needed to be physically, mentally, whatever really. Harriet’s saving people had never stopped at saving their physical forms and if anything had stayed the same through years and years of fighting and more monumental changes it was Harriet’s need to save people.

No her real problem with this situation was that the person was Wanda Maximoff (and her brother, but Harriet had no basis for him yet).

Even though the last time Harriet had met Wanda, Harri hadn’t bonded with Tony yet as siblings and Glacia hadn’t existed at the time, Glacia was ratcheting up Harri’s wariness of the girl. The claim a phoenix had on a flock member didn’t see time, they only saw offenses. It didn’t matter to Harri’s phoenix instincts that the offense had happened in another timeline and before the flock had fully formed, the instincts only saw the threat. Those instincts wouldn’t go away unless Harri could say without a doubt that Wanda wouldn’t make a move to harm Tony and Harri didn’t know if she could ever be absolutely certain of that.

Finding the door that led to the Maximoffs rooms Harriet stopped and breathed deep, “They haven’t done anything yet Harri. Calm down. Make them see reason. Tony is safe. He isn’t near them.” She tugged at her hair a bit in agitation as she released a long sigh and straightened herself. “Here we go.” She knocked on the door lightly, praying they were asleep as her last line of defense.

Unfortunately for her there was a soft whooshing sound behind the door followed by a soft wump
and a light curse, she lifted an eyebrow as the door was open by Pietro, rubbing at his nose with a slight blush on his face, “Hello?”

Harriet opened her mouth to speak as she got a good look at Pietro for the first time.

When she had seen him before he had been a mass of cuts and bruises and broken bones, barely visible under it all. Now though, she took in his strange wispy silver hair that stood on end and his light compact form that likely helped with his speed. He was about her height as well but Harri could see the potential for more height. It was his eyes, however, that made her pause and Glacia sit forward.

They were blue-gray and seemed lit with curiosity but Harriet…Glacia could sense weariness underneath it. Weariness that, when found, seemed to permeate his whole body. Wariness was there in equal measure and translated to tense muscles, ready to make a run for his sister. Fear lingered beyond that, tucked in close with resignation and defeat; his fight or flight on a hair trigger so touchy that Harriet knew it rivaled what her own had been at the Dursleys. Behind all that, huddling in a corner, was longing, overwhelming and crying out.

Harriet’s protective instincts roared.

‘Well fuck.’ Harriet thought, ‘This is gonna get complicated.’

“Pietro!” Wanda’s voice interrupted, making Harri snap back to herself and close her mouth, “Don’t go running off without me!” she poked her head out to see past him, “Oh! Hello Lady LeFay!”

“Dear Merlin you two are pale.” Was the first thing Harriet got out, her mind still cycling through her response to Pietro, Glacia fussing with quickly forming plans, “And what are you wearing? Didn’t you get the clothes I had put in here? You don’t have to wear the hospital pajamas.” She huffed, waving them back into their rooms.

Wanda and Pietro stumbled backward in stunned silence as she moved through the space and headed for where she knew the first bedroom was. Luckily it was the one the elves made up for Pietro. “Those were really for us?” Wanda asked uncertainly.

“Of course.” Harri scoffed, “No one should be without clothes and I’m certainly not going to wear…” she pulled out the first piece of clothing she touched and wrinkled her nose, “silver leggings. Yeah. The elves might have missed on that one.” Wanda giggled softly behind her brother.
Harriet looked to them and sighed, “Get dressed.” She frowned, “Sweet Morgana, just looking at you I feel like I need a sandwich.” She threw the garish silver leggings on the bed, “We’re going out to eat. Get you some sunlight. Get you some food. I won’t have half dead teenage mutants wondering around this Castle.” She waved her hands at Wanda, “Go on. Get dressed.” She looked back to the still stunned Pietro, “I wouldn’t suggest the leggings but to each their own.” With that Harri shut the door and walked out to the living room that was in the small guest quarters, dropping onto the couch with a sigh.

As she sat there waiting and contemplating what would become of Glacia going full phoenix on the second Maximoff, Harriet felt something on her left wrist warm up. She brought her arm up to her face and smiled when she saw that Natasha and Phil had finally put on their bracelets, finally trusted her enough to take them on their person. Her bracelets fed her information, their current well-being and mood. Harri smiled and sent a little of her power into the bracelets in a cool greeting before picking up her phone and pulling up their names.

*Doing so much paperwork is bad for your wrist. Ice it or I’ll bring over a pain potion.* She sent to Phil before switching quickly to Natasha.

*Don’t forget to eat, big sister.*

*Should mild wrist irritation qualify for pain potion?* Phil sent back seconds later.

*Only if you’re planning on making it into full fledge carpel tunnel later.* :P Harriet sent back with amusement.

*Leave Clint’s humor to Clint.* Phil shot back but a few seconds later Harriet felt the bracelet die down in response to whatever Phil did to remedy it.

*I was going to eat.* Natasha finally texted back.

*Feels like more than just the start of a hunger pang. Eat or I’ll send Dobby with a four course meal.*

*Is that supposed to make me want Shield cafeteria food?* Harriet chuckled, *Touché.*
She quickly snapped her fingers and Dobby appeared at her feet, “What can Dobby be doing for youse?”

Harriet made an illusion of the current Natasha, “This is my sister Dobby. She’s either in the New York Shield base or the Helicarrier which was somewhere near Florida last time I checked. She needs food, a big meal if you can. Do not be seen by anyone but her alright?”

“Dobby be takin’ care of Miss Harri Potter’s sister.” Dobby said before he popped away. Harri waved away her illusion.

Harriet looked up when she heard Pietro’s door open and he came out looking a little unsure in jeans, a dark grey shirt, a pair of sneakers, and a deep blue hoodie. She stood with a smile, “Do they fit alright?” she asked gently.

He looked at her with wide eyes, “Um…I’m think it’s just because their new.” Harri hummed with a nod and pulled her wand to quickly apply some softening and light airing charms, stressing the clothes slightly so they would be more comfortable for him. “I feel like I’m going to mess them up.” He muttered, “Never had new clothes before.” He looked away in embarrassment and Glacia cooed softly in response.

“It’s alright Pietro.” Harri reassured softly, “They’re yours to mess up or keep in good shape as you see fit.” She took a step back and holstered her wand, “Now, I assume with the mutation you have that you need a large calorie intake.”

Pietro blinked at the sudden change but nodded, “Yes. I need much more because I use more energy running at the speeds I do.”

Harri nodded and smiled kindly, “Alright, where do you want to eat then?” That loosened him right up and Harri listened intently as Pietro sped through his favorite foods and what he wanted to try, all of his shock melting away for an easy topic and an attentive audience. Wanda came from her room a few minutes later in black skinny jeans and a red shirt matched with short black boots. Harriet turned to look at her when Pietro stopped his food talk, “Ready Wanda?”

“Yes.” Wanda said uncertainly, stepping toward Harriet.

Harri smiled, “Good. I think Pietro decided on…” she turned back and hummed before snapping her
fingers, “Mexican, right?”

His eyes widened, “You caught all of that?”

Harri chuckled, “Yes, and I know the perfect place!” she held out her hands to the Maximoff twins and they both took her hands.

Harriet flamed them to New York, into an alley so they weren’t seen, and quickly led them down the streets to one of the Mexican restaurants that Wade frequented. It was small but boisterous and easy for Harriet to put up a privacy ward without people becoming suspicious. It was also used to large quantities of food being ordered so they had no problem filling the enormous order that Harriet laid out for the server.

“You can’t possibly buy me that much food.” Pietro said with wide eyes as their server left with the order.

Harri raised an eyebrow even as she put up a privacy ward around them, “I can and I will.” She sat back on her side of the booth, “Besides, if you turn it down now you’ll just be wasting my money rather than just using it.”

Both Maximoffs ducked their heads, “Thank you.” They murmured.

Harri nodded, “You’re welcome.” She crossed one legs over the other as she tilted her head, “Now, to what I originally came to your rooms for.” The twins tensed but Harriet plowed forward, “Wanda, you came to me for help rescuing Pietro. What are your plans now that he’s away from Hydra?”

“I…” she cleared her throat and scooted closer to her brother, “I hadn’t thought that far.” She admitted softly, “I didn’t even think I would succeed.” Pietro slid an arm over her shoulders.

Harri pressed her lips together in a thin line, “You know that Hydra won’t just let you go right? You’ll have to be careful, especially when you are outside of an allies territory.” Harri’s phone chimed and she trailed off to look down at it, smiling slightly when she found a picture of Fred, George, Dummy, and Tony with his new jarvey perched on Dummy’s claw. ‘Friday huh? He never was good at names.’ Harri thought in amusement.

“And I guess you’re going to tell us that we will find protection with you if we follow you.” Wanda
“And those would be?” Pietro asked uncertainly, swiping at his silver bangs and making Glacia coo again at the teenager.

“No intentionally destroying the property, no abusing the house elves physically or mentally, keep hate and intolerance to yourselves, and, most importantly, no hurting any member of my flock.” Harriet said, her voice dropping at the last rule as her eyes flashed green and the air temperature dropped in their booth.

“And who would that include?” Wanda asked shakily.

Harriet tilted her head back slightly to look down her nose at Wanda, “My flock is large and each are powerful in their own rights. I cannot see you attacking them without them retaliating and yes, they’ll be able to get around your strong telepathy powers.” She said sternly, ignoring Wanda’s tensing. “The only one I’m worried about in regards to that rule is my brother, Tony Stark.”

“Stark!” Wanda practically snarled as Pietro’s face practically turned to stone, his jaw clenching. “He is with you!”

Harriet narrowed her eyes at the girl, “Yes, he is. Is that a problem?”

“You don’t know what he’s done! He’s a monster!” Wanda snapped, Pietro edged closer to his sister protectively, seeming to sense Harriet and Glacia’s icy burning rage that was being suppressed.

“He is no such thing.” Harriet hissed, almost slipping into parseltongue.

The parseltongue seemed enough to bring Wanda down a little bit, “You don’t understand.” She
insisted, “He’s blinded you. He is a monster.”

“Because he killed your parents right?” Harriet growled, the twins before her froze, “Yes, I know the story. A faulty missile landed in your house, crushing your parents but leaving you to stare at the Stark name until you were rescued.”

“We were waiting for Tony Stark to kill us.” Wanda muttered fiercely.

Pietro looked to Harriet with big eyes, “We have a reason for our views of Tony Stark.” He said stiffly.

“No,” Harriet said, softening as she turned to Pietro, “What you have is misplaced aggression.”

“It was his bomb!” Wanda shouted and Harriet was grateful for the privacy ward.

“It was his design!” Harriet snapped, “That’s it! It was his design because it was his company, a company which, wait for it, was a weapons company! It was literally his job to design and make weapons.”

“His fault!” Wanda said in agreement.

Harriet fought the urge to bare her teeth, “If Pietro was run over by a car who would you blame?”

Wanda blinked in confusion, “Excuse me?”

Harri glared at the girl, “If Pietro ran out of here right this moment and got ran down by a Hummer who would you blame?” Harri snapped, making Wanda flinch, “Because if we use your logic right now you would blame the person who designed that Hummer! Not the person who put the car together or the dealer who sold it to the driver or the driver themselves, you would blame the designer! Because obviously it wasn’t the driver who was at fault!” Harriet said, sarcasm dripping from her last sentence. Wanda sat frozen in her seat as Harriet saw the gears in Pietro’s head turning.

“Even if Stark Industries had sold that bomb legally to the party who fired it, why would you not put the blame on the people who fired it off?” Harriet asked. “You were children at the time but you’ve
grown up. Hell, you joined Hydra willingly.” Both brother and sister flinched at the reminder, “That is plenty of time to work through things and place blame on the appropriate party.” Harriet flexed her hands as she took a calming breath, “I respect your grief but you are placing the blame on the wrong person. Placing all of your hate into one person who didn’t even know you existed let alone knew you well enough to maliciously kill your parents.”

“It still stands.” Wanda whispered, “If Tony Stark didn’t make weapons then the bomb wouldn’t exist and our parents would be alive.”

“No they wouldn’t.” Harriet snorted, making stricken expressions appear on the twins’ faces, “I hate to be blunt but you two need it. It is highly unlikely that even if Tony hadn’t made that weapon your parents would still be dead. Wars don’t stop because one weapons company goes out of business or decides to stop making weapons. The weapons come from somewhere else, legal or not, and the war goes on. You are only fooling yourselves if you believe the opposite.”

“What did you mean ‘if the bomb was sold legally’?” Pietro asked in a small voice.

Harriet frowned, “You two have recognized Tony as your enemy for how many years and you aren’t keeping tabs on what is happening around him?” Wanda blushed and Pietro looked down at the table. Harriet huffed, “Obadiah Stane was once the partner of Howard Stark, he took care of the company once Howard died before handing it off to Tony. Stane was greedy though, he dealt weapons under the table without Tony’s knowledge while he worked to get Tony ousted from the company.”

“He didn’t know?” Pietro asked softly and Glacia clacked her beak in satisfaction, happy their newest edition could be reasoned with.

“No.” Harriet said, “He found out about the double dealing while he was captured by the Ten Rings, which is why he shut down weapons manufacturing right after returning to the states. After that he found out it was Stane and Tony killed him.”

“So it was Stane.” Wanda muttered.

Harriet groaned, “From one extreme to the other, seriously.” She looked at Wanda again, “Would you just bloody think for a moment about who did the firing of the missile? Which military it was? Research! You tracked me without too much trouble so you must know where to look for things like that. Find them first, they are the ones who bought the bomb with the express intention of using it, they were the ones who decided to bomb an area with civilians.” She let out a breath, “In the meantime, you two are welcome at the castle as long as you adhere to the rules.” She pulled two
Bobby pins from her hair and quickly transfigured them into a necklace with a small phoenix charm, she cast a couple protection and detection charms on it before ending with the more permanent portkey charm, “This will bring you to your rooms. Just hold the phoenix and say ‘not a real witch’, it will activate.” Wanda blushed at the phrase as Harriet leaned over the table and put it around Pietro’s neck. “Remember,” she said as she stood, pulling several large American bills from her coin purse and putting them on the table to cover their food, “if you hurt my brother all bets are off. I don’t give second chances when my family is involved.” With that she left the Maximoffs to their deliberations.

The next evening Harriet was curled between Fred and George on the common room couch, most of the family was here. Tony was at his own Mansion, jarvey proofing his house which he apparently took very seriously, one video call had shown climbing tunnels all around the workshop already, many with jumps that the tiny Friday couldn’t possibly make yet. Lee was still out on vacation with his parents and wasn’t due back for another week. Steve was off with Bucky and Luna at the moment taking care of the baby moon calves that had been born this morning. This left the room with Harriet, the Marauders, the Prewetts, Loki and his children, and Severus, who had come to discuss a few things with Harriet. Now thought they were all just relaxing together with some inane TV show playing in the back ground.

Harriet was quite comfortable where she was, dosing against Fred as George held her legs in his lap. Fred reached up to comb his fingers through her hair and she hummed happily.

The quiet atmosphere was interrupted by the insistent ticking of a beak against glass.

Harriet waved her hand at one of the panes nonchalantly and a small screech owl darted into the room, a letter clutched in its beak as it winged its way over to Harri. “Hello there.” Harri said with a smile as the owl landed on her arm, she took the letter with a smile, “You can go up to the owlery for a bit of food and water before you leave.” The screech screeched and took off gracefully to dart back outside the window and upward.

“Who is it pup?” Sirius asked.

“Neville.” Harri said with a smile as she sat up between Fred and George, “It must be time! I can’t wait to see Alice in action!”

Remus chuckled, “Yeah, she can really get going. Both her and your mother were absolute forces of nature when the people they loved were threatened.”
Harriet tore into the envelope and pulled out Neville’s letter, a smile growing on her face as she read, “The healers are coming tomorrow to make sure there was no back slide. If everything goes well they will be allowed their wands back right after the appointment!” Harri laid down the letter and sat back, “I can floo in right in the middle and play it off as the visit I promised! Bam, front row seating to the main event!”

“Which you surely won’t egg on.” Fred chuckled in amusement.

Harri gave him an innocent expression, “Would I do that?”

“Is a Malfoy’s hair blond?” George snickered, wrapping an arm around her waist from behind.

“Such faith.” Harri teased.

“We have faith you’re going to make Alice break Augusta.” The twins chorused with a laugh.

“Damn right.” Harriet giggled.

“Are you going to tell them everything Princess?” James asked, doing his best to ignore the sickly sweet interaction his daughter was in the middle of, all his commenting seemed to do was escalate it.

Severus snorted, “Why would she do that Potter?”

“They’re friends!” James huffed, “We can trust them!”

“You may have been able to trust them thirteen years ago but things have changed, they just woke up from years of vegetative states. They don’t know up from down at the moment and you want to pile time travel on them?” Severus drawled.

“Stop it you two!” Harriet snapped, not moving from her space between Fred and George. “Or I will stop you.” The two wizards deflated slightly and Harriet nodded, “I haven’t decided yet. It will depend on how exactly things go tomorrow.”
Loki nodded, “That is probably best but you will have to tell them something. If what James has said is true, they are excellent aurors. They will notice something is up the more time you spend with them and you can’t exactly avoid them, you have no plausible reason and that will only draw more suspicion.”

Harri sighed and leaned back into George who rubbed his thumb at her side, “I know.”

“Harriet, you really can trust them.” James said solemnly, “Just tell them the truth.”

“Leave it be.” Severus scoffed, “She said she didn’t know yet. You’re pushing it.”

“Keep out of this Snape.” James snapped, “They weren’t your friends! You don’t know them!”

“I know enough!” Severus snapped.

Fred and George focused in on Harriet who had started to let her aura creep out as the fight devolved further, the two beginning to resemble their teenage selves rather than the adults they were supposed to be. Granted they had been doing well, keeping their bickering to a minimum, at least in Harriet’s presence. But this one didn’t look like it was stopping and Fred and George had a feeling it was because Snape had formed a sort of friendship with their mate and wouldn’t back down from something he thought would hurt her one way or another.

Harriet’s fingers snapped softly and Fred and George watched curiously as Dianna appeared with a small black jewelry box. “What are you going to do with them?”

“going to do with them?”

Harriet took the box from Dianna so the elf could pop away, before opening the lid so Fred and George could see what was inside, “I’m going to practice for tomorrow.” She said sweetly. Fred and George’s eyebrows rose but they grinned as they caught on. Harriet took the small black stone from the case as the fighting continued in the background, Loki looked over to her curiously, a thin black eyebrow going up as he recognized the artifact.

Harriet focused intently as she spun the stone in her hands three times.
The temperature dropped just a few degrees, not that James and Severus seemed to notice, and a slim figure tinted blue appeared before her with a warm smile and kind eyes, “My beautiful little girl. I was wondering if you would call me.”

Harri felt something rise in her throat, “Hi mum.” She got out with a smile. This wasn’t the first time she had called her mother’s ghost but it was certainly the first time in this timeline.

“It has been a while since you called me.” The floating woman said with a smile.

“You remember?” Harri asked.

Harri’s mother reached out a glowing hand and ran it along Harriet’s cheek, leaving a cool trail, “I’ve always held your soul close sweetheart. I received the memories when you merged with your younger self.” Harri beamed up at her mum, who turned slightly to take in the two shouting men, “I assume this is what you called me for?” this was a bit louder and Remus looked over, his jaw dropping open at the sight as he frantically elbowed Sirius.

“You are the expert.” Harri laughed.

The woman smiled, “I guess you could say that.” She straightened up and floated a bit higher, “Let mama show you how it’s done my little Rose.” At this point Sirius was choking, coughing to try and dislodge the saliva that went down the wrong pipe.

“JAMES CHARLUS POTTER! SEVERUS TOBIAS SNAPE! WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU TWO ABOUT FIGHTING!”

The two men spun and stared slack jawed at the glowing woman who was floating in front of Harriet with red hair blown out like a fiery crown.

“Lily?!” they both exclaimed in disbelief.

Chapter End Notes

Wanted to put Friday in somewhere but you couldn't pry Jarvis from me! I love Jarvis!
You can't have him!
You can thank tiamac7 for our wonderful Jarvey edition! This was her suggestion all the way back in chapter 13 for Tony's pet!

In case it was hard to tell...THIS AUTHOR DOESN'T ACTUALLY LIKE WANDA! I think she's a brat and I think she is better served as a tier two villain for everyone to defeat. However, in the spirit of time travel and because you wonderful fans have asked for it I will do my best to make room, especially since I love seeing Quicksilver and *sigh* he'll want his sister.

Next time: Lily is here! Augusta is broken! Neville and the Hulk!
Don't poke Momma Bear

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Thanks for being so understanding once again as I struggled with my depression.

There will be an update on Thursday!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Lily?!” James and Severus exclaimed in disbelief.

Lilly crossed her arms and floated a little higher so she was towering over them, “What did I say?” she demanded, both men shrunk back a little, stepping away from each other. “Sit down.” She bit out, Severus and James dropped into their seats like scolded puppies as Lily floated toward them. “My daughter should not have to call me from beyond just to get you two to behave around one another!” Lily snapped, “You two are not teenagers anymore! You are adults! Fucking act like it! Or so help me Morgana I will set Fred and George loose on you with my blessing!”

“At your service Mrs. Potter!” Fred and George chimed as Harriet snickered quietly.

“Thank you dears.” Lily said, turning to give the twins a soft smile before turning on James and Severus again, “Don’t think I won’t!” she said seriously, crossing her arms over her chest. She focused on James, “You are an adult James. You need to start acting like it! And if I hear you making Harriet feel bad about protecting her family again I will come haunt you with or without the resurrection stone to bring me here! How dare you judge my precious little Rose for doing what I told you and all the sheeple in the Order needed to be done in the last war! How dare you insinuate that my Rose was doing it out of anything other than necessity and the need to protect her family!” By now James was sunk so low in his seat he might as well have been a puddle on the ground, his cheeks were red and his eyes were wide as he continued to stare at Lily through her rant.

Severus had begun to smirk as Lily tore into James but that soon fell away as the fiery red head looked over to him, “And you!” he paled further as her eyes flashed killing curse green, standing out even more in her ghostly form, “How dare you try to treat my daughter like that! Keeping your cover does not mean treating my little Rose like crap! Trying to break into her mind?! If she hadn’t already cursed at you I would!” Fred and George looked to Harriet in alarm but she just shrugged easily. Lily continued, “You, Severus Snape, best be glad that my little Rose sorted you out before you continued down that awful path you were walking! Bullying a child, any child, let alone mine, because of who their father is? Did you learn nothing from how you were treated in Slytherin?” Lily let out a furious noise that made her hair flare, “Be glad that I am dead right now because, reformed or not, I would kick you in the shin and then curse you into next Saturday for even beginning to act
“Your mum’s amazing dearest.” George murmured in Harriet’s ear as Lily continued to berate Severus.

“We can definitely see where you get your ferocity.” Fred hummed softly as he took her hands in his, Harri smiled and threaded their fingers together as she leaned back into George.

“Lily?” Remus choked out, effectively cutting off Lily’s ranting.

Lily looked over to him and smiled as she floated closer to the ground again, “Hello Remus.”

“How are you here?!” Sirius exclaimed.

“Resurrection stone.” Lily said, gesturing to Harriet who pulled one of her hands free of Fred’s just long enough to wave the stone around.

“Lady Lily.” Loki interrupted, Lily turned to him with an amused look and a smile, “What do you believe should be done with the Longbottoms? That was the topic of the fight that ended with you being called here and you seem the most mature of the elder generation represented here.” Severus and Remus looked offended while Sirius just nodded in easy acceptance of the fact.

James perked up at the topic and looked to his wife, “Lils you know that Frank and Alice can be trusted!”

“We can’t bet Harriet’s safety on that!” Severus snapped, shaking himself from his shock to continue the conversation.

“Don’t even start!” Lily snapped, floating between the two. She turned to Harriet, “Rose, Alice is my best friend, she always had my back. She can deal with a whole lot of crazy and not even flinch. I believe that you can trust her with the big secret.” James shot Severus a triumphant look, “Of course if things go wrong you know the Obliviate like the back of your hand and I have faith that you can seamlessly take their memories of the secret from their heads in order to protect everyone.” Snape smirked at James who slumped in his seat again.
Harriet smiled at her mother, “Alright mum. I’ll do that.”

Lily smiled, “Good.” She floated over to Harriet again and she moved so she was floating cross legged at eye level with Harriet, Fred, and George as a mischievous smile came across her face, “Now dear, would you be able to maintain your connection to the stone to keep me here?”

Harri lifted her eyebrow with a smile, “Yes…”

“What are you planning Lilyflower?” James asked curiously.

“Hush James, the adults are talking.” Lily said, Severus gave a low chuckle even as he moved his chair a bit closer and watched the mother/daughter interaction intently. Lily smiled at Harriet, “I was thinking, we should up the old man’s paranoia a bit. A haunting might do.”

Harri giggled, “That would put him in a right state.”

Lily smiled, “And if I happen to find some classified information while I’m there well…” she pasted on an innocent look, “What good could it possibly do for the dead?”

“What good indeed.” Harri laughed, she pulled her hands from Fred again and formed a sphere of ice around the resurrection stone before conjuring a permanent delicate metal chain and attaching the iced stone, “That should do it.” Harri hummed, sliding her newest necklace over her head and letting it drop, hearing it clink softly against the Eye of Agamotto.

Lily’s eyes shot up to something behind Harriet for a moment before they went back to her daughter, “Excellent. At least this way I can be of some use to you dear.” Harri beamed up at her mother.

Fred chuckled, “Not gonna lie Mrs. Potter”

“this is a pretty awesome prank”

“you’re doing.”
“How come they never call me Mr. Potter.” James whined to Remus, Sirius patted James on the back.

Lily just ignored them and smiled at Fred and George again, “Thank you boys. It may not be grand or flashy but it is a prank I can pull off well enough.” Her smile turned sly, “After all, anyone who marries a prankster has to have just enough crazy to pull off pranks of their own to keep up.”

“That explains so much about Harriet.” Percy muttered to Bill who laughed.

Lily moved so she was standing once more, “I should get started, I wouldn’t want to miss any juicy bits.”

James and Severus shot to their feet, “You’re leaving already?!” James asked.

“Couldn’t you stay and talk some more?” Severus asked hopefully.

Lily turned and smiled at them, “Not right now. I need to go start shadowing Dumbledore. You’ll see more of me when the school term starts up. I’ll be in the castle after all.” She turned back to Harriet once more and leaned down to brush her ghostly lips across Harriet’s forehead, leaving a cool spot behind, “Stay safe my little Rose. I shall see you at school.” She leaned in closer and whispered softly, “Never forget you are being watched over. We are all right here for you.”

Harriet frowned slightly but before she could ask anything Lily pulled away and disappeared into a ghostly mist, leaving the common room ghost free once again.

Neville sat in a lone chair near the back of the family lounge, fidgeting as he watched the four healers move around his parents, checking them for any relapses or abnormalities that would cause them problems should they attempt magic again. Harriet was positive that his mother was going to go off on his gran because of the wand issue and how he was treated but Neville just couldn’t bring himself to believe her. He trusted the other Gryffindor but this seemed a little far-fetched. He wasn’t treated nearly as bad as Harriet had been with her relatives and Neville didn’t think that his treatment really warranted anything beyond fixing the wand problem. He was ecstatic to have his parents back but he didn’t think his treatment was worth his mum fighting with his gran.

A soft pop drew Neville’s gaze down and he smiled when he saw his personal house elf Fern standing right next to him, “Young Master Neville, Fern be tellin’ that youse god sister is in the floo asking for youse.”
Neville smiled at the little elf, “Thank you Fern. You can bring her through. I was expecting her.” Fern curtsied before popping away.

“Is everything alright Neville?” Alice asked worriedly from where she stood be examined, she had noticed Fern’s entrance even past the healers’ fussing; as she would, since Neville had been her focus since she woke up.

Neville sunk into the chair a little and fidgeted with the hem of his sweater, “Y-yes mum.” He stuttered, “Harriet ju-ust showed-d up. I ow-owed her yesterday.”

Alice’s jaw clenched subtly at Neville’s cowed look but she smiled at him, “Oh? Have you two made plans for the day?”

Neville paled a little and his mouth open and shut silently for several seconds before a light voice spoke for him, “Actually I was hoping to bring him over to my place.” Neville breathed out a sigh of relief and looked over to the doorway just as Harriet stepped through the doorway, following behind Fern. She was wearing a black knee-length pleated skirt and a simple red shirt, she was also noticeably snake free. “I was exploring the forest the other day and found some cool plants. I wanted to show Neville and see if he wanted some!” Harri said cutely, folding her hands in front of her as her wild hair swayed with her movement.

Alice smiled, “Hello Harriet.”

Harri came to a stop by Neville, brushing her arm against his shoulder in a silent show of support, “Hello Mrs. Longbottom.”

Alice giggled, “You can call me Alice dear.” She raised her arms at one of the healer’s direction, “Now what is this about plants? Neville, do you have an interest in herbology?”

Neville blushed and ducked his head, “I…I’m…”

Harri beamed and put a hand on her friend’s shoulder, “Neville is the top of our class in herbology. He’s saved me in quite a few assignments and practicals.” She nudged her fellow lion as his blush deepened, “Best herbology partner ever.”
“A herbology wiz huh Neville?” Frank asked jovially, “Excellent, it has been a while since we had a Longbottom returning to our roots.”

“Leave the puns out of this Frank.” Alice chuckled, just as Augusta scoffed softly.

“He is adequate.” Augusta sniffed from her high back chair where she was watching the proceeding, her eyes swept over Harriet’s attire before she turned her nose up dismissively, “He is not ready to take up the Longbottom name among herbologists.”

Neville slumped at her words, not noticing the angry glares Alice and Harriet sent Augusta.

“Mother no one is talking about picking up names.” Frank said in exasperation, “But if Neville has a true flare for herbology then he should go for it. I’m sure he will be amazing.”

‘Discovering and cultivating new magical plant life is amazing.’ Harriet thought furiously, glaring at the old woman, ‘And teaching at Hogwarts before moving to Ilvermorny isn’t exactly nothing. Beat that old hag.’

“Gran’s r-right. I’m n-not that good.” Neville muttered.

“Don’t be silly Neville.” Harriet huffed, “You’re the best in the school right behind Professor Sprout herself. What other second year has she allowed in the upper years’ greenhouses?”

The head healer cleared her throat, cutting through the growing tension in the room, “We’ve finished.”

Alice sighed in relief, “Thank Merlin. Can we use our magic again?”

The healer smiled, “You can indeed Mrs. Longbottom, you both are in perfect health and we see nothing that would lead us to believe that a backslide would occur. I would recommend that you take it slow and not just jump straight back into dueling but beyond that you may take up your wands again.”

“Yes!” Alice exclaimed, Frank chuckled and pulled her into a happy embrace.
Frank smiled at the head healer, “Thank you.”

“My pleasure Mr. Longbottom.” The healer said with a bow, “Do you have any concerns before we take our leave?”

Alice immediately pulled away from Frank and looked back to the healer, “I don’t think so. Thank you for your help though.”

“Of course.” The healer said, she bowed again, this time her three companions bowing with her, “We will take our leave then, contact us if you have need of us.” With that the four healers exited.

Alice stretched her arms up above her head, “Finally! The all clear!” she sighed happily at the stretch of her muscles before snapping her fingers.

Another little elf appeared at her feet, “What can Clover be doin’ for Lady Alice?” the elf squeaked.

“Our wands please Clover.” Alice said with a smile, “I sure they’ve been stored away.”

Augusta shifted forward in her seat with a hesitant frown as the elf bowed and popped away, “Actually…”

“Alice!” Harriet interrupted loudly before the old woman could start the show early, “Maybe you could all come over to my place and Neville can show off his expertise with the plants I found! We could have dinner together and finally get the chance to talk.”

“What an excellent idea Harriet!” Alice said, making her way over to where Harri and Neville were stationed, “We didn’t really have anything planned for today since we didn’t know what the results would be.” She smiled down at Neville, “Would you be up to that dear?”

Neville looked up to his mother with a hesitant expression, “I-I would like t-to see wh-what Harriet fo-
Frank joined them and smiled kindly at his son, “Well I would like to see the work of one who apparently saved a Potter from the dreaded herbology practical.” He sent Harriet a small grin, “I’m not sure if you know this but I had to save your father from a Devil’s Snare in herbology his fourth year.”

Harri giggled, “No, I didn’t know that.” She nudged Neville who was staring up at his parents with wide eyes, “Looks like Longbottoms saving Potters runs in the family.”

“Frank.” Augusta tried.

“That is does.” Frank chuckled, not hearing his mother.

Clover popped up next to them, “Clover has Lady Alice’s wand.” The little female squeaked, holding up a slim piece of wood toward Alice.

“Oh Brilliant!” Alice exclaimed, taking the wand from Clover, “Thank you.” Alice gripped her wand loosely and flicked it lazily in a silent lumos, “Oh yeah. That’s the stuff.” Frank chuckled at his wife’s antics.

“Frank.” Augusta tried again, a little more firmly this time as she rose from her seat, her throat working nervously.

“Just a moment mother.” Frank said as he turned to Clover, “Did you get my wand too?”

Clover wrung her hands together, “Clover not be having access to Master Frank’s wand.”

Frank frowned, “Why not? Where is it?”

“If you would just…” Augusta huffed.

“I have it dad.” Neville interrupted softly. Frank and Alice immediately zeroed in on Neville who was hesitantly pulling his father’s wand from his sleeve before offering it to his father shakily, “H-here i-it is.” Neville practically squeaked.
Frank took his wand slowly, “Why did you have my wand Neville?” Frank asked, his frown deepening.

Neville withered under his parents questioning gazes and Harriet, seeing Augusta opening her mouth, quickly sat on the arm of Neville’s chair and put an arm around his shoulders protectively, “Neville told me that Augusta refused to buy him a wand of his own.” Harriet reported steadily, both Frank and Alice drew back as if struck and Neville grew red before burying his face in his hands. Harriet looked directly at Frank, “He told me that she said if the wand was good enough for you then it was good enough for Neville.”

Alice and Frank turned toward Augusta, Frank all bewildered disbelief but Alice barely contained fury.

“Mother?” Frank asked, “Why would you do that?”

Augusta straightened, “You two were living-dead! You can’t possibly understand what I was going through! I only wanted him to live up to your memories! To carry on the legacy!”

“Neville is not us mother!” Frank exclaimed, “He is his own person! He doesn’t need to ‘live up to’ anything! He only needs to be himself!”

Augusta’s lip curled slightly, “He is lucky to get your wand Frank, it’s likely what is giving the ability to cast magic at all.”

“Mother!” Frank exclaimed, his eyes wide at the way Augusta had spoken about Neville.

“You would deprive your own grandson, my son, of his own wand?!” Alice seethed, “Neville is lucky that Frank’s wand worked for him at all! The wand chooses the wizard! You can’t just pick up anyone’s wand willy-nilly and expect it to work with any sort of accuracy or ease!”

“It would not make much of a difference.” Augusta sniffed, “He didn’t inherit either of yours’ power. He didn’t do any accidental magic until he was nine.”

The tip of Alice’s wand glowed slightly as her grip tightened, “NEVILLE IS NOT US! Neville is
his own person! And if these hateful remarks are how you have treated him since we were taken out then it is no surprise that he is quite and withdrawn! And YOU are only stunting his magical growth further because you wouldn’t get him a wand that matched him!” her wand came up a little bit as she grew angrier but she quickly spun back to Neville and Harriet and went down on her knees. “Neville.” Alice started, softer this time, “You know you can tell me anything tight?” she tugged at Neville’s hands gently, “Did anything else happen? Anything at all?”

“I-it’s nothing.” Neville said shakily, “Har-riet went through m-much worse.”

“It’s not a competition Neville.” Harri said quietly, rubbing her fellow lion’s back gently, “What I went through is not more important than what you did. You are your own person and you have a right to have your own feelings about what you experience without weighing them against mine.”

Neville just shook his head and curled in on himself.

Alice’s lips pressed into a thin line and she looked up at Harriet expectantly.

“They tried to force his accidental magic to see if he had any. I’m not sure who all was involved but I do know Algie was the one who dropped him out a window on the attempt that finally got his magic to react.” Harri reported dutifully, she felt Neville jerk under her arm and knew that he knew that he never told her that, in this timeline at least. “There was also an attempt to force it that almost resulted in Neville drowning when he was dropped off Blackpool Pier.”

Alice surged to her feet and whirled on Augusta again, “YOU ALMOST KILLED MY SON JUST TO FORCE ACCIDENTAL MAGIC?!” Alice screeched, Augusta took an involuntary step back, her eyes going wide. Harriet fought down a smirk even as Neville’s head shot up in surprise. Alice stalked toward Augusta, her wand coming up level to the elder woman’s chest, “How dare you! I should hex you six ways to Sunday for putting my child in danger! We left you with his custody because we believed you would protect him! Not that you would allow him to be thrown out windows and off piers to drown!” Alice snapped, “You’ve filled Neville’s head with your nasty thoughts! So much so that he doesn’t believe he should be defended! So maybe I should call the aurors instead! Then you can be thrown in Azkaban to be with the rest of your soul sucking brethren!”

Augusta went deathly pale, “I-I…I did what was needed to bring out his magic.”

“Hippogriff shit.” Alice snarled, making Augusta rear back in shock and indignation, “You wanted to see if he was a squib! I didn’t know you were so sympathetic to Voldemort’s cause Augusta.” The elderly woman flinched violently. “What were you going to do if he was a squib? Throw him
out?” Alice demanded, she looked down her nose at Augusta in disgust, “Dementors would be too nice for you! I should charbroil you and feed you to a dragon you nasty hag! How could you do this to my sweet Neville! Your own flesh in blood! And then to blame it on the strain you were under because of our condition! You were trying to force Neville to be Frank! This is all on you! NOT on Neville!”

Augusta was shaking under the pure anger she could feel radiating off of Alice, under the deadly intent in the younger woman’s eyes as she spat her threats. Augusta looked to her son, “Frank I…”

“Save it mother.” Frank said, deadly serious, “What you did is inexcusable. I trusted you with Neville, my son. He is my greatest achievement; not my auror career or the power that you seem to think he didn’t inherit. Not only have you allowed him to be put in danger to find proof of magic that you would have gotten with the Hogwarts letter but you have emotionally abused him and may have permanently harmed his magical growth by forcing him to use a wand that wasn’t meant for him.”

Alice whipped her wand in a wide arc at Augusta and the elderly woman staggered as she felt a heavy spell wrap around her shoulders, “What…”

“That is the informal restraining order.” Alice said in a low voice, “Don’t you dare attempt to come within ten feet of Neville or I swear on my pride as a mother that I will curse you within an inch of your life!”

Augusta looked shocked, “You can’t possibly…”

“Alice.” Frank called, Alice looked at him with slightly narrowed eyes, he just held a hand out to her. “Come on. I don’t think we can stay here now, not when she doesn’t even believe that she’s done anything wrong. We will stay somewhere else.”

Augusta’s eyes widened further, “But Frank…”

Harriet stood from Neville’s chair, “Cool the Jocasta Complex lady.” Frank choked at Harriet’s words but Alice smothered a snort, Harri crossed her arms over her chest as she suppressed her own smirk, “They’ll be staying with me so be warned. If you try to get past my family wards I don’t believe your frail body would survive the backlash.” With that Harriet tugged the still stunned Neville from his chair and led him toward the floo that Fern had guided her from with Alice and Frank close behind.
The group of four came to a stop right in front of the floo and Harriet stepped back from Neville a bit so Alice and Frank could him into a hug.

“You didn’t have to do that.” Neville sniffed into his mother’s shoulder.

“Oh sweetie.” Alice hummed, hugging him close, “Of course I did. What she did wasn’t right and we certainly never wanted you to be raised as a copy of your father.”

“We would never want you to be anything or anyone but yourself Neville.” Frank reassured him.

“But she’s your mum.” Neville said, looking up at his father uncertainly.

Frank gave him a small sad smile, “Mother or not, I won’t ever agree with what she did. You are my son. You are infinitely more important in my eyes than she is. Do you understand me Neville?” Neville looked down but nodded, only loosening a little when his father drew him into a hug.

Once the family had calmed a little bit Alice looked over to Harriet, “Harri, we can find somewhere else to stay. You don’t have to let us stay with you.”

Harri waved a hand, “Don’t be silly. You’re welcome to stay with me.” She grinned at Neville, “Besides, I need someone to take care of those plants.” Neville ducked his head and blushed. Harriet hooked her arm through Neville’s, “Come on.”

Neville tugged at Harriet’s arm to loosen her grip a bit, “Ca-areful Harri. I-I don’t th-think I would survive the twins’ je-jealousy.”

Harri grinned, “Aw, but I like it when they get all jealous and possessive.”

Neville went beet red while Frank coughed to cover up his own embarrassment, Alice just grinned though, “Aren’t you a little young to be talking about your kinks?”

“Mum!” Neville squeaked.
Harri grinned at Alice and wiggled her eyebrows, “How young is too young again?” Alice laughed as Harriet led the group closer to the floo. “Alright, follow quickly behind. I want to put the wards down in case she gets any ideas.” Alice and Frank nodded seriously even as Harriet threw some floo powder into the fire, announcing Potter Manor but preparing her own flames subtly.

Harri pulled Neville into the floo system with her and they swirled away, once she felt Frank and Alice enter the floo system she pushed her blue flames out through the green, catching the elder Longbottom’s in her flames easily as she changed the destination to LeFay Castle. The second they all stepped out into the Castle, Harriet closed the wards, focusing the containment wards on the two elder Longbottoms and locking it on them effectively trapping them in the castle until she could figure out if she would need to obliviate them or not.

Frank and Alice frowned as they took in the grand foyer, “This isn’t Potter Manor.” Alice said warily.

“Nope.” Harriet answered, popping her ‘p’. She released Neville to sweep her arms around the room dramatically, “Welcome to LeFay Castle!” she announced grandly.

As if to accent her announcement a series of explosions shook the castle followed by Fred and George’s cackling and the scrambling of hooves on marble.

Instantly Alice and Frank were tense and had their wands drawn while Neville jumped and shrunk back, edging closer to Harriet.

Harri looked up to the foyer stairs just as Prongs and Sleipnir burst from the hallway at a gallop and leapt over the stairs, both sporting slightly charred and smoking coats. Following right behind them was Fred and George flying on their brooms, both cackling madly at the sight of the two fleeing animals. “Why are you running?” Fred asked in fake innocence.

“We thought you wanted some prank products!” George pouted. Sleipnir let out a strangled sounding whinny as he slipped on the polished marble, skidding and landing in a dazed heap by the doors. Prongs caught sight of Harriet just as the twins dove at him and spun, only just avoiding the twins as he sprinted over to Harri. He skidded to a stop right in front of her before comically trying to hide his much larger body behind her slender form.

Harriet shot her father an amused look, “You tried to get into the prank stores without permission didn’t you?” Prongs snorted at her, ducking his head to try and hide his antlers.
“Harriet!” Fred and George called, they sped toward her and jumped from their brooms with just enough room to land on their feet in front of her, immediately pulling her into a hug between them. “You’re back!” Fred hummed into her hair.

“Welcome home.” George greeted, kissing her temple.

“Hello.” Harri purred happily between her mates.

“Ha-harriet?” Neville called uncertainly.

Fred and George looked behind Harriet to see a shocked Neville, Alice, and Frank, “Oh. Hello there Neville,”

“Mr. and Mrs. Longbottom. Welcome”

“to the Castle.” The twins greeted politely as Harri spun easily in their grips so she could see the Longbottoms and Prongs who was watching the twins warily.

Alice blinked, “Hello Fred, George. Why exactly were you chasing a horse and a stag through a castle?”

“They tried to take some of our”

“pranking products without paying for them.” They answered.

Prongs straightened with an indignant huff before he changed back to James in the blink of an eye, “We shouldn’t have to pay for them! We’re family!”

“Business is business.” Fred deadpanned.

“Only Harriet gets freebies.” George added, Fred nodded in agreement while Harri rolled her eyes with a smile.
“James?” Frank rasped in disbelief, Alice’s eyes were wide as she took in the Potter Lord.

James turned around with a sheepish smile as he rubbed the back of his neck, “Hey guys.”

“But…you’re dead.” Alice said.

James’ smile turned to a grin, “The rumors of my death were greatly exaggerated.” Frank choked out a laugh.

Harri hummed, a smile on her face, “Dad, you can catch them up a bit. They’ve just had a bit of an upheaval. We’ll go over everything at dinner tonight. I want to check on Sleipnir and then take Neville to the castle green houses.”

“Gotcha Princess.” James said with a smile, he patted Frank’s shoulder and nudged him and Alice toward the stairs, “Come on. We can go raid the kitchen and have a snack while you process.”

“Don’t try to take our stock again!” Fred called out to James in warning.

“There is more to the protection than just the fireworks.” George added ominously, James stuck his tongue out at them even as he herded the elder Longbottoms further into the castle.

Harri moved over to the still stunned Sleipnir, “Was the change in form part of your protections?” she asked curiously as Fred and George joined her, Neville inching behind warily.

“Nah, they just got so scared by”

“the fireworks going off that”

“they popped into their hooved forms.” The twins chuckled.

Harriet laughed softly as she ran a diagnostic on Sleipnir to make sure nothing was broken, Harri’s
laugh died off into a hum as she got the results back, “He hit his head when he went down.”

Fred and George shared a look before nodding and drawing their wands, “We’ll take him”

“to his bed so he can”

“get some rest.” They said.

Harri smiled and stood so she could give her mates quick kisses, “Thank you.”

Fred smiled, “Well it is half our fault.”

“We’ll put him to bed and then come meet you in the greenhouses.” George said.

“Alright, see you in a bit.” Harri said, taking Neville’s arm gently and leading him off while Fred and George got to levitating the two ton, eight legged horse up to the stairs and toward the family wing.

Neville allowed himself to be pulled along, trying to take in all he could as he was led through a hallway with large windows on one side, shining light onto large tapestries depicting witches battling with magical circles of light. Neville wasn’t sure where to start, “So… a-a castle?”

Harri smiled at him, “Yeah. This is the LeFay Castle. My mother was actually a descendant of Morgana LeFay through a squib of the line. I’m the last one so this castle is all mine. It’s plenty big enough to house everybody.”

“Everybody?” Neville asked uncertainly.

Harriet’s lips twitched, “Yes, all of my family. The blood family, the adopted family, and the friends.”

“So th-he twins are st-staying here then?” Neville asked.
Harri giggled, “Of course they are staying here. They are my soulmates. We wouldn’t do well apart. We’d fall apart.” Neville nodded in understanding just as Harriet pulled him to a stop, “Alright. Ready to meet the castle plants?”

Neville perked up a little at the prospect of being in his element. He was more comfortable with Harriet than most anyone else but he couldn’t truly relax unless he was among his plants. “Ready.” He answered with more strength than he had shown all day.

Harri grinned as she threw open the double doors.

Before them was a circular room full of equipment, with wooden tables in the center filled with soil for nursing plants. Beyond the initial room was three doors that led to three different greenhouses, each with a specific set of conditions that were best for the different types of plants that grew within the houses. The first was a rainforest environment, the second a taiga environment, and the third a marsh environment.

Neville looked around in awe, “There’s so many.”

Harri smiled, “You’re welcome in here whenever you’d like to be with the plants Neville. I certainly don’t know what to do with them beyond the bare basics. We do stock many of the potions ingredients from these plants though so that should be the only other time the plants are disturbed.”

“I…I can really be in here whenever I want?” Neville asked.

Harri laughed, “Well you have to sleep and eat Neville but yeah you can be in here the rest of the time if you want.”

“Thank you.” Neville said reverently.

“You’re…” Harriet trailed off when she felt one of her bracelets burning, she pulled her arm up to find which bracelet it was.

“What’s wrong Harri?” Neville asked nervously.
“One of my brothers need me.” Harri said solemnly as she found Bruce’s bracelet starting to pulse green. She looked to Neville, “Tell Fred and George I’ll be right back. I’ll be with the Hulk so I will be fine.”

“What?” Neville asked with a frown, moving toward Harriet, “You’re going somewhere alone?”

Harri gave him a reassuring smile, “Neville, Hulk won’t hurt me. Unfortunately, I’ve not give everyone a crash course in interacting with the Hulk so it is best for me to go alone this time. I will be fine. Hulk won’t let anything happen to me.”

“I still don’t think…” Neville trailed off as he saw the bracelet pulse green before glowing steadily.

“Bloody hell,” Harri mumbled, “He changed already.” She looked to Neville, “I’ll be right back okay?”

Neville’s eyes went wide as blue flames swarmed his fellow lion, “No Harriet!” he called, lunging for the flames. Neville was surprised when the blue flames didn’t burn him but created a strange pulling sensation as they engulfed him.

When the flames finally died down, Neville looked around with wide eyes as he found that they stood in a rainforest. Harriet sighed at him, “Why is it always you Neville?”

Neville blushed once again, “I don’t know.” He said miserably.

Harri came over and patted his shoulder, “Some of my awful Potter must have rubbed off on you.” She smiled at him, “Sorry Neville.”

Neville huffed softly, “It’s al-right.”

There was an ominous crack behind them followed by a loud vicious sounding growl.

Harri took Neville’s wrists in her hands before he could turn to see what the commotion was. “Alright Neville.” She said steadily, “Stay calm. He won’t hurt you unless you attack him. Alright? Just breathe. Deep in. Good, now out.”
“This really isn’t helping me not panic.” Neville said as he dutifully breathed in and out.

“You trust me don’t you?” Harri asked.

“Yes, I do.” Neville answered.

Harri smiled, “Then remember, calm, and turn around slowly.”

Neville took a ragged breath and turned around slowly, his mouth dropping open when he saw the muscly green giant that stood not twenty feet from him, breathing roughly as its wild green eyes moved from Neville to Harriet.

Harriet let go of Neville and walked over to the green giant with a big grin on her fact, “Hey Hulk!” Harri greeted.

“Sister blue bird.” Hulk rumbled, leaning down and stroking a single finger over Harriet’s wild black hair. “Hulk happy to see blue bird.”

“I’m happy to see you too big guy!” Harriet chirped. She took Hulk’s hand and tugged at him gently until he stepped from the ruins of the tree he had demolished. “Alright Hulk. This is by God brother Neville.” Harri introduced, waving a hand at the gaping Neville. “Neville. I’d like you to meet my brother…the Hulk!”

Neville let out a high pitched squeak and fainted dead away.

Chapter End Notes

The Jocasta complex is the incestuous sexual desire of a mother towards her son. NO, I do not believe this is actually what Augusta feels for her son. It was more for the shock value that would keep Augusta in the sitting room while they made their ‘escape’. I do believe that Augusta is a bit overbearing and has some fixation on her son, hence trying to transpose him onto Neville.

Next time: Hulk & Neville interaction. Bruce officially meets Harriet. Tonks gets the talk. The Haunting begins!
UGH!! This chapter being late is completely my fault! No one to blame but me! It just seemed...wrong. I reread it on the day that I was supposed to post and something felt off, so I pushed it off. On Friday, I edited one bit but it still felt wrong. Saturday I fixed another bit but I was still unhappy with the overall chapter. James was over today though and boy howdy did he help! I shifted some things and made the end more believable and BAM! Fucking finally ready to go! Enjoy my lovelies!

Harriet blinked down at Neville’s unconscious form, “Huh.”

Hulk frowned and leaned forward, sniffing at Neville, “What wrong?”

Harri looked up to her brother with a small smile, she knew that this was not a reaction he had come across before. Most who came into contact with Hulk usually either ran or started attacking. Harriet patted his hand easily, “Neville has just been through a lot today and seeing you was a bit of a surprise for him. He may be a Gryffindor but it seems he’s used up his courage for the day.”

“What Gry-fin-door?” Hulk asked, working his way around the word as he leaned down and nudged Neville, making him scrunch up his nose in his sleep.

“Gryffindors are lions big guy.” Harri said with a smile, “Proud and brave.”

“Kitty?” Hulk asked, stroking Neville’s hair with a single finger like he had with Harriet moments earlier.

Harri stifled her snicker, “Yes, lions are cats.” Her eyebrows shot up when Hulk started to pick Neville up, making him wince even in his unconscious state. “Careful big guy, he’s not indestructible like you.” She moved forward and helped Hulk adjust Neville so he was cradled in one big green arm loosely, “There you go, gentle. Got it?”

Hulk gave a jerky nod, “Gentle. No crush Kitty.”
Harri giggled, only just suppressing the urge to take out her phone and take a picture. “Good.” She said with a smile, “Now what happened Hulk? Your bracelet changed really fast. Was Bruce in danger?”

“Bruceman with puny people, make them better.” Hulk grunted, “Badmen came, hurt puny girl. Hulk come to stop them.”

It took Harriet a moment to fill in the gaps of Hulks speech, “Bruce was healing people and people came and hurt a little girl so you came out to protect them?” Hulk gave a gruff nod, “Did the men have guns?” another nod, “Did you chase them away or did you leave the people because they were afraid?”

“Puny people hide. Hulk chase badmen, stopped when Bluebird come.” Hulk huffed.

Harri hummed, looking around at their heavily forested surroundings. “Probably a little village.” She mused quietly before looking back up to Hulk, “Can you take me back to the people Bruce was healing? After we get a bit more information we can smash the badmen.” Hulk gave a pleased grin and turned back along his path of destruction, leading Harriet back to the people. Before they went too far, Hulk got annoyed by Harriet’s pace and lifted her by the back of her shirt to set her on his shoulder, leaving her sitting just above where Neville was being held.

A groan turned Harriet’s gaze downward even as Hulk continued on, Neville rubbed at his face roughly before blinking his eyes open slowly. Harri smiled, “Hello Neville.” She greeted.

Neville frowned up at her perched on a huge green shoulder before he noticed the equally large and green arm that was cradling him to an enormously muscled green chest. His eyes went wide and he started shaking, “Harriet?” he squeaked.

Harri smiled down at him, “Easy Neville. Hulk won’t hurt you. Will you big guy?” she directed toward Hulk.

Hulk looked down at Neville who shrunk under the radioactive green gaze, “Hulk no hurt Kitty. Gentle like Bluebird say.”

“Kitty?” Neville eeked out.
Hulk have a short but serious nod, “Bluebird say you a…a…”

“Gryffindor.” Harri supplied.

Hulk nodded again, “Kitty.”

Neville’s mouth opened and closed silently for a few moments before pointing at Harriet, “Harri’s a Gryffindor too!”

Hulk frowned, “Bluebird is Bluebird.”

Harri grinned down at Neville, “I’d stick with Kitty Nev, trust me when I say it could be much worse.”

Neville’s cheeks reddened, “I-I don’t kn-ow how.” Harri’s lips twitched. “So-o…how did you m-meet…”

“Hulk.” Harri provided with a smile, Hulk grunted, “It’s…complicated.”

Neville looked at her incredulously, before drawing on some hidden well of courage, a well that Harriet knew from the other timeline that allowed him to stand up to Voldemort and kill Nagini, allowing him to say, “Harri…I was somehow transported in blue flames from the nicest greenhouses I’ve ever seen and am now being held by a large green man who is calling me Kitty. I think I can at least try to understand.”

Harri laughed lightly, “Looks like he didn’t use up all his Gryffindor courage huh Hulk?”

Hulk looked down to Neville again, “Kitty puny but brave like Bluebird say.” Neville flushed and looked down to his hands.

Harri nodded, “He sure is.” She tilted her head for a moment, thinking. Neville was the other prophecy child and while Dumbledore probably kept an eye on him just in case, she was sure he
very rarely tried to enter Neville’s mind. She could get him one of the blocking bracelets and any suspicion Dumbledore might derive from feeling that if he tried to enter Neville’s mind could be brushed off as Frank and Alice’s protectiveness and left over war paranoia. In the meantime, Harri could teach Neville the mind arts to protect himself more fully, bringing up his confidence and teaching him more as they went. Harri did like Neville, he had been one of her true friends in the last timeline; they had fallen out of touch when Harriet, Fred, and George had fled to America, but they were still friendly. Harri would really like to keep him closer this time and while his career as a fighter had begun and ended the year before the Battle of Hogwarts, he was an excellent herbologist and (at least when she had checked last in the previous timeline) training to be a healer during the time he had off from teaching. Harriet thought telling Neville would be a positive and, just like she had threatened before and her mum had reminded her, she could always obliterate the knowledge if Neville reacted badly.

Mind made up Harri nodded again, “Alright Neville, we’ll have to go over some rules when we get back to the castle but I’ll give you what you need for right now.” Neville looked up from his hands in surprise but his curiosity shone through. Harri drew her legs up so she could tuck them under her, “I’m from the future. I first met Hulk and his counterpart in another timeline where we were family. This time though I officially met him when he was being attacked by that bloody bastard Ross, a General from the American Army who is hunting Hulk, we kicked his butt then left.” Harri smiled, “Good times.”

Neville was staring up at her, slack jawed, “Time travel?” he rasped.

Harri wiggled her eyebrows, “Time travel.” She agreed.

“Don’t you ever catch a break?” Neville asked after several seconds of silence.

Harriet gave a startled laugh, “I think the time travel was my break Neville.” She looked up from Neville and toward the path in front of them, “Where I came from. We were in the middle of a war. Even so I was happy. I had the best adopted family a girl could ever ask for, loving mates who stood with me through all the hardships that came up, friends who would share in our experiences. The war was brutal but we had each other, we fought together. Fought for our future, for our world.” She stared at the trees ahead without seeing them, Neville shifted slightly as he felt dread rise in his throat. Harriet drew in a deep breath suddenly and looked down at Neville, her eyes heavy as they looked at him, “They all died Neville.” Neville swallowed hard at the emotion in Harriet’s voice, “I was the last one.” She took a shuddering breath, “The time travel was unintentional. I was ready to die.” The Hulk took a slightly awkward step around a crushed tree, jostling Harriet. A faint clinking sound came from her necklaces as they swung into each other. “I wanted to join my family.”

The temperature dropped as Glacia gave an unhappy snap of her beak in the back of her mind. Harriet could almost hear Thor’s denial of her wish, unhappy with her wanting to die, and Natasha’s disapproving glare on her back.
Harri shook herself, “Uhg, talk about a downer moment.” She stood up on Hulk’s shoulder, just having caught sight of the village, “The point is Neville, this is my break. My second chance. I’m going to fix things! I won’t let my family down.” She jumped from Hulk and started walking ahead, “Merlin, I’m turning into a bloody Hufflepuff.” She huffed, “Let’s talk to these people and then go smash some baddies Hulk! Preferably before I turn into a badger.”

Hulk gave her a wide grin, “Hulk smash badmen with sister Bluebird!”

Harri grinned, “You know it big brother!”

As Harriet, Neville, and Hulk were making their way into a tiny village to gather information on the targets, Hogwarts was greeting the newest element that would bring chaos to her hallowed halls. The red headed ghost floated along the familiar paths, a small smile fixed on her face as she took in her surroundings. As she floated she was greeted by the other ghosts, many remarking on her presence and inviting her to come talk with them when she had the chance.

The red head hummed as she approached the gargoyle guardian of the Headmaster’s office. She wondered if she could get the Bloody Baron or maybe Peeves to teach her some ghostly tricks; a smile graced her face, that could be entertaining. Peeves was a poltergeist, not an actual ghost though so she may have to see if what havoc he caused would require some magic. She hummed, wondering if she would need to pull the power from Harriet or if she could do it on her own, or maybe she could pull it from another source.

“I’m dead. I’m not supposed to be actually working.” She moaned to herself critically as she moved through the gargoyle and floated up toward the simple door that led to the Headmaster’s office. She poked her head through the door, ready to throw out the first barb if her prey was in there.

Luckily he was not and she entered without hindrance, chuckling quietly to herself when she noticed that Harriet’s ice still coated the room, “I wonder how long Rose is going to leave it?” a soft amused kree drew her gaze over to a pathetic looking chair that was sat awkwardly in front of the iced bookshelves. Sitting on the back was a magnificent phoenix, “Hello Fawkes.” The ghost murmured gently, “She really wanted to see you, you know. You should go see her when she gets back.” She looked around the room in amusement, “And you may want to at least unfreeze the Sorting Hat. Imagine how much the old man would screw that up.” Fawkes cooed in agreement, putting his head against the ghost’s shoulder and surprising her with actual warm contact, “Right, mysterious phoehixes. Cycling between life and death, you would be able to touch ghosts wouldn’t you, you silly bird?” Fawkes clacked his beak in proud agreement. Fawkes suddenly looked pointedly at the door and the ghost grinned, “Show time!” she laughed before diving into the huge ice block that contained the Headmaster’s true desk.
Seconds later, the door opened to reveal Albus Dumbledore, looking a bit too pleased with himself for the ghosts liking. Albus’ eyes alighted on Fawkes and the pleased look dropped into one of annoyance, “Finally decided to return Fawkes? That binding isn’t comfortable if its ignored long enough, is it?” Fawkes snapped at him angrily and the old man narrowed his eyes, “Know your place bird or it will be the binding chains for you again until you can behave.”

The red headed ghost had heard enough.

“ALBUS DUMBLEDORE!” she thundered in her best Thor impression, she shot form the ice block to float above it. Her hair, though slightly washed out from her current state, burned red as it flew around her face like a crown, her eyes turned Avada green as her anger rose. Dumbledore gaped at her, his eyes wide with disbelief, “How dare you! HOW DARE YOU!” in the distraction, Fawkes flamed away again. “I have seen you from beyond!” she announced ominously, “I have seen your manipulations on my precious daughter! Do not think I will let you get away with this!”

“Lily?” Dumbledore said in astonishment before he shook himself from his shock, “Impossible!” he drew his wand and leveled it at Lily, “Ghosts don’t form this many years after their deaths without some warning signs! You’re impossible. An illusion someone set up!”

Lily gave a chilling laugh, “Hold on to that belief old man.”

Dumbledore scowled and waved his wand in a complicated movement, “Ad quos eieci te de hoc mundo spiritum.” Dumbledore spelled. A bright light broke form his wand and hit the ghost in front of him, it disappeared with a short scream and a pop. Dumbledore nodded to himself, “Just an illusion. Another tasteless prank.” He moved over to his rickety table, sitting down in his less than inspiring chair. “I must find how people get into my office so easily.” He muttered to himself.

“Perhaps it’s the incredibly easy passwords you set.” Lily said, popping up from the table in front of him suddenly. Dumbledore gave an undignified yelp as he jumped backward, almost toppling over. Dumbledore stared at her in shock as she rose easily from the table, “Did you honestly think that would work?” she asked, raising a dainty eyebrow; she leaned forward, her expression darkening, “Did you honestly think I would leave while you are still trying to control my daughter? No such luck you old goat. I’m haunting your wrinkled ass until you leave her alone or you die. Whichever comes first.” Dumbledore’s eyes widened at the statement and Lily gave another dark laugh, “Welcome to Hell.”

“You’re not seriously going to do this are you?” Neville asked, he had been allowed to move to Hulk’s shoulder once they reached the village since Neville had tried to wriggle out of the embarrassing position. Now, Hulk stood on the edge of a small cliff with Neville on one shoulder and Harriet on the other and they were all looking down at the large band of mercenaries. These
mercenaries were terrorizing local villages because they believed that another meteor that had landed in the area recently had one of the rarer metals within it. Harriet had rolled her eyes at this and, after examining the rock that all the fuss was about, discovered that it was a completely false belief. She had seen adamantium many times and was, of course, very familiar with vibranium. The metal in the meteor was neither, it was just plain old iron-nickel from a rather plain meteorite. Sure it had the tiniest trace of gold that her spell had detected but it was nothing to call the Swiss about. It certainly wasn’t worth trying to raid a village over.

“Of course I’m going to do this Neville.” Harriet said with a huff as she slid off of Hulk again, “These idiots will continue terrorizing those poor people if I just leave them. They won’t take no for an answer and these people won’t let it go peacefully, they see meteorites as blessings from their gods. Trying to take it from them will only end in a massacre of innocent village people.” Dobby popped up beside Harriet with her mission clothes and she quickly did her changing spell.

Hulk leaned over Dobby curiously and the little elf peered up at Hulk without a trace of fear, “What you?” Hulk rumbled.

“Dobby is an elf!” Dobby squeaked proudly, folding Harriet’s skirt and shirt carefully without breaking eye contact, “What you?”

Hulk beat a fist against his chest, “Hulk is Hulk!”

Dobby nodded sagely, “Dobby is pleased to meetin a friend of the Great Harri Potter!”

Harri giggled as Hulk frowned and cocked his head at Dobby, “That would be me big guy.”

Hulk grinned in understanding, “Sister Bluebird!” Dobby looked to Harriet in question and she just smiled, Dobby looked back up to Hulk who had stood up from his previous position, “Bluebird smash with Hulk!” he stopped and looked down to Harriet, “Kitty smash?”

“What?” Neville asked, startled, “No-o sm-smashing Kitty!” he stuttered out.

Harri shook her head, “He doesn’t want to smash you Nev, he wants to know if you want to smash with us.” Harri looked up at Hulk, “Kitty doesn’t know how to smash Hulk, give me a bit of time to train him and maybe he can join us next time.”
Hulk slumped, his face falling into what could only be a pout as he looked over to Neville on his shoulder, “Kitty smash later?”

Neville’s eyes went wide but he nodded, “J-just let Har-Bluebird teach me. O-okay?” Hulk gave him a short nod.

“Good.” Harri hummed as she took her headset from Dobby, “Set him down so Dobby can take him home. Then we’ll get to taking care of these baddies alright?” with that Harriet engaged her headset and was greeted promptly by Jarvis, “Hey Jarvis. Can you scan and see if you can find any information on the people below?”

“Of course Miss Potter.” Jarvis replied.

Harri heard the familiar pop of Dobby leaving and looked up when she felt the vibration of Hulk stepping over to her, “Smash now?”

“Just a minute.” Harri said, turning back to the people below, “I’m checking who all we have here so we can plan.”

“No plan, just smash.” Hulk huffed.

Harri laughed, “You want to know who will be the most fun to smash right?”

“Miss Potter. I have identified forty out of the forty-two beings below you.” Jarvis announced, “All have extensive records ranging from petty theft all the way up to manslaughter. Ten of them are on Shield’s wanted list and the two I was unable to identify seem to being putting off energy similar to some of the samples I was able to find of mutant powers.”

Harriet hummed, “If you can actually sense them with what little equipment the headset holds they must be class four. Or a high end three at least.” Harriet pulled the gloves that Fred and George had made her out of her pocket and slid them on, “Any who would respond well to jail time?”

“Highly unlikely.” Jarvis informed her shortly, “They are the dregs. No morals at all if their records are any indication. Five” Jarvis actually pulled these pictures up in front of Harriet, unlike the others, “seem to enjoy playing with children. I shall have to wipe their deeds from my servers before my processor blows.”
Harriet narrowed her eyes at the pictures, “We’ll take care of them from this end.”

“Much obliged Miss Potter.” Jarvis answered.

Harri looked up at Hulk, “Ready buddy?”

“Who smash?” Hulk growled.

Harri tapped the holograms lightly, “Can you see these five?” Hulk moved closer to her and she held still so he could look at the little pictures, he huffed in acknowledgement, sending hot air over Harri’s face and making her wrinkle her nose, “Smash them bad. They are the worst sort of people. They hurt kids” She pulled up her hood over her face.

Hulk swung toward the camp and leapt forward without any more prompting, landing on one the jeeps at the edge of the mercenary camp and letting out a roar. The mercenaries let out startled screams and many drew weapons while the smarter ones fled. Harriet grinned and flamed to the other side of the camp, cutting off their escape as she drew her guns, “Look what we have here Hulk! Why it’s an absolute treasure trove of the worst scum on earth.” The mercenaries drew to a stop and they all started to back into a defensive circle, “Murderers, rapists, and human traffickers oh my.” She purred, Hulk growled.

“And just who are you?” one of the mercenaries demanded, Jarvis locked onto the bald man with a scruffy beard and presented her with his information, Harri narrowed her eyes at the many charges of rape and torture that had been stuck to the man, “You and your pet monster.” The man, Robert by his file, demanded.

Harriet flicked the safety off of her guns, “He’s the Hulk and I…I am The Queen.”

Robert went down with a single bullet between his eyes and the camp exploded into chaos. Many started firing at Hulk and Harriet but she just put up her shield in front of her and he ignored what amounted to pin pricks to him. Harriet ran forward, firing kill shot after kill shot until her clips ran dry. She holstered her guns and met the next mercenary charging her with an ice blade that slit the woman’s throat, splattering blood over Harriet who quickly flipped out of range of a machete that was swinging her way a second later. Before she could go after the one swinging at her, another of the camp’s jeeps came down on the female, turning her to a smudge beneath the twisted metal. Hulk roared again as he sent three flying into the wreckage in front of Harriet, impaling them on bits of metal.
Suddenly a green mist surrounded Harriet and she felt her throat constrict, she tried to step out of the smoke, looking for a canister of tear gas, but the smoke stayed with her. Harriet growled and flamed three feet to the right, she looked back to see the green smoke solidify into a frowning man dressed in worn camo gear. Understanding, Harri flicked her wand into her hand and cast a concealing bubble around the man, sure enough he turned to smoke and tried to break out of the bubble. Green eyes flashed Avada Kedavra green and Harri twisted her wand in a slow movement; the containment bubble expanded, pulling the struggling gas particles with it, carefully dissipating the smoke until nothing was left.

Harriet sheathed her wand and turned toward the Hulk’s furious growl, he was charging at a thin, black haired man who wore black lipstick and had beady black eyes. He moved in a strange dance as he directed a large amount of sand straight into Hulk’s face. Hulk spluttered, turning his head aside as he barreled forward and the man side stepped in enough time to avoid Hulk. Harriet rolled her eyes as they started up their dance again, the man hissing dramatically at Hulk, she quickly changed the clip on one of her guns and shot the man twice in the chest.

Harriet looked around as Hulk made his way over to her, “Good job Hulk! It looks like we finished that up pretty quick.”

Hulk grinned down at her, “Hulk go with Bluebird now?”

Harriet winced and pulled down her hood, flicking her headset off in the process, “Hulk, Bruce isn’t ready for me yet. We’ve been writing in his journal but he still seems wary. I can’t force him. He wouldn’t like that.”

“Bruceman puny! Not talk to Hulk like Bluebird say!” Hulk huffed.

Harri frowned, “You’ve been watching Bruce more? I thought you only watched him when he was in danger.”

“Hulk watch. Keep puny Bruceman from run and hide.” Hulk said.

“Ah,” Harriet said, realization dawning, “I’ve been trying to go as slow as possible but his fight or flight is kicking in. Is that it?” Hulk grunted his agreement, “That’s why you can’t come with me.” Harri sighed, “If his fight or flight is kicking in now, I’d hate to think what I’d put him through if he woke up at the castle.” Hulk let out a wild huff and glared at her as best he could, “I’m sorry buddy but…Hulk!” Harriet ended on a squeak as Hulk started to fall toward her with his full weight; halfway down Hulk started to shrink, his green bleeding out to make way for pale skin. Realizing what had happened, Harriet caught the half-naked Bruce before he could hit the ground. “Damnit Hulk.”
She growled lightly.

Harriet quickly maneuvered Bruce’s limp arm over her shoulder and started making her way toward the edge of the camp where Bruce wouldn’t wake up surrounded by bodies. Luckily, it seemed that Hulk had left one mode of transportation unharmed. Harriet wondered to herself if it was Bruce or Hulk who first took a liking to motorcycles. She huffed and tugged Bruce over to a soft patch of moss before going to start the clean-up, paying that she would be able to complete it before Bruce woke up. She cast a carefully controlled fiendfyre at the camp site to take care of the bodies before pulling the motorcycle over to where Bruce was laying.

Just as she was getting ready to stop the cursed fire a groan made her freeze.

Harriet looked back to Bruce warily, watching as he rubbed at his head and sat up, “Not again.” He muttered miserably. Glacia cooed within Harriet, trying to lift Bruce’s spirits and, despite that there was no actual sound, Bruce’s head whipped around, his gaze landing on Harriet immediately. He frowned, blinking several times before his eyes flashed green momentarily, “Harriet?”

Harri let out a hesitant laugh and gave him an awkward wave, “Hey, Bruce.” She mentally cursed Hulk, she knew what that green flash was, she just hadn’t thought Hulk would be able to send Bruce a thought if Bruce hadn’t contacted Hulk yet. “How’s it going?” Bruce’s frown grew before suddenly he started coughing almost violently, Harriet’s wariness disappeared in favor of checking on Bruce, rushing over to him, “Are you alright?”

Bruce had a hand to his throat, “Why does it feel like I ate a beach?” he demanded in a strange raspy tone.

Harriet grimaced, “There was a mutant who controlled some form of sand in the group of mercenaries we took down. He got a blast in on Hulk’s face, the big guy must have gotten some in his mouth.” She quickly drew her wand and cast a simple dislodging spell that was often used for people choking, Bruce pitched forward and Harriet stepped clear just as sand came flying out of his mouth. Harri rubbed Bruce’s back as he continued to hack up sand, “It shouldn’t be much longer but I know you should fully swallow that.” Bruce nodded, his face an entirely different shade of green than his usual.

As it slowed down, Harriet conjured a cup and angled her wand inside so that her Aguamenti spell would fill the cup, “Bruce.” She called lightly, the doctor looked up at her and she pointedly took a drink from the cup before handing it to him.

Bruce took the cup hesitantly, watching her before taking a drink, once he was satisfied that it
wouldn’t poison him or knock him out he drank a bit quicker. Harriet vanished the pile of sand and phlegm with her wand, a motion that Bruce followed curiously. Once the glass was empty he finally looked to Harriet again, “How many did I kill?” he asked lowly.

“Well…” Harri started, dropping to sit cross legged in front of Bruce, the motion making her necklaces clink together, “I took out fourteen before I ran out of bullets, a fifteenth with my ice, and my sixteenth and seventeenth were the two mutants. There were forty-two in the mercenary band when this started so you got twenty-five.” Harriet could almost hear Bucky and Clint arguing over whose kills carried more weight, like Harriet taking out the two mutants would bring her up even with Hulk’s count.

“Mercenaries.” Bruce deadpanned, “What about the village? That’s where I blacked out.” He swallowed hard and looked away, “God…that little girl.”

Harri smiled as she poured more water into Bruce’s cup, “Calm down Bruce, the village it fine and Villard is quite enjoying the pampering they’re giving him.”

Bruce’s head whipped around, “What?”

Harri nodded, “Yeah, they’re all fine. Hulk chased the mercenaries away and after he found me and Neville we went back to get more information on the mercenaries. Hulk didn’t hurt any innocents and once the village found out that Villard was yours they insisted on taking care of their protector’s pet.” She leaned back on her hands, “Not that he’s really a pet, at this point he’s almost a familiar.” She tilted her head, “I wonder if Hulk gives you the ability to make that connection? Usually you need magic to make it.”

“You’re lying.” Bruce rasped with wide eyes.

Harriet cocked an eyebrow at him, “I think I would know more about magical familiars than you Bruce.”

“No…the village. There’s no way…” Bruce started.

Harri rolled her eyes with a sigh, ‘Here we go again.’ “Bruce, how many times have I told you that Hulk isn’t always destructive? Do you want to know? Because I can pull out my side of our journal.” “And about a thousand memories from another timeline where we talked in person.” Harri shook her head, “Hulk wouldn’t have hurt those people. He came out to protect them. And honestly,
I think he has a soft spot for kids.” ‘I know _he_ does, he enjoyed those trips to the orphanages to play with the kids after all.’

Bruce still looked sick, “What about this…Neville person, where is he if Hulk left innocents alone.” His eyes flash green and he frowned again, “And who is Kitty?”

Harri snickered, “Kitty is Hulk’s name for Neville. I sent Neville home before we took out the mercenaries. He’s relatively new to everything and throwing him into an impromptu mission and expecting him to stay for the action is a bit far-fetched.” She shrugged, “But introducing him to Hulk went pretty well I’d say. Neville got to practice his courage; poor kid has been verbally abused into a timid little submissive by his Gran. This will boost him a bit I hope.”

Bruce gaped at her before he took a shaky drink of his water, “What were you even doing here?” he asked once he had settled a little bit.

“I promised Hulk I would see him when he comes out.” Harriet said easily, she raised her arm that held her bracelets and shook her coat sleeve down to reveal them, “Yours glows green when Hulk is out.” She put her arm back down, “I did mean to leave before you woke up since you didn’t call me yourself but Hulk seemed to think that we needed to meet. He passed out almost on top of me without even helping with clean up.” She pouted at the last bit.

Bruce let out a startled laugh, “Good luck getting him to clean up.”

“You’d be surprised.” Harri grinned, sitting up again.

Bruce sighed, “You always say stuff like that. Are you going to tell me now?”

“Have you accepted magic?” Harriet shot back.

“Magic isn’t real!” Bruce huffed, it was how most of their conversations went.

“What is that cup and water you’re holding?! You saw me make the water come from my wand!” Harri exclaimed.
Bruce scowled down at the cup, “Sleight of hand! I’ve seen that in little magic shows!”

Before Harriet could answer a pop sounded behind her and she turned to see Fred and George in their mission clothes, wands already drawn. Harriet grinned, “Fred! George! I didn’t know you had finished your apparating lessons with Remus!”

Fred and George relaxed when they saw her and quickly pulled down their hoods, “We haven’t”

“finished the lessons. We”

“just tweaked a portkey and tracker spell”

“which we then placed on your headset.”

Harri smiled as she climbed to her feet, “Ah, that makes more sense.” They drew her closer to them as they checked her over, “I assume Neville told you?”

“Yes.” George said, he looked over to the still burning wreckage, “Looks like you two had it under control.”

“Yeah, it wasn’t a very big group.” Harri hummed as George slid an arm around her and kissed her temple. Fred looked over to the fire and redrew his wand to carefully dissipate Harriet’s spell. Harri leaned into George but looked over to Bruce, “Was that sleight of hand Bruce?” she asked innocently.

Bruce was staring at Fred and George with intense curiosity, “Did you just…teleport?”

Fred and George shared a glance before looking to Harriet, “Is this”

“Bruce then?”

Harri laughed, “Yep, this is Bruce. Bruce, this is Fred and George.”
Fred and George honed in on Bruce, “Well he certainly looks younger than the memory you showed us.” George said.

“But we guess that’s to be expected.” Fred hummed, he tilted his head, “He can really turn into the Hulk?”

“Yes.” Harri said in amusement.

“That’s quite a transformation. He seems tiny.” George noted.

Bruce looked somewhere between confused and uncertain with just a tinge of offended, “Gamma rays tend to do that.” He said uncertainly.

Fred and George perked up, “Oh, do you give off gamma radiation?” Fred asked.

“Is it self-renewed or do you have to top up somehow?” George asked.

“Can we…” Fred started before Harriet smacked his arm gently.

“Fred, it’s not polite to ask people for body parts for experimentation.” Harri giggled.

Fred pouted, “I was only going to ask for some hair.”

“I’m sure.” Harri said with amusement, George snickered.

Bruce shook his head, trying to keep up, until he caught one specific part of the conversation, “What do you mean I looked older in a memory?”

Harriet feigned looking at a watch, “Oh would you look at the time. We best be getting home for dinner.”
“Harriet!” Bruce called, shooting to his feet.

Harri waved dramatically as she started to draw her flames up around, “Bye Bruce! Hulk left you a motorcycle! Don’t forget to look for your center while meditating so you can talk to Hulk.”

“You can’t just leave it like this!” Bruce shouted over the noise of the blue flames.

“Put some ice on it!” George called.

“It’ll go down in a couple hours!” Fred laughed.

With that Harriet flamed them back to the greenhouses, giggling madly in her usual spot pressed between Fred and George.

Harriet looked up to her mates with a brilliant smile, “That is one of the many reasons I love you two.”

Fred and George both arched an eyebrow at her, “And here we thought it”

“was because of our International Pranking Empire.” They teased.

“Nah, that’s what you do, not who you are.” Harri giggled.

Fred drew her into a kiss, “We’re glad dick jokes can ensure your love for us.” He said softly against her lips.

Harri pulled back a little with a smile, “Not just dick jokes. Your guys’ ability to break the tension of any situation even if only armed with dick jokes.”

George tightened his arms around her, “It’s our specialty.”
“Um…g-guys?” came Neville’s voice, the three looked over to see Neville standing awkwardly at the nursery table, his cheeks burning red. “C-an y-you do t-that somewh-ere else? I…d-don’t want you tr-amatizing the pl-lants.” He stuttered as he began to fidget.

Fred grinned, “Right…the plants.”

“Nice way of telling us to get a room.” George snickered.

“We’ll have to remember that one.” Fred added.

Harriet smirked, “Sorry Kitty.” Neville ducked his head as his blush grew darker.

“What’s this now?” George asked.

“A nickname we don’t know the origin of?” Fred asked curiously.

“It’s what Hulk called him.” Harriet giggled. Fred and George snickered softly and Neville blew out a resigned breath. Harri smiled at him fondly, “Let me get cleaned up and then we’ll go get your parents so we can all talk over dinner.”

The dinner with the Longbottom’s went over well.

Harriet first told them all about Dumbledore’s manipulations and showed them the proof. To say that they were outraged was an understatement. Alice had started pacing like a caged animal, while Frank very calmly asked more in-depth questions that Harriet was happy to answer. This display let Harriet see the dynamic of their relationship, showing that Alice was clearly the firecracker and Frank the more level headed one; that wasn’t to say that Alice didn’t think, it’s just that her emotions were held more closely to the surface than Frank’s. Harriet was sure that if she hadn’t intercepted Alice’s rant and hadn’t already tied the two to the castle wards, that Alice would have tried to go after Dumbledore right that moment.

Things got a bit more interesting when she talked about the time travel. They were actually much more skeptical than Harriet thought they would be. Sure she expected some denial but much less
than they had given her, they had been part of the magical community their entire lives, she sort of expected them to know magic was sometimes strange and unpredictable. Remus had to gently remind her that most people raised in the magical community didn’t think the way she did, most having the ‘rules of magic’ hammered home since they were little. Eventually, Harriet simply called for the courtroom pensive and showed them a memory progression of Neville from the last timeline. It was around the memory of Harriet giving Neville the sword of Gryffindor to kill Nagini that she saw acceptance and rising shock appear on the elder Longbottom’s faces.

Through all of this Neville had just listened and watched with wide eyes. Practically shaking when she showed the memory of him threatening Bellatrix Lestrange in the Department of Mysteries. Wide eyed when Harriet showed the memory of Neville leading them through the secret passage to get into Hogwarts right before the battle. And nearly choking when he watched himself accept the sword and promise to kill Nagini. The ones after that were a little less nerve wracking for the Gryffindor but were filled with more embarrassment as his mother commented on what a looker he turned into.

Harriet was pleased in the end when the Longbottom trio offered their assistance in her mission to take down Dumbledore and protect people. They spent most of the remaining part of the evening going over plans and introducing the Longbottoms to everyone in the castle. Neville being pleasantly surprised to find his friend Sage was here even if he found out that his Sage persona was only a cover. The Marauders were happy to have their two friends back too, they took over integrating the elder Longbottom’s to the castle, all but dragging the couple through the halls and making sure that Alice and Frank took a set of rooms that was one the same floor as theirs.

Now, as Harriet sat in Potter Manor alone, she prepared for something similar in her impending talk with Tonks.

Similar only because of the difficult choice she would have to present to the bouncy auror.

Harri had worries about involving Tonks, no matter how much she wanted to bring the woman in without hesitation. She wasn’t just spitting words when she had said that Tonks had a conflict of interests. The Order part could be taken care of easily enough, showing her the truth behind the Order would turn her from Dumbledore but give Harriet another spy within the enemy camp. It was the Department of Magical Law Enforcement that was the real problem.

The DMLE had rules and regulations that prohibited them from withholding information if it in anyway lent to current case. Even if Harriet made Tonks swear to hide the information or managed to get a Goblin ward to force the secret, Tonks would be required by her contract with her department to inform the Head Auror of the block on the information if it was asked about directly. So if Madame Bones was to ask Tonks if Harriet had an animagus, Tonks couldn’t tell her but she would have to tell Madame Bones that a block had been put on the information. That was as good as admitting guilt in cases like this and Madame Bones could get a warrant from the Wizengamot to bring said person under questioning.
There was also the fact the Tonks loved her job and Harriet actually didn’t have too much of a problem with the DMLE itself. Sure it had corrupt aurors but Harriet had dealt with some corrupt cops in New York and corrupt aurors from the American Ministry, she knew not to judge the entire department by a few bad eggs. The DMLE did provide several important services, even if their training was lacking in places due to the community’s current peaceful state, keeping illegal trading down and capturing criminals as well as maintaining Azkaban.

Talking this through with Loki had given her the line she needed to draw in front of Tonks, the decision she needed to give the woman. Harriet sighed, she really did think of Tonks as a friend and, while she was dating Remus, an Aunt, she didn’t want to make her choose between something she loved and her forming attachment to Harriet. As a Hufflepuff, even if Tonks did choose the DMLE, it was likely she would continue to try and get closer to Harriet and, for her protection, Harriet would have to keep her at arm’s length.

Hearing the floo come to life Harriet looked up to see Tonks appear through the flames, standing there in tight black pants and a Hufflepuff sweater, her hair black and yellow to keep with her theme.

Harriet got up from her chair with a grin, “Hufflepuff propaganda in my house? I’m afraid you’ll have to leave with that right now before my house elves die of shock.”

Tonks stuck her tongue out at Harriet, “No such luck lion! I’m here to spread the warm fuzzies to this den!” Harri giggled and Tonks laughed, “Wotcher Harriet! How have you been?”

Harriet accepted the hug from Tonks before pulling back a bit, “I’ve been great. I had a great time with the Lovegoods on that animal expedition and since I last saw you I’ve actually gotten the chance to get to know my god mother and god brother!”

Tonks grinned, “That’s great! I’m glad you guys got to get together. Despite all of that potions business they did seem to be worried about you.”

“Yeah, they’re the best.” Harri hummed, “So how about you?” she asked as she lead the older women toward the dining room, “How is Auror life treating you?”

“Pretty well.” Tonks said, “Though since it is your case I’m working on how could it not be interesting right?”
Harriet rolled her eyes, “It can’t be that interesting. You’re just gathering evidence right now right?”

Tonks sighed, “Yeah. Say what you will but the Headmaster certainly knows how to get rid of evidence.”

“You can say that again.” Harriet mumbled, she briefly wondered if the house that she had found her father in was still there and if it would hold any clues for the DMLE. She shook herself from her thoughts and smiled at the Hufflepuff, “Alright, the elves said they wanted to try something new for lunch so just go with it.” She made an exaggerated gagging sound, “But the last time they said that though they brought me tripe, so be careful.”

Tonks wrinkled her nose, “Isn’t that…”

“Animal stomach lining? Yeah.” Harri frowned, “I’m sure it’s good to some people but I could not get past the texture.”

Tonks nodded, “I’ll try anything once. Twice if it doesn’t kill me.”

They sat down at the table and fell into small talk as they waited for food. Luckily, the new thing that the elves wanted to try was not animal stomach lining. Though Harriet nearly rolled her eyes and groaned when they were served what amounted to fancy avocado toast and marinated chicken. ‘When did my elves turn into every millennial ever?’

As they started in Tonks honed in on Harriet, “Alright, give us the goods girl.”

Harriet gave Tonks a mock horrified look, “Tonks are you trying to be…cool?”

Tonks sniffed delicately, “I am cool Harriet. I’m awesome! And when you, Fred, and George have a hoard of little babies it will be me teaching them to be the best Hufflepuffs they can be.”

Harriet laughed, “Please, my children are going to be proud Gryffindors or fierce Slytherins.”

“You keep telling yourself that Harriet.” Tonks snorted, flaring her eyes to match her yellow hair, “Badger is the way to go.”
“Is it the nesting time?” Harriet mused.

Tonks looked over at her intensely, “How do you know about sacred Hufflepuff nesting time?”

Harri giggled, “I’m friends with a Puff. He blew off a study group for it.”

Tonks nodded, “Definitely worth blowing off studying for.” Harriet smiled as the topic fell, leaving the table in a few moments of silence.

Finally, she sighed, “Alright Tonks I know why you’re here.” The auror perked, “And I know what I said.” Harri continued, “But I can’t tell you too much more than I have as we are right now.”

Tonks set her fork down a little too heavily, “Harriet…”

Harri held Tonks gaze and held up a hand, “Please Tonks. You have to understand. There is a lot I’m not telling you, a lot that I want to tell you. And I would like us at least be friends one way or the other, but what I am not telling you is for the protection of my mates, my people, and you as well.” She set down her own fork and ran a hand through her hair, “Look, you are an Auror and I know, I can see very clearly, that you love your job despite its boring spells. What I want to tell you could jeopardize your place with the DMLE and I would never want to do that to you, I would never give you something that could possibly get you forcibly taken from a job you love.”

Harriet took a deep breath, “With that in mind. I have a choice for you and I ask that you hear me out before you ask anything. I will give you a choice and then give you a couple days to think it through. Alright?” Tonks gave a hesitant nod and Harriet steeled herself, “You can stay with the DMLE and we can keep our interactions to professional ones, for the safety of everyone involved on both side, or you can quit the DMLE…” Tonks inhaled sharply and sat back in her chair, Harriet gave her an apologetic look, “You can quit the DMLE and come work for a new division of an intelligence agency that I fund.” Tonks looked a bit skeptical but Harriet plowed on, “Keep in mind that ‘lot I’m not telling you’ here.” Harriet said as she pulled a stack of papers out of her pocket dimension, she slid it onto the table beside Tonks.

“This is a legitimate offer that you can confirm with the Goblins.” Harriet said, “The new division is actually nonexistent at the moment but I only recently took on a major role in this organization giving me the ability to make it so and I already have a couple more people in mind for it. It will still be helping people, just not in the most direct way. The organization is called Shield and while it has traditionally only dealt with the muggle side of things, the world is about to expand to more than they
can handle with just muggles.” Tonks opened her mouth and Harriet held up a hand again, “Remember Tonks, ‘a lot I’m not telling you’. I understand that you want to know but remember that people’s safety is at risk.” Tonks got a sour look but nodded in understanding.

“This division would mostly be for intelligence gathering and for hunting down magical criminals that the regular auror departments of the magical world at large just can’t handle. It will be a lot of training for a bit, while you build up your skills but we will also be working toward taking down Dumbledore and promoting relations among those trying to protect the entire world, from muggles to magicals to mutants to Mystic Arts users.” Harriet said, she flipped through the pages, “Of course this isn’t a volunteer thing.” She stopped and marked a page with a little highlighter charm, “This shows your pay and benefits.” She flipped a few more pages, “This gives you a more in depth look at what the job might entail. I will give this packet to you before you leave.”

Harriet let the pages fall back into place, “If you choose to come work in the new division I will be able to tell you everything.” She met Tonks’ gaze, trying to push forward her sincerity, “I know this will be a hard decision for you and I really hate that I have to make it like this but my concern for my mates’ safety, the safety of my people, and you have to be taken into account. Like I said, I hope we can be friends no matter what you decide but if you choose to stay with the DMLE I’m afraid it will have to be a friendship where I keep secrets.” She dropped her hands back to the table, “I will answer any questions you have but I will need your answer in the next week so that I know how to proceed.”

Chapter End Notes

So yeah, fixed!

The first thing I fixed was Lily's first cross with Dumbledore. I went a little too heavy on the first encounter. I drew it back a bit to give me room to grow and have fun in that area. We can't go full out just yet but for the haunting I will take little suggestions from you guys! Like Lily following Harriet around but Harri being 'unable to see her' just to taunt Dumbles, things that Peeves may teach Lilly, etc.

"Ad quos eici te de hoc mundo spiritum" translates roughly to "I banish you from this world spirit" But I used google translate so take it as you will.

I never specified Harriet's guns but in my head her clips carry eight bullets each. She shot fourteen kill shots giving her only two that didn't get in critical hits, she was taught by Natasha after all.

Let's play who can guess who the two mutants are modeled after! I'll give you a hint! They are not (that I know of) from Marvel!

If you want to know more about how Hulk got into visiting an orphanage to play with little kids then read 'Outtake: Harri's True Power (Alternatively: Harriet's Bitches)' here on Ao3.

The second thing I fixed was the Bruce and Harriet scene. When I originally wrote it I
had Harriet do some shock and awe to convince Bruce of magic but we I went over it again I saw a place to bring in the twins and their roles in the family unit. I found this a much better jumping off point for the rest of Bruce's interactions with the trio.

Hell yeah Neville grew into a looker! Have you seen Matthew Lewis? *fans self*

The part with Tonks is what James helped me fix. James pointed out that while Harriet might want to bring Tonks in pretty quickly the conflict of interest thing could cause real problems in the future that it would be pretty unbelievable for me to just move around without mentioning. So we came up with the choice. This choice and the implications of the new division of Shield will open up spots for the non-Avengers in the group for when the main group is off fighting the big baddies or at school or such.

Check out brand new fan art in the fanart post on Ao3! It is the second part of the series!

Next time: Harriet and the Longbottoms go Shopping! Tonks decision. Steve X Tonks foreva yo!!!
But...My Plans

Chapter Notes

Aloha!

So, this chapter is a lot of set up for upcoming chapters so its a bit silly. Just enjoy it!

Questions/Answers from the last chapter:

Two mutants: Sand Mutant was based off of Kurohebi from Raventail Guild in the Fairy Tail Manga/Anime series. Gas guy is Kyle Nimbus from the Flash (DC Verse).

Hufflepuff nesting time is basically when the Puffs all get together in their common room to lay in huge piles of blankets and pillow, drinking warm drinks, and eat snacks as they talk and cuddle.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harriet practically dragged Neville through the Leaky Cauldron the second they stepped from the floo, Frank and Alice following behind them, amusement clear on their faces.

“S-slow down Harriet!” Neville stuttered.

“Neville I’m finally going to be able to get a Firebolt!” Harriet said with a grin back at her godbrother, “There is no time for slow!”

“Th-ey aren’t g-going any-where.” Neville protested.

Harriet pulled to a stop as the four of them entered the small area behind the Leaky Cauldron and Harriet pulled her wand to open the Alley, “Actually, despite their price they go pretty fast.” She lowered her voice and leaned a bit closer to the Longbottoms, “The only reason I managed to get one last time was because Sirius sent it to me over Christmas.”

*Ha!* Sirius hissed from Harri’s shoulder, *I’m the best Godfather!* Remus smacked at Sirius with his tail.

Harri laughed lightly as she tapped out the pattern to open the alley.
Seconds after the arch formed people took notice of who had just stepped into the Alley. Harriet hooked her arm confidently through Neville’s as Alice and Frank stepped closer, standing tall with the two younger Gryffindors. Harriet settled her press smile into place as they were bombarded by fans, snapping pictures and asking for autographs. Harriet held strong through all of it. Despite actually needing to go to the Alley to buy things, the Firebolt being just one of them, they had a secondary reason for coming to the Alley and the attention was just that. Word would get to Dumbledore fairly quickly about just who Harriet was with and, even without them playing to his compulsions too much in public, he would feel more secure in his plan which would give Harriet the space she would need to set the final preparations for the invasion in motion.

Neville stuck close to Harriet as she moved through the crowd of fans, fielding questions, signing things, and smiling for pictures. Beside her, Neville was shaking like a leaf under the attention. Harri kept her smile but leaned close to Neville, “Breath in Neville, really deep, then let the breath out long and slow, pushing all your worries out with it. Then smile, it doesn’t have to be real.” Neville did as Harriet told him and while it didn’t work as smoothly as Harriet may have hoped, Neville did now have a half smile.

Eventually the managed to make it past the crowd and to Ollivander’s shop.

“Harriet Potter.” Came Garrick’s voice where, for once, he was already engaged with customers at his counter. “You are in my shop much too often. Thinking of becoming my apprentice?” by the looks of it he was just finishing up.

Harri laughed, “I think not Garrick. I think we both know that I would be terrible at wandcraft. My patience, unlike yours, has a limit.”

The family of four ahead of them looked on interestedly and Harri smiled when she saw it was one of her younger snakes standing next to who must have been a young sister who was preparing to come to Hogwarts. “Darius. Good to see you.”

The younger boy bowed slightly at the waist, “Lady Slytherin.” Both parents, Harriet knew, were also Slytherins and had been at the reunion but had been ones who wisely stayed silent. They were watching her stiffly, their eyes wary.

However, the little girl was looking up at her with wide eyes, “You’re Lady Slytherin?” she asked curiously.

Harri’s smile softened a bit and she tucked her hands together in front of her, “Indeed. Who would you be?”
“Constance Berrow.” She piped cutely, her long straight dark brown hair swaying as her blue eyes looked at Harri.

Harriet nodded, “Nice to meet you Constance. Will you be joining your brother in Slytherin this year?”

“I hope so!” Constance said excitedly, clutching her new wand to her chest as she started to bounce next to her brother, “Darius has been telling me all about it! I can’t wait to be a snake!”

Harriet glanced up at Constance’s parents, her smile just edging on a smirk, before looking back down to Constance, “Well we’d love to have you. I hope to see you after the sorting.” The Berrows all bowed to Harriet respectfully before leaving the shop and Harri inclined her head to them in acknowledgement.

Alice looked at Harriet with a raised eyebrow, “The Queen on and off the field huh?”

Harri’s soft smile turned into a grin as she wiggled her eyebrows at her godmother, “You know it.”

Alice chuckled, “You’re Lily’s daughter alright.” Harriet’s smile turned blinding.

Garrick chuckled as he put back the stack of wand boxes with a flick of his own wand, “She sure is.” He locked in on Neville, “Ah, the youngest Longbottom. I must admit I expected you a couple years ago.”

“Yes, well, my mother thought that Neville should use my wand.” Frank said, disgruntled.

Garrick frowned, “No, no, that won’t do. The wand chooses the wizard. You shouldn’t just go around using other people’s wands. To really succeed you need your own.”

Alice nodded and nudged Neville gently toward the counter, “We agree. We were furious when we found out. So we brought him here to get his real wand.”
Neville swallowed hard under Ollivander’s laser like gaze, “Hmm...let’s see shall we?” he tilted his head as he studied Neville, “Any insight Miss Potter?”

“Are you suggesting that you cheat Garrick?” Harriet asked in amusement.

“Neville looks like his is about to faint Harriet.” Alice hummed softly, “Maybe just a bit? To encourage him.” Ollivander looked over at Harriet with an expectant expression.

Harriet laughed, “Alright then, try something in cherry.”

Ollivander’s eyes lit up, “Cherry! How wonderful!” he quickly began pulling wands from the shelves, “I was thinking a fruit tree but for it to be one of the rarer woods! Truly excellent Mr. Longbottom. Cherry wands are highly sought after, especially in Japan. They are wands of strange but truly magnificent power, they often choose those with kind hearts that also hold strong minds.” Frank and Alice smiled proudly even as Neville blushed. Garrick turned back to the counter with five boxes in his hands, “Right, let’s get to is shall we?” he set the boxes down and opened the top box, “Ten inches, pleasantly springy, cherry wood with a dragon heartstring.”

Neville took the wand from its box carefully and gave a small flick toward the counter before him only to stumble backward as green spiky vines exploded from the counter in front of him, Garrick only just managed to grab the other wand boxes as a small but toothy mouth appeared from the countertop. “Decidedly not.” Garrick commented dryly as the plant writhed on the counter.

Frank watched this with wide eyes, “Is that...a venomous tentacula?”

Neville dropped the wand he was holding without thought as he raced over to the plant, his hands coming up confidently to grip gently but firmly at the wildly waving vines. Harriet watched with a fond smile as Neville calmed the vicious plant with ease, carefully extracting the plant from the destroyed counter top and cooing at it ridiculously as the plant wrapped itself around him and pressed its tiny head into his chest.

“Dear Merlin, did Neville just...” Alice started, her eyes wide at the scene before her.

Harri giggled, “Only Neville.”

“Well,” Garrick began, summoning the failed wand, “That was actually a first for me. Well done Mr.
Longbottom.” Neville ducked his head as he blushed and the tentacula rustled its leaves as it tightened its grip on the Gryffindor. “Will you be keeping that then?” Harrick asked curiously, still peering at Neville.

Neville bit his lip and looked back to his parents and Harriet. “Can I?”

“Well you summoned and tamed it.” Frank chuckled.

“It does seem quite attached.” Alice mused.

Harriet just shrugged, “It’s your greenhouse Neville.” He beamed at her.

Garrick hummed, “Curious.” The small family looked back to him; he sat the other boxes on a section of the counter that hadn’t been destroyed by the arrival of Neville’s newest plant and pulled out the bottom box. “Dragon heartstring is apparently a bit too strong for you. You need a steady but gentle power.” He opened the box and offered it to Neville, “Thirteen inches, swishy, cherry with the hair of a young unicorn that happened to be raised by a particularly nasty Devil’s Snare after its mother died.”

Neville stared down at the wand with wide eyes, not seeing Alice elbowing Frank excitedly or Harriet smiling. Neville picked up the wand reverently and gasped as sparks fell from the tip and the tentacula made a strange purring sound as his magic connected with the wand. “This is it.” He breathed.

Alice and Frank cheered loudly, making Neville blush again. Garrick chuckled, “Yes, well done young Longbottom.” He sent the other boxes back to their spots with a flick of his wand, “Now, a holster I presume, then we’ll get you going before miss Potter explodes. She seems very eager to leave my shop.” Garrick said the last with a strange pout on his face.

Neville looked over to Harriet and gave a small smile, “It’s where we’re headed next.”

“Firebolt time!” Harriet sang, the Marauders cheered on her shoulders.

The Longbottom’s watched the scene before them in amusement.
Harriet was standing in the Quidditch shop, just in front of the large display of brand new Firebolts. Next to her was the owner of the shop who had insisted on taking care of Harriet personally. He may have been regretting it at the moment as Harri seemed keen on giving the man a heart attack.

“How many did you say you wanted?” the man stuttered.

“Three.” Harriet said.

“Three.” The man repeated in a rasp, his eyes darting over to the price sticker displayed rather prominently on the show broom. “Are you sure Miss Potter?”

Alice snickered as Sirius and James started hissing frantically at Harriet and she nodded seriously, “You’re right.” The shop owner smiled pleasantly until Harriet dropped her bomb, “I’ll actually need eight.”

“Eight?!” the man squeaked.

Harriet cocked her head at the display, “Maybe I should get ones for the team too. Oliver would lose his shit.” Remus hissed to her and she nodded decisively before looking to the shop owner, “I’ll need twelve please.”

“Twelve?!” the man nearly screamed, his breathing picking up.

“Yes.” Harri hummed as her bright eyes went back to the brooms in front of her, “If you could put them all in one box so I don’t have to shrink them individually that would be great.”

“Miss Potter these are…very expensive brooms, perhaps you should take a closer look at the price.” The man said nervously.

Harriet waved him off as she slid her hand into her back and pulled out her Gringotts card, “I know how much they are. The order still stands. Twelve Firebolts.” The man stared at her completely serious face for several moments as his breathing got faster and faster, his disbelief and his excitement driving him further and further with his inner dialogue of ‘TWELVE FIREBOLTS!! TWELVE FIREBOLTS!! THE GIRL-WHO-LIVED IS BUYING TWELVE FIREBOLTS!!’
With a final barely audible squeak of disbelief the man fainted.

Alice descended into giggles as Harriet looked down at the man with an unimpressed look, “Oh Merlin Harriet you’re hilarious!”

Harri looked over to her godmother with the same blank look, “This isn’t funny. Firebolts are serious business. I need my broom back. Don’t get me wrong, I love my Nimbus but the Firebolt is better.” She looked back to the rack of perfectly uniform racing brooms with bright eyes and a longing smile, “Tony’s coming over later to race! I can’t wait!”

Frank chuckled before whispering softly to his wife, “Oh Merlin, she’s so serious about it. She could be James’ twin if I didn’t know any better.”

A moan drew Harriet’s gaze downward and she leaned over the shop owner just as the man opened his eyes, “So…about my twelve Firebolts.”

A little while later, after two more faintings by the shop owner and one near miss, Harriet was walking from the shop with a shrunken box filled with racing brooms and care kits, a bright smile on her face. Neville was walking beside her again, his venomous tentacula apparently pouting because Neville had stopped it from eating the shop owner. “Are you going to give it a name?” Harriet asked.

Neville looked over to her with a frown, “Why?”

Harri shrugged, “It’s acting like a puppy. Might as well name it.”

Neville gave the plant that was still clinging to him a considering glance, “Jerry.”

Harriet stopped and looked over to Neville in amusement, “Jerry?” Neville blushed and looked at the ground, Harri just smiled, “Jerry it is.”

“I think it’s a wonderful name dear.” Alice threw in while Frank just smiled, “You wouldn’t want to belittle your new pet with something silly.” Neville shot his mum an appreciative look and continued on by Harriet, they were heading toward the herbology equipment store now, so he was excited to keep up.
At the door to the new shop, Alice and Frank pulled them to a stop, “Alright you two. We’re going to go get some new clothes. Meet us at the Leaky Cauldron in an hour and we’ll have some lunch before heading to Flourish and Blotts.” Frank said seriously.

“Yes dad.” Neville said dutifully.

Harriet nodded, “Will do.”

With that the group split up. Frank and Alice making for Madame Malkin’s and Harriet and Neville going into herbology centered shop.

Harriet smiled as Neville’s confidence came up just entering the space, “Alright Neville. I showed you the household budget for the greenhouse maintenance and expansion. And the full budget hasn’t been used in over one hundred years since there hasn’t been another Lady of the Castle in that long. Get whatever you need to keep the plants healthy and happy.” That was all it took, apparently, to turn shy little Neville Longbottom into a shopping machine that rivaled many shopaholic girls. Harriet followed behind her godbrother sedately, holding more and more as they wove through shelves of sheers, pots, ties, soil, seeds, and sprouts. Eventually Harri did get a basket but it too soon over flowed.

As they were nearing the hour mark they finally made their way up to pay for their items, the clerk behind the counter going bug eyed at the amount of product. Sliding the special pay parchment over to Harriet the clerk noticed Jerry and he and Neville immediately fell into a deep conversation about the strangely attached plant that was supposed to be vicious despite its current puppy like demeanor. Signing her name below the card imprint Harriet listened to the conversation with only half an ear.

Just as Harriet set down the quill a scream sounded from the Alley outside and Harriet jumped into action, leaving Neville with their purchases as she made for the sound of crying. The Marauders tensed up on her shoulders, ready to strike if need be. Harri started to push her way through the rapidly gathering crowd and quickly took in the situation with a practiced eye.

Constance Berrow, the little girl she had met in Ollivander’s earlier, was cowering on the ground in front of what seemed to be a very drunk man who had her by the hair. Harriet had to clench her jaw to keep from sneering at the sheeple around the two who were staring rather than helping the frightened little girl, that was Lady Slytherin and she couldn’t let her out into public quite yet.

“Lettle chit.” The man was slurring, “Who ye think ye ‘re runnin’ inta me like ‘at!!”
“I’m sorry!” Constance cried, “I lost my brother! I didn’t mean to!”

Harriet shook Remus and Sirius off her quickly, setting them on the ground as gently as possible without losing speed or site of the situation, *Try to get close enough to stun him while making it look like a bite.* she hissed quietly as she continued toward the front of the crowd, trying to go faster even as the bodies started to pack in for the show. Harriet knew she couldn’t use her magic without blowing her cover but she could make her physical attacks seem clumsy enough to be explained away as beginning to take self-defense classes. It would have to do, because Harri didn’t see Darius or his parents anywhere close by to help the youngest member of their family.

“I recognize ye!” the man was saying now, his body jerking backward as the alcohol was messing with his equilibrium, making him yank on Constance hair and causing her to let out another scream. “Yer me bastard boss’ girl!” Harriet almost rolled her eyes, “Din’ Mr. High an’ Mighty teach ye manners?!”

A second later Harriet finally broke the front line of the crowd and she strode the last few steps to grip the man’s wrist tightly, making him release Constance’s long hair, before shoving her way in between the two. “She has fine manners. You’re the only one I see that needs an adjustment.” Harri released the man and quickly pulled Constance away from him, “Just leave, before I call the Aurors.” She said evenly, ignoring the crowd who had begun to recognize her in favor of calming Constance who had latched onto her like a limpet and was crying into her blouse.

The man looked bewildered before he puffed out his chest and chose the stupid way rather than the easy one, “Who the hell do ye think ye ‘re?!” the man gruffed, swaying as he regained his balance, “I’m teachin’ tha’ cit a lesson in manners! Don’ be interferin’!”

Harriet narrowed her eyes at the man as she wrapped an arm around the shoulders of the shaking girl, “I’m Harriet Potter and I’m not about to let you harass some lost little girl just because you have a drinking problem! Now back off or I will defend myself and call the Aurors!”

“You’re not doin’ nothin’!” the man snarled, lunging at Harriet who slid into a defensive stance.

Before the man could reach Harriet, Harriet could throw the man off, or someone could intervene, a large snarl sounded from just behind Harriet and a black blur hit the drunken wizard in front of her like a missile. The man landed on his back, his breath shoved out of him by the roughly one hundred pounds of black fur that had its paws on his chest. The crowd of onlookers gasped and backed up several spaces while Harriet stared wide eyed at the figure, emotions waring inside of her.
*Aw shit. Why did you do that Paddy?* James muttered on Harriet’s shoulder.

Padfoot growled down at the drunken man who had been going for Harriet and the little girl, baring his teeth, his ears folded back. The man trembled, not even the alcohol dimming the fear factor of having a large angry black dog pinning you down. Padfoot lunged forward with a loud bark, snapping his teeth in the man’s face, and the man screamed before wetting himself and passing out.

Padfoot perked his ears up and turned to look for Harriet, his tongue lolling out of his mouth before he froze, finally remembering the crowd…and the fact that he wasn’t supposed to be drawing attention to himself.

Bloody hell.

Padfoot looked back to Harriet to see her constructing a mask of some kind…probably to throw off the cameras Padfoot could now hear going off in the background. Harriet snapped her fingers and Padfoot trotted easily over to her side, sitting at attention just moments before the crowd burst into applause. Harriet played up her shy persona as people shouted praised and called out questions, the main one was, “What’s your dog’s name?”

Harriet zeroed in on the first to ask that and the crowd quieted a bit when Harriet repeated, “What’s his name?” Padfoot felt a shiver of dread go down his back at the small smile that to many would seem shy but to him looked like a fellow Marauder about to take revenge, “His name is Snuffles!”

The crowd started cheering again, this time both Harriet’s and ‘Snuffles’ names while James practically cackled on Harriet’s shoulder and Padfoot whined at the awful name. For once Harriet (and ‘Snuffles’) were happy to see Rita approaching with her quill and notepad, her photographer following right behind. Glancing over the rest of the crowd, Harriet pinpointed the Longbottoms who were looking completely bewildered at the sheer amount of crazy this had generated from the wizards and witches of the Alley, she also noted that Remus had managed to make it to Alice and was currently curled around her arm. Further back Harriet could see Darius fighting his way frantically through the crowd. Harriet took a deep breath and focused on Rita, pushing to the back of her mind plans for punishing a certain mutt.

George and Fred had spent the morning working on their prank products again, specifically the fireworks as they had yet to figure out the fine tuning that Harriet had missed after being banned from working with the highly explosive materials. They had only just managed to put together the basic ones that were guarding their growing stock of pranks items. So it was a challenge that kept them pleasantly distracted from the fact that their soulmate was currently out of reach. They also knew that this was a relatively simple shopping trip with only one real alternative motive that would be handled with little to no extra work, so they weren’t too awfully worried about her other than the
normal.

That was why they were so confused when they came into the family common room to find Harriet mid-rant, pacing in front of the couch where Sirius sat with his arms crossed and a pout on his face like a petulant child.

“-oody hell! Do you even see the mess you’ve made? What it the name of Merlin’s beard were you thinking you deranged mutt! I ‘aught to skin you alive and use you pelt for-“

“Harriet?” George called, drawing her attention from her current prey. Harri turned to them as they came from the hall leading up to their rooms and visibly relaxed at the sight of them.

George pulled Harri into a hug as Fred crossed his arms over his chest and surveyed the room, “What happened?” Sirius refused to look at Fred, James and Remus were at the small table looking torn between amusement and worry, the elder Longbottoms looked confused, and Neville was trying his best to melt into the armchair he was currently sitting in with that looked like vines wrapped around him. Loki and Strange who, by the stacks of books and the tea pot between them, had been here before this had happened, looked confused as well but that was almost fully covered by their amusement at Harri’s threats. “Well?”

James sighed, “We were getting Neville’s greenhouse supplies when we heard a scream. Harriet went to go investigate. There was some drunk idiot harassing a little girl in the middle of the Alley. Harri sent Remus and Sirius to do sneak attacks while she and I went head on. She managed to get the girl away from the man but he tried to jump at Harriet, Padfoot took him down in front of the entire Alley.”

Fred raised an eyebrow at Sirius, “Couldn’t you have stunned him with parselmagic?”

“Or let Harriet handle him.” George added, rubbing at Harri’s back soothingly as she took deep breaths to try and reorder herself.

Sirius hunched in on himself, “Not as satisfying.” He grumbled.

“You broke your cover for satisfying?” Strange asked with a frown.

“Alright…” Alice spoke up, “I don’t get it! Yeah, him breaking character will give us a bit of a shit
storm on the news front but why is this such a big deal? He’s not registered so no one knows that Snuffles is an animagus.” she looked over to Harriet who had looked up at her questions, “You weren’t planning on them staying snakes forever were you? Because not only is that a slightly ridiculous plan but it’s just plain wrong.”

Harri scowled, “Of course I wasn’t planning on them staying snakes forever. They were supposed to be my trump card! We were going to reveal them at Dumbledore’s trial! He would have had no idea! No time to prepare! The look on his face then alone when they were revealed would be worth me having to play dumb about all his stupid plans for me! Everyone else might not know that Snuffles is an animagus but Dumbledore knew about them as did most of the teachers from your guys’ time at Hogwarts. They may be a bit batty but they weren’t stupid!” Harri let out a sigh as she ran a hand over her face, “Now Dumbledore will know that Sirius at the very least is alive. And unless I’ve overestimated my enemy, which is unlikely at this point, he will at least consider the notion that since Siri is alive then so is Dad and Remy! If he starts suspecting me now I’ll have to move up plans and start picking up on my contingencies because his moves will get more erratic the more I change what happened last time!” George started to rub soothing circles on Harri’s back as she started a deep breathing exercise.

“How does me being alive equate to James and Remus being alive?” Sirius huffed, he had started to deflate a bit under Harriet’s speech.

Harri sighed, “The golems I set up both died from believable causes and a coincidence of you dying within the same time as each other under those circumstances that you were in may be accepted because of what extreme conditions you were kept under. However, if you throw in a ‘one is really alive, hey his fake death happened close to his friend’s death’ well…paranoid minds will start to wonder. Then, once he gets his theories going, he will try to dig up your bodies and if he succeeds, the golems won’t be there. They will have rotted by now. They weren’t made for long term. They were only meant to exist long enough to kill you off. If it had been your actual bodies then bones would remain at the very least and those bones could be matched to your blood.” She ran a hand through her hair, “Then Remus ‘died’ a couple weeks later when Moony should have started going insane from the actual deaths of his pack mates. At the time he wouldn’t have had a strong enough bond with me for Moony to survive simply because of his cub being out there. But of course if your deaths were faked then Moony would still have even the faint connection, so he wouldn’t have went insane and he most probably wouldn’t be dead.” Now Sirius looked guiltier, dropping his head and wincing.

“How did you follow all of that from the perspective of tall, pale, and crazy?” Alice asked.

Harriet gave a small snort as she sagged slightly against George, “Know thy enemy.” Her lips quirked up at the side, “Though sometimes it is hard to keep up with that level of batshit crazy. I can’t often plan for insanity, that is why I have been trying to keep control of things. Not just jump off into the deep end.”
Loki nodded, “It is a good idea. Trying to control the decent even if you know you are going to crash at one point. We can plan all we like but until we get a read on what Dumbledore has found out or how he is going to react we may stretch ourselves too thin or in the wrong direction and end up getting sucker punched because of it.”

Harri hummed, “Yeah.” She let out another sigh but clapped her hands together, “Alright, this is getting depressing. We can’t react until he begins to so let’s have a little distraction shall we.” She looked to her mates and grinned, “Want to break in the new Firebolts?”

Tonks stood in Potter Manor once more, fidgeting nervously.

It had been four days since Harriet had given her the choice of the DMLE, a ‘safe bet’ that came with job security and the occasional adventure that was only marred by dealing with the corrupt government and the prejudice that came from simply being a half blood, or this new division in the mysterious Shield, which had been confirmed by the Goblins easily enough despite this new job not even technically existing yet and had promised to train her up and let her help people, all people and not just the ungrateful ones that dismissed her out of hand because she was a woman or because her blood wasn’t as ‘pure’ as theirs or because her favorite pajamas were yellow with little cartoon honey badgers or…pretty much any fault idiots liked to make up to put her down and feel superior. It really had been a tough decision, despite all the bad, Tonks had always wanted to be a Auror, Harriet had certainly been right when she said that Tonks loved her job. But the promise of adventure and personal growth and being able to truly protect innocents without corrupt governments letting criminals off or ‘suggesting’ that they turn a blind eye to something called to her, moving past her love for the job and striking at the tiny little lion that would sometimes roar through the midst of badger fur that surrounded it. And of course her rabid curiosity didn’t help either.

So, in the biggest leap of faith she had ever taken, Tonks had quit this morning.

“Tonks?” the woman shook herself and found vivid green eyes staring at her, “You alright?” Harri asked.

Tonks smiled, “Yeah, just thinkin’ Harri.”

“Thinking deep thoughts?” Harri teased, “Do I need to break out the hot cocoa and blankets little Puff?”

Tonks gave a fake scowl, “Don’t be insulting the healing power of cocoa and blankets! In Hufflepuff that is the cure all!”
Harri giggled but nodded, she tilted her head, a small smile still gracing her lips, “Have you come to a decision?”

Tonks swallowed hard but stood up straight, “I have.”

Harri raised an enquiring eyebrow, “And?”

“I quit this morning.” Tonks replied evenly. Harriet blinked and shifted slightly on the spot as emotions warred over her face. Tonks got a bit worried and took a step back, her hair turning a dusky pink, “Oh no, you didn’t…was this some…did you change your mind?”

Harriet shook herself and waved a hand, “No, it’s just…” she gave Tonks a sheepish smile, “I don’t know whether to celebrate or tell you that I’m sorry you had to give up your dream job.”

Tonks let out a laugh and her hair changed to a bright blue, “Oh you can celebrate Harriet. I came to the realization while I was thinking things through that I was more in the DMLE because I wanted to protect people. As long as I can do that where I am working then it will be my dream job.”

Harriet laughed excitedly and all but tackled Tonks in a hug, “Awesome!” she pulled back and grinned at the older woman, “Welcome to the club!”

Tonks laughed brightly, “Thanks! Glad to be here!”

Harri nodded, “Let’s go to HQ then! Let’s get you caught up on! Have to do a bit of paperwork since you’ll probably want to be paid.”

“That would be a good idea.” Tonks chuckled.

Harriet hummed, “After that we can go over what you’ve missed and I can go over the training schedule. I’ll have to get your measurements for your uniforms. Then I can take you to meet your partner.”
Tonks looked down at Harriet with wide eyes, “I have a partner already?”

Harri laughed, “Sort of, he most likely won’t stay in the division once the A-team finally gets put back together but he will be your partner for now until we can expand and we can find you a partner that works best with you.” Harri stopped and tilted her head at Tonks, “Did you have your own place or did you want to take up the housing benefit I wrote about in there.”

Tonks scratched her head sheepishly, “I didn’t know if that was a real thing or not. Contracts aren’t my strongest point.”

Harri nodded, “It’s alright. That was a genuine offer but if you want your own place so you can have a bit of space then you can just commute daily. You can decide that once you’ve seen the place.”

“Alright then.” Tonks said with a smile.

Harri grabbed her elbow gently and Tonks stared in surprise as blue flames appeared around them, engulfing them with a feeling that could only be described as being compressed under a mountain of snow. When the blue flames cleared Tonks gaped at her surroundings, freeing herself from Harriet’s grip just to spin slowly and take in the grand foyer that they had appeared in. “Welcome to LeFay Castle!” Harriet called dramatically, Tonks could only stare at the place, not noticing Harriet’s pout or her muttering, “It’s more dramatic with the explosions.” Harri tugged at Tonks gently, “You can explore later, we should get the paper work out of the way.” Tonks could only nod dumbly, still spinning around to take in as much as she could as she followed Harriet through grand hallways and past enormous lavish rooms.

Tonks should have known better.

With her clumsy nature she really should have known better than to do all that twisting and turning even if it was to get glimpses of the grandest Castle she’d ever been in. It didn’t end well but, as she would be known to say later, her clumsiness did give her one good thing.

Twisting to look at a tapestry, Tonks tripped over her own feet and went flying into a solid wall of muscle that had been coming around the corner at that very moment. Tonks bounced off the strangely lumpy wall and landed on her butt with an embarrassingly adorable squeak.

“Oh my goodness, I am so sorry.” Came a deep voice.
Tonks looked up from where she had landed and her eyes found a tall blond man that was rippling with muscle standing over her with piercing blue eyes locked onto her, sincerity practically screaming from the orbs as he offered a hand down to her. Tonks knew that he wanted her to take his hand so he could pull her to her feet but in that moment all Tonks could do was blurt, “Why didn’t you put down ‘hot blond hunk’ as a perk Harriet? It seems like something a potential employee should know about their work place.”

“An oversite on my part apparently.” Harriet said with amusement. But neither Tonks or Steve was paying attention to her, it they were they might have heard the faint clink, her laughter, and then the snap of her camera phone.

The man pulled away as a blush burned onto his cheeks, “Wha…I don’t…you can’t…”

Tonks grinned as she climbed to her feet easily, “Aw, he’s got the cute stuttering thing down. Another perk missed.”

The blond took a stuttering step back, “I’m s-sorry ma’am, I d-didn’t mean to bu-mp you.”

Tonks grinned, “No worries there, you can knock into me any time love.” The blush grew and Tonks laughed lightly.

Harriet cleared her throat pointedly and finally both of them looked to her, she grinned, “Tonks, this is Steve Rogers. Steve this is Nymphadora Tonks. Tonks, Steve will be your partner for the time being.”

“W-what?!”

“Excuse me?”

Chapter End Notes

Jerry the Venomous Tentacula will make more appearances.

The A-team! Get it! Lol

Next time: Checking In #3: Villain Edition
Beyond the branches of Yggdrasil, in the deep dark blackness beyond the void, there sat a creature of immense power. This creature was a warrior, a war lord, something to be feared, something to be fought; a titan. A Mad Titan, to be exact. This wasn’t any Mad Titan, it was *The* Mad Titan and that made him even more fearsome. The Mad Titan was rumored to be courting Mistress Death by killing his way through the star ways, spilling blood and rending souls from their forms.

He didn’t seem to care that he had never met the ‘woman’.

He didn’t seem to care that she never responded to his ‘presents’.

He didn’t seem to care that all signs pointed to her hating his ‘gifts’.

All he cared for was ‘courting’ her his way, no matter her feelings on the matter.

He certainly didn’t know that Death scoffed at the mere mention of his efforts and that all the Reapers had a betting pool about how long it would be before Death moved from general displeasure to outright rage at the balance being thrown out of whack.

This troublesome titan sat far beyond golden sight, preparing and planning to sacrifice the rest of the universe in the name of his love.

Currently, said titan was sitting on his levitating stone throne, staring at the large golden glove that encased his hand. He was so very close to another stone, the Space Stone, a beautiful blue stone whose power he knew would fit perfectly in his glove, boosting his power once more. They had located it at last, on Midgard of all places. He did not see the logic in placing it there but he did not pretend to know the convoluted mind of the fool king in his golden palace and he certainly wasn’t going to complain about its easy accessibility. He had run the numbers and knew that it would take, at max, a mere sixteenth of his army to retrieve the Space Stone from the little bit of rock it was on. From what his scouts had found, that world’s heroes were few and far between and the few with any
power to stop the retrieval would not be able to arrive in time, let alone hope to stop it on their own.

Not that he would be doing that himself of course.

No, it was not his time.

The mighty titan leaned back on his throne and looked to his currently empty court space.

He would be sending someone to retrieve the Space Stone for him. Someone that would be under Thanos’ unbreakable control, a puppet for his every whim. For that he needed someone broken. Unfortunately, one such being didn’t exactly come floating from the void, so never let it be said that he did not have to work to woo his beloved correctly. No, he would need to find one he could have made into his perfect weapon, a weapon that he could turn toward the task of retrieving the Space Stone at all costs and know without a doubt that the job would be done, that he would have the Space Stone in his hands.

“Lord Thanos.” A respectful voice intoned, interrupting the titan’s musing.

Thanos looked down at his recently resurrected personal servant, a recent set back that he had deemed necessary of the sacrifice of a particularly powerful artifact. “You have found her then.” He said dully, sitting up.

The Other bowed at the waist, “Yes my Lord, though she may take more work than anticipated to return her to working order.” He stepped to the side to reveal the broken and twisted form of a blue skinned female whose breathing was a bit raspy, misting blood every other breath. “Being in the Dark Aster as it crashed after fighting Gamora did not leave her much in the way of health.”

Thanos let out a deep hum as his eyes settled on the broken heap before him, “Nebula.” He rumbled.

The heap shuddered and a pained cry left the blue female’s lips involuntarily as she managed to look up at him, “F-father.”

Thanos stared at her impassively, “You have betrayed me and yet you still call me father.”
Nebula shrunk back as much as possible with her injuries as long lost instincts leap forward in the face of a dangerous alpha, “F-father I-I…”

“Silence.” Thanos said coolly, no emotion crossing his face but his anger clear for Nebula to see, having seen it before when tending to the titan. “You betrayed me for Ronan the Accuser, a mere boy playing at power, but I know that loyalty was never what held you here. However, loyal or not, it is time you see firsthand why none have betrayed me before and none will betray me after this day.”

“F-ather plea-se…” Nebula choked, coughing up more blood.

Thanos’ mouth turned up slightly in a grin that did nothing to help Nebula’s terror, “Never let it be said that I am unmerciful. You will be punished for your betrayal and once I am sure you would never again think of betraying me, I shall bestow upon you a glorious purpose.” He stroked the orange stone set into his mighty gauntlet, “A purpose that will further my goal and bring me a step closer to her.” Nebula shuddered again, she knew exactly who he was speaking of. Thanos looked to The Other, “Take her.”

Nebula’s eyes widened, her eyes shooting up to look at The Other, whose specialty was well known. “No…”

“Yes My Lord.” The Other said, bowing once more before bending and grabbing one of Nebula’s nearly obliterated arms.

Nebula screamed in pain and fear as she was dragged away, “No!” she screamed, her struggling only making her wounds worse.

Thanos’ smile grew and he set back in his throne, “Yes…a glorious purpose.”

The realm of Asgard was a shining beacon, glittering like a jewel in the uppermost branches of Yggdrasil. This grand realm was home to many a great hero, dozens of beautiful woman who started wars with their mere presence, and powerful gods whose legends were told throughout all nine realms. It’s capital, the grand palace, boasted more gold than you could shake a brick of gold at. Its forests were bursting with wild game so succulent that it was often deemed ambrosia by the honored guests that ate it. It was truly a place of beauty and wonderment, that many thought to be the glowing example of all things good.
However, many times a shining light can draw the eye away from the darkest shadows.

That was currently a case in the aforementioned grand golden palace where the King sat in his study; staring into the fire, thinking dark thoughts filled with phoenixes and ice.

Odin disliked not having the full picture. The full picture is what allowed him to play anything and everything to his favor. It helped to create both prosperity for his kingdom and an infallible image for himself; both of which he used like the weapons they were. He refused to fall from relevance for missing a single detail that could make or break the image he portrayed to his subjects.

That being said, the situation with the ice phoenix was driving him to distraction. All he could think of was unanswerable questions, swirling around in his mind and sending him spiraling down into a dark place. When would she come back to Asgard? What would she do next? Would she exact revenge against them for what they had done to Loki? Would she slaughter the masses? Would she freeze Idunn’s Orchard in retaliation for past slights against Loki’s brood? Was she going to try to take the throne by force?

That particular question hit him harder than any other.

A phoenix was certainly powerful enough to do so, especially if she had found her mate and their fire joined in the way of the phoenix. Their most hardened warriors could not stand against a determined phoenix set, they would have only a slightly higher chance against an unmated phoenix whose mind was made up. The only one who would really have a chance against such a creature was a powerful mage, of which Asgard had only two. Frigga, who was firmly on the phoenix’s side at the moment, and Loki, who Odin had pushed too far, who would no doubt rather sit back and watch his former homes destruction than stop the phoenix who saved him. The only thing that allowed Odin to breathe easier was the fact that the phoenix seemed young, which allowed him the upper hand of experience.

Another question that rolled through Odin’s mind fairly often was, what if she took Thor into her flock?

Odin knew that Thor having a place within the phoenix’s, any phoenix’s, flock was an honor and something that would prove to their people even more that Thor was worthy to be King one day. He also knew that if Thor and Loki were taken under her wings they may as well just serve Asgard up to her on a silver platter with a tankard of mead. Odin knew enough of phoenix culture to know that the most powerful of the flock was the leader and could, and frequently would to assert dominance, demand any other member’s property as tribute. (Odin knew that ‘property’ in a phoenix’s natural habitat was usually food or treasured gems but he didn’t doubt that it could apply to this strange ice phoenix with a bipedal form.)
Odin’s jaw clenched as he stared further into the flames, second guessing his actions with Loki for the millionth time and cursing his past self.

He would not allow his kingdom to fall into the wings of a hatchling.

The King knew he needed more information to keep that from happening. He could not work with only half of the facts. He needed to gather information and then plan something beneficial to him.

His eyes falling on a small stack of recent enchanted item permits that he needed to approve, one such plan began to take shape.

For a moment, Odin considered Frigga’s rage.

She had torn into him when she discovered that he had bound Sleipnir to his animal form, that he had imprisoned the snake and the wolf with the full knowledge that they could do the same. Frigga hadn’t spoken to him for months after that, avoiding him and letting her displeasure be known to the entire realm. It had only been when the Kingdom began to suffer from anger that Frigga had shown quite visibly to all, making many doubt their King and his practices, that Frigga had toned it down.

Luckily for Odin, her displeasure had led to her scheduling a quite long trip to Vanaheim to see her family soon.

Normally, Odin would disapprove of such a thing but now, it left him the perfect opening.

After all, Frigga couldn’t be angry with him if she didn’t know about it.

Still, he would need more information while he waited for the supplies to enact his brilliant plan. “Huginn, Muninn.” Odin called, his loyal ravens appeared from the shadows seconds later and alighted in front of him, “I have a mission for you.”

Far, far from the blackness beyond the Void, in a place that lacked the grandeur of mighty Asgard, there was another who schemed far too much for his own good.
Albus was pacing frantically in his blessedly ghost free office.

The paper this morning had been most disturbing.

He had heard about the situation at Diagon Alley from his Order members but to see the picture in the paper was so much worse!

That dog, ‘Snuffles’ Albus thought with a disbelieving sneer, sitting next to his pawn could be none other than Sirius Black!

“That damn dog.” Albus muttered. He didn’t know how the mutt survived!

Albus had received a notification when the body was found in his cell in Azkaban and hadn’t that been a wonderful day! He had had to keep himself from dancing a silly jig. The death of Black meant that his pawn was now worth even more! He knew for a fact that Sirius had made Harriet his heir with the goblins. That had meant, in that moment, that he would have access to the Black accounts, their artifacts, their grimoires. Of course that excitement had been slightly dimmed when the account manager had been changed but Albus had kept a pep in his step, his other plans had been going well.

Except now they weren’t going so well.

That damn girl wasn’t taking to any of his plans!

She hadn’t befriended Hermione or Ron. She wasn’t with the Dursleys. She wasn’t timid. She wasn’t desperate for approval. She didn’t seem to respond to his many, many potions and charms that he knew where supposed to be topped off every other day at this point. She had somehow managed to get a restraining order against him(him! of all people)!She didn’t even play the hero role he made for her correctly! According to the paper she had saved the sister of a Slytherin, who had parents that were both Slytherin! She was supposed to hate Slytherins! Not only did she not hate Slytherins, Hermione seemed to believe that Harriet seemed amused by Severus’ verbal abuse in potions! He couldn’t understand it!

Albus moaned slightly as he rubbed at his forehead, “That girl is giving me a migraine.” He muttered quietly to himself.
He *had* to regain control. *NOW.*

That girl was getting too wild and unpredictable. Albus knew that he would need to breakout the more emergency oriented plans to get things back on track this year. He could *not* lose the girl, so *many* of his plans depended on her sacrifice to end Riddle and the benefits he would reap from that. What he would need to do would be drastic and he would have to alter many of the students and staff’s memories to make the sudden changes went unnoticed, but it would be easier than if he had waited longer, a sudden change when the child was young could be explained away by any number of things, the least likely of which being the one he would be employing.

Lily was also a problem.

Albus had no idea how Lily had shown up this long after her death, but she could cause problems. He didn’t know if she was haunting him specifically or if the entirety of the school would be able to see her. Albus knew he had to find something to bind her to silence—or rendered her invisible to most, there were many good rituals for that in the sixth Potter Grimoire. Albus knew that he needed to do this soon, he couldn’t have her alerting the other teachers or, Merlin forbid, Harriet herself.

That is if Harriet didn’t already suspect something.

*That damn dog!* Dumbledore snarled mentally.

He had no idea how Sirius had survived and escaped Azkaban but he could throw a major wrench in his plans. Sirius might have had hero worship for Albus when he was young, in school, and rebelling against his family, but Dumbledore didn’t think for a moment that Azkaban wouldn’t have darkened his view. There was also the fact that Sirius would know that Albus had left him to rot in that prison by not speaking up about the Potter’s true secret keeper. Albus could only hope that Azkaban had addled the man’s brain enough to keep him from opening Harriet’s eyes. Dumbledore didn’t know if he could come out of the full assault of a Marauder still smelling like roses.

*The Marauders!* Dumbledore realized, that thought sparking something in the back of his mind.

If Sirius was alive he didn’t doubt that Remus was as well, Sirius would have made for Remus first to reconnect and get information about Harriet. Albus knew his wards would have kept them out of the Dursleys so the real question was exactly how long had they been in contact with Harriet, and he didn’t doubt that they had found the girl. From the time the Potter elves had taken her to her Manor at the earliest.
Dumbledore cursed under his breath. He needed to find them and see how much they knew, what they had told Harriet.

Albus stopped in his pacing, his head tilting slightly as another thought entered his mind. ‘Could James be…no. Impossible. I examined his body myself. I wouldn’t have been fooled. Not by an Azkaban victim and a wolf.’

Dumbledore shook his head and resumed his pacing, the choppy gait smoothing out as he began to make lists and plan.

He would not fail now! This was for the greater good! His greater good! The world under his guidance!

In the North Sea, just off the coast, there was an island that was perpetually plagued by storms. No sunlight reached the little island, its solitary gray building never feeling the warm touch of light against its uniform bricks. No, there was no sunlight, that would have disturbed the stranger of the two populations that inhabited the rock pile. After all, Dementors wouldn’t stay if it didn’t have darkness to thrive in. They preferred the dark, obviously.

The second population of the island wouldn’t have minded some sun so much, but they weren’t really in the position to request such things now were they?

This second population all resided in the one building that stood on the island. They all wore rather strange clothes, all matching, because that’s what was in now-a-days, right? They all had their own rooms, which may have seemed luxurious if it hadn’t been for what each room contained; a single worn pallet, a threadbare blanket, and a pathetic beaten up bucket. These rooms also all had bars across the doorways, how barbaric!

A member of this second population had thought this all before and would think it all again.

What else did she have to do?

“My Lord will come for me.” She hummed, picking at a split end idly. Surprisingly the food they served on this island getaway didn’t support the health of her beautiful hair or nails. She pouted as she looked at the poor, grimy, chipped things on the end of her fingers, “Should get our money
A banging sound came from the dreadfully cliché bars and she shot up on her cot, grinning manically as she saw a guard standing there with a small bowl of slop held through the bars. “Food is here 93. Come get it while its cold.”

She shot forward and grabbed the bowl while snapping her teeth at the guard, giggling when he reared back, quickly getting out of range. “Ah, you havin’ trouble with little ‘ol me?” she asked, twirling a frizzy strand of hair. “What a disappointment. I thought you were a real auror. Oh wait…”

“Just eat 93. I have things to do.” The guard said, his jaw clenched in anger but managing to roll his eyes, he leaned against the opposite wall and pulled out a paper to read while she ate.

She pouted but slurped obnoxiously at the slop in the bowl, “Anything good?” she asked curiously, eyeing the paper.

The guard looked at her over the top before smirking, “Yeah, looks like you’re a failure as well as a prisoner, 93.” He turned the paper so she could see the front, “This is Harriet Potter.” She snarled at the name and the guard grinned, “She saved a little girl yesterday, but before that it seems she was in the Alley with Frank and Alice Longbottom.” The man tapped at his chin exaggeratedly, “Isn’t that the couple you were supposed to have torture into insanity 93? Will your ‘lord’ come for such a pathetic…” the man cut off with a splutter when he suddenly had slop sprayed in his face. He wiped the slop off his face and glared at the prisoner, “Did you just…”

“My Lord will come for me! And I’ll gut you first!” she raged, throwing the empty bowl at the guard and managing to hit him square in the forehead with a satisfying thunk.

The guard ripped the whole front page from the paper before crumpling it up and tossing it at the prisoner, “Enjoy your failure 93. And no dinner for you.”

She snarled at the man and paced the length of her room like a caged animal.

She guessed she was.

Pouting she crouched next to the crumpled up paper and smoothed it out, reading over the whole article and sneering at the mention of the Longbottoms. She hissed at the picture of the Potter, the
one who took her Lord from her, then something else caught her eye. The dog who was supposed to have saved the little girl with the Potter.

She knew that dog.

Her idiot cousin wasn’t as subtle as he’d like to think.

She drew herself up, with the paper still in hand, as a wicked smile came across her face, “Maybe I should go meet my Lord halfway. After all, ickle Siri shouldn’t be the only one to have some fun.”

Chapter End Notes

Lol Thanos wont take a hint.

Place your bets now!

No, Thanos doesn't know about Wizards and Witches. If Asgard can't see them, I found it very unlikely that he would find them.

The Other was resurrected by the Wand of Watoob.

Also, yeah, I had to jack around with the marvel timeline specifically so I could have the Guardians in a place where they could potentially visit but not so they would mess up my invasion plans.

Odin is a different kind of villain. Still a bloody villain though. The asshole.

No, Odin is not correct about a lot of the phoenix culture. He only knows what he thinks he has observed and drew conclusions about. There is also the fact that Harri wasn't born a phoenix, so...yeah, it gonna be a bit different anyway.

Lily is off learning from Peeves. I didn't want her disturbing our look into Dumbles thought process.

My, my, who could 93 be?

Next time: New Division, Professor X, New DADA teacher.
Harriet sat at the desk she had brought into the training room; the surface of the desk and the air around her was littered with open (and sometimes levitating) books, scrolls, loose papers, and a few tablets where Jarvis was communicating with her in real time. Harriet was currently trying to make this new ‘division’ of hers into reality, the only thing she had really done before presenting it to Tonks had been forming the idea with Loki’s help and making up the contract with Griphook. Other than that things were in the wind and Harriet couldn’t be more relieved to have the help that she did, even if she still had a ton of stuff to work out herself.

Harriet had asked Strange to put down his research into his own situation for a bit to help her with things. Harriet had gotten Griphook to create a list of prewarded properties for sale that were big and out of the way enough to use as a base for the division for when it expanded as she hoped. Giving that list to Strange, Harriet had sent him to scout the locations and the properties themselves to find the best place for this new division’s HQ. Once Harriet and Strange decided on a property, Harriet hoped that she could convince him to set up the property as well, though she was sure she would need something to bribe him with for the task.

Phil had also given her a great deal of help. Harriet swore that the man was going to climb through the phone when Harriet asked if he could create forms to keep track of the division’s missions and personal. Apparently the man really did have a thing for paperwork, Harriet had honestly thought Clint was joking when he had told her the last time. Harriet had already gotten the first draft of the mission forms and was happy to note that they were much more streamlined than the previous forms.

Harriet had asked Clint and Natasha to help as well, cherry picking a few potential agents for the new division that they could tag to observe while they got the division on its feet. Natasha seemed to enjoy scaring potential recruits by making her stalking known while Clint tried (and many times failed) to be mysterious with the potential recruits who most often thought he was playing a joke on them. Harriet had also had Natasha go over and add to her own list of weaponry; the list had come back to Harriet twice as long as when she had sent it.

With all the help, Harriet could focus on other things about putting this division together, like detecting potential cases, procedure, and the worst, budgets.
All in all, Harriet was happy with how things were progressing, considering that the idea had only been formed a week ago, with their first recruit signing on not three days ago.

“I can’t believe your making me do this.”

‘Speak of the badger.’ Harriet grumbled to herself mentally as she rolled her eyes. Harri looked up to see Tonks doing sit ups with Luna sitting on her feet, “I told you there would be a lot of training. We haven’t even got to the real hard stuff yet.”

“I was already an auror you know.” She huffed, pulling herself up again.

“Aurors are more magically centered, you have to be fit but nowhere near Shield standards.” Harriet said nonchalantly as she transferred a few notes from a book to one of her many parchments.

“You could have at least lifted that tacky curtain you put up yesterday.” Tonks whined, glaring at the curtain that was keeping both the view and sound of the other half of the room a secret.

Luna smirked as Harri muffled a snort, “You spent more time ogling Steve than training yesterday. I doubt that would change today.”

“Especially considering he just took his shirt off.” Luna hummed deviously.

Tonks sat up quickly, her face coming in close to Luna’s, “Aw, what? I’m missing it?!”

Luna giggled, “Bucky got him in him the ribs, he decided to take off his shirt for better movement.”

Tonks looked over to Harriet, “Harri.” She whined, “I’m missing out on valuable observations.”

Harri looked up from her papers and smirked at Tonks, “You mean you’re missing out on valuable leering time.”
“Same difference!”

“Fifty more sit ups Nym.” Harriet sang with a smile, going back to her work.

“Slave driver.” Tonks mumbled, going back down, Harriet ignored her.

Frank and Alice walked into the training area a few moments later, Frank eyeing the gaudy curtain that split the room with amusement.

Harriet looked up at the Longbottom’s as they came to stand in front of her desk and smiled at them, “Hey guys. How are you today?”

“Good, thank you Harriet.” Frank said with a smile.

Alice nodded, “Yep, we just got back from seeing Neville in his greenhouses. He’s rearranging today and Jerry has already latched on. The silly thing escaped his pot not five minutes after Neville put him in there.” Harriet laughed.

Frank chuckled, “I don’t know why Neville tries, really. Jerry prefers to be on Neville.” He and Alice fell into a parade rest and Harriet saw the switch to auror quite clearly. “So…you wanted to talk to us?”

Harri smiled and set down her quill, “Yes, I- Tonks back away from that curtain!” both Longbottoms looked over in time to see Tonks pull away from the bottom of the curtain like she’d been stung, her hair flaring pink, “Go to the bars. It’s time for your pull ups!”

“Steve just…” Tonks started.

“I don’t care if he stripped down naked!” Harriet said, rolling her eyes, “You can see each other after training.” Tonks slumped and made her way over to the uneven bars for her pull ups.

Alice turned back to Harriet with a raised eyebrow, “Are they soulmates too?”
Harri frowned, “I don’t believe so. We’d have to do the ritual to be sure but I’m pretty certain that if they were the bond would have overridden Steve’s shyness, or at least tempered it so he wouldn’t try to retreat from her, even with her over the top flirting.” She sat back in her seat, “Now, you agreed to help but did you have plans to try to get back into the DMLE?”

Frank winced while Alice scowled, “We’d like to go back but Madame Bones said we’d have to go through the full training again since we spent so much times as vegetables, even then it wouldn’t be a guarantee that we’d be allowed back. We…” Alice broke off.

“We also really don’t want to leave Neville.” Frank said, “Being Aurors would make it harder to get to him and you if you ever needed us.”

Harri nodded, “I see.” She shuffled her papers around and pulled out two thick stacks that she had gotten Griphook to draw up, “I would like to propose something.” She handed each of the Longbottoms a packet, “I have to go back to school here in a couple weeks and I won’t have nearly enough time to continue putting this new division in order. I would like to bring you two in as the heads of the division, even if it is temporary.” Frank and Alice exchanged a bewildered look, Harri just folded her hands in front of her, “You two were the best aurors the DMLE had in your time there. I understand if you want to go back to the DMLE at some point but I could really use your help here. You have experience and could lead training even as you set up the division.” Harri smiled a little and tilted her head, “I would still help of course. If you’d prefer you could be the joint seconds in command within the division.”

“Um…” Frank started, his eyes dropping to the packets Harri had given them.

“We’d have to talk about it Harriet.” Alice said honestly, her own gaze falling to her packet curiously.

Harri nodded, “It’s alright. I didn’t expect an answer immediately. That would be unfair. Just let me know, preferably before school starts.”

Frank swallowed hard and glanced at Alice before looking back to Harriet, “We will.” With that the two Longbottoms retreated from the training room so they could discuss and go over things in private.

“Can I stop now Harriet?” Tonks called, dangling from the lower bar with her chin just barely rising above it.
Three hours later, Harriet had finally pulled back the curtain in the middle of the training room and was currently sparring with Steve, much to Tonks’ delight. The Marauders, Bucky, Luna, and Tonks were all sitting outside the ring and watching as Harriet methodically beat Steve into the ground, Tonks not helping matters any by calling out innuendos disguised as tips that made Steve falter in his movements. Bucky was having a good laugh at Steve’s expense, following each of Tonks comments with one of his own.

Using his weight against him, Harriet finished the spar with one of Natasha’s moves, knocking Steve’s breath out of him as he landed on his back hard, Harriet’s full weight landing on his chest a second later. Harri laughed lightly and looked down at her brother from her spot kneeling on his chest, “You alright there Steve?”

Steve’s near constant blush darkened even as he laughed, “Yeah.” He mock glared at her, “Please get off before any more of my pride is wounded.” Bucky laughed as Harriet got off Steve.

Harri held her hand out to Steve and pulled him to his feet, “You shouldn’t worry. I’ve been fighting with you for seven years. I’m bound to know your weak spots.”

Steve chuckled, “Yes, well, it doesn’t change the fact that I was just pinned by a thirteen-year-old does it?”

“Would you feel better if you were pinned by a twenty-one-year-old?” Tonks hummed, wiggling her eyebrows, Sirius snickered as Steve’s blush came back.

“I think it’s the twenty-one-year-old that wants to be pinned.” Bucky threw in, grinning as Steve turned tomato red at Tonks’ hummed, “I wouldn’t be opposed to that.”

Harri giggled, “Tonks, don’t break my brother please.”

“Oh I won’t.” Tonks said, letting her gaze skim over Steve’s form again, “Too much.”

“M-miss. Tonks, I d-don’t thi-nk…” Steve stuttered under Tonks leering.
Tonks grinned and winked at Steve, “Don’t worry love, I can think for the both of us.”

Harri patted Steve on the back, “I’ll protect you from the big bad female, big brother.” Steve sank onto the mat next to Bucky as everyone chuckled, his eyes on the ground and his face still red with embarrassment, Bucky rubbed Steve’s back reassuringly. Harriet clapped, “Alright, whose next? Tonks? You wanna try now?”

Tonks immediately stopped laughing and blanched in her spot on the mat, “No thanks. I don’t need you to beat my ass to know for sure that you can.”

Harriet smirked, “Too bad. It’s part of training.” She started toward Tonks and the metamorphmagus climbed to her feet, taking off running for the training room door. Harriet snorted and gave chase, “Come back Tonks! You can’t run from the criminals!” Remus and James started laughing.

“You haven’t taught me anything like this yet!” Tonks squeaked, swerving, “Shouldn’t we do drills or something first?” Bucky and Steve joined in the laughter.

“Getting the snot kicked out of you is the best training!” Harri called, gaining on Tonks and making the older woman yelp, “It’s how I learned.”

“No!” Tonks shouted. Harriet laughed, a grin spreading across her face.

Tonks swerved again, dashing toward the door, but Harriet launched herself forward and tackled the other woman. They rolled, Tonks struggling to get free while Harriet gave instructions through her laughter, until they rolled into a strong set of legs that held firm against the onslaught. Harriet and Tonks looked up to see Loki looking down at them with an amused smile. Tonks used the opportunity to scramble free while Harri just grinned up at Loki, “What’s up Lokes?”

“Well, if I’m not interrupting, your mates have requested everyone’s presence outside for Sirius’ punishment.” Loki said dryly.

“My what now?” Sirius asked in alarm.

Harriet popped to her feet quickly, “It’s ready? Wicked!” she cast a quick refreshing charm and
changed her clothes with the pile that had been put on her desk chair by Dobby, “They wouldn’t give me specifics.”

“Then shall we my lady?” Loki chuckled, offering her his arm.

Harri beamed at Loki, “Why thank you good sir.” Loki started Harriet out the door, just before she crossed the threshold she looked back, “Bucky can you grab Sirius before he escapes please?” Harri faced front again and laughed softly when she heard Sirius’ cursing.

They all trooped from the Castle, picking up a curious Neville and Jerry on the way, and ended up on the front lawn in front of a large white screen that was being held in place by Sleipnir and Jor. Hearing the noise, Fred and George came from behind the screen and pulled Harriet from Loki, kissing her in greeting.

Harriet pulled back with a smile on her face, “Missed you guys this morning.”

“It’s worth it. We promise.” George hummed lightly as Fred slid an arm around her waist and squeezed gently.

“I have no doubt.” Harri laughed.

Fred and George let Harriet go when Bucky walked to the front of the small crowd with Sirius slung over his shoulder. Seeing the twins, Bucky walked over to them and dropped Sirius at their feet, Fred and George drew themselves up as tall as could go as Bucky took a couple steps back. “Sirius Black.” They began sternly, everyone watched with amusement and anticipation. Sirius’ head whipped up and he eyed the twins warily. “You have caused our mate great stress with your actions.”

Tonks looked past the twins and wiggled her eyebrows at Harriet, who just smirked and mouthed, “Jealous?”

“I said I was sorry!” Sirius protested, not noticing any of the interaction.

“A single apology for the destruction of months of our magnificent Queen’s planning is not an even trade!” Fred declared dramatically.
“Therefore we have come up something that is a punishment for you but a new asset for our beautiful mate!” George added; Harriet smiled at her mates, pointedly ignoring Tonks making kissy faces at her from beyond the action.

Sirius was shooting the screen an apprehensive look and Fred and George chuckled darkly, “Your punishment…” Fred started, dragging it out.

Sleipnir and Jor dropped the screen at the wave of a hand and George announced, “Is training and caring for her majesties newest pets!!”

“What?” Tonks and Neville exclaimed in confusion.

It was all too clear to those more inclined to mischief in the crowd. James and Remus were rolling on the floor and Harriet was stifling her giggles behind her hand. Sirius just stared in horror.

Behind the screen, there were five stakes in the ground, holding five separate leads that held five dogs.

Eerily familiar dogs.

Black dogs.

“No.” Sirius breathed before trying to escape again, Bucky grabbed him and drug him closer with a grin on his face.

“I don’t get it.” Neville said with a frown, petting Jerry to settle him.

Fred smiled, “It’s quite simple Neville.”

“Sirius called attention to himself from Dumbledore.” George started.
“Dumbledore will be looking for Sirius.”

“A black wolfhound in particular.”

“So now…we have six black wolfhounds.” Fred said with a grin, “That will certainly throw Dumbledore off when he is searching for Sirius.”

“Because one of the first things he will try to do is cast the animagus reversal when he finds a black dog.”

“It will drive him insane!” Fred laughed.

“I won’t take care of five!” Sirius called, struggling against Bucky.

“You will.” Fred said.

“Because they are you.” George finished.

“Oh Merlin!” Remus gasped, “It’s perfect!”

“It gets better.” Loki said, nodding to the twins who walked over to the dogs, who were currently preoccupied with eating the food they’d been given.

Fred walked to the first dog, “This one is Sir Snuffles.” Fred said with a straight face.

“Not that name.” Sirius groaned.

George didn’t respond, just walked over to the second one, “This is Captain Snuffles.” Steve smiled even as Tonks snickered.

Fred moved to the third, “This one is…”
“They can’t all be Snuffles!” Sirius whined.

“King Snuffles.” Sirius slumped.

George moved to the fourth, “This one is Prince Snuffles.” Luna giggled.

Fred moved to the fifth and final dog, “And finally, this is Dread Pirate Snuffles.” Harriet laughed happily even as Sirius moaned dramatically in Bucky’s hold.

“It’s too much!” James laughed, wheezing in his spot on the ground.

“I love it!” Harriet exclaimed, practically skipping over to her mates and pulling each into a searing kiss, leaving them a bit dazed afterward, giving Harriet the opportunity to pet the dogs. Dread Pirate Snuffles nosed at her happily as she scratched his ears, “Aren’t you just adorable.” She cooed.

“I get what you’re going for.” Steve said hesitantly, bringing all eyes toward him and effectively snapping the twins from their trances, “But they don’t all look the same. Prince Snuffles,” that set Remus off laughing again, “is smaller than the rest. Sir Snuffles only has three legs. And Dread Pirate Snuffles is missing an eye and half of his tail.”

The twins smiled, “That’s the second part of the punishment.” George said happily as Fred pulled a shrunken box free from his pocket.

“There’s more?” Sirius whined, looking at his mangy look alikes.

“There’s more.” George grinned.

Fred opened the box, and Sirius moaned as he saw six pink collars with ‘Snuffles’ across each in big shimmering letters. “These collars are enchanted to cast a strong illusion over the wearer to match them up to the one with the control collar when it is active, which the original Snuffles will wear at all times to keep the Snuffles Brigade in uniform.” He grinned at Sirius, “It can turn into a bracelet when you’re not in your dog form.”
Harri laughed at the horrified expression on Sirius’ face as she scratched Dread Pirate Snuffles under his chin, “Looks like you have your work cut out for your Siri.”

Bucky dropped Sirius as he started to moan incoherently and made his way over to Sir Snuffles, petting the three legged dog with a small smile. “Where did you even get these guys?”

“From rescue shelters.” George said with a smile, “Sir Snuffles was hit by a car and had to have his front left leg amputated, his owners abandoned him because they couldn’t pay for the surgery.”

“Captain Snuffles was found in a trash bag, his owner had apparently tried to drown him.” Fred continued. “King and Prince Snuffles are father and son who came from a house where they were abused.”

“And Dread Pirate Snuffles was actually rescued from a dog fighting ring.” George said, “Figured the poor things could use another chance.”

“Loki helped us find them all over the world. Allspeak really comes in handy.” Fred said, handing Harriet Dread Pirate Snuffles’ collar so she could put it on him.

“Aw,” Tonks cooed, coming over to pat King Snuffles, “Look at the soppy smile on your girlfriends face. You two just earned major points with this.”

Fred and George looked over to Harriet and did, in fact, see the soppy smile on her face. She didn’t hide it from them, just slid Dread Pirate Snuffles’ collar on him and beamed up at them as the dog licked her cheek. They swelled with pride, happy that they had made their mate so happy.

It was a week after the Snuffles Brigade had arrived at the castle and, despite his whining and embarrassment, Sirius was making quick progress with the team. Having the ability to communicate more directly with them in his own dog form really came in handy. He had managed to drag James and Remus into the training once he had started to like the idea and his Marauder grandeur kicked in, putting him in planning mode.

Harriet watched it all with a smile, her mates only pouted a little at Sirius’ growing enjoyment of what was supposed to be a punishment.
There was only eight more days until most of the castle’s occupants would be going back to Hogwarts and everyone was pretty busy. Fred and George wanted to start of selling their products this year, so they were stocking up to prevent having to do that at school. Sleipnir was doing that homework he had put off and Neville was scrambling to get his new greenhouses in order so that they wouldn’t suffer in his absence. Harriet and Loki were the ones who were pretty much prepared to go back. They did have last minute packing to do but that was mostly small things like Loki’s most recent reading material and Harriet’s Firebolt and the new things for the Slytherin Advanced Muggle Studies classes. What they were really busy with was getting as much of the new division up as they could.

Luckily, Frank and Alice had agreed to take up the leadership positions in the group, with only Harriet being above them in the developing hierarchy. Harriet had also managed to bribe Strange into preparing the newly picked out HQ for operations, it had taken her a crate of magically aged wine and three future favors for him to accept the task but in the end Harriet had gotten him agree to see it through to the end. Harriet was focused on the weapons acquisition and detection while Loki focused on the budgets and the more administrative stuff.

Currently, Harriet, Loki, and Strange were all gathered in the Library, sharing a pot of tea and a tray of treats as they worked. Dread Pirate Snuffles, who had taken a special interest in Harriet, was lying at her feet, gnawing on a rawhide bone that the elves had brought him that morning. Harriet was only listening with half an ear to Loki arguing with Strange over the budgeted amount for the building renovation, when she felt the wards alert her to someone coming back into the Castle. Harri’s quill stilled and she tilted her head slightly as she felt for the disturbance.

Pinpointing the speedy signature, Harriet only had a second to look up when the doors to the library blew open and a sliver streak zoomed over to their table, solidifying into an awkward looking Pietro as Loki and Strange startled at the sudden appearance, Dread Pirate Snuffles looked up too but settled when Harriet rubbed her bare foot against his back. Harri simply smiled, “Hello Pietro, how are you today?”

Pietro gave her an uncertain smile, “Fine, thank you.” He said, rubbing at his arm.

“So this is the speedster then.” Strange said, looking over Pietro, “Got a thing for silver huh?”

Pietro looked down at his silver jacket and blushed a bit, “Yeah, codename’s Quicksilver.”

“Interesting.” Loki hummed, tilting his head, “How fast can you run?”

Pietro frowned, “I haven’t hit my fastest yet.”
Loki quirked a brow, “I see.”

Harriet tilted her head, “Did something happen Pietro? Do you need something? Have you and Wanda decided to come back to the castle”

Pietro rubbed at the back of his neck, “No, we…we’re still looking into what you told us about Stark. Wanda doesn’t want to make a decision until we have all the facts this time.” Harriet nodded and Pietro went on, “Actually. I was sent by the Professor.”

Harri frowned, “Xavier? What does he want?” Loki quietly noted the very slight wariness under Harriet’s curious tone and looked to Strange who gave a barely noticeable shrug.

“He said he’d like to speak with you about how you found us.” Pietro said nervously, “I said I could ask, but I didn’t promise anything.” He looked at Harriet intently, “I can tell him no.”

Harriet sighed and put down her quill, “No, better get this done.” She stood, Dread Pirate Snuffles standing with her, attaching to her side eagerly.

“We’ll join you.” Loki said as he and Strange both stood, their faces daring Harriet to tell them otherwise. Pietro eyed the two other men and subtly edged closer to Harriet for safety, Glacia cooed within Harriet.

Harriet nodded shortly, reaching for her phone, “I’m going to text Fred and George where I’m going and then we can head out.”

“Are you going to put on shoes?” Strange snorted.

“Nope.” Harriet said, popping her ‘p’ as she texted a mile a minute, “Don’t plan to be there long. Baldy has a problem with keeping his mind to himself, good intentions or not. Patience while someone tries to force their way in my head is not something that I can do.”

Loki frowned as he pulled up his own shields, “He would do that?”
“Charles is very protective of his students and does so to make sure that those who are in the school don’t mean any harm to the students. I understand that but the only two people who should be in my head is Fred and George, I’ve had enough of others being in my mind when I was still connected to Voldemort.” Harriet huffed.

“Voldemort had an open connection to your mind?” Strange asked, horrified.

“He did.” Harriet said shortly, her hand going down and curling around Dread Pirate Snuffles collar, “Gone now, thank Merlin.” She smiled at the three men, “Ready to go?” they all nodded and placed hands on her shoulders. Harriet flamed them to the front step of the Mansion.

Pietro bit his lip, “I’ll…just go tell the Professor you’re here.”

“He already…” Pietro zoomed off before Harriet could finish, “Knows.” Harri huffed, she opened the door and led Loki and Strange into the mutant school, the two behind her on their guard, Dread Pirate Snuffles was sniffing the air curiously. Harri felt the first brush of Charles against her mind and sent him a silent, gentle warning even as she heard Strange curse softly and saw Loki tense out of the corner of her eye. “Come on. We’ll meet him half way.”

“Let’s get this over with.” Strange muttered, his shields were nowhere near as strong as Harriet’s and Loki’s and wasn’t certain he could keep out a stronger attempt.

Harriet led them through the halls, smiling when she heard some of the younger kids pointing out Snuffles excitedly. Charles did end up meeting them halfway, the wheelchair bound professor easily steering them toward an empty classroom, Harriet walking at his side confidently but with Dread Pirate Snuffles putting himself between his Mistress and the strange wheel man for protection. Strange closed the door after them, Pietro just making it in before the door shut. Harriet leaned against a table across from the Professor, Loki and Strange taking up positions behind her, Pietro off to the side, eyeing the two warily.

The two leaders were silent, sizing each other up, for several long minutes. Each was powerful in their own right; each had people to protect, causes to fight for. Charles had on his usual benevolent smile, his hands resting in his lap easily as he took in the three unknowns in the room. Harriet had her face pulled into a blank mask, only a hint of a smile playing at the edge of her lips as she looked over the Professor, they had met in the previous timeline and Harriet was well aware of his capabilities.

“Attempting to break into someone’s mind after such a polite warning is very rude Charles.” Harriet said flatly, rebuffing his newest attempt with ease but with less care than before.
“Closing off one’s mind makes one wonder if you have something to hide Harriet.” Charles answered back easily, his face not showing emotion one way or another.

“There are only two people on this earth who have the right to be in my mind and you are neither.” Harriet returned, “If one had something to hide and they did so within their own mind its certainly no concern of yours. Your power doesn’t make knowing everyone’s secrets a right that you have.”

“True but it is not only my right but my duty to keep my students safe. That, at times, disallows courtesies such as allowing others the privacy of their minds.” Charles said.

Harriet rebuffed the next attempt with her eyes narrowing slightly, “Try all you want but you are not getting past my shields. I’ve fought off much worse than you.” Harri saw Loki wince out of the corner of her eyes. “If we had wanted to hurt your students we would have done so on the way to meet you. Hell, I sent you a couple new students recently, wouldn’t that have been an easier infiltration to get in and hurt somebody?”

“Yes…what were your intentions with that?” Charles asked curiously, Pietro looked over at Harriet curiously.

“Hydra had not sunken their claws into the Maximoffs fully quite yet. I hoped that here they would be able to get their heads on straight and get some training.” Harri said, “Nothing more, nothing less. I knew that they would be safe here.”

“How is it that you knew that?” the Professor asked.

Harriet began to answer when Loki let out a hiss, “You should not try it with me either mortal. My mind is my own.”

Harriet crossed her arms over her chest and Bread Pirate Snuggles pressed to her leg, “Professor. Get to what you wish to ask. Your attempts to get into our minds won’t end well. Either we will get angry at the failed attempts or you will miraculously succeed which will quickly be followed by our magic reacting violently to the intrusion. That will put your students in danger so I suggest you stop.”

Professor X’s eyes roved over the trio again and his smile fell into a little frown, “What are your goals and will they harm my students?”
“I have many goals.” Harriet said truthfully, “Protecting the world, which is only second to protecting my family are the two biggest. Unless one of your students or your team of X-men show up during an incident to lend a hand then I don’t see a reason why your students would be harmed. None of mine have prejudices against mutants of any kind and would sooner save an innocent than leave them there just because of a few DNA abnormalities.”

Charles studied Harriet closely, the scrutiny making Pietro squirm, but Harriet held firm.

Before Charles could react, the door burst open and Logan stormed in, dragging a familiar red and black lump behind him. “I knew I smelled you!” Logan growled.

Harri smiled, relaxing slightly, “Hello Wolverine. How are you?”

“I’d be doing a lot better if I didn’t have to deal with this mess!” Logan growled, hooking a thumb at his cargo. “I don’t know what you’re doing here and I don’t care. Just get your Deadpool and get out!” he threw the red and black figure at Harriet’s feet and stalked out, barely acknowledging Charles.

Harriet rolled her eyes as she watched Snuffles sniff at Deadpool, jumping back when the man in question shot into a sitting position, “You got a dog?! I’m supposed to be the sidekick! You can’t have rover take my place!”

“Dread Pirate Snuffles hasn’t taken your place Wade.” Harriet said with another roll of her eyes.

“Dread Pirate Snuffles?” Wade snorted, jumping to his feet. He clasped his hands together and popped his foot in the air, “Oh my darling Westley!” he leaned over and gave Snuffles a big kiss through his mask.

Harriet snickered as the dog licked Wade right back, “You’re ridiculous.”

“Only because the author is writing this at four in the morning!” Wade sang.

Harriet rolled her eyes and looked past Wade to Charles, “Anything else Professor? I was in the middle of something when I was summoned here like a bad kid to the headmaster’s office.”
Charles had relaxed somewhat, seeing the interaction between Harriet, Logan, and Wade. “No, you can go. I do hope that we can meet again though, over tea maybe?”

Harriet smiled, “During Christmas break, I do have school of my own to attend.” She grabbed Wade’s wrist and Snuffles’ collar as Loki and Strange put their hands on either shoulder. Harri smiled over to Pietro, “The offer still stands.”

“Wisk me away Princess Buttercup!” Wade cried as blue flames welled up around the group and they flamed back to LeFay Castle.

The last days before school passed rather quickly and soon they were all standing in the foyer, waiting for Platform 9 ¾ to officially open so they could all go and board the train to school.

James and Remus were doing some stretching before they had to be snakes again, Sirius had already gone ahead to school to sneak in the Snuffles Brigade and get them settled in, in the Chamber of Secrets. Neville was trying to get Jerry to stay in his pot, at least for the train ride but the little venomous tentacula was having none of that. Loki had already reassumed his Ligia form and was fussing with Sage’s cloak, trying to get it to lay straight after a botched potion yesterday had made it stiff as a board. Luna was sitting next to Harriet, taking in the different conversations, and waiting for Bucky.

Bucky arrived not five minutes later, Steve following close behind, “What do you mean you’re leaving with them!” Steve was asking as they came into the hall, not noticing that everyone’s attention turned to them.

“I mean I’m leaving this castle to go to the other one punk. It’s not that hard.” Bucky gruffed, walking toward Luna with long strides.

“But why?” Steve asked, staring at his friend helplessly.

Harri smiled at Steve, “He’s Luna’s soulmate. They can’t be separated for long periods of time or they will be...affected.” She stood and patted Steve on the back, “Don’t worry. We’ll come back to visit when we can manage getting out of the castle.”

Steve frowned at that, “But how is he even going to be able to stay with her? He’s not magical and
he’s definitely not inconspicuous.” Luna giggled as Harriet waved her wand at Bucky. Seconds later Bash stared up at Steve with big eyes, “Bucky…what…”

Luna picked him up gently and let him curl over her shoulders, “Bucky poses as my familiar, Bash, when we’re at school.” She stroked Bash’s tail, “He keeps away wrackspurts and blibbering humdingers.”

Steve’s mouth opened and closed for several seconds, not sure what to say, before he slumped in place and looked at Bash dead in the eye, “You’re set on this?” Bash curled closer to Luna and Steve sighed before a small smile made its way on his face, “You would be a cat.” Bash hissed at him playfully.

The train ride was surprisingly uneventful. Harriet spent most of that time snuggled between her mates, dozing with their scents filling her nose. With all the work she had been putting in adding to her contingency plans and making up the new division, she could really go with a lazy day. Unfortunately, that wasn’t likely to happen, so the time she got cuddling with Fred and George, wherever it might be, was precious to her; especially since she wouldn’t be able to sleep with them nightly while they were at school.

As they got closer and closer to school, Harriet got tenser. She knew that Dumbledore had to suspect something with what had come to light this summer, what she needed to know was how much he suspected and what he was planning on doing about it. Harriet really needed to talk to her mum, see what intel she had been able to gather.

Feeling her worry, Fred and George stuck close to her as they entered the Great Hall for the Welcome Feast. They were all welcomed to the table like usual, the Quidditch team closing ranks and catching up on the gossip of the summer. Lee was particularly excited to see them, having been away from them more than usual that summer.

It was as the hall was almost filled up but before the firsties were brought in that it happened.

The conversation turned to the other traditional first day topic. The newest DADA teacher. Lee, Angela, and Oliver were all arguing over the different rumors that they had heard when Katie slapped at the table between them all and hissed, “There she is!”

Fred and George looked up immediately to the teacher entrance and froze at the sight of the woman coming through the doors gracefully, “Um, Harriet?” George muttered.
“Is that who we think it is?” Fred asked.

Harriet turned to looked where the others were and went rigid at the person now seated next to Severus. The woman looked over toward the Gryffindor table and locked eyes with Harriet. A small smile made its way onto the woman’s face and she dipped her head to Harriet respectfully. “Queen Frigga.” Harriet hissed softly in surprise.

Chapter End Notes

Eventually we'll get down to calling the Snuffles Brigade by their 'first' names.

How many saw Queen Frigga coming?

Next time: Queen Frigga, Slytherins, Black Breakout, and Dementors.
Alright guys. This is small. Really small. But it is 3 am, Dakota wont stop arguing about the Frigga part of the chapter, and I have to be at work in six hours. I need sleep. So I will give you the parts that are complete and do the rest on Monday since I have the rest of this Labor Day weekend off.

This goes out to all of my loyal readers in Texas who were affected by Hurricane Harvey! Stay safe my friends! Stay safe!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harriet sat stiffly in her seat at the table, not listening to the sorting in the least as her eyes stayed locked on the newest in the long line of DADA teachers.

Harri had no clue how or why the Asgardian was here or had taken up such a position but she needed answers! On top of all the other answers she needed to get from her mum. And she’s most likely going to have to deal with Dumbledore tonight. Harriet set her elbows on the table and dropped her head into her hands as Dumbledore began his opening speech and fought the urge to groan.

She didn’t think she was a control freak and she saw herself as pretty adaptable but she did like to have all the variables she could in more dangerous situations like this. She knew she wouldn’t get it from the enemy but was it too much to ask to get potentially intersecting plans like this from her allies?

Apparently.

Harriet relaxed just the slightest bit as she felt Fred and George’s hands come up and rub her back gently.

Hearing Dumbledore lead into the DADA teacher’s introduction, Harriet took a deep breath and sat up again. Her necklaces clicked faintly as Harri looked to see Frigga stand gracefully and Harriet’s lips quirked up as she could practically hear Thor’s usual praise of his mother. It was something Harri had heard often enough and, seeing Frigga stand there with a polite smile on her face as Dumbledore rambled through an introduction, Harri couldn’t help but agree.
Harri just managed to catch the tail end of Dumbledore’s intro, “…me in welcoming our new Defense Against the Dark Arts Professor, Frieda Rani.” There was a polite clapping around the hall and Dumbledore nodded with his usual grandfatherly smile, “Yes, Professor Rani also has an assistant that will be helping her along as she is originally from the Australian Magical Community. You will treat her assistant with as much respect as you do her.” The Headmaster clapped and Frigga sat down, “Now, on to dinner!”

Food appeared across the tables in the next second and everyone turned to the food, many going back to conversations that the sorting had interrupted. Harriet focused on the mundane topics for now, smiling and laughing with the rest of the Quidditch team as they talked about their summer some more. Harriet was teased for playing hero and getting herself on the front page again. Angela and Harriet grilled Katie on her new boyfriend. And Oliver suffered through the team’s laughter as he told them of the training accident he had suffered early on that summer that led to his mum taking his broom from him the rest of the time.

Once dinner was finished and Dumbledore did his usual last minute announcements, Harriet was called to Dumbledore’s office.

“Merlin. That’s three for three!” Oliver huffed, frowning up toward the head table as people were filing out of the hall around them.

Katie looked a bit worried, “He does seem way too interested in you.”

Harri smiled at her teammates as they all stood from the table, “It’s all good guys. I have a restraining order against him, he has to have an auror there if he wants to talk to me.”

“Somehow that doesn’t make us feel any better about you meeting with him Harri.” Angela said with a frown.

“I know, but I’ll be good. I don’t have any illusions of what he wants.” Harriet said cryptically.

“And we always wait for her to come”

“back before heading up so we’ll”

“know pretty quickly if something is wrong.” The twins reassured their fellow lions.
“Well, as long as she has her body guards.” Lee chuckled, Fred and George puffed up their chests and the rest of the team laughed while Harri grinned.

“All right, hey, before you guys leave.” Harri said, “I want to have a team meeting tomorrow morning before breakfast.”

“Yes!” Oliver exclaimed as Katie, Angela, and Alicia groaned, the hall was now practically empty around them, only Madame Pomfrey and Professor Sprout remaining at the head table, “We better get started now so I can win the cup my last year here!”

Harriet giggled, “No Oliver. Not that.”

Katie looked over to Harriet with a raised eyebrow, “Is it about you, Fred, and George? Because we already know. The only thing we’re surprised about is the rest of the school not knowing.”

“Especially after how they acted on Valentine’s Day.”

Fred and George grinned as they slid their arms around Harriet’s waist, “We’re glad that’s clear to everyone.”

Oliver snorted, “We think it’s pretty clear.”

“Like Katie said though, for some reason most of the school doesn’t seem to see it.” Angela said with a small snort.

“We’ll have to make ourselves clearer Georgie.” Fred said, grinning at his brother over Harriet’s head.

“That we will Fred.” George responded, tightening his grip on Harriet.

Harri smiled, “That wasn’t it but I’m glad I can now spend Oliver’s valuable training time snogging my twins.” Oliver choked as Lee started laughing and the three chasers started giggling.
“Thank you for your approval Captain!” Fred and George chorused, saluting Oliver who was starting to look a little green.

Harriet waved off the last of the groups laughter and smiled at them all, “I’ve actually brought you all a present. I just figured we can do it tomorrow morning and since tomorrow is Sunday, we would have some time to play with them instead of having to sneak it in around first day hecticness.”

Katie wiped at her watering eyes and nodded, “Alright Harriet. We’ll meet you up at the top of the tower.” She let out a last hysterical giggle as she grabbed Oliver by the arm, “Come on then Captain. Let’s leave the love birds to their schemes.”

As Oliver was led from the hall, Lee turned to the trio, “I need caught up don’t I?”

“It’s what you get when you ditch us for skiing with your parents Lee.” George grinned.

Lee rolled his eyes, “Should I wait for tomorrow or go sit in the Chamber?”

Harri smiled, “You can wait. I’ve got this Dumbledore thing, then I need to address the Slytherins, and then talk to a certain ghost tonight. Tomorrow we’ll have more time once we have a chance to corner the new DADA teacher.”

Lee frowned, “You know her?”

“In a way.” Harriet said nonchalantly.

“Right.” Lee huffed.

With that they left the Great Hall, Lee peeling off early to go up to Gryffindor Tower. As they got to the gargoyle Harriet’s gaze was drawn to the floor by a hiss. Harri smiled and swooped down to pick up Sirius in his snake form, *Has the Snuffles Brigade settled in?* Harriet asked as she let Sirius wind around her arm, just under where Remus was resting.
*They’re all set to go.* Sirius said, *Kind of bored but I didn’t set up the big pen with their toys yet. I wanted to make sure I was here in time.*

*We’ll get it tomorrow.* Harri hummed.

They stopped at the door and the twins pulled Harriet so she could see both of them, “We’ll be waiting in the same classroom as last time.” Fred said solemnly.

“Then we’ll go down to the Slytherins together.” George added.

Harriet nodded, “Alright, try to text Ligia. I’m not sure how she and hers reacted to the new teacher. Try to get her to wait if she’s set on approaching her now.”

“Got it.” George said.

“Good luck dearest.” Fred hummed.

Harri smiled before stepping toward the gargoyle and rolling her eyes as it simply stepped aside without a password. As she ascended, Harriet pulled her mask into place and locked down her shields, throwing the usual mundane thoughts out in front of them for the nosy old man to look at. Harriet knew that this was most likely the beginning of the end of her ruse, but that didn’t mean she wasn’t going to play the game for as long as she could.

Harriet opened the door to the inner office, not bothering to knock but not waiting for Dumbledore’s creepy trick. Harri heard Glacia trill in satisfaction at the sight of their icy justice.

“Ah, Harriet my girl.” Dumbledore greeted, Harriet looked over toward the stairs that would lead to the upper level of the office to see the old goat giving her his grandfatherly smile, his hands folded carefully behind his back. “How nice to see you.” He said, walking closer.

“That’s close enough Headmaster.” Came a stern voice from over by the floo.

Harriet looked over and cocked her head with innocent curiosity as she saw not old Kingsley but Madame Bones herself. “Hey Kings.” Harriet greeted.
“Hello Harri.” Kinsley said with a smile, he waved a hand at his boss, “This is Madame Bones, the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.”

Harriet smiled and bowed her head respectfully, “Hello Madame Bones.”

The older woman smiled, “Hello dear, it’s nice to finally meet you.”

Harriet looked back over to Dumbledore, “You wished to see me Headmaster?”

Dumbledore gave his benign smile and nodded, “Yes, I could not help but notice that you were a companion short coming into the Hall this evening.”

“Sir?”

Dumbledore pulled a newspaper from his little makeshift desk and pointed at the picture of her and Snuffles, “Your new dog dear girl. Your partner.”

Harriet fought to throw up an eyebrow, she had planned to use the Brigade to annoy Dumbledore and for him to ask her to call an elf for him but she didn’t think that he would believe she would just walk right in with Snuffles that evening. Harriet just frowned slightly, “He’s at the Manor. After you made an exception for my snakes I didn’t think I would be able to bring in a dog as well.”

Amelia raised an eyebrow, “I wouldn’t think so either Headmaster. Wouldn’t the dog be better off at the Manor anyway?”

Dumbledore looked to Madame Bones and began very carefully, “I have a theory about that dog Madame Bones. I would like to see if it is true.”

“What kind of theory?” Kingsley asked.

Dumbledore turned back to Harriet, “A justified one. Please Miss Potter, could you call one of your elves to bring your pet here?”
Harriet scrunched up her face but called for Dobby, “Dobby, can you bring me Snuffles?” Harriet asked sweetly.

“Dobby be doing that right now Harri Potter!” Dobby piped happily, popping away. Not a full minute later he returned with a Snuffles who barked happily and trotted over to Harriet excitedly. Harri smiled and rubbed at the Snuffles ear, feeling a small notch that the tip that told her that this was Captain Snuffles under the tight glamour.

“Thank you Dobby.” Harriet said, the elf bowed and popped away.

“Now what is this theory of yours Headmaster?” Amelia asked.

“This dog is not a dog!” Dumbledore said with a bright smile as if he felt that things were about to go his way.

“Of course he is a dog!” Harriet said, frowning again.

“Oh but I’m afraid he isn’t dear girl.” Dumbledore said, drawing his wand.

“Headmaster!” Madame Bones exclaimed, “Do NOT fire at that dog!”

“Madame, this is not a dog.” Dumbledore repeated, “This is an animagus. This is the notorious Sirius Black.”

“Who?” Harriet asked, ignoring Sirius snickering on her arm.

“Sirius Black died a few years ago Headmaster.” Kingsley said, raising his hands in what he probably hoped was a calming motion. “That is just a dog.”

“No, this dog is Sirius Black. He was an unregistered animagus. He is a danger.” Dumbledore said seriously.
Harri shook her head, “Headmaster, this dog has never turned into a human.”

“You shouldn’t hide him my girl. He is a dangerous criminal, no matter what he has told you.” Dumbledore said patronizingly.

“Don’t be ridiculous…” Kingsley started before Amelia held up her hand.

“Let him cast the reverse animagus spell.” Madame Bones said, “It won’t hurt the dog if he is just a dog. There’s no real harm.”

Dumbledore looked triumphant and Harriet stepped a little bit away from Prince Snuffles so she wouldn’t get hit, “Madame Bones, Kingsley, get ready to detain him in case he tries to run.” With that Dumbledore cast the reversal spell.

Nothing happened.

Albus frowned and cast again.

Snuffles shook himself as the feel of the magic went over his coat.

Dumbledore’s face grew thunderous and he threw the spell three more times at Captain Snuffles who just looked irritated and scratched at his coat as the feeling of Dumbledore’s magic irritated his skin.

“Come Snuffles.” Harriet said quietly, Captain perked up and trotted over to her, licking her palm affectionately as she petted him. Harriet looked over to Madame Bones with a frown.

“I think you and your dog can go Harriet.” Madame Bones said kindly.

“No!” Dumbledore said, stepping toward Harriet even as Snuffles bared his teeth at the old man.

“Headmaster!” Amelia snapped, “What part of restraining order don’t you understand?!”
“That’s Sirius Black!” Dumbledore insisted.

Amelia shook her head, “You can go Harriet.” She said sternly before turning to Dumbledore, “I believe I need to have a talk with your Headmaster about leaving the detective work to the auror department.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Harri answered, “Nice to meet you.” With a nod to Kingsley, Harriet was out the door with Captain Snuffles at her feet.

*Oh Merlin! Priceless!* James laughed as they descended the stairs.

*We’re really pushing the insanity angle with this one!* Remus chuckled.

*They’ll be pulling around a rubber truck for him soon!* Harriet said with a grin.

Harriet very quickly found the same abandoned classroom that they had been waiting in last time. As they moved from there, toward Slytherin territory, Harriet filled Fred and George in on what happened. They couldn’t wait to see how far they could push the insane angle; Harriet just knew she had to get Rita to ‘bug’ a room for one of these conversations so she could get the full effect of Dumbledore for an article.

“So how did texting Ligia go?” Harriet hummed as they made it to the bottom floor.

Fred and George exchanged a glance, “Well she definitely won’t be going to see the new teacher tonight.” Fred began.

“Fenrir and Jörmungandr are freaking out.”

“They think she is going to send them back.”

“Ligia and Sage is down in the Chamber with them right now trying to calm them.” George finished.
Harriet sighed, “I didn’t think they would be too happy but I hoped it wouldn’t be full blown fear.”

Making it to the door of the Slytherin common room, Harriet hissed to open the door and the trio stepped through.

The room was filled with the entirety of the Slytherin House including Severus, only Ligia was missing. When Harriet stepped into the common room everyone went to their knees, the older students tugging the confused first years down next to them.

Harriet folded her hands daintily in front of her as Fred and George stepped closer to frame her, “Rise.” She said steadily, the students all got to their feet and Harriet gave a detached smile as she walked closer to the group of firsties, happily noting that Constance Berrow had indeed made it into Slytherin. “Slytherin, join me in welcoming our littlest snakes.” The room broke into polite, pureblood applause, making many of the firsties blush. The clapping died off quickly and Harriet addressed their newest additions “I am Lady Slytherin, but most of you probably know me as Harriet Potter. Since last year I took control of Slytherin house to rebuild it to its former glory. That instituted a lot of changes here in the house but I am sure that you will learn quickly. To help that along I have taken steps.” She turned gracefully to where she had seen the youngest Malfoy earlier, “Draco, come here please.”

Draco hurried over with a roll of parchment tucked in the crook of his arm, “Lady Slytherin.” Draco murmured, bowing at the waist.

Harri gave a small smile, “Draco.” She turned back to the first years but allowed her gaze to sweep out as she went to let the rest know that she meant this for all of them, “I have asked Draco to create a mentor system for our first and second year snakes. This will not only help integrate you into our illustrious house and help you learn the new rules but it will also give you someone to go to for help as you develop your own cunning and cultivate your own resources. I will expect you to meet with your mentor or mentee for at least two hours a week. Do you understand?”

“Yes Lady Slytherin.” The room chorused.

Harriet nodded and took a step back to address the whole of the room, “I will begin my usual schedule on Monday, so feel free to come speak to me if you have need to. Also, please remember that Remedial Muggle Studies picks up again next Saturday. We will be beginning cell phones.” Harriet smiled at the quiet excited whispers. “Yes. If you did the extra credit meme homework then do not forget to turn it in on Severus’ desk, I will go over it and whoever did the assignment successfully will get one of the rewards at the first class.” Harriet swept her eyes over the room, “Alright, welcome back. You are dismissed.”
Fred and George followed Harriet and Captain Snuffles through the floo to arrive down in the Chamber’s study and were instantly accosted by the other four Snuffles. They laughed as they pet the dogs, receiving licks and tail wags in return. Harriet laughed brightly, greeting Salazar as she walked through the onslaught to get to the antechamber.

Dropping down into the antechamber, Harriet laughter fell away with a sigh. Jor was curled up with Samarra in a great tangled ball, Samarra hissing soothing nonsense to her boyfriend as he hid within their joined coils. Fenrir was in his full sized form pacing restlessly and snarling whenever Sage or Ligia tried to come near him. Harriet cursed Frigga under her breath.

Loki looked over to her, “She probably heard that.”

“Good.” Harri huffed as she moved toward Jörmungandr and Samarra, Fred and George moved over to Fenrir with the entire Snuffles Brigade at their heels, “That’s what she gets for showing up unexpectedly and sending Fen and Jor into panic attacks!” Harriet kicked off her shoes and climbed up Smarra’s nearest coil, walking along it until she could perch right next to where Jor’s head was buried, *Jor, come up here.* Harriet called softly, *You are perfectly safe right here.*

*She’s going to send me back.* came the muffled hiss, *I don’t want to go.*

*You’re not going anywhere silly snake.* Harriet murmured, brushing at his scales gently.

*You’re staying here with me right?* Samarra hissed, nudging one of his coils.

*I won’t be able to if she forces me back.* Jor lamented, his head still buried, *I don’t mind my cave but I was...so alone.* he let out a hissy whine, *I’m going to be alone again!*

*Breath Jor, it’s all right. Loki would never let you be taken away from him again and I won’t let that happen either.* Harriet promised.

*You can’t take Asgard.* Jor said miserably.

*The bloody hell I can’t!* Harri snapped, *I could turn that golden asteroid into a new glacier!*
*And I would help.* Samarra hissed, *I would fight to get back to you my love.*

Jor peeked out from under his coils and peeked up at Samarra, *You would?*

*Of course.*

Harriet smiled at the interaction and looked over for her own mates, the ones she would fight to get back to. They had managed to settle Fenrir enough for him to shrink slightly and now Fred and George had dog piled the wolf with the entire Snuffles Brigade, Ligia, and Sage.

Harri sighed.

If this was the beginning of the year then how bad could the rest really be?

She should have known better by now than to ask that question.

Chapter End Notes

Harriet does like Frigga but she doesn't like that she didn't tell her she was coming. Especially with their reaction from Jor and Fenrir. They are afraid that Frigga is going to make them go back. Frigga will be remedying this and actually ends up pretty horrified that that is the first thing they think of when she appears.

Next time: Lily, Frigga, Bellatrix

See you Monday!
Apparently when people say 'fixed your wifi' they don't mean fixed fixed just sort of fixed. I ended up having to get grandma up to take me to McDonalds to post this!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It took almost two hours for them to get Fenrir and Jörmungandr calm enough for them to feel comfortable at their more manageable sizes. Still, they stuck as close as possible as they could to everyone. If Jörmungandr wasn’t wrapped securely around Loki’s neck, he was curled tight enough to bruise around Harriet’s upper arm. Fenrir was pressed against against Sleipnir’s legs or curled around Loki’s feet. Harriet was glad that she had decided to put off Frigga’s confrontation until tomorrow.

By the time they all moved back into the study to call Lily it was almost ten.

Harriet dropped into the armchair situated behind the desk and let out a breath as the Marauders changed back to normal behind her. Fred and George had taken the chairs in front of the desk as Ligia perched on the desk itself, her hand running over Jor soothingly. “Should we call Severus?” she asked as Harriet pulled the necklace that held the ice covered Resurrection Stone and wrapped a hand around it.

“We don’t need…” James started.

“Sev is busy actually,” came a light voice, everyone looked up to see Lily floating down from the ceiling, “he won’t be happy being disturbed.”

“Merlin forbid if we disturb the bat.” Sirius grumbled, Lily shot him a glare as Harriet reached over and pinched him. Sirius backed away with a pout, “There is no need to be rude pup.”

“Good girl Rose.” Lily said proudly, Harriet beamed at her mother.

Fred and George smiled up at Lily as she hovered between them, “Good evening Mrs. Potter.” Fred greeted.
“You are looking stunning tonight.” George complimented.

Lily looked between them with a fond smile, “Such charmers. Hello George, Fred.”

“More like kiss asses.” Sirius muttered.

James shoved his friend as he moved forward to smile at his wife, “Hey Lilyflower.”

Lily looked over to him, “James.” She said shortly before looking back to Harriet, “I have a lot to tell you dear. The goat has been busy.” Ignoring James’ resigned look and the twins frowning in confusion.

Harri quickly drew her legs under her as she looked at her mum attentively, “I figured he would be, especially with Sirius showing himself.”

“Ah, yes, that.” Lily glanced at Sirius, “That was a stupid move.” Sirius slumped. Lily focused on Harriet, “He was hoping to use the reveal of ‘Snuffles’ as Sirius to get the restraining order removed but seeing as how he is still here I guess that didn’t go to plan.”

Harri smiled and shook her head, “No, Fred and George came up with a way to counter that plan.”

Lily smiled at the twins again, “Oh, do tell!”

“The Snuffles Brigade.” Fred said, pointing behind them where the Brigade was dogpiling with Fenrir and Sage. “We’ve given them collars to all look exactly like Padfoot.”

“We’re going to set them loose in the castle to annoy Dumbledore.” George said with a grin, “And when he tries to reverse the animagus change he won’t be able to because Sirius will still be in his Tenrou form with Harriet and the dogs are really just dogs.”

Lily laughed delightedly, “Brilliant boys!” Fred and George puffed their chests out, sharing a grin; Harriet beamed at her mates proudly. James pouted and Ligia snickered at his reaction. Lily floated a
bit higher, “And as a bonus it will help the insanity angle I’m aiming for.”

Harri cocked an eyebrow at her mother, “Oh?”

“Yeah, the Headmaster, in all his wisdom,” Harriet and Lily both rolled their eyes, “decided to do a ritual on me meant to leave me completely mute.” Lily scoffed, “Luckily I’m not an ordinary ghost.”

Harriet nodded, “Since I called on you with the Stone he would have had to do the ritual on it instead of you.”

“Right.” Lily agreed, “But now I can openly interact with you in the halls and try to cause suspicion with my reactions to him.” Suddenly she grinned, “I’ve also gotten Peeves to teach me a few tricks. But I wanted to wait and see if using them would take up your power or if I could do it on my own.”

“You can try.” Harriet shrugged, “Most of what Peeves can do shouldn’t take that much power either way.” She pulled out a fine quill and laid it on the desk top. “Go on.”

Lily nodded and focused on a quill on the desk in front of them, a few seconds later the quill floated slowly up from the desk. Lily clapped happily, “Excellent! I can do a proper haunting.”

“I barely felt anything.” Harriet added, “There shouldn’t be a problem but let me know if you are going to try something harder.” Lily nodded and Harri cocked her head, “Anything else we need to know?”

Lily’s joy slipped away to a more serious expression, “Yes, quite a bit. Dumbledore had a few of the Order members exhume Remus and Sirius so he knows for certain that they didn’t die as he thought. Luckily he is much too confident in his own abilities to check James, he doesn’t believe he would be tricked. He seems to think they did it on their own though and then contacted you.”

Harriet leaned back, a pensive look on her face, “So he knows I know something.”

Lily nodded, “Yes, he just doesn’t know how much. He’s planning a few more aggressive things to get you back under control but his first plan at the moment seems to be having Hermione force Veritaserum in you to find out how much you know exactly. He’s been teaching her the Obliviate so that she can erase whatever knowledge you have that they don’t want you to know.” Ligia’s jaw clenched and Fred and George frowned.
Harriet let out a steady breath, “Sooner rather than later I suppose.”

“Yes.” Lily said solemnly, “He gave her an initial timeline of two weeks.”

“At least its only Hermione.” Sirius muttered.

Harriet shook her head, “Hermione shouldn’t be underestimated. She’s Dumbledore’s apprentice.” Ligia’s eyebrows shot up, “She’s nowhere near where she was in the last timeline but she certainly already has the smarts to get there.” She looked up at her Godfather with an amused smirk, “If it was Ron we wouldn’t have to worry. It took him two wars and vigorous training under Moody to be a threat last time.”

“You can still avoid her pretty easily at this point though.” Ligia said, “If they get Veritaserum into you then they’ll know everything.”

Lily crossed her arms over her chest, “It’s too bad you three aren’t ready to bond.”

Fred and George choked and started coughing violently as James looked to his wife with wide eyes, “Lily!”

“What does that have to do with the Veritaserum?” Ligia asked while Fred and George tried to regain their breath.

Harriet was watching her mates with amusement as she answered, “Manipulating the bond, we could force one another to sleep or pull each other to our location. We could also pull the mind of the person who took the serum into our own, which would potentially make the serum ineffective, since the body would basically be empty.” Fred and George looked up to Harriet with wide eyes and red cheeks, she smiled, “I’m in no hurry. There are other ways to play Dumbledore’s little game.” She sat back in her chair, her necklaces clicked together faintly.

“But none as fun as that one.” Came a familiar chorus of voices. Harriet froze momentarily, she knew those voices as well as her own.

“And just what would those be?” James huffed without missing a beat, “Veritaserum can’t be beaten
but if you avoid it all together he may try something more drastic and dangerous.”

“And it’s not like you can outright attack her.” Sirius said.

Harriet shook herself slightly, seeing that no one else had heard that. She cleared her throat and shifted in her chair. “Yes, it would be too suspicious for me to completely avoid it. And I can’t just carry cleansers around to drink continuously in preparation for something that could happen at any time. That’s just impractical.” She cocked her head, “Glacia may be able to freeze it. Or I could try to build a panic room in my mindscape to protect myself in, leave my body a shell until the potion wears off.”

Ligia hummed, “You know either of those will require testing to make sure right? Meaning someone will have to give you Veritaserum. It’s an awful temptation. For anyone.”

Harri rolled her eyes before looking directly at George and Fred, who had managed to calm down somewhat, “You can give it to me.”

“What?!” James exclaimed.

Remus nodded in agreement, “They would be the ones less likely to take advantage.”

Harriet rolled her eyes again, “I’ve already told them I wouldn’t keep anything from them. Anything Fred and George would ask while I’m under they would be able to ask without the potion and get the same answer.” She smiled at her mates, “Besides, I trust them with everything.” Fred and George smiled at her proudly.

“Yes, yes, you love each other.” Ligia drawled with a small smile on her face as Lily cooed at them.

Harriet shot Ligia a look, “That being said,” her eyes turned on her fathers, “You will not be there when I’m dosed.”

“But Princess…”

“No.” Harriet said firmly, “You won’t. That’s final.”
“I can make up a batch of Veritaserum tomorrow.” Fred butted in before James could add to his protest. “I’m sure Snape has some but we’d feel better if we knew where it came from.”

Harri softened a bit, “Of course. Unless something drastic comes up we can test on Monday. I’m not sure how my talk with Frigga will go but I’d like to leave the day mostly open.” Fred nodded in agreement. Harriet looked back to her mother, “Anything else to report?”

“The Board will be here more frequently this year. After what came out in the papers they are keeping a closer eye on Dumbledore.” Lily said, “I also overheard Flitwick and Sprout talking, you may be able to turn them to your cause. Not telling them everything but you may be able to bring them in on the taking down Dumbledore plan. I haven’t heard much more. He only recently put the ‘silencer’ on me and has been keeping pretty closed lip about things until he could get it in place. Now that he seems to believe the ritual took I should be able to catch juicer bits.”

Harri nodded, “Alright. Keep me posted.”

Lily smiled, “Of course Rose.” She started to float to the ceiling, “I’ll see you tomorrow dear. Peeves is supposed to be teaching me to shatter things tonight.”

“Have a nice night mum.” Harriet said, waving.

“Goodnight Lilyflower!” James called.

“James.” Lily said in monotone just before she disappeared into the ceiling.

“What was that?” George asked with a frown.

James leaned against Harriet’s chair with a sigh, “That is what happens when Lily is still mad about something.” He ran a hand through his messy hair, “She’ll be cold and distant until she’s ready to forgive me.”

Harriet rolled her eyes, “Could be worse.”
James looked down to his daughter with slightly narrowed eyes, “I bet you do that too don’t you Princess? You’re too much like your mother.” Harriet raised an eyebrow at him.

“You haven’t even done anything recently.” Sirius scoffed.

“Mum’s not had her time to show her displeasure at his reaction to the killing thing.” Harriet said, “She has to get it in now.”

James dropped his head forward and groaned, “It will be weeks.”

Remus patted James’ back consolingly, “Yes it will.”

The next morning, Harriet was the first to reach the top of the tower, even with her short trip down to the Chamber to let the Marauders set up the Brigade’s play pen. She expected to be first, of course, she didn’t need much sleep usually so she was almost always the first one up, both in school and with her family. Steve, Pepper and, surprisingly, Clint were really the only other morning people in their group, everyone else had to be bribed with food or coffee to get up at pretty much any time before eleven. So knowing that she had some time, Harriet conjured a large chunk of wood and pulled her goblin made throwing knives from her pocket dimension.

Harriet was halfway through her sheath when Angela came in, already looking immaculate. Seeing Harri’s knives she raised an eyebrow, “What is Merlin’s name do you have knives for?”

Harri grinned at her, “They’re my claws.” She threw another knife and it struck the center of wood block.

“I see.” Angela giggled, she walked closer and watched as Harriet threw another, “Where did you learn that?”

“My brother Clint.” Harriet hummed, she looked over to the dark skinned chaser whose eyes were sliding over the knives curiously and grinned, “Want to try?”

Angela blinked but gingerly took the knife offered to her, she tried to mimic Harriet’s grip, “How do I do this then?”
Harriet picked up another knife happily and began to teach Angela the proper technique. The first few throws were a bit off but on the fourth time Angela managed to actually hit the target and, despite the fact that the knife didn’t embed far enough to stick, the girl threw her arms up and cheered. Harri high fived her.

“Well.” Came another voice, “I wasn’t expecting this.” Harri turned to see Katie and Alicia at the door, Katie had her arms crossed, “This a new defense we’ll be employing with the Slytherins?”

Harriet laughed, “You think really we’ll need to stab them to win?”

“Can never be too careful with snakes.” Alicia interjected.

Angela retrieved her knife and smiled as she went back to Harriet, “Nah, this is in case Katie’s new boy toy gets any ideas.”

Katie blushed and Alicia grinned, “Well that I can get behind.” She walked closer, “Got another Harri?”

That’s how Fred, George, and Oliver found the girls when they showed up almost twenty minutes later, Harriet teaching them how to handle the knives and them laughing. Oliver stopped, his wide eyes locked on the knives in the girls’ hands, and swallowed hard, “Why do you all have knives?” he asked even as Fred and George peered over his shoulders.

Katie turned to him and held up her knife with a big grin, “To negotiate our training time of course.” Oliver paled and Alicia and Angela broke into loud laughter.

Fred and George moved past their frozen keeper and were quickly greeted with morning kisses from Harriet, “Morning.” She hummed as she pulled away from George.

“Morning.” George managed to get out as Fred pulled her to them, his arm resting round her waist.

“Merlin, you guys are so sweet I’m gonna puke.” Alicia interrupted loudly, Oliver was trying his best to ignore the interaction.
Harriet didn’t move from her spot but turned her head and smirked, “Jealous?”

Angela gave George an exaggerated once over, “I mean…kinda, yeah.” Oliver was turning red at an alarming rate.

Harriet reached up and took hold of George’s tie, “Sorry Ang, I don’t share.”

“Does that mean no quidditch team orgy?” Katie asked loudly.

“No!” Oliver shouted, red as a tomato, “None of this! Quidditch is sacred! No fraternization on the team! You’re ruining my precious team with knives and…and orgies!”

Harri raised an eyebrow as Katie, Alicia, and Angela descended into giggles. “I’m afraid that I’ll have to leave the team then Oliver. I would never give up George and Fred for quidditch.” Harriet deadpanned.

Oliver gaped at her, “You…you can’t…”

“I can.” Harriet said, turning back to smile up at her mates, “They are infinitely more important to me than a game.”

Fred tightened his hold on Harri’s waist and George reached up to brush her hair behind her ear, “We’ll quit too.” George said solemnly.

“There is no point if we can’t see you flying in all your glory dearest.” Fred added with a smile.

“Oliver!” Katie hissed, “You take it back!” she had her knife clutched in her hand and Oliver let out a squeak.

“Fine!” Oliver shouted, “I didn’t mean it! I promise!” Fred, George, and Harriet all looked to him with amused smiles, he slumped when he realized that they had played him. “Just…”
“No orgies.” Alicia said, patting Oliver on the back, “Right Captain?” Oliver drooped even more, nodding weakly.

“Spoilsport.” Katie muttered, Angela snickered.

Oliver rubbed his hands over his face with a groan, “It’s too early for this.”

“That’s what we tell you every time we have a morning practice.” Angela shot back.

Oliver sighed and looked to Harriet, “Can we do this? I need tea. Strong tea.”

Harri laughed lightly, “Of course.” She stepped back from her mates and pulled the shrunken box from her pocket, “Though I’m sure this will wake you up.” Alicia, Katie, Angela, and Oliver all circled around in front of Harriet as Fred and George discreetly pulled out their phones to record their reactions. Harriet smiled at them as she turned the box right side up, “I saw these and thought of all of you.” She said vaguely, “So close your eyes and hold out your hands.”

Angela narrowed her eyes slightly, “Considering who your boyfriends are, should we expect green hair out of this?”

Harri laid a hand to her chest and pulled an offended face, “And ruin the spirit of gift giving?” she chuckled when she saw their disbelieving faces. “I solemnly swear, as a Marauder, that this is not a prank.” Katie eyed her for a moment more before they all closed their eyes and held out their hands. Harriet opened the box and quickly placed a shrunken Firebolt in each of her teammates hands before quickly pocketing the box, “Alright! Open them!”

Everyone opened their eyes and looked down at the small racing brooms in their hands, looking confused. “You bought us… Firebolt models?” Oliver asked.

Harriet laughed and waved her hands over the brooms, canceling the shrinking spell and making them pop into their full sizes, causing them to scramble for the now full sized brooms that didn’t fit in their hand anymore, “I thought actual Firebolts would do.” Harri replied jovially.

Katie squealed, clutching her new broom to her chest as Alicia started to bounce in place, her eyes roving over her broom. Angela was simply gaping at the broom, “What!!”
Harriet laughed, “Like it?”

“But we got new brooms last year!” Angela said, turning the broom reverently in her hand.

Harri waved her off, “Those were donated to the school, this one is all yours.” Angela ran forward and hugged Harriet tight, Alicia joined her a moment later, followed quickly by Katie who knocked them all over in her enthusiasm.

Snickering drew their eyes upward, where they saw Fred watching Oliver closely with a grin, “What’s wrong there Oliver?”

Oliver was frozen, staring at the broom in his grip with wide disbelieving eyes, “This…it can’t…Firebolt.” He squeaked before his eyes rolled back in his head and he dropped like a rock.

As Harriet, Fred, and George made their way down to breakfast the twins couldn’t stop snickering. “I can’t believe he fainted.” George laughed. The rest of the team had gone back to their dorms to change into something more comfortable for flying after lunch later.

“My disbelief started at cuddling the broom.” Harri giggled, “The fainting was a little more expected.”

They turned a corner and Harri cut off the conversation as she saw Frigga ahead, Fred and George frowned at the Goddess who was standing at the doors to the Great Hall, looking like she was waiting for someone. Harriet swept the faces of the students who were heading in, many greeting the newest DADA teacher politely, and zeroed in on Sage and Fenrir who were coming up the stairs from the Hufflepuff common room. Frigga brightened at their appearance and Harriet sped up.

“Good morning boys.” Frigga said with a smile as they came into range.

Glacia gave a disgruntled noise from within as Sage and Fenrir froze in the face of their grandmother. “Professor Rani.” Sage answered stiffly.

Frigga’s face morphed into a confused frown and she took a step closer before Harriet swept
between her and the boys, giving Frigga her back for the moment. “Sage!” Harri greeted brightly, “How’s my favorite Hufflepuff?”

Sage relaxed a little at her presence and Fenrir nosed her hand gratefully, “Good morning Harriet. I’m fine.” Sage answered.

“Have you seen your sister yet this morning?” Harri asked, “I wanted to see how her summer went.”

Sage shook his head, “No, I haven’t seen her. I’ll tell her you wanted to see her if I see her first.”

“Thank you.” Harri said with a smile, “Have a good breakfast.” Sage and Fenrir hurried into Great Hall and Harriet turned around, pretending to only just notice Frigga, “Oh, Professor Rani, I didn’t see you there. Nice to meet you.” She said, holding out her hand.

“Nice to meet you as well Miss….” Frigga started, shaking Harriet’s hand with her confusion still showing on her face.


“Nice to meet you Miss. Potter.” Frigga repeated, she looked between Fred and George as they flanked Harriet protectively, “And who are your gentleman friends?”

“We’re Fred and George Prewett.” The twins chorused, holding out their hands past Harriet. “Nice to meet you Professor.”

Frigga blinked and glanced at Harriet for a second before shaking each of their hands separately, “Nice to meet you gentlemen. Your reputation proceeds you. You’ve amassed quite a reputation with the other teachers. I’ve already been warned.” She said with a smile.

“We’re sure reports”

“have been exaggerated”
“just to scare you Professor.” The twins answered, trying to look innocent.

Frigga chuckled, “I’m sure.” She tilted her head slight, “Do try to be kind to me as I get settled.”

“No promises.” The twins answered with a grin.

“Harriet.” Came Ligia’s voice, they all turned to see Ligia walking over with Draco and Pansy close by, Jor wrapped around her shoulders.

“Good morning Ligia.” Harri greeted, “I was just saying hello to our new defense teacher.”

Ligia slowed as she caught sight of her mother, “I see.” She said haltingly. Jor tightened his grip around Ligia’s neck and hid his head in her hair. Frigga frowned at the action. Ligia’s gaze snapped to Harriet quickly, “There are a few who would like to speak to you this evening if you get the chance.” She said shortly before she strode into the Great Hall, Draco and Pansy right behind her, sparing a confused look at the newest Professor.

Frigga cleared her throat, her frown still in place as she looked to Harriet again, “I seem to be eliciting strange reactions this morning.”

Harriet cocked an eyebrow, “Perhaps a witch from…Australia, wasn’t expected. There are a few here who may fear…Australia.” She said pointedly.

Frigga winced slightly, “It was not my intention to cause fear in the students.”

“What was your intention?” Harriet asked, locking eyes with the Goddess.

Frigga returned the gaze and Harriet watched several quick images flit past her vision, a particular shock coming when she saw a familiar head of red hair. “I honestly only wished to see how things were conducted in schools here in Britain.” Frigga said.

Harri nodded, “If you have time after breakfast I would love to talk. I can certainly help from the student’s perspective.”
Frigga smiled, “That would be wonderful dear. Thank you.”

Harri nodded, “I’ll meet you in your office after breakfast then. See you then.”

With that, Fred, George, and Harriet made their way into the Great Hall for breakfast. “Should we bring Ligia with us when we go?” Fred asked Harriet quietly as they sat down.

“No, she needs time.” Harri said, “Time and a reason. I will gather what I can from the meeting and hopefully assuage her worries. Ligia would likely end up shouting after what happened last night. I will ask what needs to be asked without emotions getting in the way.”

George narrowed his eyes slightly as he heard the pronoun Harriet used, “You mean we will.”

Harri looked up at him with an amused face, “No, I will.”

“We’re coming with you.” Fred huffed, “We’ve gone over this before.”

“And you can’t use the lack training against us now.” George reminded her.

Harri rolled her eyes at them fondly, “You know that’s not it.” She flicked her fork toward the Slytherin table, “See Ligia? Her left eye is twitching. I need you to distract her until I get the answers she needs. Right now she is stressing, the twitch means she’s on a knife edge. Last time I saw it she ended up stabbing Thor in the leg.” It was a bit of a stretch but Harriet needed to figure out what that particular redhead was doing in Frigga’s memories before she brought the twins in. The left eye was a tell for Loki’s annoyance meter, but it was on less of a hair trigger than she was playing it up to be, it was only that bad when it was Thor being rowdier than usual.

Fred and George looked over to Ligia and took note of the twitch before looking back to their mate with uncertain frowns. They studied Harriet’s face closely and she let them, making eye contact and keeping her breathing even. Despite wanting to feel the bond completed again, in this moment Harriet was happy that they hadn’t completed it yet, they would have been able to tell that she was hiding something. As it was though, she would be able to hide it with her facial expression. She had hidden her love for them much longer in the last timeline and that was much harder to handle than a small secret like this that could either hurt or turn into something wonderful for her mates.
“Is she really going to do something?” George finally asked.

Harriet cocked her head, “It depends on what is said to her. If she can decompress before she blows there will be much less carnage.” She frowned after a second, “Actually, considering what caused it in the first place she may try to run. To the Castle or the Manor at the very least, where the wards guard more specifically against…” her lips twitched, “Australia.”

Fred deflated a little, “What if you need back up?”

Harriet took their hands gently, “She doesn’t mean any harm. She’s not a threat, just a kink in our current plans. Her goal has never been anything malicious.” She gave a lopsided smile, “Besides, no matter her current name, ‘Australia’ has the Phoenix Laws. To attack me would mean ‘Australia’ would declare war on my flock and she wouldn’t do that to her ‘country’.”

“Fine.” George groused, squeezing her hand.

“But you have an hour and a half time limit.” Fred said.

“We’ll come get you if you don’t come back by then.” George added, “Ally or not.”

“Deal.”

Forty-five minutes later Harriet was walking into the Defense classroom by herself. Looking around and noting the changes Frigga had already made. There were several dueling forms on the walls and Harriet smirked when she noticed a couple swords on display right next to a diagram of Yggdrasil. No matter the outcome of this meeting, Frigga would certainly be an interesting Defense teacher to have this year.

“Ah, Harriet.” Frigga called, appearing in the doorway of her office, “Come on in. My assistant will be along shortly; he is just searching some left behind boxes for lesson backlogs.”

Harriet climbed the stairs to the office quickly, “Good, I was hoping to meet this assistant of yours.”
Frigga raised an eyebrow as she sat behind her desk and poured them some tea, “Oh?”

“A familiar face.” Harri hummed as she took a seat in front of Frigga’s desk, she put up a privacy ward quickly, “But I suppose we should start with the basics.” She took the offered tea and spooned in two lumps before sitting back and stirring her tea idly.

“I suppose so.” Frigga said with a small smile.

“Why have you come here?” Harri asked bluntly.

Frigga took a fortifying drink of her tea before starting, “After learning about Odin knowing that the children had Asgardian forms and still insisted on imprisoning or enslaving them, I made my displeasure know to him. We have been at odds ever since and unfortunately the realm started to suffer for it due to our positions. I fixed what I could and began to keep my anger between us but my husband refused to see what he did as wrong. Refused to see what he was doing as anything other than protecting Asgard. Several months ago I decided I needed time away, he needed the time to get his head on straight and I needed time to not be so overwhelmed by the negative emotions he was creating within me. It was beginning to affect my magic. I thought about where I could go and decided I wanted to see my son…” she stopped and her lips twitched a bit, “or my daughter apparently.”

Harri laughed lightly, “Her own idea, when she decided she wanted to attend.”

Frigga smiled, “I have no doubt.” She took another sip, “As I was saying, I wished to see my other child and my grandchildren. So I scryed to find someone who could help me find you and Loki here on Midgard. That is where I found my assistant. I contacted him and, after a bit of communication based on your little mirrors, he agreed to help me get to see you, where I hoped Loki would be as well. He told me much about this magical community and that you would be returning to school soon so I asked if there would be any way into the school. This job is apparently open every year, so I made a plan to take it up.”

Harri shook her head, “It’s always open because its cursed.” Frigga raised an eyebrow and Harri shrugged, “It shouldn’t affect you though, I assume you only plan to stay for one year.”

Frigga nodded, “I may hope to stay longer but I’m afraid that ten months is the most Asgard can go without a Queen.” Harri dipped her head in understanding, Frigga continued. “Anyway, I planned a trip to Vanahem as my cover and made my way here. What Vanir family I have remaining will keep my cover. From there I got the job and placed myself here to wait for you to arrive.” She took another drink and smiled at Harriet kindly, “I do not mean your flock any harm young phoenix. I
only wish to see my child and grandchildren. Maybe learn a bit of how Midgardian magic users have evolved along the way.”

Harri sighed, “I didn’t think that you had any malicious plans. I just wish that you would have called me on the mirrors and allowed me to help plan. You have come into a lot of tangled situations right now, you really needed some more information before you tried to insinuate yourself into the middle of things.”

Frigga had the decency to look a bit sheepish, “I…see. I’m afraid I may have picked up a bit of my so…daughters flare for dramatics this time. I wanted to surprise them.”

Harri scrunched up her face, “You surprised them alright.” Frigga frowned in confusion and Harri took a drink, downing almost half of the cup in one go, “I understand you have no intentions of harming them or taking them back to where they were, but Fenrir and Jörmungandr have no positive frame of reference for you yet and that is all they see.”

Frigga’s eyes widened as a horrified look came across her face and her hand came up to her mouth, “They…they truly believe I would…send them back to imprisonment?”

Harri nodded solemnly, “It took us quite a bit of time last night to calm them down. It was why they reacted as they did this morning.”

“Norns, I didn’t mean…” she looked sick at the mere idea. “I had no idea they would react so badly.” She set her cup down shakily and tried to compose herself, “If I had known…”

Harriet smiled as she watched the genuine reaction, Glacia clacked her beak in approval at the response, “I know you didn’t mean to. You’ll just have to take things slow with them. Alright?”

“Yes, I…”

Just then the door opened and a familiar redhead back into the room with an arm full of scrolls, “I have found them your majesty, a backlog of lessons for you to study. There were even some from last year! Written by Har.” He froze when he turned to find Harriet looking at him with a mixture of amusement and exasperation. “Oh, um,” he glanced at Frigga who gave him a weak smile, before looking back to Harri, “Hello.”
“Arthur Weasley.” Harriet greeted, “Well this is a surprise.”

The older man cleared his throat and shuffled over to Frigga’s desk to set down the scrolls, “Yes, you see…” Harriet raised an eyebrow and waited for an explanation, “I took your advice.” He finally managed to get out, “I remembered. Gringotts. Ask for Griphook.”

“And?” Harriet prompted.

“Oh they were brilliant!” Arthur assured, “Got the syphon taken right off! They also were able to show me the extra accounts Molly set up!” he frowned and reached forward hesitantly, putting his hand awkwardly on her shoulder, “I am so sorry for what my wife and youngest children have done to you.” He managed to get out as his face clouded over with grief. “Merlin, if only I’d known. If I’d hadn’t been such a…doormat.” He dropped his hand and gaze at the floor with a pained look, “It’s no wonder the boys disowned themselves.” Harriet softened and quickly stood so she could pull Arthur into a hug, he hugged her back gently despite the bear grip she had on him, “I’m truly sorry Harriet.”

“It’s not your fault Arthur.” Harriet murmured, “I doubt you would have allowed it if you had been free of compulsions and potions.”

“Never. We may have been poor but stealing would…should never be our go to.” Arthur answered.

Harri released him and pulled back, “At least you know now.” Arthur gave her a weak smile and a nod.

“He’s been invaluable help.” Frigga said with a smile, “He’s been teaching me all about this magical community and helping me figure out a teaching plan that is more geared toward Midgardians.”

Harriet chuckled, “Yes, your assistant right?” she cocked her head at the Weasley Patriarch, “How are you going to pull that off? What about your job at the ministry?”

Arthur brightened a bit, “I took a sabbatical. Her Majesty helped me set up a cover so that everyone would think I was going to a paid short term job to help set up a new Misuse of Muggle Artifacts Department.”

“Let me guess.” Harriet said with amusement, “In Australia.”
Arthur chuckled, “Yes. Australia’s magical communities are spread out and well hidden. It is almost impossible to find them all, what with all of the Aborigine magical tribes spread through the continent. They won’t be able to pinpoint my location.”

“It’s also why I based my alias out of there.” Frigga said with a smile, “They won’t be able to track it.”

“Smart.” Harri said, grinning. She looked back to Arthur, “What did Molly have to say about this?”

Arthur winced, “She wasn’t very happy. But I’m not happy with her either so…” he dropped off in a mumble.

“Sorry, could you repeat that?”

Arthur looked at her with a pained look, “I yelled and I told her I would be going with or without her approval.” He rubbed the back of his neck, “Which means she more than likely knows I’ve been cleared of potions and compulsions.”

Harri crossed her arms over her chest with a sigh, “Well, I guess she would have had to find out sooner or later. You’re here the entire year. I’m sure we can come up with something before you have to go back.” Arthur nodded, “Now how are you going to keep your identity a secret? You are very obviously Arthur Weasley.” She said, looking at his hair.

Frigga laughed, “Yes, I fixed that.” She gestured to Arthur who pulled a gold chain from under his shirt, “That will change his appearance, make him looked brown haired, tanned, and about an inch shorter. It also changes his eyes color to grey. I’ve made it so that people can be keyed to see past it, so you can key yourself in if you wish.”

Harriet nodded, “Excellent.” She looked to Frigga with a grin, “Well then. I look forward to being taught by you Professor Rani.”

Making her way down into the Chamber, Harriet hummed happily. The meeting had gone great, Frigga would teach and hopefully help a little on the Dumbledore front and Fred and George would get a surprise in the form of their father with their first DADA class. She had used Mischief and Mayhem to provide the magical signatures that would key Fred and George into the chain, Arthur
had been extremely curious as to how the foxes held the twins’ signatures but Harriet wanted to get her mates reactions to his presence before she allowed him in on the big secret.

Walking into the study, Harriet’s eyebrows shot up as she spotted Ligia, Sage, and Fenrir passed out on the couch together. Fred, George, James, Sirius, and Remus were all sitting in a circle in front of Harriet’s desk playing exploding snap, Fred’s phone was set on his knee with a timer set to the hour and a half time limit. “You know that she’s going to kill you when she wakes up right?”

James jumped at her sudden appearance and yelped when the card exploded, burning his thumb. “Princess! Don’t sneak up on us like that!”

Fred and George smiled at her as she sat down between them, she looked to them expectantly, “You had to knock her out?”

“You were right.”

“She got really twitchy.”

“She ended up turning Remus into a fish.”

“No bowl or water.”

“Just fish Remus flopping on the floor.”

“We figured a nap would be best.” The twins answered with grins.

Harriet rolled her eyes fondly, “She’s going to be pissed.”

“But you have good news for her right?” George asked.

Harri’s smile softened, “I do.”
“So it went well.” Fred asked.

“Oh yes.” Harri hummed as she leaned into George, her head resting on his shoulder so she could watch the game, “Met her assistant too. They’ll do fine.”

“Great! Nothing to interfere with flying later!” George said brightly.

Harri giggled, “Let’s just hope Oliver is recovered from his little fainting spell by lunch.”

“He’s such a delicate flower.” Fred crooned, George snickered.

Harriet watched the game for a while, happy for the peaceful moment, before the Potter luck kicked in full force.

A bright flash of light heralded Lily’s entrance and caused Sirius’ card to explode in his face, leaving him soot covered and one eyebrow down. “Lily!” Sirius whined, “You can’t just pop in like that!”

Lily whirled on him, her eyes wide with alarm and her hair floating out wildly, “Now’s not the time!”

Harriet instantly went on alert, “What’s wrong mum?”

“Dementors!” Lily said, “Dementors again!” she started pacing midair, “Third year is cursed!”

Harriet shot to her feet, “What?!” she moved in front of her mother’s path, “What about Dementors?”

“They’re coming to the school again!” Lily huffed, “Just like last time!”

Harriet frowned, “Why? Did Dumbledore get someone to believe his Sirius theory?”

Lily laughed a little hysterically, “Oh no! This is a completely different crazy Black!”
Harriet froze, her eyes going wide. “Oh sweet Morgana you don’t mean…”

Lily nodded with an angry look on her face, “Bellatrix has somehow managed to break out of Azkaban!”

Chapter End Notes

BAM! Arthur!
This is real short. Like REALLY short. I'm sorry. We spent the week trying to get my great grandma (FINALLY) settled into her new assisted living place and let me tell you its not been cohesive to writing. Especially since I was basically on dog duty.

Next chapter will be much bigger to get us through the first half(or so) of Third Year....so buckle up buckaroos.

“What?!” Sirius growled, jumping up from the circle, “How did she get out?!”

Lily looked frustrated, “Kingsley said they don’t have all of the facts. All they know is that she lured her guard into her cell, strangled him with a braid that she made out of her hair, then escaped with the guard’s wand. They don’t know how she made it past the dementors! I highly doubt she would have been able to cast a patronus in that state!”

“How did Siri escape last time?” James asked, climbing to his feet and looking between his wife and daughter.

“Padfoot.” Harri said shortly as she quickly moved over to her desk for parchment and a quill.

Lily gave a short nod, “Dementors don’t affect animals. Sirius was able to escape his cell then get past the dementors in his dog form so they wouldn’t come after him.”

“Does Bellatrix have an animagus?” Fred asked curiously as he and George stood to move to the desk with Harriet.

“I don’t know.” Sirius moaned as Harri said, “Not that I’m aware of.”

“But she could.” Remus interjected, “How else would she get free?”

Harriet bit her lip as she continued to write on the parchment before her, “There is no other fool
“There were a few legends that said the Master of Death couldn’t be affected by them.” Salazar said.

Harri snorted, “Yeah, Bellatrix isn’t the Master of Death.” She rolled up the piece of parchment and Dobby appeared to take it from her without a word before popping away. “I’ve got two of the Hallows on me and I’m pretty certain that she couldn’t have gotten to the one with Dumbledore.”

“Yes, then there is no way that I know of. Practicing Necromancers have a certain resistance to them but it isn’t absolute and I highly doubt she would be able to practice necromancy within Azkaban.” Salazar said.

“Are you sure she wouldn’t be able to cast a patronus?” George asked.

“Or just apparated once she was free of her cell?” Fred added.

“When you’re in Azkaban for as long as she has been without any protection from the Dementors you’re hard pressed to think of a happy memory let alone pull on it enough to make a patronus.” Sirius said gruffly.

“And the anti-apparition wards extend past the Dementor’s patrol line.” Harriet said, pulling another parchment free, “She would have still had to make it past them to be able to apparate, even if she was strong enough to do so.”

James’ eyebrows shot up, “How do you know where Azkaban’s wardlines lay?”

“It’s most certainly not because a certain pair of people got themselves caught while they were under poly juice and I had to mount a rescue.” Harriet deadpanned, not looking up from her work.

“What, seriously?!” Fred exclaimed.

Lily gave a small laugh despite their current situation, “Oh that one was fun. She broke into Azkaban!”
“No one is supposed to be able to break into Azkaban!” Sirius exclaimed, “It’s hidden and warded to the gills!”

Harriet rolled her eyes, “If Voldemort can do it I most certainly can.”

“That’s not something to aspire to cub.” Remus huffed.

Harri shrugged as she put down her quill and slid the parchment to the side before looking up at her mom, “Alright, I’ve sent Alice and Frank a warning in case they weren’t already aware. Did they say why they are focusing the Dementors at the school again? Is she going to try to come after Neville?”

Lily nodded, “Or you, since you took down Bellatrix’s master all those years ago. Dumbledore also suggested trying to get Frank and Alice to come here in case she was coming after them, so they you would all be safe under the Dementors protection.”

Harri frowned, “I need them elsewhere at the moment.” She bit her lip, “Though I suppose it won’t be hard for them to slip away with Hogwarts being as big as she is. Did Bellatrix manage to get anyone else out with her? Rabastian? Rolduphus?”

Lily shook her head, “No, she escaped on her own. They would have slowed her down I presume.”

“Considering they been in there as long as she has yeah.” Harri agreed, she ran her fingers through her hair as she blew out a breath, “Alright, I assume the Dementors will be here by this evening.”

Lily nodded again, “I don’t expect Bellatrix to make a move for a couple of weeks at the very least. She’s insane, not stupid. She’ll make sure she’s capable again before trying anything and if she believes she has enough leeway she’ll try to seek out some of the Death Eaters who weren’t imprisoned. The Slytherin’s should know not to side with her against me but there are plenty of Death Eaters from other houses and countries that she could go to, not to mention Voldemort’s other Allies.”

“So we’re just going to wait for her to come to us?” George asked unhappily.

Harri smiled at him, “We’ll prepare what we can. Unfortunately, unless we want to blow our cover right now we can’t hunt her down ourselves.” She paused and cocked her head, “I guess I could set Wade to finding her but honestly, I’m kind of afraid of what would happen if I pitted that much crazy against each other.” Fred and George chuckled, “But, if she steps within the wards I should be able
to feel her so that’s a plus.”

“What are you going to do about the Dementors pup?” Sirius asked softly.

Harri’s mouth fell into a grim line, “There isn’t much I can do. The extra laws regarding them didn’t spring up until after the second war when they sided with Voldemort again. I can owl Lucius and try to get him to move the Board to make a big deal over it but since the DMLE is likely pushing them as protection then it will put the breaks on any moves to have them sent away.” She tapped the second parchment she had been writing on, “In the mean time I’ll train the Slytherins in the Patronus and teach Frigga so she can teach the classes. It is an advanced skill but if it is taught right and with the right incentive, most of those with average and above average magical cores should be able to pull it off.”

“I’ll go see what Dumbledore is telling the professors about all of this.” Lily said seriously.

Harri nodded sharply, “And I should go find Neville to break the news more gently.”

On a rocky shore of the North Sea, several gulls were circling over a particularly dense rock pile. Several dropped to perch right around a craggy hole in the pile. A particularly brave gull hopped forward and leaned closer to the hole, it’s black eyes blinking as its head twitched from side to side to find a better angle.

A black paw shot from the hole and hooked sharp claws into the brave gull’s neck, scattering the others who had landed as the caught gull batted its wings in an effort to escape, trying in vain to peck at the black furred appendage that held it. A sharp jerk from the paw had the gull flat on its belly, its tiny heart racing as a shadow emerged from the hole in the rock.

Said shadow solidified into a black cat. Though not an ordinary one by any means. No, this cat had dull, patchy fur and skin that hung off its emaciated frame like bad drapes. Wild black eyes looked out from a sunken in face and two abnormally long fangs peeked from beneath the cat’s upper lip where bent whiskers twitched nervously. The cats tail hung at an awkward angle, a break clearly visible half way down its length. On its head sat two perpetually twitching ears, one with a rather worrisome bite taken out of it.

The wild eyed cat peered down at the petrified gull who still squirmed in the grip of those wicked claws that were quickly staining the pristine white feathers with red. With a twitch of its broken tail this strange cat transformed, leaving the gull to be held by the neck by a similarly wild eyed woman with curly hair who wore white and black striped rags and was sitting cross legged on the rock pile.
“Oh, hello pretty bird.” The woman cooed, petting the wound gull absently, effectively spreading the blood that was dripping from the gulls wound. “Were you trying to eat me?” the gull croaked pathetically in a pseudo answer. “Of course you were. What a pretty scavenger.”

The woman looked out toward the water, toward the storm she could just barely see in the distance. A storm that was guarding what had previously been her prison. Last night she had done it. She had gotten free. She didn’t get her first wish though. She pouted as she stroked her new friend, “I didn’t get to gut the guard little scavenger. Couldn’t make a knife.” She let out a dissatisfied huff, “Strangling just doesn’t have that same feel.” Once she had taken out the guard and made her way out with her new wand she had had to swim for it and then hide in the hole her new friend had found her in until the aurors had moved on.

Now though, now she was free!

Her grip on the gull tightened and she grinned down at the bird as it squawked pitifully. “Now I can finish what I started pretty bird. Finish the Longbottoms then take little Potty’s head to please my lord!” she shook the little creature in her hand as she jumped to her feet and gave a cheer, “He will be so pleased!”

She turned inland and began to walk, “I will need some supplies though.” She confided in the gull, “Maybe a friend to play with…” she trailed off as her stomach gurgled. She frowned down at her stomach before looking back to the gull, “Sorry pretty bird. Looks like I’ll need a snack to tide me over.” She crooned before nonchalantly snapping the birds neck. She hummed as she continued to walk and pry the birds flesh open with her nails at the same time, “Hmm, I wonder if ol wolfie would be up for some fun?”

Harriet watched stoically from the window of her dorm in Gryffindor tower as the first of the Dementors came into view with the setting of the sun.

She had hoped that she wouldn’t have as much contact with them this time around. Hell, she’d really been wishing that she would never have to see a Dementor again.

Yet…the Potter Luck struck again.

Harri knew she would need to be on alert any time she stepped out of the Castle.
If the Dementors had affected her so severely before with only her mother’s death to remember, she’d hate to find out just how much they would affect her with so many more memories for them to pull on. The deaths of the Avengers, the death of Todd, the deaths of her mates. She’d go down like a ton of bricks if the Dementors got close enough to affect her now.

Harriet shifted forward to lean against the window as Glacia gave a disgruntled clack of her beak within.

Her necklaces clinked together.

Harriet startled when she felt hands on her shoulders and spun to find out who had snuck up on her, only to find the dorm room empty.

Harri’s eyes darted around the room, before she huffed and turned back to the window. “Great Harriet. First Frigga and Arthur spring their surprise on us, then we get Bella and Dementors to deal with, and now you’re going crazy. Bloody fantastic.” She let out a loud sigh, “Happy fucking Third Year.”

Chapter End Notes

Did I go overboard with the crazy Bella? Not enough? I’m bad a measuring crazy in a character. I like Deadpools levels of crazy so trying to fit it into Bella was a bit weird.
That Ol Potter Luck

Chapter Notes

I'm ALIVE!!!! For those of you who didn't ask or aren't on our Tumblr, I was suffering from some major writers block these past couple weeks. I apologize for any worry I caused. Unfortunately, once I get past it I sometimes come up with some crap material that Dakota has to slap out of my hands before I ruin a story.

So here is the extra long chapter you were promised last time and if all goes well I will clean up the messy chapter that was also due this week and see you all in a couple days! Happy reading!

The next morning found Harriet, Fred, George, Lee, and Neville walking to the seventh floor for the customary morning training. As usual, the Marauders were wrapped around Harriet, just starting to wake up as they made their way through the halls. Despite the mostly relaxed air that surrounded the group, Neville was a bit nervous; he had started a bit of rudimentary physical training after they had moved in over the summer but that had been with his parents and a little one on one time with Harriet to get himself started, now he would be brought into the main group to continue. That on top of the terrible news of yesterday, Bellatrix Lestrange’s escape, had the Gryffindor more than a little jittery this morning.

As they made it to the final staircase that would take them up to the seventh floor, they were joined by Luna who was holding a grumpy looking Bash in her arms. “What happened?” Harri asked immediately, eyeing the margay. Bash was very rarely carried in Luna’s arms, he preferred her shoulder or walking beside her so that he could be ready to defend her.

Luna hummed and pet at Bash’s ears idly, “He did not sleep well last night. To busy guarding me from the wrackspurts that were trying to get in and crawl in my ears.” Bash gave a low growl.

Harriet raised an eyebrow, “And were the wrackspurts using Lavender and Pavarti to do so?” Bash huffed in affirmative and Harri drew her head back up to focus on the path ahead, “I see.”

“I am fine big sister.” Luna said with a smile, “I have my cat in shining paws protecting me already.”

Fred and George snorted, “Doesn’t mean we”

“shouldn’t help said cat”
“Oh Merlin, you two aren’t going to flood Ravenclaw tower or something, are you?” Lee moaned, still half asleep.

Fred and George grinned, “We weren’t.”

“But what an excellent idea Lee.”

Harri nudged Luna with a smile, “You can bunk in the RoR while the water drains.” Luna giggled.

Neville edged up beside Luna, “Y-ou cou-l-d bor-row Jerry for a-a bit.” He said quietly, “L-long en-ough to frighten them. I-I’ve finally got-ten him to stay in his po-ot for more than a f-few seconds.”

“What’s this?” Fred asked, coming up behind Neville and peering over his shoulder.

George came up on Neville’s other side, “Seems like we’re rubbing off on you Neville.”

“What a devious plan.” Fred chuckled, Neville ducked his head with a frightened squeak.

Luna just smiled at Neville, “I don’t think letting Jerry eat them would improve anything.” Bash let out a growl of disagreement.

Harri rolled her eyes as she stepped up to the wall that would lead to the RoR; pressing her hand against it, a door appeared in the wall and Harri opened it to find Ligia, Sage, Jor, and Fenrir already warming up. “Morning!” Harri greeted as she walked in, smiling at them.

“Good morning Harriet.” Ligia greeted from where she was stretching, her children echoing her
greetings. Harriet dropped her bag and toed off the shoes before joining the others on the mat as the Marauders returned to normal. Harri cocked an eyebrow as Bucky curled up on the edge of the mat moodily, his ears twitching and his body tense. Ligia caught her look and glanced over to the unhappy margay, “Are you not joining us this morning Sergeant?”

“Post stake out jitters.” Harriet hummed, “He and Clint have trouble shutting down if they’ve been on a stake out without any final outlet for their adrenaline.” Bash let out a low growl but Harri just cocked an eyebrow, “You going to come spar with us then?”

Luna shook her head as she stretched her legs out, “I took him down to the Chamber earlier so he could use the shooting range you set up but he wouldn’t let me shift him back.”

Harri shrugged, “Very well.” In one smooth step, Harriet became Godiva, the ocelot stretching herself as she walked toward Bash, who had tensed further at her change.

“Oo, cat fight!” Lee teased, Bash shot him an unimpressed look.

“This should be interesting.” Ligia chuckled, as everyone’s focus shifted Neville let out quiet sigh of relief.

The group shifted to give the two room as Godiva stopped in front of the tightly strung Bash, her tail up confidently and her ears forward attentively. She let out a questioning meow and Bash answered with the low beginnings of a growl. Flicking her tail in exasperation Godiva dropped into a stalking stance, Bash eyed her and hissed in warning, in response Godiva took off like a shot. Bash scrambled to the side but Godiva hit his side and they tumbled together. Bash yowled as he was rolled onto his back and swung wildly, paws batting at Godiva who evaded them easily, moving in for a quick strike on Bash’s exposed belly.

“Should we start placing bets?” Lee snickered as everyone watched the fight with wide eyes.

James grinned, “Harriet’s had her form longer than he has.”

“But she doesn’t use her cat form that often.” Sage pointed out.

“And Bucky’s actually using claws.” George added worriedly; Fred frowned, his jaw clenching.
“Big sister knows what she’s doing.” Luna said, watching the fight just as closely. “She’s sparred his extra energy away a lot last time when she was helping him control Winter and with him not wanting to change back and Steve not here, she’s the best choice.” The twins still looked uncertain but nodded.

“So she will win?” Sage asked curiously, watching as Godiva nipped at Bash’s tail, making him whirl around to swipe at her again.

“Ocelot’s are larger than margays and better at hunting on the ground.” Remus commented, “Add that to her experience then probably.”

Before anyone else could comment, Bash jumped on Godiva’s back and latched his claws into her pelt as he moved forward to grab her scruff. Godiva reared up on her back paws and fell backward, knocking Bash loose with a yowl. Bash rolled over and crouched to the side, glaring at Godiva who let out a huff as she casually circled him. The two cats eyed each other for several long seconds before Ligia huffed, “Get on with it. So we can get a little bit of training in before breakfast.”

Godiva shot her a dry look but started forward, Bash hissed at her and she returned in kind, showing off her sharp teeth. Bash made a mad dash for the door and Godiva gave chase, she pounced on him once more and they rolled; Bash lashed out, his metal paw flashing, but the movements started to lose their ferocity as Godiva pummeled his soft belly with her hind paws, claws sheathed for safety. The two wildcats ended up head to head, Bash barely holding his head up as his eyelids fell to half-mast. Godiva gave an approving chuff before darting forward once again; Bash tried to jerk back but was too late, Godiva’s teeth sank firmly but gently into Bash’s scruff. Godiva let out series of low noises through her mouthful of fur and all the remaining tension in Bash drained from him.

Satisfied, Godiva released him and turned back to the crowd, her tail brushing over Bash’s nose playfully as she walked away. Godiva changed back to Harriet mid-step again and she smiled even as she absently closed the claw marks that were beginning to bleed on her shoulders, “There.”

Having helped Bash relax, their morning training went much the same as usual. Everyone fell into place again, Neville joining Luna and Lee in the more tame training exercises. After training was complete they all made their way down to breakfast, Luna holding a dozing Bash with a small smile. Harriet had reassured Ligia and her children about Frigga’s intentions yesterday and while they were still a bit wary, they had accepted Harriet’s judgement on the matter, promising to give the Goddess a chance.

They received their schedules at breakfast as usual and Harriet had almost pouted when she saw that
Fred and George wouldn’t have their first Defense class until the next day. She hoped that they would be excited to see their father, to learn that he had broken free of the manipulations and now saw the world as it should be and not what Molly handpicked for him to see. Harriet would let them decide how much to tell their father, she would remain adamant on him needing mental protection if they wanted to tell him but if they didn’t she wouldn’t force their hands. Either way, Harriet would support their decision.

With the big surprise for Fred and George not occurring until tomorrow, the only big things they had to look forward to on their first day was addressing the Dementor issue with Slytherin house and the testing of the Harri’s defense against Veritaserum. Fred had brewed it last night after they had flown their new brooms with the Quidditch team, they were all ready to test it later. So the first day of classes went by with no incidents until they made it to dinner.

It was just as dinner was drawing to a close a commotion from the front of the Great Hall drew the attention of the Gryffindor Quidditch Team, Lee and Neville not far behind as the team swiveled almost as one entity.

Right in front of the head table was a glowing blue ball that was pulsing softly.

“Peeves?” Katie asked with a frown.

“I highly doubt that.” Fred muttered in Harriet’s ear softly, George snorted on Harri’s other side where he was closer to the front of the Hall.

*Looks like she’s taking a page from our book!* James hissed proudly.

The glow elongated and formed up into Lily Potter, who made a big show of looking bewildered as she took in her ‘new’ surroundings. Harriet let her eyes slide momentarily to Dumbledore even as the murmurs grew louder, the Headmaster’s face was blank but the anger in his eyes was clearly visible. Harriet let her gaze snap back to her mum before she was caught, projecting curiosity as a few of the teachers began to stand from their seats with their eyes wide in disbelief.

“Mum must have been keeping a low profile for this big moment.” Harri whispered.

“Harder for him to cover up if it’s in front of the entire school, silencing ritual or not.” Fred murmured.
“Lily?!” Flitwick squeaked, the first to recover.

Lily’s head turned as she focused on Flitwick, she beamed at the Charms Master and waved before turning and floating over to the Gryffindor table, making her way along the table on the opposite side of where Harriet and the twins were sitting. She stopped right behind Oliver and Katie, turning to smile happily at Harriet. She brought her hands up and Harri could feel the entire Great Hall’s eyes on them as Lily signed a sloppy ~Hello daughter.~

Harriet’s eyebrows shot up and she used her genuine surprise to guide the shock she portrayed, she brought her own hands up, ~Hello mother.~

*Since when does Lily know sign language?* Remus hissed.

*Not sure.* Harriet hissed in return.

“She looks familiar.” Angelina piped up, as murmurs started up around the room.

“That’s because she’s my mother.” Harriet said, beaming up at her mum.

“Your mother!” many voices chorused throughout the packed hall, not the Slytherins of course but many of them shot suspicious glances at Dumbledore.

“Lily Potter!” Flitwick squeaked excitedly, hurrying down the aisle with Professors Sprout and McGonagall close behind. “As I live and breathe! You have returned to us!” Lily smiled at the small professor and gave a half bow with a gracious smile. “How have you come to us?”

~Play along.~ Lily signed to Harriet again, her movements still a bit sloppy, making Harri cock her head as she read them.

“She doesn’t know Professor.” Harriet reported dutifully.

“Lily dear, can you speak to us?” Pomona asked gently, Lily shook her head and the murmurs grew
louder, “Oh dear.”

“Has something been done to you Lily?” Minerva asked seriously, “I have not heard of a spirit returning mute.”

Flitwick shook his head, “No, she would have had to be silenced.”

Dumbledore shot to his feet, simultaneously casting sonorous so he could be heard over the curious chatter, “Everyone please return to your dorms! I and the Professors will see to the newest addition to the castle!” George snorted and Harriet raised an eyebrow at the Headmaster. He pasted on a smile and clapped his hands, “Off you pop!” The Gryffindor Team sat stoically even the rest of the school filed out, Harriet couldn’t help but smile at her teammates for their show of support. Neville and Lee remained as well, Neville shifting nervously in his seat while Lee just continued eating like he didn’t care. “Miss Potter, you and your friends should head back as well.” Dumbledore said steadily as he approached.

“How?” Oliver asked before Harriet could say anything.

“He has a point Albus.” Minerva said, “None of us know sign language.”

“Until we know that she is not a malicious spirit I’m afraid that it would be too dangerous for our students to be around her.” Dumbledore said kindly, radiating faux concern. Lily glared at the Headmaster and started signing harshly, her hands moving over the unfamiliar movements with an extra edge of fury that made her slip into the sign language equivalent of slurring. The professors exchanged surprised glances at the absolute hatred they could see on Lily’s face as she glared at Dumbledore.

“Mum!” Harriet exclaimed, trying to hold in her laughter at the particular motions that Lily strung together, “Such language!” Fred snickered and George quickly hid his own smile.

Alicia looked over to Harriet with a cocked eyebrow, “Where did you learn sign language Harri?”

“A friendly hawk.” Harriet said with a small smile as she brought her mom’s attention back to her, ~Do I even want to know where you picked up the signs for ‘shit for brains twat waffle’ or ‘bullshitting douche canoe’?~
~Language dear.~ Lily shot back, making Harriet grin.

Flitwick and Pamona were frowning between Lily and Dumbledore but Minerva simply huffed, “Perhaps you are right Headmaster. I would not think that a Lily Potter in her right mind would react such a way to you or your caution.” Lily turned her glare on the Gryffindor Head of House and Harriet almost choked when Lily signed ~Bitch.~ at the Professor.

“Then perhaps I can be of assistance.” Came Frigga’s calm, steady voice. Everyone looked to her as she walked up to the group sedately with Severus next to her. Frigga gave a small smile, “I can translate. I am not fluent myself, but I know enough to read Mrs. Potter’s signs.”

Dumbledore’s eyes widened and he paled slightly but Flitwick clapped his hands together, “Excellent! Thank you for your assistance Professor Rani.”

Harri looked back to her mom, ~Try not to cuss out the Queen of Asgard, ok?~

Said Queen of Asgard gave a light laugh, “I assure you Miss Potter, I have heard much worse than what your mother could sign at me.”

”Alright.” Albus called, unease and anger beginning to bleed into his voice, “You should all head back to your dorms so we can assess the situation.” The Gryffindors all stood up reluctantly and began to file out, each saying goodbye to Lily who waved fondly after the team.

The second they were out of range of the Great Hall, Oliver and Katie rounded on Harriet, Fred, and George, making the entire group come to a halt. “Alright, what is this about?”

“What’s all what about?” George asked innocently as Fred widened his eyes, Harriet kept her face blank.

“Oh come on.” Katie huffed, “None of you seemed surprised about her appearance.”

“And the Dumbledore stuff is getting shadier.” Angelina said, crossing her arms over her chest. Fred and George shared a look before looking down at their mate, Harri’s lips were pressed in a thin line.
Before Harriet could say anything, Ligia interrupted them. Coming up on the group with Sage and Fenrir at her side, Jor wrapped around her arm. “Harriet.” She greeted, looking between the Gryffindors not in the know warily, “You’re needed.”

Harri nodded, “We’ll be right there.”

Alicia reached out to Harriet and took her arm gently, “Is everything alright?”

Harriet smiled, “Everything is fine Alicia. I just need to take care of something.”

Oliver frowned and Katie looked frustrated, “Think about telling us then huh? We’re your team after all.”

Harri cocked her head even as George slid an arm around her waist in support and Fred frowned at them, “What’s going on is a bit more involved and dangerous than a simple game of Quidditch.” Harri held up a hand when it looked like Oliver was going to take offence to her statement, “It is Oliver. I’m not saying it to cause problems. If you really want to know though you’ll have to be certain you want to deal with that. For that you’ll need time to think about what you’re willing to get into. Think about what you know about me, what you’ve managed to see, and go from there.” With that she looked over at Neville and Lee, “You two coming tonight?”

Neville rubbed the back of his neck, “I’m not quite up to going down there yet.” Harriet gave an understanding nod.

“I think I’ll help these guys tonight.” Lee said, nudging Angelina who was already deep in thought.

“Alright then. Don’t”

“wait up for us Lee!” Fred and George said with small smiles.

With that the trio turned as one and followed Ligia, Sage, and Fenrir down into the dungeons.

“What happened?” Harri asked as soon as they were out of hearing range.
“The house was already unsettled with Lestrange breaking out and the Dementors coming but with your mother’s appearance tonight they feel that things are picking up.” Ligia reported, “From what we’ve picked up most are feeling unprepared for where things are headed. Those whose parents fought in the first war are picking up on the Headmaster’s anger and desperation and feel that they soon will have to start defending themselves. Even those who had families remain neutral in the first war are becoming wary. There are also those who believe that you will abandon the house since your mother’s arrival will put more eyes on you. I came and got you after Constance had a panic attack that sent four seventh years into an argument that almost hexed a group of third years. After I separated them I came to get you, they’re waiting.”

Harri sighed, “Well this is certain going to be interesting.”

“How are they feeling about the Bellatrix situation?” Fred asked.

“To the light side she’s one of those scary stories you’ll tell to keep your kids in line.” George started.

“But we’re not sure how she’s taken by the more dark inclined.” Fred finished. Harri cocked her head curiously, she hadn’t even thought about that. Her experience with Bellatrix was limited. They’d only ever met in battle and the most direct contact she’d had with the woman was when she held her under the Cruciatus. Besides that, she didn’t know much about that particular enemy other than who she aligned with, who her family was, and who she was married to. And of course that she was a ruthless, deadly opponent who wasn’t to be taken lightly even if Harri was magically stronger than her.

*What does it matter?* Sirius hissed, *No matter how they see her, she should be taken out. She might have once been the only other family member I could stand but after the Black Madness took over she just went insane. No, sense leaving her to be a threat.*

Ligia frowned at the snake, *You’ve certainly come a long way from despising killing.*

*I would have suggested killing Bella even before that.* Sirius huffed, *The Black Madness ruined her.*

Ligia rolled her eyes before slowing a bit so she could answer Fred and George, “Most of them seem to idolize her but there are a few who are afraid of what she will do to them, mainly because their parents were ones who renounced Voldemort. So yes, there are mixed reactions to her escape. Some
seem to think that she’ll come back and take up with Harriet now that she’s claimed the Ladyship of the house. Other’s think she’s going to challenge Harri for it. Most think Harri is going to kill her, its causing a bit of fear that Harri will stop caring about their house ties after they are out of school.”

Harriet groaned and drew her hand over her face, coming to a stop just outside of the Slytherin common room, “That’s not good. It will lead to a rebellion.”

“But you’d only do that if they became deranged killers right?” Fred asked, eyes on Harri.

Harri swept her hand through her hair with a sigh, “They don’t know that. Despite what I’ve set up, many probably see me as a light witch using them to get at Dumbledore. Think I’ll try to kill off anyone who is dark or with views different from my own.” She looked up at Fred, “Most of what I’ve done with them is getting them presentable and palatable for people, changing them, they wouldn’t see this as any different.”

“Maybe you should share your aura.” George hummed, “It’s still gray right?”

“And then you could start training them like you did with us.” Fred added, “With the dark spells too. That will solve their fear of being unprepared and show them that their affinity toward dark magic is not what will have you coming after them.”

Ligia looked between the twins with a pleased smile, “It will also have the Slytherins even more attached to her. Giving us the beginnings of an army.”

Fred and George pressed close to Harriet who was filling in the gaps of the plan with a far off look, “And we’ll be the Generals under your glorious leadership.” They murmured in her ears in unison. Harri’s eyes blinked back into focus and she leaned back just enough so she could see both of them; she smiled at them brilliantly, her eyelids sliding to half-mast as George moved in for a kiss.

“Get a room you three.” Sage huffed, interrupting them. Fred and George snapped upright, blushing as they realized that Ligia and all three of her children were watching them intently.

Harriet stifled a giggle and stood up straight again, “That’s sounds like an excellent idea Sage.”

Ligia rolled her eyes, “You have the Veritaserum testing later, I’m sure you can wrap that up quickly enough to make out.”
Fred grinned, “Oh definitely.”

Harri pushed down the pleased noise that wanted to break free and quickly pulled her hair up, “The faster I deal with this the faster we can move on.” She let out a breath, “Got to say, it’s been a while since I’ve trained a school yard militia.”

Ligia laughed as she hissed open the common room door, “I’m sure you’ve had a lot of practice by now.”

As soon as the group entered the common room the Slytherins went to attention around the room, looking to Harriet attentively. Harri raised an eyebrow, they must have really been on edge, she had gotten them to stop this sort of thing last year once they had gotten used to her presence. The door closed silently behind them and Harri walked over to her chair by the fireplace, the Slytherins all following her warily. The twins took up positions behind her and Ligia and Sage stood off to the side as Harriet took her seat and let her gaze sweep over the house.

“I see we have much to discuss this evening.” Harriet started, “I have been informed of much as I came here.” People tensed further, “And I am sure you all have your own ideas about how this is going to go.” Harriet crossed one leg over the other delicately, “Let us begin with the Dementor problem. Most of us in this room know that the Ministry is much too sure of their ability to keep the Dementors in line, especially considering how easily the creatures aligned with Voldemort” many flinched “in the last war. So while they have been ordered to stay at the edge of the wards it is safe to assume that they will stray inside at some point. Because of that I don’t want anyone to be outside without one of the students who have learned the patronus. Any who I personally taught last year are currently up to the task but I will also begin teaching anyone else who wishes to learn the spell and I highly encourage all of you to do so.” Just the slightest bit of tension bled from the group and many looked toward Harriet’s year mates. “I will tell you all now that the rumor of it only being able to be cast by light wizards and witches was already debunked last year so if that is your only excuse not to learn then you can give it up now. Daphne?”

The Greengrass heiress stepped from the crowd, “Yes Lady Slytherin?”

“Make up a list of everyone within the house who can already cast and post it on the board.” Harriet ordered.

“Yes Lady Slytherin.” Daphne said, bowing stiffly.
Harriet looked back to the room, “I’ve also heard of the mixed reaction to Bellatrix Lestrange escaping.” Any tension that had been lost was regained tenfold, Harri inclined her head slightly. “There is a lot of speculation as to why she escaped and nothing is known for certain. What is known is that if she makes herself known I will know. I will also take care of her.” Many looked away, their jaws clenched and Harriet pressed her lips into a thin line, “If ‘taking care of her’ means that I have to take her out, then I will but let me be crystal clear. I will not be taking her out because she is dark, I will be taking her out because she is a threat to the student population or myself.” Eyes started to move back to her warily and Harriet narrowed her eyes, “Her affinity is not and will never be my problem with Bellatrix. My problem with her is the fact that she tortured two people into insanity and that she kills without reason or remorse.”

Constance edged out from behind her brother and raised a shaky hand, Harriet nodded to her, “So you don’t have a problem with Dark wizards and witches?” Constance eeked out shakily.

Harriet shook her head, “I have no problem with anyone based on their magical inclination. Someone’s magical inclination is based off many things, most of which is out of a person’s control, so I see no reason to judge someone based on that fact alone.” With that one line and her open, honest expression, the tension drained from the room. Harriet smiled at them, “Honestly guys, I thought we were getting along better than that.” She teased lightly, that got her a few chuckles as everyone began to relax.

Pansy huffed, crossing her arms over her chest, “Give us a break Lady Slytherin, most light witches don’t think like that.”

“I’m actually gray.” Harriet said nonchalantly, looking down at her nails disinterestedly.

“Really?” Crabbe blurted as many broke their masks enough for curious looks.

Harriet smiled and let loose a little bit of her aura into the room, not enough to crush the other Slytherins like she had done with the alumni but enough for them to feel the gray magic that accepted even the darker inclined people in the room. It was a cool welcome to the group she considered under her care at the moment but it held her authority over them and the light bite of warning that warned against betrayal. Even with the small amount Harriet was letting out, many shook under the pressure, only the stronger ones actually enjoying the feel of their Lady’s magic.

“All right then.” Harriet answered needlessly. She shifted slightly as she drew her aura back in, “Now, the next bit. I’m sure you all saw the arrival of my mother’s ghost this evening. She was expected, I am moving along in plans to bring down Dumbledore. She will likely spend most of her time spying on and haunting the Headmaster but she is a friendly ear and ally if you ever come across her, she knows of my claim on the house.” She folded her hands on her lap, “That being said. Her arrival and the stir she will be causing will start bringing suspicion on myself but I will not abandon you or the
work we have done on this house thus far. If I need to reveal my involvement with the house before planned then I will deal with it accordingly, working from the shadows is always preferable but there are times when we may need to step out into the light.”

“Finally,” Harriet began, “I’ve been told that many are you are starting to feel rather unprepared as the Headmaster’s anger begins to show itself. I understand your wariness in light of Dumbledore, once he gets desperate he will start to stir things up and in this community it ends up sending people after the more dark inclined or even just those under the Slytherin banner. Because of that I will offer a remedial Defense class that will take between one to two hours on the days that I am usually here in the common room and then on Sunday evenings if the demand is large enough. I will warn any who are interested that we will work on both physical and magical aspects so if you wish to join us then I expect you to know what you’ve gotten in to and not complain about physical training. Theodore?”

Theodore Nott stepped forward and bowed, “Yes Lady Slytherin?”

“I would like you to make a sign-up sheet and take down the name of each person who wishes to join in the training.” Harriet directed.

“Yes Lady Slytherin.” Nott said proudly.

“Good. The first training session will be this Friday. Draco?”

The Malfoy heir came to stand with Theodore and Daphne, “Yes Lady Slytherin?”

“Have you paired the Mentors and Mentees?”

“I have prepared the list and was going to speak to everyone involved this evening before the surprise at dinner happened.” Draco reported.

Harri nodded “Good. I expect the mentors and mentees to have at least introduced themselves by the end of the week. Remember, two hours at minimum must be spent together.”

“Yes Lady Slytherin.” The room chorused even as Draco bowed at the waist.
“Does anyone have any questions for this evening?” Harriet asked, looking around the room. Flint made a motion, “Yes Flint?”

“Do you have any more intel on the newest DADA Professor? Will this be another that you are driving out this year?” Flint asked, the room descended into light laughter as they all though about Lockhart.

Harriet laughed, “No, we won’t be driving out this teacher. She will be a bit unorthodox because she is not used to magic as we use it here but she will be a good Professor.” Harri glanced over to Ligia questioningly, Ligia shrugged so Harriet continued. “Professor Rani is actually Ligia’s mother, currently undercover as our Professor.” Many exchanged surprised glances at that. “She doesn’t know much of Hogwarts so she will not be bias toward one house or another, however to keep from creating too much suspicion we won’t be telling her of our more in-depth relationship with Slytherin house so you will have to earn her favor on your own merits. Understood?” everyone nodded, “Good anything else?” another sweep over the room showed nothing so Harriet stood, “Alright, I have to prepare for one of the Headmaster’s schemes. I will see you all again on Wednesday. Have a good evening.” With a nod to Ligia, Harriet, Fred, and George left the Slytherin Common room.

Hearing the door close behind them, George slid an arm around Harriet’s waist and pulled her against him, “Room of Requirement then dearest?”

Harriet hummed as she slid into step with him easily, “I’ll just get Dobby to take the Marauders to my dorm.”

*Pup! You can trust us with you under Veritaserum!* Sirius whined.

*We’ll behave! You can even make an approved list of questions!* James added.

Harriet glared down at the snakes as she pulled them from their spots, James on her arm, Sirius in her bag, and Remus around her neck. *No way in Hel. That’s final.*

*And I suppose you won’t be coming back to the dorm this evening.* Remus sighed, Dobby showing up as he spoke.

Harriet smiled as George nuzzled her jaw, *Most likely not.* Harri hummed as she passed the snakes off, “Take them to my dorm please Dobby and be sure to spell my curtains closed so they aren’t disturbed.”
“Yes Harri Potter!” Dobby squeaked, saluting her before popping away.

Fred closed in on Harriet’s other side now that it was free and slid his own arm just above George’s, “Might have to work late on this.”

“Way past curfew.” George added as they went, “Wouldn’t want to get caught in the first week.”

“Too true, guess we’ll just have to spend the night in the RoR together.” Harri giggled, she gave a fake pout, “Unless you’d rather sleep without me.”

“Never want to sleep without you.” They chorused.

“Stupid Hogwarts.” George huffed.

“Stupid rules.” Fred whined.

Harriet giggled, “The one good thing about Dumbledore getting his head out of his ass and figuring me out is that as the head of a Founder’s house I’ll be able to demand my own rooms and of course I’d hate to sleep alone.”

“How do you feel about a breakfast announcement?” George asked seriously as Fred stifled a groan.

Harri grinned, “Which morning?”

They continued their banter as they made their way back to the seventh floor for the second time that day. George pulled himself reluctantly from his brother and Harriet to pull up a bedroom for them to use for both the testing and their night together. It was a simple room but cozy. It had a king size four poster bed with green and silver bedding and a fire was crackling away on the other side of the dimly lit room, giving them gentler lighting.

Inside the room, they rid themselves of shoes and bags before climbing onto the comfortable bed. Fred began pulling out his potions as George leaned toward Harriet and brought her into his lap, she
smiled and kissed him as she settled in. Fred watched them a mock scowl hiding his grin.

“Alright,” Fred said as soon as he had everything laid out. “That’s enough you two.” He gave an exaggerated pout at his brother’s smug face.

Harriet just giggled, “That’s what happens when you ignore us for potions Fred.”

Fred just cocked an eyebrow, “I’ll remember that.”

“No you won’t.” Harriet and George said together.

Fred blinked, “Merlin, is that what people are always complaining about when we talk? The surround sound?”

“Yes.” George and Harriet answered with amusement.

“Well I don’t know what their problem is. It’s clearly awesome.” Fred huffed, Harriet giggled and George grinned. Fred smiled back at them, “Alright, we need a base example, just in case your phoenix nature already effects the potions effectiveness.” He pulled a small bottle of Veritaserum from the bed in front of him, “One drop should last a minute and a half. We’ll see if it changes.” He opened up the timer on his phone and got it ready. Harriet nodded, not bothering to tell Fred that she already knew that, she tilted her head back and opened her mouth trustingly for Fred to administer the Veritaserum. Instantly Harriet went ridged on George’s lap and her eyes went blank. Fred hit the timer start.

“What’s your name?” George asked.

“Harriet Rose Potter.” She answered.

“It took then.” Fred noted, he grinned, “What’s the true story behind the name Godiva?”

“Soon after I got the transformation down we had a party where we all drank pretty heavily. When everyone woke up they found me passed out in ocelot form in my secret stash of Godiva chocolates. Tony called me Godiva and it stuck.” Harriet said in monotone, George snickered.
“Look.” Fred said softly, he and George watched as Harriet’s eyes slowly cleared, the green fighting the potion for every millimeter until Harriet blinked. Fred hit the stopwatch and looked down at it, “Hmm, only lasted a minute.”

“So I have a bit of built in resistance.” Harri hummed, “Cool.”

George chuckled, “Very.”

“Okay, which one do you want to try first? Mental panic room or freezing it?” Fred asked.

Harriet hummed, “The mental panic room will probably be the easiest to implement. Let’s do that first.”

Fred nodded, “We’ll ask one question to make sure it’s working and then you can try. I’m going to give you two drops this time to make sure you have time to try it.” Harri hummed and opened her mouth for the potion, Fred administered it quickly and as soon as Harriet closed her mouth it visibly took effect again.

George caressed her cheek, “What are your animagus forms?”

“Leopardus pardalis pusaea and Falconiformes phoenix glacies.”

Fred and George exchanged glances before shrugging, “Give it a try Harriet.” For several seconds there was no outward signs that she was doing anything until all of a sudden she drooped in place, her cheeks paling and her breathing going shallow. Fred cursed and George caught her gently as she fell against him, her eyes half-mast. “Are you alright Harriet?” George asked, Harri remained silent.

“Well if nothing else it will freak Hermione out making her feel like she killed her.” Fred growled as he checked Harriet’s pulse. George tucked her head against his shoulder as Fred blew out a breath, “Her heartbeat is really slow.”

George tightened his grip around Harriet’s waist as he moved his mouth to her ear, “We got it. You can come back now dearest.” He said shakily.
It took a moment but eventually Harriet nuzzled into George’s shoulder and her eyes blinked open, “Did it work?” she asked softly.

“A little too well.” Fred huffed, resting his head against hers while George rubbed her back. “You got all pale and you were barely breathing.”

“Well that ought to freak them out.” Harri commented, the twins gave strangled laughs.

Fred latched on to Harriet’s hand gently, “Still want to try the freezing thing?”

“Yes, just as a backup.” Harri replied, she sat up in George’s lap again, putting her back to Fred’s chest.

“It might be easier for you to freeze on your tongue so you don’t have to do anything drastic to get out of your stomach later.” George said as Fred reached for the Veritaserum again.

Harri wrinkled her nose, “Yeah, I’m not fond of either way to get a bead of ice from my stomach.”

Fred chuckled, “Then give me your tongue Harriet.” She turned just enough to stick her tongue out at him playfully.

Fred held the potion vial steady and dripped one drop onto Harriet’s tongue, she focused on the little bead that sat on her taste buds. With a little effort and Glacia’s help, the bead froze over in seconds, glimmering like a diamond on Harri’s tongue. She picked it up and turned it over curiously, “Well, there’s that. I’ll just have to try and catch the Veritaserum before it goes down.”

Fred carefully took the frozen drop of potion and began to examine it, “Wicked.” He whispered, “I wonder if there are any special effects to frozen potions or-”

Harriet giggled before moving closer to George again, “Since we’ve lost him to another potion rant maybe I should show you the joys of French kissing.” George grinned and pulled Harriet closer, Fred huffed in the background but it soon fell away as he watched them.
“What has gotten into you two this morning?” Lee asked as he, Fred, and George made their way to their first Defense class of the year.

“Whatever do”

“you mean Lee?” they asked jovially.

“You’re way too chipper for a regular school day.” Lee said with a frown, he narrowed his eyes at them, “Have you set up something? Is that where you were last night?”

“Nope! No prank!” Fred laughed.

“In fact we’ve been down right lazy at this point!” George chuckled.

“Losing our edge!”

“Picking up a new one!”

Lee’s face grew wary, “Alright, spill it.”

Fred and George slowed up a bit and grinned down at their friend, “Spent last night with Harriet.” George said with a grin.

Lee made a face, “Why is that so exciting? You spend every night with her over Holidays.”

Fred wiggled his eyebrows, “Yeah but we’ve never gotten to second base before.”

Lee choked, stopping to suck in breaths. Fred and George chuckled, grinning down at their friend.
Getting his breath back, Lee looked up at his friends and groaned, “It was bad enough when you were just kissing her. Am I going to walk in on full out make out sessions now?”

“At least until Dumbledore figures Harriet out and we get our own room here in the castle.” George laughed.

Lee frowned as they started toward the Defense classroom again, “How’s that?”

“Apparently the Head of a Founder’s house can demand their own rooms.” Fred said, “Considering who she shares a dorm with I doubt she’ll wait much longer after the reveal.”

Lee rolled his eyes, “Then I’ll wait with baited breath.” They finally made it to the Defense classroom and made their way to their normal seats, “So, did your girlfriend give you any insights to dealing with the royalty among us?”

“No, she did say that she”

“wouldn’t be bias toward one”

“house or another though so”

“we’d have to earn her respect”

“through our own actions.” The twins muttered to Lee as others started filing into the classroom. “But considering her”

“legends and what she is the Goddess”

“of she should be pretty fair.”

Lee hummed in consideration, “Harriet told me that there was a surprise for you two. Did she say anything about that to you guys?”
Fred and George immediately leaned forward, “No, she didn’t.” they said, curiosity lacing their voices.

Before they could speculate, Professor Rani swept from her office and descended the stairs gracefully, her hair in a half up-do and wearing muted golden robes. “Good morning class. Welcome to fifth year Defense Against the Dark Arts. As you were told at the Welcome Feast, I am Professor Frieda Rani and I am currently visiting from Australia. I look forward to getting to know all of you.” She laced her hands in front of her and began a slow stroll up between the desks, “Now, I have been made aware of the inconsistent education that you have been getting in this class. That paired with my own standards of teaching means that we will be jumping right in with a quiz.” The class groaned and Professor Rani gave them a knowing smile as she made her way back up to the front of the room, “Yes, I’m aware of the feelings students have for quizzes. However, in this instance it will help me decide where exactly to begin in the curriculum.” She turned at the front of the room and smiled at them all, “A much better alternative then throwing you all into a topic you have no basis for.” There was a small click of the door closing and Professor Rani focused behind them, “Ah, there you are Mark.”

“Apologies Professor, I grabbed the wrong box of papers.” The voice had everyone in the class turning around curiously. Fred and George froze as the man turned from shutting the door and start into the room.

‘Is that?’ George asked Fred shakily through their twin bond.

‘I think it is.’ Fred answered, his eyes never leaving the man who was currently handing Professor Rani a stack of quizzes.

The Professor took the handouts and smiled around the room, “Everyone, I would like you to meet Mark Teener. He is my assistant. You will treat him with as much respect as you do me. He may not be able to take points but I will certainly listen to his thoughts on the matter.” Everyone nodded in understand and she smile, “Good, now-”

Her voice faded into the background as Fred and George focused on the newly named ‘Mark Teener’, ideas and questions flying around in their heads. There was no doubt that this was Harriet’s surprise but all they could pinpoint in their swirling mass of thoughts was ‘How is Dad here?’

Harriet was strolling from Charms to go to her Ancient Runes class, happy to finally be back in one of the classes she most enjoyed, with Dread Pirate Snuffles trotting easily beside her. She had picked him up right after breakfast that morning and had already passed by Dumbledore twice, giving her
the pleasure of seeing the anger burn in his eyes. The second time he’d seen her with Snuffles, Dumbledore had thrown another reversal spell at the dog who simply stopped long enough to scratch at the spot the spell hit before happily bounding after her to catch up. Sirius and James hadn’t stopped cackling about it since and had spent half of her Charms class talking about when to set loose the entire Brigade.

Passing by the door on the third floor landing, Harriet very faintly heard the door open behind her before hands shot out and pulled her into the hall quickly. Harriet let her head fall backwards even as Dread Pirate Snuffles barked a greeting, “You two are so lucky I can feel you through our bond. Otherwise I would have stabbed you for grabbing me all of a sudden like that.”

Fred grinned down at her, “You love us too much to stab us.”

Harri cocked her head, “There is such a thing as nonfatal stab wounds.”

“You’d feel terrible for stabbing us, fatal or not.” George said.

Harri smiled at them, “True.” She stood up from their grip and turned so she could see them, “What’s up? Lunch is only one class away.”

They crossed their arms over their chests, “You want to tell us what just”

“happened in our Defense class?”

Harriet tilted her head and blinked innocently, “What just happened in your Defense class?”

“Harriet…” George huffed.

“Our Dad showed up.” Fred said, his face a mixture of emotions.

Harriet dropped the act and nodded, “And how do you feel?”

Fred’s frown deepened and George ran a hand down his face, “We don’t…what is he doing here?”
“Frigga sought someone to help to come and see Ligia and her kids,” Harriet said evenly, “When she scryed for a person like that she found your father. He helped her insert herself here and stayed with her to help with the class since she doesn’t know a lot about Midgardian magic.”

“Does he…know?” Fred asked through clenched teeth.

Harri softened a bit and reached into her sub dimension to pull out a big file folder, “I’ve actually told him very little. Other than pointing him in the right direction to find things for himself.” She rifled through her subfolders before finding the one with Arthur’s information, she quickly copied it and handed one over to her mates. “This is what I found when I questioned him under Veritaserum and ran a Gringotts Diagnostic. He’s already apologized to me for Molly, Ron, and Ginerva and told me he didn’t approve. Other than that I’ve made no move or further inquiries. He’s your father and I won’t make the decision for you.” She put the file folder back and brought Dread Pirate Snuffles to heel with a snap, “If you want to bring him in you know what he needs to stay safe.” She gave them a small smile as she gripped her bag, “I will back you either way.” Fred and George stood frozen, their eyes locked on the folder in their hands. Harriet stood on her toes and kissed each of them on their cheeks, “Take your time.” She moved to the door before throwing back, “Don’t forget to eat.”

*Why let them decide on their own Princess?* James asked once they were back on their way to Runes. *You know Arthur is innocent and he didn’t want anything that happened. They’ll listen if you tell them what you learned, then they can have their dad back.*

*If I had had a normal childhood and you ignored me for most of my life only for me to later find out that you did so because of potions and compulsions, I wouldn’t want someone to take the choice of whether to involve you in my life away from me.* Harri hissed patiently,

*Logically, we know that it was because of the potions and Molly’s manipulations but Fred and George are entitled to their own feelings on the issue and I won’t directly involve Arthur if they aren’t comfortable with him being here.* Harri started down the hall to the Runes classroom,

*They’re my best friends and soulmates. They come first. Logic be damned.*

After that, there wasn’t much that happened the rest of the first month or so of school.

Fred and George were quiet on the issue of their father at the moment. Harriet could see them watching him closely in class and when he finally was free enough to join Professor Rani in the Great Hall for meals. Harri also knew that they had actually read through the file, the packet was now thicker than when she had given it to them, a sign that they were taking their own notes. So she gave them the space they needed to make their own decision. She would step in and play devil’s advocate if need be but until then she would watch out for her mates and maintain a polite but guarded front with Arthur.
Speaking of family problems, Ligia and her children were giving Professor Rani a chance and that was going rather well. Several times already they had all met the Goddess in her office under the guise of detentions and they spent the time talking and getting to know one another better. Ligia was very happy with the results, even if her anxiety sparked every time Asgard was mentioned. Sage became the go between for his grandmother and brothers because while they were getting better, Sage was the one with more positive interactions with the Goddess. That aside, the situation was slowly resolving itself and Fenrir and Jor no longer feared being sent back to their prisons by their grandmother.

Hermione had begun to implement her plan not two days after Harriet tested her counter measures. The first attempt was a bust, that morning she had thought to corner Harriet in her early morning shower, which Harriet thought added to her creepy factor. Thankfully, Lavender had apparently set an early alarm for that morning so she could try a new make-up style. Later that night Hermione had cornered Harriet in an abandon hallway, ‘stunning’ Harriet before she could ‘dodge it’. The fact that Harriet actually had to step into the spells so they wouldn’t miss was a testament at just how far the future Hermione had come. Harriet had lay on the floor and pretended to be stunned, never mind the fact that such a weak stunner didn’t work on her any more. She had felt Hermione open her mouth and pour into much too much Veritaserum for the line of questioning Harri was sure she was going to ask. With Hermione pouring so fast and Harriet not really wanting to go through the feeling of an ice shard in her stomach, Harri quickly retreated to her mental panic room. Apparently, looking like you might have killed your pawn sent young aspiring manipulators into a panic. That had ended that try but Harriet knew Hermione wouldn’t give up so easily.

Lily was having fun with her new found freedom and it was really catching people’s notice. Apparently Dumbledore had blocked any and all attempts she made to have Professor Rani translate correctly for the other Professors. She’d eventually abandoned the little meeting and disappeared for the night only to appear the next morning to begin using classroom chalk boards to write on, using the levitation Peeves had helped her perfect to levitate the chalk and write anti-Dumbledore messages on the board that Dumbledore would race through the castle to erase. Then, in-between her spy duties, she took part in what she gleefully called Dumbledore baiting. She would shatter his glasses or pelt him with food whenever he was in front of a large enough crowd of students to try to get him to lose his cool, she’s succeeded twice already with once being in the presence of an Education Board inspector who had frowned and wrote pointedly on his clipboard. It was taking the Headmaster’s focus off of Harriet, which helped immensely. Everyone was pretty genuinely confused as to why Lily Potter, a former Gryffindor who was light inclined and very publically against Voldemort when she was alive, would show such a hatred of Dumbledore now that she had died and the speculations were flying.

The Slytherins were also settling into their new routines. Many had signed up for the Remedial Defense class and Harriet had repurposed the anti-chamber of the Chamber of Secrets into their training ground, having Hogwarts put a direct path between the anti-chamber and the common room. She had left the access to the room free but had put up very tight safety wards throughout the place so that no one could do anything particularly dangerous without supervision from her, Severus, or Ligia. She had also warded the entrance to Salazar’s study so that none of the snoopier Slytherins would get in, though Samarra’s presence generally deterred that anyway. Most of those who didn’t
wish to take up the Defense course still came down to the area to take up the patronus lessons and those were progressing nicely. They weren’t going as swiftly as the ones Harriet had taught last year but those she had pushed along because she was trying to boot Lockhart out so she still thought that it was going well. The Mentor/Mentee program was progressing pretty well too, bringing the house closer together to ‘raise’ their newest snakes. This was especially seen with the first Remedial Muggle studies of the year where Harriet had gotten them all the simplest StarkPhone model that was on the market, a majority of the house had each other’s numbers and every single first and second year was pressed into having the elder years on speed dial for protection.

So Harriet was pleased with the way the year was shaping up despite its rocky start. There hadn’t been any word on Bellatrix yet but Harri hadn’t really expected any yet and had Alice and Frank out trying to track her. Professor Rani was settling into her role well and seemed to genuinely enjoy teaching everyone, Harriet did help round out her curriculum with her own experience and knowledge when Arthur was unsure or she thought a topic should be brought up. Harriet herself was planning for the inevitable invasion; sending memories for Tonks and Steve to review so they could train for chitauri, reporting strengths and weakness to Jarvis so he could prepare to help Tony in the field when the army came down, maneuvering around the World Council to get nukes decommissioned while saving the one she would need to send through the portal like before, and setting up her rune scheme that would alert her when the tesseract went active. She would eventually lay it around the tesseract testing lab, once she had her first plan finalized as well as her two most likely backups. Harriet hoped to finish it before Christmas.

The only thing that was really bothering Harriet were the increasingly strange things that were happening around her. It was overdue, she supposed. All the luck she’d had thus far with avoiding Dumbledore’s plans and his detection. All the luck she’d had with her family members and them being relatively safe. It was time for the Potter Luck to slap her in the face with the flip side once more, and in true dramatic fashion it was going big. She was losing her damn mind! Voices in her head, random fleeting touches to her shoulders, back, and face when no one was around, and random songs getting stuck in her head almost daily. It would have been pretty funny if she had been able to find the culprits, be it a new poltergeist just for her or even Hogwarts messing with her but nothing she thought of had panned out. Whatever it was, she was sure, had access to her memories, because many of the inane songs that it got stuck in her head was from the previous timeline, not recorded here yet. It didn’t seem malicious and with the lack of evidence Harriet had come to the conclusion that she had just finally gone off the deep end. It was a bit disheartening but she had hypothesized it was the broken bond having been so exposed to Fred and George without connection. That was the only thing she could think of that made any sense to her, so she knew she would have to live with it until new information arose or they bonded and it went away on its own.

With things looking up for the most part Harriet should have known that this would been when idiots struck.

Quidditch season was finally upon them and the Gryffindor Quidditch team was looking better than ever.
New Firebolts did that, but so did deeper understanding of teammates and hard training.

Harriet was still not letting Oliver, Katie, Alicia, and Angelina decide about their involvement with what she was doing. Every time they tried, Harriet had them lay out what they knew and give her their thoughts on why they wanted to join her. Every time she had sent them away, saying that they didn’t know enough to make an informed decision. Harri knew she was being a bit more harsh with them on this topic, especially since she dragged the Slytherins into her fight with Dumbledore without a problem but Harriet also knew that a Gryffindor would charge in blindly without thought. The Slytherins would not have allowed themselves to grow so attached to her and her cause unless they knew what they were getting into and supported her ideas, they would have remained distanced and dropped her like a hot pot sticker the second they got the chance. On the other hand, a Gryffindor’s blind trust and reckless bravery could leave them into deep shit without them even realizing it. So Harriet was doing this for her friends own good, and it wasn’t like she was expecting them to find everything on their own. She just wanted them to pick up all the clearly visible clues, and they were close, so very close. She had no doubt that she would eventually welcome them into the fold and if she could recruit them past school well…they would make an excellent strike team for her new Shield Division.

The quaffle whizzing past her head was enough to make Harriet yelp and almost lose her balance where she had been laying on her broom midair. She sat up on the broom backward and looked over to see Katie cocking an eyebrow at her, “Where exactly were you, daydreamer?”

Harri grinned, “These new uniforms are quite tight, where do you think my mind was?” Which was true, third year was the move to the short coats with the tails rather than the full coats. It was allowing her some very nice glimpses of her mates as they worked.

“So you’re fantasying rather than looking directly at them?” Alicia snorted, coming up next to Harriet with the quaffle under her arm.

Harri wiggled her eyebrows, “I think Oliver would frown upon me tackling them mid practice.” The three girls giggled before Oliver shouted at them to get to work. Rolling her eyes, Harriet readjusted so she was sitting correctly before opening her still clenched hand where her practice snitch was resetting. She tapped the little gold ball, “Ready Tim?”

A snicker drew her eyes over to Fred who had just hit the bludger back at George, “Still can’t believe you named your snitch Tim.”

“And what should I have named my snitch?” Harriet laughed, she released Tim and watched as it flitted around her for a moment before darting off to hide.
Angelina whizzed between Harriet and Fred, “Oliver! Their flirting on training time again!”

“What!” Oliver shouted.

Harriet huffed, “I’m going! I’m going!” she wove gracefully around the returning bludger before climbing higher to get a better view of the field. Harriet hummed as she surveyed the field, searching for that illusive wisp of gold. Her eyes skimmed the mostly empty stands, smiling slightly when she saw the Marauders curled up on top of Sir Snuffles on a middle bench. Just as she looked toward the other side of the pitch, she caught sight of gold that flitted along the empty goal posts and brought her attention to two other black splotches that shouldn’t be there. Pressing herself to her broom she raced toward the other goal posts.

Drawing closer Harriet’s eyes narrowed as the splotches solidified into what she thought they were, two ravens, perched on the middle goal. They took off as she sped closer and followed after Tim’s path, snapping their beaks at the golden ball. “Oi! You jackasses better leave Tim alone!” Harriet hissed as she slowly gained on them. She clenched her jaw as she looked over the ravens. They were bigger than normal ravens and Harriet had the oddest feeling that she had seen them before.

Suddenly, Tim veered toward the forest and his three pursuers followed after. Harriet barely registered the faint clink as she drew closer to her prey. “What are Huginn and Muninn doing at Hogwarts?” Came the voice in her head.

Harriet’s eyebrows shot up, “Insanity for the win.” She mumbled as she darted after the ravens she could now identify as Odin’s pests. A quick glance back toward the pitch told her that changing into Glacia right now wouldn’t be a good idea, there were still a few spectators in the stands whose eyes were on her. Harriet released the limiter rune that she kept on the broom for Quidditch and shot forward with her hand stretched out, managing to grab hold of one of the ravens tails. The bird shrieked and its brother sank his talons into her wrist, making her let go with a hiss of pain. Just then they hit the edge of the forest and Huginn and Muninn maneuvered sloppily, one grabbing Harriet’s snitch in its talons and the other grabbing its brother by a wing before dragging them both into the shadows where they were engulfed.

“Shit.” Harriet hissed as she pulled up, hovering in place at the edge of the forest. She scowled at the shadows where the two Asgardian ravens had disappeared. Glancing down at her bloody wrist, she winced, and absently iced it over before tugging her sleeve down far enough to hide it. “Should have worn my arm guards.”

Turning back toward the pitch Harriet made plans to get detention with Ligia and her children later.
Fred and George walked on either side of Harriet on her way to detention with Professor Rani.

“What is this detention about?” Fred asked.

“You haven’t gotten a detention in the three years you’ve been here.” George added.

“This time.” Harriet hummed, “Last time I rivaled your count, though a lot of that was in my fifth year.”

Fred growled, “That was the year with that Umbridge person right?”

Harri nodded, “Yeah, she had it out for me because I announced Voldemort’s return which undermined the Ministry.”

George rolled his eyes, “So what is the real reason you intentionally got detention?”

“Ran into some unpleasant beings on my last chase of Tim.” Harriet said as they entered the Defense room.

“Is this about why your wrist was iced over yesterday?” Fred asked.

“Yes.” Harriet answered with a small smile.

“Then we’ll join you in your detention.” George said.

“Will you now?” Professor Rani asked from her office door, she smiled down at the trio, “Well come on up. The others are already here.” Entering the Professor’s office, they found Ligia and Jor lounging in one of the plush arm chairs while Sage lay against Fenrir on the floor. Once they had taken up the remaining seats, Frigga looked to Harriet, “I assume you needed to speak to me young phoenix?”

Harri nodded and edged her sleeve up so she could show the already scared over talon marks, “I ran into Huginn and Muninn at practice yesterday.” The Asgardian’s tensed while Fred and George just
shared a frown. “They took Tim.” Harriet said lightly, though it was still a sore spot. She had really liked that snitch!

“Who is Tim?” Sage asked.

“Harriet’s practice snitch that she bought before school.” Fred answered.

“What happened?” Frigga asked, leaning forward to inspect the talon marks.

“I released my practice snitch and took a higher position to search for it. I caught sight of two birds sitting on top of the middle post down pitch right near where the snitch was hovering. I took off after it and the ravens joined in the chase. Once we made for the forest I recognized them and tried to catch one to see if I could get anything out of him, the other clawed me and they made off into the shadows with my snitch.” Harriet said.

“You’ve mastered bird speak?” Ligia asked, trying to distract a nervous Jor.

“Being a phoenix comes in handy for that.” Harriet laughed, she focused back on Frigga, “Did they follow you here?”

Frigga shook her head, “Not that I am aware of. Odin would never send them to look after me, he would simply have Heimdall keep an eye on me.” She titled Harriet’s arm gently to get a better look at the wound. “And I haven’t seen them around myself.”

“So then there is my conclusion.” Harriet huffed, “They came to see me.”

Frigga looked up, her hands still holding Harriet’s wrist, “A fair assumption. They would have been able to track you under most wards with their shadow travel.”

“So why are they looking for Harriet?” George asked.

Ligia looked over to them with a hard look on his face, “If I know Odin, he has seen Harriet as a threat to Asgard and is planning on a way to eliminate the threat. Phoenix Laws or not.”
Frigga hummed and released Harriet’s hand so she could lean back in her seat, “That could mean many things unfortunately.” She laced her fingers together in a manner that reminded Harriet of Loki, “You said you tried to catch one, did you manage it?”

“Yeah. I took off the broom limiter and caught tail feathers.” Harriet said, she crossed her arms, “Would have been easier in my phoenix form but didn’t want to risk one of the students who came to watch the practice seeing. Now is definitely not the time for Dumbledore to figure out that gem.”

Frigga nodded, “Then Odin may try to spring his plan soon. If Huginn and Muninn were close enough for you to see them then they have been observing you from afar for a time already. Now that you almost managed to catch one of them Odin will speed things up, in hopes of catching you off guard.” She tilted her head, “Though not too soon, he will know that you would be wary for several days after this.”

Harriet dropped her head into her hands with a moan, “I know exactly when he is going to attack.”

Frigga raised an eyebrow while Ligia frowned, “How? When?”

“Because while my luck is bipolar that the best of times, there is one time of year where all the bad luck likes to accumulate. A time of year that is a month off.” Harriet said, rubbing at her forehead, “Halloween.”

George took Harriet’s hand, “And if what you’ve told us before holds true this time, since you had a peaceful one last year this one will be really bad.”

Harriet nodded, “And since its coming from Asgard who knows what it will be.”

“I can think of several possibilities but find myself dismissing them for one reason or another.” Frigga said with a small frown.

“Destroyer. Bribing Amara. Sending Thor and the band of idiots.” Ligia smirked as Harriet listed that last one, “I can think of lots but like you said, I dismiss most.”

Ligia nodded, “The Destroyer would have a marked disadvantage since you could withstand its heat
long enough to fly inside it and destroy the power source. Amara isn’t powerful enough to take on a phoenix, even with her pet. And you can wield Mjolnir so there is really no reason to send Thor. He certainly wouldn’t come down himself.”

Frigga nodded in agreement, “It is best to try to up protections and prepare as best you can young phoenix.”

Harriet nodded, “I can do that.”

The first and easiest bit of business was to strength Hogwart’s ward stone herself. Everyone added in a bit of magic as soon as Harri told them what it was for, Loki and Frigga adding in their own sets of protections as well. Harri even called Strange in to add Mystic wards to the stone. By the time they were done with the ward stone, Hogwarts was as safe as Dumbledore always bragged it to be. Lily reported that Dumbledore seemed confused about the sudden strengthening of the wards and frustrated that he couldn’t tap into these wards as easily as he had before.

The second thing didn’t even count. Harriet was always training. Sure she added in a bit more weapons training with Loki just in case Odin sent down warriors but other than that Harriet was pretty confident on that front.

The third thing was what drew her groups interest the most.

Harriet was clearing a large space at the far end of the anti-chamber and setting a protective ward line in front of the group. Everyone from her close school group was there, including Neville who had braved the Chamber of Secrets for the first time just of this. A curious Frigga had also been invited along with Arthur who looked a cross between curious at his surroundings to uneasy with the glances being sent his way by Ligia and The Marauders who had already returned to human form after Frigga had promised to hold Arthur to secrecy. Fred and George were stoically ignoring their father, their eyes glued to Harriet.

“Alright.” Harriet said finally, making sure her glamours were off and conjuring up a tall perch in front of her, “Come on Dad, let’s do this.” James moved past the ward line, “Remember everything?” she asked.

“Yeah, I got it.” James huffed, pulling a small ritual knife from his pocket as his Gryffindor Lordship ring appeared on his finger. Harri’s Gryffindor heiress ring appeared on her finger and she nodded to him. James straightened and began, “I, James Charlus Potter, current Head of the Great House of Gryffindor, do call upon the guardian placed in this school by my ancestor long ago. Come,
Fawkes!’ seconds after he finished a phoenix cry echoed in the chamber, filling everyone with warmth. As the cry died, Fawkes appeared on the perch in a ball of orange flames.

Calming from his little light show, the fire phoenix focused on James and Harriet, ignoring the bright eyed looks he was getting from Frigga, Ligia, and Sage. Fawkes cocked his head and cooed at Harriet who huffed and put her hands on her hips, “Don’t give me that ash for brains, I told you to come see me!” Fawkes let out a pitiful croak and weakly flapped one wing. Harriet scoffed, “You went through your burn the year before and I more than aware you don’t burn once a year anymore old man!” Fawkes gave a fierce clack of his beak and the feathers in Harriet’s hair lit on fire, “I am not a fledgling!”

“Harriet!” James interrupted, his face drawn in amusement. Behind the ward line Frigga was hiding her mortification at how Harri was speaking to an older phoenix. “Now isn’t the time.”

Fawkes looked to James and ruffled his feather with a strange chuff, Harriet snorted, “I know right?”

“What did he say?” Sirius laughed.

“He said, ‘Oh now you decide to be the adult.’” Harriet reported with a grin, Fawkes clacked his beak in agreement. Sirius and Remus snickered as Ligia smirked. Harriet’s blue flames died a bit, “Let’s get this show on the road shall we?” James nodded and he quickly used the ritual knife to cut a rather deep wound into his hand, Harriet followed suit with an ice blade of her own. They moved around Fawkes carefully, smearing blood on his wings, both back and front, on his chest and his back, as well as his forehead and down his long tail feathers. Once they were done they stepped back behind the ward line.

“By the power of Lord Gryffindor and my blood,” James said.

“and Heiress Gryffindor and my blood,” Harriet inserted.

“We free you from the binds set upon you by one Albus Dumbledore that you may serve your bonded family once more.” James finished, “So mote it be.”

“So mote it be.” Harriet echoed.

Fawkes began to glow warm orange, then catch fire, before he took to the air in time for his
scorching orange flames cascade outward in wave after wave, only the ward stopping them all from being burnt to a crisp. The heat was blistering, even through the wards, so Harriet lit her own flames and radiated a cool that eased off the harsher temperature. Finally, all of the flames sucked back into one point, leaving a ruffled and exhausted looking Fawkes slumped on his perch.

Several floors above them Dumbledore began to destroy his office in a rage as the link to Fawkes disappeared from his mind.

Harriet rushed back through the ward, her own cold flames countering the sweltering heat that still surrounded the now freed phoenix. She brushed at Fawkes wings gently, “Okay there old man?” Fawkes croaked and Harriet nodded before disappearing in a flash of flames. Catching her breath form the spectacular display, Ligia stepped forward next and used her magic to begin cooling the area. Not even a minute after she left, Harriet reappeared, as Glacia this time, with a large trout in her talons. She landed beside Fawkes and gave him the trout, which the older phoenix took and immediately started tearing into. Glacia flew from the perch and reformed as Harriet beside it.

Fred cocked an eyebrow, “I didn’t realize you were smaller than Fawkes, Harriet.”

Harri pouted as Fawkes ruffled his feathers proudly, “Not by much.” She whined, she crossed her arms over her chest, “It’s just because he’s so old.” Fawkes let out a short shriek and Harriet stuck her tongue out at him.

“And he will help you with the threat from Asgard.” Frigga asked.

Harri nodded, “Fawkes will be able to spend more time keeping an eye out than I will since I still have school to keep up.”

“Good.” Frigga said, she looked to Fawkes who was eyeing her as she approached, fish head half way out of his beak. “It is a pleasure to meet you great phoenix.” She said, curtsying low. Fawkes cocked his head before sweeping his wings out half way and giving her a shallow bow, but even the small gesture put a smile on the Goddesses face. “I hope to have the privilege of knowing you.” Frigga said, Fawkes clacked his beak in agreement.

Measures put in place, all Harriet could do was wait.

She hated waiting for something like this.
As Halloween approached she got more and more tense, it took Fred and George stealing her away at night to sleep in the RoR together and Fawkes perching on her shoulder whenever he could during the day to keep her from imploding with the stress. The only, only, good thing that came of Asgard’s upcoming attack was the look on Dumbledore’s face when he saw Fawkes with Harriet. He couldn’t legally do anything so he either looked like someone a phoenix no longer found worthy and left or a liar who had told everyone that a phoenix had bonded to him when it hadn’t. The truth of the matter was much worse though, so Albus had to let it lie. There was now more proof for him that Harriet knew more than she let on, since he knew there were very few ways to break the bind.

Either way, this all took a back burner to the upcoming attack and everyone close to Harriet was feeling the tension.

It was the day before the holiday that it finally happened though.

Fred and George had managed to convince Harriet to head out to Hogsmeade with them for a little bit to get her mind off of things. Fawkes had gone off to hunt while the Marauders stayed behind at the castle, preparing the Brigade for their first full outing on Halloween. This had left the trio with a little alone time and they enjoyed the quiet company, the warm kisses, and the gentle touches between them.

It was half way back from Hogsmeade, still a little ways out from Hogwarts’ ward line, that they heard it.

The rattling of chains.

They swiveled, trying to pinpoint the source when a flock of ravens poured from the shadows. Harriet narrowed her eyes and drew her wand in unison with her mates. Before they could get a shot off the flock dive bombed them; driving them apart, forcing Fred and George away from Harriet who was striking out at every feathered body in her vicinity.

Harriet stumbled as hundreds of ravens pecked and clawed at her, throwing their bodies against her legs. Harri growled and brandished her wand, ready to cast only for claws to sink back into her wrist over the older wounds as other beaks pried her wand from her. She knew she couldn’t transform without beginning overwhelmed by the sheer amount of ravens so she did the only other thing should could, call on her flames. Just as her fingertips caught fire something heavy and metal wrapped around her wrist.
It burned! It burned into her skin where it lay again bare skin and into her magic itself if it couldn’t reach her skin through her clothes. Harriet managed to get her eyes opened enough to see a silvery linked change wrapped around her wrist. She couldn’t help it, she screamed.

At the sound the flock withdrew but Harriet didn’t notice or care, she was burning and not the good kind. She dropped to her knees, a faint lighter clink mixing with the shouts she could hear outside and inside her head, the frantic words and the shouts of her names, all over the deep chinking of chains. Harriet forced her eyes opened again as her breathing picked up and she tried to pry the loop of chain off her hand. A raven, one of Odin’s by the size of it, was flying at her with the other end of the chain. Eyes wide, Harriet tried to dodge it but the length ended up over her back, creating another scorch mark across her magic and inciting many less than pleasant memories.

This time when Harriet screamed, her magic shoved out of her in a desperate attempt to free itself. The ground froze underneath her and the rest of the world around her muffled under the sheer volume of her magic. Harriet fell forward onto her hands, panting to try and catch her breath as the chains continued to burn her. Every second they remained it felt like they were tightening around her and the edges of her vision were darkening.

A cold nose against her fevered cheek made her open her eyes. Through her blurred visions she saw familiar red fur and molten gold eyes.

And just like that the sounds around her came back into focus. The shouting and calls of her name in the real world and the voices, so many loud voices, in her head. They were all coming at her in unrecognizable fragments as the chain continued to constrict around her like a snake.

“Harriet!”

“We need to get-“

“Fight it li-“

“-an you hear us Ha-“

“Break the cha-“

‘What a brilliant idea.’ Harriet thought weakly, ‘Fucking how though!’ Thunder boomed overhead
and it shook through Harriet’s body like a comforting blanket, only Thor could make storms like that. Storms were calming, Thor would make her storms. ‘How can I break the chain?’ Harriet thought desperately, fur pressing against her side reassuringly.

“-Mjolnir!-” came the thundering voice in her mind, like a migraine waiting to happen.

Harriet threw her free hand upward purely out of reflex and was surprised when a familiar weight slammed into her hand immediately. Lightening slammed into her, raising the hair on the back of her arms and crackling wildly through her bones. The chain that was bringing her so much pain was being rattling in place as Harri felt something wrap around her arm so that the chain was no longer touching her bare skin and something warm and heavy put another layer between the chain and her magic.

Taking a deep breath, Harri forced herself back up on her knees and, focusing on the loose bit of chain in front of her, brought down Mjolnir with all her strength. Lightening surged with the strike and the entire length of chain shattered around her, freeing her from the burning sensation that had created deep wounds in her magical core.

Harriet let out a shuddering breath and looked up, the black still around the edges of her vision. Mischief and Mayhem stood before her with the eyes shining gold as they held Huginn and Muninn’s lifeless forms in their mouths. Harri’s eyes narrowed as the storm continued to roll through her veins, a niggling voice in the back of her head growled one thing. “Odin.”
It was a nightmare.

Fred and George couldn’t describe the attack as anything else.

The enormous flock of ravens driving them away from Harriet wouldn’t let up, no matter how many spells they shot blindly into the swirling black mass around them. Fred had just managed to get a shield around them when the first scream rent the air and the ravens pulled back to fly above them. They whipped around in just enough time to see Harriet hit her knees, a shimmering silvery chain wrapped around her wrist.

“Harriet!” Fred and George shouted, lunging toward her, the flock drove them back and they started throwing spells again, fighting to get their mate who they could just manage to make out past the ravens. She was trying to pull the loop of chain off of her wrist but they could clearly see that she was in pain, her hand shaking as she went at the task. They watched with wide eyes as an enormous raven picked up the loose end of the chain that held Harriet and flew at her, Harri tried to dodge the oncoming bird but the chain was dropped along her back.

The twins stumbled as Harriet’s magic swamped the area and she screamed again, her raw magic pushed everything back in an instinctive shield. The ground froze under Harri and the common ravens around them dropped to the ground, dead, against the onslaught of Harriet’s expanding magic leaving only the two abnormally large ones in the air. George and Fred regained their balance to find that Harriet had dropped forward to brace her hands on the ground, her eyes were closed as she shook in pain and the chain tightened around her of its own accord. Overhead a storm was brewing,
dark clouds churning and covering the sky much too quickly to be normal.

Other sharp bursts of magic made Fred and George whirl around to protect Harriet if there were other attackers but they relaxed slightly when they saw Ligia, her children, their father, and Queen Frigga. “What happened?” Ligia demanded, shifting to Loki and into his armor in a matter of seconds.

“The ravens attacked and separated us. They got that chain around her and now her magic is shielding her.” George explained quickly, his eyes going back to his mate, Fred was trying to push past Harriet’s instinctive shield but it wasn’t budging.

“And the storm?” Sage asked, “Is Thor here?”

“Haven’t seen him.” Fred said in a clipped tone, they had barely noted the growing storm in their panic, it didn’t seem to be causing Harriet any problems so it wasn’t their focus at the moment.

Suddenly, Mischief and Mayhem popped into existence on either side of Harriet, teeth already bared and tails bristling. The two large ravens cawed angrily and dove toward the foxes but they were stopped by the sudden appearance of the pure white shield that bloomed from Mischief and Mayhem whose eyes glowed molten gold in warning.

“What are they doing there?” Arthur asked, his eyes wide as he took in the scene, “How did they make that shield?”

Fred and George gritted their teeth at their father’s question, frustration mounting further as their fox forms circled Harriet protectively. Mayhem growled and barked at the two ravens with his ears pinned back as Mischief went to Harriet’s head and nosed her cheek gently, making her open watering eyes to find the source of the sensation. They pressed their hands against Harriet’s magic and called her name again, their anxiety jumping up every time the ravens swooped at the shield.

“That is not what matters right now.” Frigga said, the storm was growing overhead, the clouds turning almost black as thunder rumbled, “They are keeping Huginn and Muninn from the young phoenix and that is what matters. We need to get to her before that binding chain wraps around her fully.”

The worried conversation behind the twins devolved into ways to get to Harriet but Fred and George weren’t even sure that Harri knew they were there or what all was going on around her. Her eyes
were unfocused even as they swept over Mischief and Mayhem to settle on the length of silvery chain before her that was steadily growing smaller as it snaked its way around her. Harriet’s magic was trembling under Fred and George’s hands, “Harriet you have to let us through!” Fred called, his voice catching in this throat, “Harriet please!”

“Can you hear us Harriet?” George called.

Thunder rolled overhead in an overwhelming boom that shook the ground and rattled bones. “By the Norns.” Frigga gasped, “Harriet cannot create storms can she?”

“Not that she’s told us.” Loki gritted out, narrowing his eyes as the roiling storm clouds.

Suddenly Harriet’s hand shot up and a small shape dropped from the storms like a missile, followed closely by a streak of lightning. Both struck Harriet’s hand as one and light blinded the onlookers for several seconds. Looking back to Harriet as the light died, Loki made a choked sound and Frigga let out another gasp. Fred and George simply stared, eyes wide, as they took in their mate.

Her clothes had been transformed. Silver scaled armor covered Harriet’s arms with thick silver arm guards attached on at her forearms. Knee high, high heeled boots were covered by armored leg bracers that had runes carved into the front of them covered her feet and shins. Leather trousers encased her toned legs, leading up to her torso where a dark metal chest plate hugged her curves and accented her figure, four silver circles molded into the armor just below her breasts with more runes etched into them. To complete the strange transformation, off her shoulders hung a long thick red cape and on her head sat a fine silver circlet with delicate wings sprouting through her hair near her ears and a ruby in the front set into the symbol of Mjolnir that rested in the center of her forehead.

With a shuttering breath, Harriet rose onto her knees, seemingly oblivious to the change in her clothes. Mjolnir was clutched tightly in her hand and her bloodshot eyes narrowed dangerously on the loose chain before her. The white shield around her and the twin foxes dropped as Harriet brought the ancient hammer up. Huginn and Muninn screeched and dove for the trio only to be met by the vicious and hungry teeth of Mischief and Mayhem, who gave the two enormous birds little chance to fight as they broke their necks. Harriet brought Mjolnir down on the chain and with a surge of lightning, the chain shattered around her.

Harriet’s magic drew back into her as she let out a shaky breath but the onlookers were frozen in shock. Deathly green eyes met golden and her eyes narrowed before she let out a growl that Fred and George couldn’t understand, her voice seemingly overlaid by many more just as furious ones.

As if in answer to the strange word Harriet had uttered, Fawkes flew overhead with a furious
screech. Harri let Mjolnir hang from her strap and began to spin her, lightning gathering around her, running through her hair and down her arms as she looked skyward like she could see past the storm. Blue flames started to lick up around Harriet’s now armored form and Mischief and Mayhem bounded up to her, climbing her form with surprising ease to rest on her free arm and shoulder with their kills.

Frigga managed to shake herself of her shock as Fawkes’ flames began to catch as well and she rushed forward, going to her knees before Harriet, “Young phoenix!” she called respectfully, Harriet looked at her, the edges of her Avada green eyes tinging electric blue. “I beg of you, spare our people. It was only my husband’s stupidity and poor judgement that spawned this attack. Spare the people.” She said again, bowing her head.

Harri never slowed Mjolnir’s rotations but she gave a slight incline of her head to Frigga before jerking her arm upward, Mjolnir dragged her into the sky where they met Fawkes and disappeared in a burst of blue flames, orange flames, and lightning.

The second they disappeared the clouds broke open with a mighty crash, rain pouring down on them.

Everyone rushed over to Frigga, Loki helping her up carefully, his face grim. Frigga looked to him with wide eyes, “Did you know that she spoke Ancient Norse?” Loki shook his head, “Does she have the Allspeak?”

“I’m sorry mother. I do not think so but I cannot tell you more without Harriet’s approval.” Loki said stiffly.

“What just happened?” Arthur asked.

“Not now dad.” Fred snapped, Arthur flinched at the venom in his son’s voice.

“We need to get to Harriet.” George said seriously, looking to Loki and Frigga.

Loki nodded in agreement and gripped Fred and George’s shoulders to teleport there.

Only for him to frown a moment later. “What is it?” George asked anxiously.
“I can’t get a lock on Asgard.” Loki said, his eyebrows drawing together.

Frigga clenched her hands together and she closed her eyes briefly, “I cannot either.” She looked upward, “It would seem the elder phoenix has locked the realm.”

“Is there any way to get through that?” Fred demanded, George’s jaw clenched and he gripped his brother’s hand to steady them both.

“Strange might be able to with his ring.” Loki said, “If he’s been there.”

George had his phone out before Loki finished, hitting Strange’s contact. It only took one ring for Stephan to pick up, “Strange.” He answered distractedly.

“We need you here now.” George said tersely before hanging up.

“Fred.” Arthur admonished, “That’s not…”

The twins whirled on him, their faces stone and their stance tight. “I. Am. Not. Fred.” George gritted out, gold edging his eyes, the bond’s power just out of his reach.

“And if its manners you were about to lecture us about I think we can drop them considering our soulmate was just attacked and then disappeared to bloody Asgard in a ball of fire!” Fred growled, his eyes matching his brothers. Arthur shrunk back in the face of his sons’ fury.

The sparking of a portal drew their attention away from their father to see Strange stepping free from a portal, his cloak in place and his face set. “What is it?” He looked around, “Where is Harriet?”

“Odin’s ravens attacked her.” Fred said sharply, “She got some armor made of lightning and then went to Asgard with Fawkes who locked us out.”

Strange frowned and glanced to Loki, “So I’m here too…”
“Your ring might be able to get past the block Fawkes put on it since it can travel between dimensions.” Loki explained quickly, “Have you been to Asgard?”

Strange shook his head even as he brought his hands up, “No, but I can aim for Harri.” He circled a hand in a cleared area and a portal sprung to life easily, they were greeted by screams and the sound of crackling fire. Through the portal they saw Harriet spin, her hair flaring, as she threw Mjolnir into the stomach of a large red headed man who went down like a ton of bricks before flipping to kick a charging armored woman in the face. Mjolnir returned to her in just enough time for Thor to sweep into view and try to reclaim his hammer, Mjolnir disappeared completely as Harriet darted forward to slip under Thor, grab his cape and leap above him. She spun midair, wrapping Thor’s cape around his head before a wave of blue flame swept over him, cocooning him safely in ice before she dropped back to the ground.

A growl drew the onlookers’ attention down and they saw Mischief standing at the edge of the portal, his ears pinned back as he growled at them. Harriet must have heard it because in the next second Thor was flying through the portal, the icy burrito hitting Strange head on, knocking him out. The portal sputtered and closed before any of them could make it through.

Thor was struggling in the ice cocoon, his head still trapped in his own cape as he cursed colorfully and demanded that Harriet return his hammer. Loki rolled his eyes as he dragged Thor’s ice encased form off of Strange, “Oh do be quiet Thor.” He sneered.

“Brother?” Thor questioned, not once stopping his squirming.

“That’s phoenix ice. You aren’t going to do anything other than hurt yourself.” Loki commented even as Frigga dropped by Thor and carefully freed his head from his cape.

Thor blinked once his head was free and frowned, “Mother?”

Fred was throwing an rennervate at Strange, making the sorcerer shoot up in place with a moan. “Again.” Fred growled.

Stephan looked up at the twins with a frown, “I think she made it clear that she doesn’t want to be disturbed.”

“We don’t…” George began before shouts and footsteps sounded close by.
Loki’s head shot toward Hogwarts, “Dumbledore.” He identified, “And the Professors. It would seem that they have finally made their way here to discover what the magical disturbance was.”

“We can’t be here.” Fred huffed in frustration, “It will throw too much suspicion directly on Harriet.”

“The Chamber.” Loki said flatly, grabbing hold of the twins as his children gathered close. Frigga gripped Thor and Arthur as Strange opened his own portal. Soon the site was clear of all but the hundreds of dead ravens and scorch marks in the earth as the storm raged on overhead.

They all gathered in the antechamber, the few Slytherins currently occupying it for training scurrying out quickly to inform the house when the drenched group appeared. Once they were gone, Loki closed off the wards to keep the house out.

Fred and George turned back to Strange, “Open the portal.” Fred demanded.

Stephan raised his hands placatingly, “I know you want to go help her but she’s…”

“Are you trying to keep us from Harriet?!” George demanded, his grip on his wand tightening.

Strange sighed and turned to open the portal again, he jumped back in embarrassed surprise as they were greeted by both Mischief and Mayhem sitting eerily still in front of the portal, their eyes shining gold. Behind them, Harriet was bringing Mjolnir down on an armored man who only had one hand, watching his fall with a sneer as she continued to stride toward golden doors.

Fred and George started forward but their fox selves blocked them with growls and bared teeth, Fred frowned at the foxes, “We’re her mates too!” he huffed, Mischief chattered at him, “Don’t talk to me like that prat! I’m your brother!”

Mayhem barked, his tail lashing behind him and George rolled his eyes, “We’re proper people, we could help her more than you!” Mayhem sneezed in disbelief and George glared at him. Mischief gekkered, rearing up on his back paws so he could put his front paws impossibly on the edge of the portal, as he bared down the portal began to break up and Mayhem gave a high pitched bark to startle Fred and George back away from the closing portal.

“Now that you’ve been told off by your own animagus do you think we should leave her be?” Strange huffed, crossing his arms. “She’s got this handled but from what little you’ve told me she’ll
need you to prepare to take care of her when she returns.”

Fred and George deflated a little, sharing a look, “She needs someone.” George huffed.

Strange grinned, “I have just the person.”

Harriet, Fawkes, and the foxes had appeared over the destroyed edge of the Rainbow Bridge in a boom of thunder and flash of three combined flames. Below them, the Golden Guardian narrowed his eyes and brought his enormous sword up in preparation. Fawkes dive bombed him with a furious screech, taking the man out as Harriet flung Mjolnir out to pull her forward, Glacia screeching inside with her own warning.

Everything felt fuzzy.

Harriet felt like she was sharing the control of her body with others, others whose anger was matching and overwhelming her own. It didn’t help that there was a deep scorch mark in her magical core and another more physical burn on her hand. Glacia’s clawing for control, the instincts of a phoenix who barely escaped binding, made it even worse. In a quieter corner of her mind Harri was surprised that she was still standing, let alone able to wield Mjolnir with enough finesse to fly. It was like the rage that was brought by her growing insanity was the only thing that was driving her.

With another boom Harriet landed in the royal training grounds, Glacia rose in her throat and Harri screeched, “ODIN!” the air around her shuddered and she felt the magic of the realm flex around her at her warning.

Harriet threw Mjolnir at the door that led into the castle and couldn’t help her satisfaction as a few screams sounded inside. She summoned the hammer back as Mischief and Mayhem jumped from her shoulders and flanked her, still carrying their kills proudly. Harri walked inside, swinging Mjolnir around her, passing the charged weapon from hand to hand in a blur as the first guards charged at her. Harri dispatched them with almost lazy movements, ice and hammer working in tandem; whatever was crowding her head certainly was helping rather than hindering her movements.

It wasn’t until Harriet was on the main path to the throne room that she finally ran into figures she recognized even with her hazy mind and black edged vision.

Sif and the Warriors Three.
Sif narrowed her eyes at Harriet, eyes locked on Harri’s clothes for some reason. Harriet caught Mjolnir mid spin and held the humming hammer out at her side, “Step aside.” She said icily, she held no love for these idiots but they meant a lot to a flock member, rage driven or not Glacia would recognize their connection and allow them the chance to flee.

“Fair maiden.” The blond warrior with the sword started stepping forward; Fandral, Harriet vaguely identified, “I know not how you came to hold Mjolnir but if you have come for our King we shall not let you past.”

“He has broken the law and must be punished accordingly.” Harriet said, Mjolnir beginning to crackle again as the feathers in Harriet’s hair caught fire. “I am within my rights.”

The heavy set red head, Volstagg, hefted his axe, “I fear we still cannot allow it.”

“Then I’ll move you myself.” Harriet growled, throwing Mjolnir even as she darted forward. Mjolnir struck the final member of the Warriors Three, Hogun, right in his chest before he could even raise his mace. Harriet struck at Fandral quickly, dodging his quick sword strikes and making up one of her own out of ice to slice across the man’s stomach, her phoenix ice tracking right through the Asgardian armor like it was made of butter. Fandral fell back and Harriet brought her hand up in time to catch Mjolnir on her return, she threw the hammer at Volstagg who had tried to sneak up on her. Sif charged in and Harriet did a flipping kick to avoid the woman’s sword strokes, managing to kick her in the face, which broke her nose and caused her to reel backward.

“Lady Phoenix!” came the thundering shout, Harriet spun and despite the situation Glacia cooed as their flock mate charged into sight. “I know not what has transpired but cease this attack and return Mjolnir to me!”

Glacia cooed even further at the outstretched hand and the demand given to them by Thor. Harriet dropped Mjolnir into her pocket dimension and darted forward; she slid under Thor as he charged forward, catching his cape in both her hands. Gliding to her feet she jumped into the air with the end of cape and spun around the big lumbering god, wrapping his cape around his head to obstruct his vision. Once that was done Harri sent a wave of her flames over Thor until he was wrapped in an icy cocoon. Glacia gave a pleased squawk, admiring their ice that would keep their flock mate safe.

A growl made Harriet’s head whip around and an eyebrow shot up when she saw Strange, Loki, his children, Frigga, Arthur, and her mates all watching her through a portal. Mischief was at the edge, growling at them, having put his kill under his paws to give him a height boost. Harri rolled her eyes; fondly exasperated, even past the haze, that they seemed to think she needed constant surveillance. She called on her phoenix strength and hefted the ice covered Thor up above her head before
throwing him through the portal, the hit striking true and hitting Strange head on, making the portal dissipate.

“Return the Prince!” Sif screamed, apparently recovered enough to charge Harriet again.

Harri growled and turned to Glacia long enough to slam the female warrior into the ground hard enough for bones to crack. She changed back to kneel on the other woman’s ribs, Mjolnir in one hand and her flames in the other, “I will not surrender a member of my flock to you!” she snapped, “You need to let go of Thor, he will never love you like you want him to. You are just a shield sister to him.” Harri bit out unkindly, “You best back off before you are a dead shield sister.”

With that Harriet knocked Sif out before flipping off of her in enough time to block Hogun’s attack, she grinned at the silent man, the only one of the Warriors Three she could stand. She blocked the next blow and hissed as he got in a shot to her ribs, she charged Mjolnir and then pressed the hammer against Hogun’s chest, sending the man flying with a bit of lightning.

Harriet nodded at the incapacitated warriors and continued on to her goal, it was only common guards again until she came to the doors of the throne room. There she was met by General Tyr, the one handed warrior that Fenrir had gotten a snack out of. “You will come no further! Phoenix or nay!”

“Oh, definitely phoenix.” Harriet laughed darkly, “You’ve hurt many of mine.” Her eyes fell to the golden capped stump that used to be Tyr’s hand, “But one of mine bit back.”

General Tyr sneered, “That mutt? You’ve claimed him as flock?”

Harriet’s flames flared and the overwhelming rage that was riding shotgun rose, Harriet’s hand shot out and she caught the Æsir by the front of his chest plate, using her phoenix strength to force him down to her level as Mjolnir charged in her other hand, “You do not speak of Fenrir that way!” She growled before bringing Mjolnir down full force on the man’s head. She watched him collapse with a sneer before continuing on to her goal, the doors in front of her.

Harri dropped Mjolnir back in her pocket dimension as Mischief and Mayhem joined her again, she gathered a large ball of her flames in her hand and threw it at the door with all of her strength. The doors iced over and shattered in seconds.

“ODIN!” Harriet growled as she walked forward, her voice once again overlaid with others as her
eyes locked on her prey where he sat on his throne. The God’s one eye widened at the sight of her and he shot to his feet.

Harriet had no qualms about letting Glacia loose and she rose above the throne room in a single wing beat. The ice phoenix let out a furious screech and shot forward in a flash of blue. Odin set his jaw and moved forward to meet her but Glacia swooped around him and with a powerful shriek threw a large shard of ice down on Hliðskjálf, splitting the large gaudy throne in half.

Odin whirled with his eye wide, “What have you done?!” he demanded, he whirled Gungnir in his grip preparing to battle.

Glacia’s clacked her beak at the challenge and swept forward, Odin swung Gungnir which Glacia dodged gracefully and sunk her talons into the elder god’s wrist in retaliation for her own injuries. Odin shook her loose with a snarl and Glacia back winged to regain her balance before darting forward again, her wings flaming. The one-eyed god only just managed to get Gungnir up to block and Glacia locked her talons around the middle of the spear, she pushed forward with all of her strength before wrenching backward suddenly, throwing Odin off balance and successfully jerking Gungnir from his grip.

Glacia changed back to Harriet, sliding back a few feet on the polished floors as she dropped to the ground, Gungnir still in hand. She could feel the power that the spear was connected to surge in the wake of her anger, voices rambled in her mind again and Harriet felt like she was pushed back in her own mind a little further, a steady hatred wrapping her up protectively even as her body continued to glare at Odin.

The King had regained his balance and with it his anger, “I will not allow you to take this realm! Asgard would fall under the likes of you!”

“They don’t want this pathetic realm!” the many layer voice argued, only one deep voice grumbled a token protest at the insult in the back of their mind. “We wished to be left in peace with our flock! We are here only because you sought war with us first! You are the warmonger who could not resolve this peacefully!” they spun Gungnir in their grip, “But we’ll do this your way old fool!”

They swept forward, like an unstoppable storm, whipping Gungnir around to strike Odin who barely managed to block with his arm guards. They pulled the spear back to them to make a series of quick jabs at the elder King, three being deflected but the fourth landing harshly in the man’s gut. They kicked out, landing a hard hit on the man’s knee and making him stumble. Taking the opportunity, they brought Gungnir down on Odin’s head hard, rolling him over as he slumped and pressing Gungnir’s point to his throat.
Odin’s single eye glared up at them, “Go ahead. Kill me. If you leave me alive I shall not stop until I know you are not a threat to my realm.” He dropped his head back as he accepted the pressure at his neck, “To the death.”

Harriet watched blearily in the back of her mind as a piece of her insanity that was bright-loud-brilliant shoved to the forefront and used her mouth to say, “No! To the pain!”

“Ha! She said it!” came a bright voice.

Harriet pushed back to the front of her mind through the pain and the haze in time to look over and see Deadpool skipping toward her with his katanas out and already covered in blood. “Wade?” she rasped, her throat feeling sore. Her energy was waning but her grip on Gungnir held steady.

“El Sidekick reporting for duty!” Wade announced, saluting with his swords. Odin tried to use his appearance to kick loose but Harriet twirled Gungnir in her grip to bounce it painfully on Odin’s gut wound before putting the spear back in place at his throat and placing a foot on his chest. “Not a good time cyclops. Queenie here is running with tagalongs.”

“You would know.” Harriet huffed.

“Hey! My boxes are way better than yours!” Wade huffed.

Harriet gritted her teeth as the voices in her head made their presence known and created a headache, “What are you doing here Wade?”

“Your mates sent me.” He said, twirling his sword idly as he looked around, “You think I can melt some of this down and get a good price back home?”

Harriet rolled her eyes and looked back down at Odin who had paled at some point, fear creeping into his one eye, she raised an eyebrow at him, “Now you’re scared? You’ve had an enraged phoenix fighting you for the last ten minutes.”

Odin swallowed hard, “Do what you will.” He said steadily.
Wade clapped, “Are you really going to do to the pain? I’ve done it a couple times! Really entertaining birdie.”

Harriet’s lips twitched as she looked down at Odin, “I have a better idea.” She gave a sharp whistle as she straightened up and conjured a ring of ice around Odin’s arms to hold him in place. Mischief and Mayhem bounded over to her with black feathers hanging out of their mouths but a noticeable lack of actual raven. Harriet scrunched up her nose, “Did you eat Huginn and Muninn?” the foxes chattered in the affirmative as they climbed back up on her shoulders. In his binding Odin choked and Harriet looked down at him with a raised eyebrow, “You were the one to send them after me arsehole.”

Deadpool sheathed his swords and poked at Mayhem curiously, “Pretty pets you got here birdie.” Mayhem bit down on Deadpool’s finger but the masked man just pulled him up so he hung by the appendage, “Snappy too.”

Harri rolled her eyes again, “Come on sidekick, grab our hostage. We have a people to humiliate him in front of.” The anger that had been put on a low simmer at Wade’s arrival built back up and turned into vicious pleasure as she planned quickly. Mayhem was quick to pull himself up and onto Wade’s shoulder, gnawing at Deadpool’s katana handles in retaliation for the pet comment.

They made their way out of the Palace, Wade dragging Odin along behind him by his helmet. Harriet took out any who tried to interfere on their way to the courtyard of the Palace where the Royal Family would often address the people or stage executions. As they stepped out onto the raised platform Harriet was pleased to see the place already crowded with the common people who were trying to get answers as to why a certain fire phoenix was causing such a ruckus among the common people.

As Harriet came to a stop in the middle of the platform Fawkes swooped down to land on Gungnir’s head proudly, trilling to get the attention of everyone. “Thank you for gathering me an audience Fawkes.” Harriet said with a smile. Harriet looked out over the people of Asgard, many uncertain and confused as they looked to the Royal Family’s platform for answers. “People of Asgard, today your King has broken a law he himself put into effect for the safety of your realm. He has decided to ignore said law when he did not have all of the facts, leading to a situation where many of your warriors have been injured needlessly. I am Harriet, better known to your realm as Glacia the Ice Phoenix.” Many people gasped while others looked skeptical, Harriet lit her feathers on fire and continued, “Today your king sent his spies, Huginn and Muninn to bind me. An attack that was unprovoked on my part. I have sought nothing but peace with this realm despite my distaste for you and the way you have treated members of my flock.” The people began to shift uneasily. “So now, I will take my due according to the Phoenix Laws.”

As if on cue, Wade threw Odin to the edge of platform, causing gasps and shouts as the people identified their King, wounded and covered in ice. Fawkes withdrew to Wade’s shoulder as Harriet
brought Gungnir down into a two handed hold. “Odin Allfather, you have attempted to bind me, an Ice Phoenix, this day and in front of my mates no less. I can and probably should kill you for such a slight. However, your death would cause pain to one if not two members of my flock and that is something I cannot abide by at this time. So I will leave you with this first and final warning. I do not suffer fools gladly. If I find that you are directly responsible for an attack on myself, my mates, or my flock again I will take your life as weregild. Today I take from you your dominance…” she brought Gungnir’s point down hard into the shoulder of Odin’s dominant arm, severing the arm from the shoulder completely, the King let out a strangle snarl and many of the people screamed. Harri swung Gungnir back up into a defensive hold as she began to pour her ice into the weapon and channel for the Odin force, “And your perceived privilege!” Gungnir shattered, pieces falling over Odin’s bloodied form. Harriet summoned the mostly intact head piece of Gungnir and slid it into her pocket dimension as she pulled Mjolnir free and began to spin her by her strap, “Be grateful that this is all I have taken today.”

Grabbing Wade by the arm, Harriet, Deadpool, Fawkes, and the twin foxes disappeared in a flash of red flames and lightning.

Fred and George were pacing in the antechamber as the Marauders tried to demand answers from Loki and Frigga, though neither had the answers Harri’s fathers were looking for. Luna and Neville had joined them soon after the attack and Luna had changed Bucky back to normal as soon as Strange warned that they didn’t know what Harriet was bringing back, Luna was taking over texting updates to the rest of the family who couldn’t be there and it was only Loki talking to him that kept Tony from storming the castle. Arthur was still hovering at the edges of the group, trying to figure out what exactly was happening, how his sons had gotten involved with Harriet Potter who was apparently a skilled warrior and more. Thor had yet to stop complaining and demanding answers but had finally resigned himself to his fate of being held in an ice burrito after several minutes of struggle. They were all waiting.

“Where is she?” Fred huffed in frustration, “How long does it take to kill Odin?!” Thor shouted in protest and Frigga clenched her fists at her sides but George just took his brother’s hand.

“Big sister is just finishing up.” Luna hummed where she sat cleaning one of Bucky’s guns as the man himself put together his sniper rifle. She had already told them that the guns wouldn’t be necessary but Winter had insisted and Luna had caved to her mate’s insistence. “She will be very tired.”

“I should think so.” Frigga said, though she loved her husband, most of her worry was for her people with a small bit going out to the young phoenix who had taken care of the family members she had neglected. “Those binding chains would have made deep burns in her magic and that is saying nothing of the physical pain. I am surprised she didn’t pass out.”
“What exactly were those chains?” James asked, his eyes darted to Fenrir who had been stiff since they had come back from the attack site, his eyes haunted, “Were they the chains that…”

“No.” Loki jumped in, his hand going to Fenrir’s ears to rub them reassuringly, “Gleipnir would be too tainted by Fenrir’s imprisonment to be used on a phoenix and is actually quite a bit thinner than the ones used earlier.”


Frigga clasped her hands in front of her, “Odin would have had to have them commissioned specifically for this. Binding chains for a phoenix are much too pure to be stored easily between uses.”

Fred grit his teeth and George muttered under his breath to his brother, “I hope she made him hurt.”

Before Fred could reply there was a crack of thunder within the chamber itself and a ball of orange flames appeared amid the group. The flames drew back in time for them to see Harriet’s eyes roll back in her head and her begin to fall forward, Mjolnir still clenched in her hand. Wade only just managed to catch her as he regained his footing. Mischief and Mayhem looked to Fred and George with steady gazes, turning Harriet over to their care before disappearing.

The twins rushed forward and took Harriet from Deadpool, guiding her gently to the floor beneath them as Fawkes transferred over to George’s shoulder.

“What happened Wade?” Strange demanded as he moved to kneel beside Fred, Loki dropped next to George and three different types of magic went to work checking Harriet for injuries and healing what they could.

“Little miss birdie was doing fine all on her own. I barely got to do anything.” Deadpool pouted, “The life of a lowly sidekick.”

Wade!”

The mutant huffed and crossed his arms, “I found her fighting ye olde king, her pet foxes were eating some black birds.” Fred and George exchanged a glance, “She had done some lovely ice work with that big old chunk of gold that I think was supposed to be a throne.”
Loki raised an eyebrow, “What did she do to Hliðskjálf?”

“Nothing, if it’s meant have a giant ass thing of ice sticking out the middle of it!” Wade reported perkily, Loki’s eyebrows rose as he looked back down at Harriet. “Anyway, she got the cyclops’ stick away from him and beat him down like a bad ass until she had him pinned. He was all like ‘To the death!’ and then that lovely lady right there was all like ‘No! To the pain!’ Can you believe that! It was hilarious!”

“To the pain?” Frigga asked warily.

“It’s from a movie your majesty.” Strange said, his magic circles rotating over Harriet’s chest and stomach, “Go on Wade, you can tell her later.”

Deadpool pouted but continued, “Princess Buttercup here didn’t end up doing to the pain. It would create issues in upcoming chapters apparently. So we dragged the cyclops out to some courtyard where the people were. Birdie gave a speech then cut off the King’s right arm, shattered his big shiny stick and we left.” He shrugged, “Like I said, I barely got to do anything.”

“She cut off his arm!” Arthur shouted in alarm.

“She didn’t kill him?” Fred growled.

“Yes, something about a flock member not taking it well. She did warn him though. A+ threat. 10/10 would shit their pants.” Deadpool laughed, “Honestly it was Fucking Spectacular!” he shouted the last bit in a horribly mangled Scottish accent. Sage and the Marauders threw him frowns and he huffed, “Oh come on, that was a great movie! Kingsman? Anyone? Wait…was that movie in this universe?”

“Next one over.” Luna hummed, handing Bucky back his cleaned gun.

“Damn.”

Frigga let out a breath, “Did she take any other life?”
Deadpool looked to her, a frown visible through his mask, “Why?”

“Answer her Wade.” Strange sighed as his magic faded away, “She’s worried about the innocents.”

“Ah, well she was only in the palace which, by the way, is way too fucking gold. Seriously I was debating melting a wall to keep me afloat over the Christmas.” Wade babbled, “She only took out those who got in her way and I didn’t stop to play with any bodies but I’m like 87.43257% sure that they were breathing.”

Frigga relaxed, “Thank the Norns. I wouldn’t have our people suffer for Odin’s stupidity.”

“Will you tell me what has happened now Mother?” Thor asked from where his ice cocoon had been propped up against a wall. “Why did the Lady Phoenix attack Asgard? Why does the red head child think Father should have been killed? And why is the phoenix wearing armor similar to mine?”

Loki looked over to his brother, “Took you long enough to ask you great oaf.”

Frigga moved over to Thor, “Your father sent Huginn and Muninn to bind the young phoenix. She only just escaped the binding chain by calling Mjolnir and breaking the chain. It would seem that Mjolnir found it fit to grant the phoenix armor similar to your own.”

Thor’s eyes were wide, “Why would father do such a thing? The Lady Phoenix has been peaceful with us.”

“Did not expect Thor’s common sense to have made an appearance so early.” Strange muttered under his breath, Loki snorted quietly, finishing the last of his healing.

“He seemed to think that she was a threat to Asgard.” Frigga said, “He sought to take her out before she actively went against our realm.”

“If Father truly thinks that he will not stop.” Thor said seriously, Frigga nodded grimly.
“You realize that she only left him alive for you correct?” Loki said sharply, narrowing his eyes at his brother.

“I am not her flock.” Thor snorted, “She must have sparred him for you brother.”

Loki’s jaw clenched, “I care very little for Odin’s continued existence brother.” Loki sneered, “She left him alive for you alone.”

“I’m not her flock though.” Thor huffed, Mjolnir crackled lightly in Harriet’s grip.

“You are.” Luna said softly, standing and making her way to Thor’s cocoon, “She would not have created you such a safe space if you were not. You would have fallen with the other warriors of Asgard.”

“We have only met twice!” Thor protested, “Surely she would not claim someone she didn’t know.” Mjolnir sparked again and it was enough for those around Harriet to notice. Loki and Strange scrambled backward, experience warning them; Fred and George refused to move though, anchoring themselves with hands to Harriet’s shoulders and when the sparks flared into full bolts of lightning they were unaffected.

The castle shifted around them as the lightning danced and a wall appeared next to Harriet, Fred, and George with a strange white film over it that swirled a silvery color. Mjolnir’s lightning hit the silvery wall and the swirling started to color in. “A pensive.” Sirius noted curiously as everyone’s eyes locked onto the wall.

“Movie time!” Wade sang, producing a bucket of popcorn from nowhere. Luna moved over and sat in front of the screen with him as sound started to come through.

The colorful swirls were accompanied by the sound of laughter and indistinct voices, the sounds of a storm and of a battle mixing further in the background. The colors drew out to the edges of the wall and an image came into focus as the mix of sounds faded.

An older looking Harriet had just apparated into a grassy space between two imposing stone towers with a silver and red sword flashing in her hand. She started forward, toward a hazy wall of magic that seemed to be wards, where Thor stood with Mjolnir at the ready as he looked around in confusion. Harriet stepped through the wards a little way from Thor, “Can I help you?” she asked, her face blank.
Thor turned and focused on her, “Greetings!” he bellowed, “I am Prince Thor of Asgard, Son of Odin, God of Thunder, Defender of Midgard.” Harriet rolled her eyes at the titles but Thor just pushed on, “I have come to collect my brother so he can face justice!”

The Loki watching stiffened even as the older Harriet narrowed her eyes at the Thunder God, “I am Harriet Rose Potter, The Girl Who Lived, The Woman Who Conquered, Savior of the Wizarding World. I’ve come to invite you to get lost.” She snapped, Deadpool snorted.

Thor frowned, “I know where I am young maiden.” Harriet cocked an eyebrow, “I must collect Loki and I know he is near, I can feel his aura.”

Harriet’s grip on the sword tightened, “Loki’s currently occupied, I’ll schedule an appointment shall I?” Harriet snarked.

Mjolnir sparked, “Lady Potter, I know not what my brother has promised you but he is a criminal. He needs to be returned to Asgard to accept punishment for his actions.”

“Look,” Harriet’s eyes was hard as she spoke evenly, “I don’t really know you guys and I’ve not gotten the full story since you interrupted us but considering I just cleared a nasty presence from his head I feel safe saying that Loki’s not been himself lately. Now I’m not in law enforcement but that sounds like new evidence to me and I’ve never been one to let an innocent man suffer.” Sirius shifted at the subtle hint, “How about you come back with someone who hasn’t already made up their mind without all the facts.”

Thor bared his teeth and spun Mjolnir in his grip threateningly, “Loki has killed hundreds of innocents! He must face Asgardian justice!”

“If it’s anything like the stories I’d rather harbor an unrepentant criminal!” Harriet snapped back, her voice rising to match Thor’s own, her sword tip came up slightly, “Now leave and come back with someone willing to listen or I’ll be forced to remove you from our property!”

Thor scoffed, “You could not stand against me young mortal, mage or nay.”

Harriet’s eyes flared Avada green and she brought her sword up defensively, “This sword is imbued with Basilisk venom.” Thor stilled, “I agree I most probably wouldn’t match skills you’ve built up over so many years but I’m confident enough that I would get in one hit. You want to test how a god
does against Basilisk venom?"

Thor took a step back, gritting his teeth, “I…shall return Lady Potter.” He took off, Mjolnir dragging him along.

Harriet stepped back into the wards and apparated again.

The scene changed in a swirl of colors. As the scene settled Fred and George realized that they recognized it.

Now Harriet was standing with the older twins on one side of an oval table, opposite of them was the group of people that the current Fred and George could now mostly identify as the other Avengers. In the center of the group was Fury, looking at Harri and the twins expectantly with his one eye.

“With the blessing of the American Ministry of Magic we would be happy to join the Avengers Team as consultants.” Harriet said.

Tony grinned and answered before Fury could even open his mouth, “Awesome! Welcome to the crazies! Movie nights are Thursday night! We’ll put you in rotation. Takeout after a fight is mandatory and may or may not lead to gaming marathons depending on injuries.” His eyes focused on the twins. “Now, what’s this I hear about you two being geniuses? Because now that we have four of us we may need to start a club.” He looked over to a curly haired man, “What do you think Bruce? T-shirts?” The older Fred and George laughed.

“Stark!” Fury barked, “Quiet!”

“So you’re the buzzkill then.” Fred snorted, Fury glared at him.

“Had to be the guy with the eye patch.” George tutted.

Tony beamed at the twins, “He is! Well, him and Steve really.”

“Tony!” Steve snapped, Harriet’s eyes followed the interaction closely, observing.
“Quiet!” Fury ordered, everyone settled. “Introductions!” the director said shortly, he flung his hand out and pointed to Thor who stood near the end of the line. “Thor, God of Thunder.”

“We’ve met.” Harriet said dryly.

Thor bowed his head. “I am pleased to meet you on better terms Lady Potter. Forgive me for my behavior previously, I knew not of my brother’s circumstances.”

Harriet’s eyes remained flat as she looked at him, Fred and George were eyeing him warily as well. Harri made a dismissive noise in the back of her throat.

The colors swirled again.

Harriet was walking down a brightly lit hallway of the Tower, a clipboard in her hand as two scrolls floated after her, she was chewing on a pen cap as she read.

“Lady Potter!”

Harriet tensed at the sound and turned around, bringing Thor into frame. “Yes?” she asked stiffly.

“I wish to speak to you.” Thor rumbled.

Harriet flicked her wand and cast a quick tempus, “You have five minutes before I need to leave for the American Ministry.”

Thor blinked before straightening himself. “Why do you not like me?” Harri cocked her head with a frown and Thor was quick to elaborate, “It has been two moons since you have joined our cause and you have spoken with each member of the team but have avoided me at all costs. Even your mates have spoken with me. You’ve…”

Harriet held up a hand, “Whoa. I don’t need an explanation. I know exactly what I’ve been doing. It’s been on purpose.”
“Why?” Thor demanded, “Is this still because of our first meeting?”

Harriet rolled her eyes, “Hardly. I avoid you because you remind me of my cousin.”

Thor frowned, “Would that not be a joyous feeling? Family is one’s first and closest friends after all.”

Harri snorted, “My cousin is an arrogant bully who made my childhood a living hell with the help of his foul parents.” Thor jolted back in shock but Harriet wasn’t finished. “My cousin constantly made demands without regard for anyone but himself. Anytime that he was in trouble he was coddled by his parents and the blame was shifted onto me, much like you with Loki.” The Loki watching looked over to the unconscious Harriet in shock, on screen the older Harriet continued. “I took the punishment for my cousins wrongs more times than I can count and that was on top of the other shit treatment heaped on me simply because I possessed magic. Any good thing he did, no matter how small, was praised and rewarded but whenever he went wrong the responsibility was always placed on my shoulders, even if I couldn’t possibly have caused it. He was a spoiled, unpleasant bully and I refuse to associate with that again.”

“But I am not like that!” Thor sputtered.

“Aren’t you?” Harriet said bluntly, “I’ve heard plenty from Loki and let me tell you, his version sounds much more believable than the stories I’ve heard you try to spin.”

“I..I’m not like that anymore!” Thor insisted.

Harriet shook her head, “Right, your ‘banishment’ and ‘reform’.” She snorted, “I’ve gone without food for longer than your supposed banishment. As for your ‘reform’ I don’t really see it. Just a month ago when you returned from fighting those giant beetles you blamed the destruction of that building site on Loki when the video clearly shows it was your own reckless use of Mjolnir that struck the support beam and brought down months of work. Not three days ago you walked around here bragging about the forty doombots you took down when it was Tony’s hard work that took down the most and shut the portal to keep more from coming through to, yet you never acknowledged his good work and expected high praise for your relatively small role in that attack. Your ‘reform’ may have taught you to think before you act to a small extent, it might even have taught you about sacrifice there at the end but that does not make you any less like Dudley to me the rest of the time.” She cast another quick tempus, “Times up.”

The scene swirled again.
All of the Avengers were sat at a long table, at the head of the table sat Fury with a screen behind him that was showing a battle from many viewpoints. “Alright, who wants to tell me why there are reports of the Charging Bull sculpture being split in half?”

“All I do is fighting near the grand statue,” Thor volunteered; Loki, who sat with Harriet and the twins, tensed. “We brought down the metal beast and…” he trailed off as his eyes moved over to Harri, she raised an eyebrow at him. Thor cleared his throat with a shake of his head, “It was my doing. I was not paying attention to what path the beast would take when I hit it with Mjolnir.” Both the Loki in the memory and the current Loki looked surprised, the older Harriet just gave a subtle nod to the Thunder God.

The colors swirled over the scene.

Thor bounded into the back of what looked to be a plane cargo hold, a large grin on his face as he approached where Fred and George were slumped in their seats, Harriet was laying along the seats next to them with her head in Fred’s lap. “My friends! You put on a most wonderful display this day! You had little need of us!”

George chuckled tiredly, “Nah, needed”

“a clean-up crew”

“didn’t we?” the twins teased.

Thor let out a loud laugh, “Very true! Rest, you have spared the lives of many innocents, we will do the rest.” One of Harri’s eyes flicked open and she watched as Thor exited the plane.

The scene changed.

“Harriet!” a new voice called as Harri came into focus in a kitchen, she turned and a petite brown haired woman came into view.

“Jane.” Harri greeted with a smile, “What’s up?”
Jane leaned against the counter and cocked her head with a small smile, “Have you been training Thor?” Harri’s eyebrows rose so Jane continued, “I think the words Darcy used were ‘like a bad puppy but with less treats’.”

Harri gave a light laugh, “I certainly didn’t plan on it. He wanted to know why I avoided him and I told him. He did the rest after that.” Her smile turned sly, “Though I can see the puppy comparison.”

Jane laughed, “Yeah.”

“What brought this up?” Harri asked, an easy smile still on her face.

“Oh, Erik overheard Thor muttering about proving himself a worthy shield brother to you and he brought it to my attention.” She rolled her eyes, “Apparently he thought I was about to get cheated on.”

Harriet snorted, “Not with the way he talks about his ‘beloved Lady Jane’.” Jane blushed and Harri smiled kindly, “I think it is mostly because I was a little overly harsh when he asked me about why I was avoiding him. I really hate that kind of behavior and I may have gone on a rant.”

Jane nodded as she straightened, “Just let me know if I can help train him.” she offered as she walked toward the door, “After all, you’ve got yours so well trained!” Harriet choked as Jane left in a bout of laughter.

The scene changed again.

“What kind of ship is that?” Thor exclaimed from his cocoon as the next scene game into view.

“The Helicarrier.” Strange said, “That’s the control center.”

Harriet was standing by the conference table in her mission gear, looking over the various agents curiously as the rest of the Avengers took seats around the conference table. Fred was talking animatedly with Bruce who looked to have relaxed a bit. George and Loki were chatting with Tony about ways to add magic to fortify his suits further.
Thor strode into the room and made a beeline for Harriet when he saw her away from the table, “Tis a grand ship is it not Lady Potter?” Thor boomed.

Harri winced and looked up at the God with a raised eyebrow, “Tone it down Thor. Remember, inside voice.”

Thor cleared his throat awkwardly before nodding and starting softer, “Yes, apologies. Are you prepared for our upcoming battle with the many headed beast?”

A small tentative smile spread across Harri’s face, “Yes, I’m looking forward to taking down the Hydra base now that we’ve been fully cleared. It’s been a while since we’ve gone into a full battle rather than just acting as magical support.”

Thor beamed, “Aye! Tis a wondrous feeling! We shall wipe these foul beings from Midgard! For glory!” Harriet laughed.

The scene changed.

This one came into view with the sound of a furious roar. Harriet was running through a forest with Steve, both in uniform with their weapons at the ready. The roar sounded again and Harriet apparated on the spot, when she landed she was still in a forest but she was running toward Hulk who was being targeted by a sonic weapon as others fired machine guns at him. Harriet took out four gun men with three quick curses before dropping to the ground as Hulk struck out blindly in his frustration.

“Leave him be Queenie.” Came Clint’s voice from nowhere. “He’s indestructible, he can take it. You’ll just get hurt.”

Harri rolled her eyes but it was George who answered, “Just because he’s indestructible doesn’t mean we shouldn’t help him Hawkeye.”

“He’s our teammate too.” Fred continued.

Harriet caught Hulk’s hand on his return swing and used the momentum to kick two more gun men
before releasing her hold, she was air born for one wobbly second before she landed with a small ‘oof’ on her stomach on Hulk’s shoulder. She threw out a shield that absorbed the sonic weapon’s attack easily, “Alright big guy?” she asked as she regained her breath.

“Shiny help Hulk?” the large green man huffed. Before Harriet could answer there was a boom of thunder and lightning struck the sonic weapon that had caused Hulk such frustration, destroying it. Thor landed heavily a moment later and looked over to Harriet and Hulk, who frowned, “Puny Thundny help Hulk?”

Thor grinned up at Hulk, “Of course my friend! I will offer help when I can. Lady Harriet and her brave Knights are correct that you are our shield brother too! They are most wise are they not?” Harriet beamed at Thor.

The scene changed.

The new scene was a bit strange as Harriet sat on a throne on top of a mountain of mattresses, dressed as a young Queen Elizabeth. Standing to her left was Natasha in what appeared to be a bear costume; furry brown paws covered her hands and feet and was finished off with a skimpy brown dress and bear ears on her head with a red star pinned to one. At Harriet’s feet, on her right stood a classic red and white corgi who had a thick red cape on its back and a lumpy looking, plush Mjolnir in its mouth.

At the bottom of the mattress mountain was Steve, Bucky, and Clint who looked like an Independence Day Parade gone wrong. Steve was wearing an old fashion version of his suit and had a small plastic shield on his arm. Bucky seemed to be dressed as Uncle Sam, complete with white hair and beard. Clint was in a mobility scooter in a wife beater and jeans with a trucker hat on, an oxygen tank was hooked on the back of the scooter along with an American flag. All three were covered in various bits of what appeared to be pie, chocolate, and an overwhelming amount of glitter.

Clint was glaring at Natasha, “Nat! You were supposed to be neutral!”

“The Queen offered me what I couldn’t refuse.” Natasha said with a small smile.

“You sold us out for her banoffee pie?!” Clint cried.

“Maybe.” Natasha hummed, her lips twitching.
Harriet was clearly trying to keep from laughing as she stood from her throne, “You have made it this far but do not forget that to take back your tower you must get past me, my ally, and my Mighty Thorgi!” Said Thorgi barked enthusiastically around his plush hammer and bounced in place with his tail wagging a mile a minute, which sent everyone into a fit of laughter.

The scene changed to the onlookers own laughing.

Harriet exited an elevator with a small smile on her face. She paused for a second before ruffling her hair a bit, widening her eyes, and speeding up her breathing slightly before continuing into the floor she had come to.

Thor was lounging on a couch with Jane when Harriet walked in with the frazzled look she had adopted, “Hey Thor.”

“Lady Harriet!” he greeted, Jane startled a little but settled down quickly. “I thought you would still be with my nephew, speaking in the snake tongue.”

Harri shook her head, “No, Loki took him to explore Manhattan. Can I ask for a favor?”

Thor barely suppressed his grin, “Ask away Lady Harri.”

“Can I have Mjolnir?” she asked, pointing to the hammer where it sat on the coffee table. “Not for long, I just need to borrow her for a bit.”

Jane’s eyebrows shot up but Thor boomed out a laugh, “I’m afraid you cannot Lady Harri. Only I can lift the mighty Mjolnir. Even for borrowing purposes.”

Harri cocked her head, “But if I can lift can I borrow her for a bit?”

“You cannot.”

Harri narrowed her eyes at Thor and walked over to Mjolnir, she slid her hand over one side of the
hammer and it zapped her gently in greeting. Harriet gripped the handle and lifted Mjolnir easily, “Now, can I borrow her?” Harri asked pointedly as she hefted the hammer against her shoulder, “I’ll have her back by lunch.”

“A-aye, you can borrow her.” Thor rasped out in shock.

Harriet smiled brightly, “Thanks Thor!” she skipped back out of the floor but apparated before she hit the elevator. She appeared on another floor where Fred and George were playing some sort of game on a flat screen, their gazes focused. Harri plopped gracefully down on the couch between them and sat Mjolnir on the table in front of them, “Easy as pie.”

The game paused and the twins’ eyes went to the hammer on their table. “Bloody hell you actually got her!” George exclaimed.

“Of course.” Harri pouted, Fred grinned and drew her to him for a kiss.

The scene changed to Deadpool’s loud “Aw, they’re in loooove!”

They were on another battle field, this time in an actual field where large monsters ran rampant. Harriet had her sword out and was slashing at the enormous strange beasts. They were long gray lumpy creatures that appeared to have no eyes which was made up for by large mouths full of teeth. Harriet was riding on top of one, striking at others as the creature under her bucked. One particularly hard buck sent Harriet flying right under the feet of another creature. As the lumpy thing reared up over her with its mouth opened wide, Mjolnir shot into frame and straight through the beast’s head.

Harriet stood quickly and jumped to catch Mjolnir’s strap as she was summoned back to Thor. Mjolnir dragged Harri with her until they made it back to Thor, where Harriet quickly let go and flipped over Thor to behead another creature with her sword. Thor grinned at her as she landed next to him, “Lady Harri! Quite the battle we have is it not?”

“It’s something alright.” Harri laughed as she threw two cutting curses in quick succession before drawing up a shield in front of her and Thor to block the acidic spit flying at them. Harri threw Thor a grin, “Want to play catch?”

“A splendid idea young friend!” Thor laughed as he started to spin Mjolnir.
Harri launched herself up onto another creature and jumped from body to body until finally making it to a large rock that allowed her a view slightly over the creatures. Thor tossed Mjolnir toward her, striking three beasts and stunning many more with the lightning that followed. Harriet caught the hammer with a laugh and delivered a hard hit to the creature that was trying to climb up her rock before throwing Mjolnir back to Thor who let out a battle cry and struck the ground with the accumulated lightning.

The scene changed and Arthur gasped at the sight even as the current Fred and George went rigid.

The older Harriet was sitting in a plush chair, looking soft, her skin practically glowing. The Avengers were all lounging in the room around her with bright smiles, Fred and George flanking her as usual, tangled together with their mate in her chair. What wasn’t normal was the large bump that was prominent under Harriet’s shirt.

“How was your check up today?” Bucky asked, “The little guy okay?”

Harri smiled, her eyes dewy as George laid a hand over her stomach, “He’s fine. Perfectly healthy if a little too active for this stage.”

“Of course he’s active.” Steve snorted, “He’s Fred and George’s son.”

“Wouldn’t expect any less.” Clint laughed, the twins beamed.

Bruce sat forward in his chair, “Is there anything else we need to do? You said magical pregnancies were a bit different.”

Harri laughed even as she laid her head on Fred’s shoulder, “Not that different. Not at this stage. Things won’t get too bad until the last couple months and that will mostly be on my end.”

“Hey, Thor.” Tony piped up, “Isn’t one of your things like God of Fertility or something? Can you do something?”

Thor chuckled, “My role in such a thing would have been before the child was conceived friend Tony.” He looked over to Harri, Fred, and George, “Though I may add my blessing as I know my brother has already done if you wish.”
George grinned, “If you’d like to that would be great.”

Fred laughed, “May as well. Everyone is already trying to stake a claim on him.”

“Of course.” Tony huffed, “He’s not just your kid, he’s all of ours. We’re a family.”

“Aye.” Thor laughed as he stood, summoning Mjolnir as he walked over to the trio. “Your child shall have the love of many aunts and uncles.” He pointed Mjolnir’s head at Harri’s stomach and a soft red glow started, “And the blessings of Gods.” Making a slow circle over Harri’s stomach, the red glow began to transfer, sinking into Harri’s baby bump easily. Once he had made two rotations, Thor pulled his hammer back and grinned down at Harriet, “There you are Lady Harri.”

Harriet beamed up at him, “Thank you Thor.”

The scene changed, sweeping along despite Fred and George’s tightened grip on Harriet and the tense silence around them.

When the scene came into view all they could see was Harriet, who was no longer pregnant, Thor, and Clint surrounded by rocks, the only light a dim *lumos* orb above them. Harri’s eyes were bloodshot and dark circles sat under her eyes. “Damn.” She hissed.

“Can you apparate us out Harri?” Clint asked.

“No,” she said tersely as she ran a hand along the rocks around them, “These rocks must be holding bits of vibranium or adamantium because its blocking magic from going out.”

“I could blast us out….” Thor began, hefting Mjolnir.

“But you won’t because I and Clint could be crushed.” Harriet said, gritting her teeth.

Clint went over to her and started to rub her back gently, “Hey, it’s alright. Just breathe.” Harri slumped against him, “Can you still talk to Fred and George?”
“No, I can only feel that they’re alive.” Harri huffed, “And vague emotions.”

“Then we’ll just have to wait for everyone to find us.” Clint soothed, guiding Harri to the ground.

Thor sat down next to them, eyeing Harriet worriedly, “Friend Harri, have you still been having nightmares?”

Harri nodded, her eyes sliding closed, “I see his death every night. I barely sleep. George had to use the bond to knock me out yesterday.” She sighed, “I probably shouldn’t have come on this mission. I wasn’t paying att…”

“Hey, none of that.” Clint admonished softly, “We weren’t exactly paying attention either. It’s fine. None of us are hurt.” Harri didn’t say anything but kept her eyes closed.

Thor exchanged a look with Clint before setting Mjolnir down between them, “Rest Lady Harriet, we will watch and wait.” He ran two fingers around the base of Mjolnir’s handle and the soft sounds of a storm filled the small space. Harri’s eyes flickered open and she gave Thor a weak smile before shifting into Godiva, she moved stiffly over to Mjolnir and curled around the hammer with her head resting on top.

The scene swirled away.

“I remember this.” Strange laughed softly as the new scene came into focus, “Thor’s haircut.”

Thor was sitting on a low stool in the middle of the LeFay Castle family common room looking sullen as Natasha and Clint moved around him with scissors and shears. Harriet and Loki were on the couch watching as Fred and George had their phones out ready to take pictures. They could just see Strange standing in the doorway with a stack of books but for now stay back to observe curiously.

“I am against this.” Thor grumbled.

“You’ve said.” Clint laughed.
“Shouldn’t have made that bet.” Natasha grinned.

“In Asgard only servants and slaves were their hair short.” Thor protested.

“You’re on Midgard until at least after the Thanos thing is taken care of.” Fred chuckled, “It’ll grow back.”

“And if you had such a problem with it you shouldn’t have used it in the bet, it’s your own fault.” George chucked.

“Betting against Loki. Really.” Natasha snorted.

With that Clint started to cut away at Thor’s long golden hair, Loki watching from the couch with a smug smile. Once Clint had gotten most of the length, Natasha went in with the shears and cropped the hair close to his head, leaving the top a bit longer than the rest.

Finally, after about ten minutes of tweaking, Natasha pulled back, “Done.” She announced.

George conjured a mirror as Fred continued to snap pictures. Seeing himself in the mirror, Thor deflated, “I shall not be able to go out in public like this.”

Harriet stood even as everyone else descended into fits of laughter at Thor’s puppy dog pout, “Don’t be silly Thor. You just need a bit of flash to it.” She took her wand out and gently pushed his head to the side, her wand tip lit and she carefully traced a design into the side of Thor’s head before moving to the other side to do the same. “There you go.” Harri said gently, a mischievous smile on her face.

George held up the mirror again amidst his snickers and Thor took in the changes. “The Sowilō?” Thor questioned in surprise.

Harri giggled, “Of course not! It’s my lightning bolt!” she announced, pulling up her bangs and pointing at the faded scar. The room descended into more laughter at Thor’s groan.
Harriet, Fred, and George were battling chitauri together in front of what looked to be the London Eye. They moved around each other in a deadly dance, spells flying and their eyes flashing gold and deathly green. George had just thrown Harriet feet first into two foot soldiers when Loki’s voice came out of nowhere. “Fred, do you have your potions still?”

“Always.” Fred answered.

“Thor’s taken a bad stomach wound. He’ll heal quickly but he’ll need a blood replenisher.” The trio was moving before Loki finished. They apparated together to the north side of Jubilee Gardens where Loki was keeping chitauri away from Thor who was laying. Harri and George took over keeping the chitauri back as Fred and Loki went to heal Thor.

“You realize this means drinks are on you tonight right?” Fred teased as he helped Thor take the blood replenisher.

“Aye.” Thor rasped with a bloody grin, “The last batch of warriors brought the good mead from Asgard.”

“Oh I am not drinking that stuff.” Harri snorted, “You can make me a mango tequila sunrise.”

“The drink of great warriors.” Thor chuckled.

“Of course!” Harri defended, “It’s the only alcohol I can get Hulk to drink remember?”

“Aye.” Thor coughed.

Suddenly there was a crash further up The Queen’s Walk and they all turned to see a creature about the size of an elephant land on the walk. It looked to be a mini leviathan but instead of flying the creature let out a roar and slithered toward them.

“How much longer?” George asked.
“We can’t move him. It will aggravate the healing.” Loki said.

The mini leviathan was coming up on them fast and Harriet held out her hand toward Thor, Mjolnir leapt to her, drawing a streak of lightning down from the sky to hit Harriet. When the strike faded, a silver circlet was set on her head.

“Hey!” Deadpool exclaimed, “That’s the one she’s got now!” The Fred and George watching looked down at the unconscious Harriet they held and sure enough the same circlet set on her head now.

Back on the screen, the older Harriet didn’t seem to notice the new head piece as she swung Mjolnir at the mini leviathan; the creature screeched deafeningly at the electricity that ran through it until it slumped over, dead. Harriet gave a short nod, “There.”

George snickered, “Nice jewelry dearest.”

Harri frowned and her hand went up to her head before she huffed and glared at the hammer in her hand, “I don’t need new accessories Mjolnir!” the hammer sparked in response, “My armor is fine!” a rumble sounded from the hammer and Harriet rolled her eyes, “Don’t bitch at me!” the four men around her broke into laughter.

The scene swirled away.

Harriet, whose hair was now cut in a bob, was flying on her broom up above the clouds in her battle gear with Thor and Tony keeping pace.

“They can’t seriously have dragons though right?” Tony was whining through the speakers of his suit, “That’s just not fair.”

“Life is rarely fair Tony.” Harriet laughed.

“I guess.” Tony huffed.
“If the rumors are true then we shall have a mighty battle!” Thor boomed, shifting in the air past Tony so he flew above them, “Dragons are fearsome creatures!”

Harri rolled her eyes, “Hopefully, even if the rumors are false, Charlie will succeed in bringing the dragons from his old reserve to the Castle to add to our defenses.”

“Um…” Tony started as they passed the edge of the cloud bank, “I’m pretty sure the rumors aren’t false.”

Below them, packed into cages along the edge of Black Lake, was a group of ten dragons; all of them raging against their cages, breathing long spouts of flame.

“Bloody hell.” Harriet muttered, pulling up to hover next to Thor. She waved her hand over her face with a muttered spell and looked again at the dragons. “Two Fireballs and a Welsh Green.” She listed, she tilted her head, “I think that’s a trio of Horntails over there but they’ve cut off their spines for some reason.” She said pointing to the ones closest to Hogwarts. “Those four over there though.” Harri said, gesturing to the four relatively small silvery blue dragons on the edge of lake, “Those are Swedish Short Snouts. They’re the biggest problem.”

“I thought Charlie said the Horntails were most dangerous?” Tony said, “And the others look bigger than those blue ones.”

Harri waved a hand, “I outflew a Horntail at fourteen years old.” She said dismissively, “All dragons are dangerous to an extent but Swedish Short Snouts are often overlooked because they don’t like to come in contact with humans that often. However, their smaller size makes them faster and more agile than most dragons and their flames are so hot that they can burn even bones to ashes in seconds.” Tony let out a low whistle.

Suddenly there was a bang followed by red sparks shooting up below them, causing people to scramble.

“Whoops.” Harri huffed.

“Whoops!” Tony shouted.

“Oh like you don’t get distracted!” Harri snapped playfully at her brother as long range spells started
to shoot up at them, still falling short with the height they were at. “We got confirmation. Race you home?”

“You’re on!” Tony cackled.

“Aye!” Thor laughed.

All three shot off back the way they had come, trailing laughter in their wake. They each tried to slow the others but those attempts rarely landed. It wasn’t until a few minutes into their flight that they heard the sound of wingbeats and the harsh breathing that followed them.

They pulled up, looking around for the sound.

Suddenly, four silvery blue shapes broke the cloud layer with loud roars.

“Fuck!” Tony exclaimed, diving out of the way.

Harri threw up her shield as the first volley of burning flames swept toward her, “Aim for their bellies. Soft scales are there!”

Thor barreled into the one shooting flames at Harriet and Tony sent repulsor blast at another. Harriet dodged as started to yell, *Hold your fire! We mean you no harm! We are not the ones who imprisoned you!* 

The Fred and George watching frowned at the hiss that twisted heavily through Harriet’s words, “Is that what parseltongue sounds like to snakes?”

“Yes.” Loki answered.

“Since we are watching her memories we can understand it.” Luna hummed, taking another handful of popcorn from Deadpool.
“That’s some sweet DVD special features.” Wade laughed.

The dragons barely acknowledged Harriet’s speech, *Burn! Burn! Kill!* was all they seemed able to say.

“What are they saying?!” Tony called as he used his laser pack to finally get through the first dragon, cutting off one wing and making it plummet with a high pitched roar of pain.

“You don’t want to know.” Harri called back as she sent three vicious curses before summoning her sword, “They’ve been stripped of their intelligence. They’re all killer instinct right now.” She rushed in under a stream of flames and thrust her sword into the dragon’s belly with all her might, the dragon screamed and writhed as Harriet forced the sword up into its heart before jerking backwards and away from the large lizard, letting it fall.

“Harriet!” came Tony’s warning shout and she only just managed to get up a shield as the fourth dragon breathed another stream of fire at her. Harri’s nose scrunched up as she smelt something burning and her eyes widened as she saw the bristles of her broom alight out of the corner of her eye.

Unfortunately, that distracted Harriet just enough for her shield to give way under the mass of scalding flames that pressed against it and soon the stream completely enveloped Harriet, making the entire scene to warp.

The onlookers jolted, despite knowing that Harriet made it out of this, Fred and George pulled her limp form closer.

On screen they heard Thor and Tony shout for Harriet as the second to last dragon went down under Mjolnir’s wrath.

Then a familiar screech sounded and ice blue flames burst from within the red, pushing it back before throwing it off completely. The blue flames died a bit to reveal a furious looking ice phoenix who was a bit unsteady on her wings, she shrieked at the dragon only for it to be struck down in a volley of lightning a moment later. She whirled with awkward flaps to face Thor and Tony.

“Harriet?” Tony asked, opening his faceplate.

The new ice phoenix tried to nod only for the movement to make her pitch forward. Thor swooped
forward with Mjolnir and caught the bird before she could fall too far. “It does seem to be our shield sister friend Tony.” Thor chuckled.

Tony flew closer and grinned down at the bird as she clumsily maneuvered to perch on Thor’s arm, “You finally got your second animamorph thingy!”

“Animagus sir.” Jarvis correct quietly from his helmet.

“Sure that.” Tony huffed, “Now what are you?” he frowned, “A parrot?” the phoenix screeched in protest.

Thor boomed a laugh, “Nay Man of Iron. Our shield sister has turned into a phoenix. An ice phoenix I believe.” The phoenix looked herself over, flexing wings and moving unfamiliar talons.

“Sweet! Clint is gonna be super jealous.” Tony said.

“Aye, our Hawkeye will definitely be envious of your wings.” Thor chuckled.

“Now we just need a name for you!” Tony said with a grin, “As the only one here with experience naming team animals and the one to give you Godiva in the first place I’ll just make with a new name shall I?” the phoenix slapped one wing forward, hitting Tony in the face and making him glide back a little bit, “What?!”

“I think she has a problem with that friend Tony.” Thor grinned.

“What! You want to name her?” Tony asked, he looked to the phoenix, “You want to end up with a name as weird as Mjolnir?” Mjolnir zapped the armored man and he pouted, “I’m feeling very attacked right now.”

“I could try.” Thor huffed, “My Lady Jane and Lady Darcy already gave me a lecture about Midgard names when we discussed our future children.”

“Oh I’m sure that went over well.” Tony snorted.
Thor ignored him and looked at the phoenix on his arm who was looking back at him expectantly, “An ice phoenix…” she chirped and Thor grinned, “Glacia.” She tilted her head in consideration.

“You want to name her after a large mass of ice?” Tony laughed, “Harri I think he’s calling you fat.” She squawked and flew at Tony in an unsteady mess of feathers, pushing him back as he giggled uncontrollably while calling, “Calm down feathers!”

“Nay!” Thor laughed over their squabble, Tony looked over to him as the new phoenix perched on his helmet and pecked at it irritably. “Not calling her fat. Calling her ice that is impossible to stop once it is on the move.”

Tony grinned at Thor, “Yeah, I guess that does fit her.” He tapped his helmet right next to where the phoenix was perched, “What do you think feathers?” The newly named Glacia trilled pleasantly, melting both the men in the scene and the onlookers. Tony laughed, “I’ll take that as a yes.”

Thor grinned, “Do we still race home then?”

“It’ll give bird brain here a chance to perfect her wings.” Tony said, closing his face plate as Glacia went to peck his face. “Though since she’s a glacier she’ll probably move pretty slow.”

With that, Glacia launched herself off Tony’s head and started to fly, albeit shakily at first. Tony and Thor followed after her, laughing merrily as they flanked the newly born phoenix.

Mjolnir’s lightning withdrew from the wall pensive provided by Hogwarts and it fell blank before disappeared back into the castle itself, leaving the room quiet as everyone processed all that they had just seen.

Predictably it was Deadpool that broke the silence, “Well that wasn’t worth the ten bucks I paid for it! Seriously! Way too short of a story arc and no definitive ending.” He looked over to Strange as he stood, leaving his popcorn with Luna, “Next movie night we should do Pixar. Now those are some great films!” he raised a hand, “See ya!” he tapped something on his belt and disappeared.

Fred let out a breath and reached over to gently pry Harriet’s hand off of Mjolnir. “Harriet’s magic is low and her core has been damaged by the binding chain. She’s exhausted.”
“We’ll take her to the Room of Requirement to rest safely.” George continued as they stood, Fred gently pulling Harriet up into his arms after putting a feather weight charm on her to offset the extra weight of the armor.

Loki recovered and cleared his throat, “I’ll inform the house and help run interference with Dumbledore.”

Strange nodded, “I will inform those outside of Hogwarts of the attack and aftermath. Call me if you need further assistance.” He opened a portal and left.

Luna hummed as she brought the popcorn over to Bucky, “The Brigade will help with the distraction, but the Nargles say there was too much left at the attack site for big sister not to be under the goat’s suspicion.”

Frigga drew in a breath, “I will see if I can throw anything off.” She said faintly, she turned to Thor who still looked to be in a daze. “I do not know how but that phoenix sees you as flock. She spared your father for your sake and we should be grateful. You will be safe here until she becomes aware again.” She walked toward the doorway that led up to the Slytherin common room, “Come Arthur, we must get started.

Arthur looked torn, his eyes going to his sons with a million questions on the tip of his tongue. Those all fell away when he saw that their eyes were locked on the vulnerable young woman in Fred’s arms, worry etched on their faces but with a healthy amount of awe and love underneath. Arthur shut his mouth and turned to follow Frigga.

James went over to Fred and George while Sirius retransfigured Bucky and Remus spoke to Loki about what to tell the Slytherins. James smiled at the twins and put a hand on George’s shoulder, “Go on.” He said when they looked up at him, “We’ll try to run things like Harriet would. You just take care of her.”

They nodded solemnly and made their way out of the Chamber through Salazar’s study, pulling the map out when they made it up into the Castle proper and sneaking through the halls, avoiding everyone, on their way to the Room of Requirement. When they got there, George pulled up the room they usually used quickly, their bodies relaxing a little once they were safely inside.

As Fred set Harriet on the bed they came to a realization, “We should have asked how to get this Asgardian armor off.” Fred huffed, his cheeks turning red.
“We don’t exactly have stuff to switch her into.” George coughed, his own cheeks burning.

“Dobby.” Fred called.

The hyper elf appeared at the foot of the bed and immediately gasped seeing Harriet unconscious, “What has happened to Dobby’s Great Miss!”

“Odin attacked her, she retaliated. She’s exhausted and her core is damaged. Can you switch her into her night clothes so she can relax easier?” George asked.

“And bring us our pajamas as well.” Fred added.

“Of course!” Dobby cried, “Dobby be doing so right away!”

Ten minutes later they were able to tuck Harriet under the warm covers and climb into bed on either side of her. They fell asleep clutching Harriet tightly between them, their brows furrowed with worry even as they drifted off.

Chapter End Notes

The symbol of Mjolnir is a thick upside down uppercase T with designs in it. There isn't really variations beside design aesthetics so you can google it without being too confused.

Yes, Mjolnir is a she in this.

No, Harri does not have the Allspeak, its part of her 'insanity'. ;)

General Tyr, in the original legends (I'm not sure about comic cannon), was there when Fenrir was bound in Gleipnir. Fenrir bit off Tyr's hand in revenge when he wasn't freed from the new chain.

'To the pain!' is from the Princess Bride which is perhaps my favorite movie of all time! It is one of the last scenes where Westly (weak and barely able to stand from being brought back from being mostly dead) threatens Prince Humperdink a little something like this:

Westley: To the pain means the first thing you will lose will be your feet below the ankles. Then your hands at the wrists. Next your nose.

Prince Humperdink: And then my tongue I suppose, I killed you too quickly the last time. A mistake I don’t mean to duplicate tonight.
Westley: I wasn’t finished. The next thing you will lose will be your left eye followed by your right.
Prince Humperdinck: And then my ears, I understand let’s get on with it.
Westley: Wrong! Your ears you keep and I’ll tell you why. So that every shriek of every child at seeing your hideousness will be yours to cherish. Every babe that weeps at your approach, every woman who cries out, “Dear God! What is that thing,” will echo in your perfect ears. That is what to the pain means. It means I leave you in anguish, wallowing in freakish misery forever.
Good right?

Odin gets scared because he still thinks Harriet is a phoenix turned human and makes the leap in judgement that her mates are also phoenixes.

Many of you are probably disappointed that Odin wasn't killed but Harri has her reasons. I think humiliating him, cutting off an arm, breaking his throne, and shattering his spear is a good first step to making him realize just how much her fucked up.

Gleipnir is the real name of the chain that bound Fenrir. It is supposed to be impossible to break as it is made up of six impossible things: The sound of a cat's footfall, The beard of a woman, The roots of a mountain, The sinews of a bear, The breath of a fish, The spittle of a bird. It is said to be as thin as a silk ribbon.

The Thorgi scene is from Outtake: Happy Birthday Cap! I wrote that while Dakota was in the hospital but James gave me an idea that sent it off in a completely different direction and eventually lead me to a writers block. I will finish it at some point! Promise!

The Harri picks up Mjolnir for the first time scene is Outtake: Harri’s True Power (Alternatively: Harriet's Bitches), which is finished and posted so I highly recommend you read it!

Yes, I know that cannonically Swedish Short Snouts have blue flames. However, Glacia was being born and I really like the visual of blue and orange flames against each other.

Poor Fred and George, this has been hard for them.

See you next time!!
Hello dear people! How are you?

Don't forget to follow this stories tumblr where you would have found out that old ladies talk too much, I shouldn't jinx myself, and much more!!

It's four am, I am sore from being sick all yesterday after a sketchy sandwich so...here we go!

As James walked over to speak to Fred and George and Sirius turned to retransfigure Bucky; Loki and Remus drew together, their faces set.

“What exactly are you going to tell the Slytherins?” Remus asked softly, his eyes focused on the God.

Loki glanced between Thor and the twins’ retreating forms before looking back to Remus, “I was thinking of telling them the truth. It is a gamble but, despite her eventual loss of consciousness, this would be another opportunity for her to win the house’s unwavering loyalty. It has already been growing, especially after the last time she addressed the house, however the reveal of this event would squash any remaining doubt as to her power as well as take away their doubts about her having the ability to fully challenge the Headmaster.”

Remus nodded slowly, “Were you planning to reveal yourself as well?”

Loki gave a short nod, “As much as possible without giving them too much power over Harri, everything but the time travel really. Slytherin will be most effective when we are honest with them. If they sense deceit or too large of a discrepancy in facts they are likely to try and go behind our backs to get the information, endangering the entire thing or revealing too much too soon.”

Sirius joined them then, “I agree. Nothing pisses Slytherins off more than being kept in the dark but expected to follow orders.”

“And Harriet already said she would deal with the reveals when they happened.” Remus hummed, “Even if those ended up needing to be off her schedule.”
“You guys figure it out?” James asked, coming over to them. He glanced over at Fenrir who was still keeping quiet and pressing close to his father, “You alright Fenrir?” the wolf looked up at him with luminous eyes and gave a light woof.

Loki smiled, “We have decided, yes. Are you accompanying me in your snake forms or staying here.”

“We’ll stay here to get the Brigade ready to be a distraction tomorrow.” Sirius said.

James nodded, “We can’t do much at this time anyway.”

“Very well.” Loki said, he looked over to Sage, “Can you go back to your dorm and start defusing any rumors among the Hufflepuffs?”

“Yes mother.” Sage answered, moving off with Fenrir stuck to his side.

Loki nodded to the Marauders again before starting toward the door out of the antechamber.

“Brother! Wait!”

Loki sighed and walked over to where Thor’s cocoon was leaned against the wall, “What Thor?”

“You do not mean to leave me like this do you?” Thor demanded, wriggling in the cocoon.

“What would you have me do?” Loki asked, “Phoenix ice is unbreakable by all but the phoenix themselves and a fire phoenix.”

Thor frowned for a moment before perking up, “I saw one here earlier. Could you not ask it to let me out?”

On cue, Fawkes flew down from where he had been perching and landed gracefully on Loki’s
shoulder, careful not to hurt Jor in the process. Loki looked up at Fawkes with a small frown, “Fawkes will you break Harriet’s ice?” he asked, Fawkes shook his head without any hesitation.

“But Great Phoenix!” Thor spluttered, “I cannot remain here until the Lady Phoenix returns! Please release me.”

*Not a chance Godling.* came a voice from Fawkes, though his beak was closed. Loki cocked an eyebrow at Fawkes projection, surprised.

“Why not?” Thor asked petulantly, making Loki hide a sneer.

*The fledgling will not take kindly to me interfering with her protections.* Fawkes responded, *You are her flock mate and she has seen your presence in the realm we just visited as a danger to yourself. Thus she has wrapped you in her ice and has left you there for safety until she can ensure such herself.*

“But I can’t stay here! I need to eat and train and…what if I have to relieve myself.” Thor huffed.

Loki got the faintest edge of amusement from Fawkes, *Godling, do not think the protections of a phoenix so limited. The ice around you is made to sustain you until the fledgling is able to come and make sure you are safe with her own eyes. If you do not have someone bring you food, the ice will make sure you have the correct nutrients through its magic. Your muscles will remain as what they were before you entered the ice, no atrophying. And yes, if you have to relieve yourself, the ice will take care of that as well. The young fledging may not have much experience but she has done this correctly. I have something similar with a firestorm and I must say that the ice looks easier to maintain.*

“Fascinating.” Loki murmured, focusing on the ice around Thor even as he listened closely to Fawkes words.

“No Loki! Not fascinating! I cannot stay here!” Thor protested, starting to squirm again.

Loki rolled his eyes, “You most assuredly can. And will. Mother and I will be down here intermittently and I will make sure that you are moved into Salazar’s office. You will be fine.” He turned and started toward the door, “Thank you for the insight Fawkes.”
*You are quite welcome Chaos.* Fawkes trilled before launching himself from Loki’s shoulder and gliding back up toward the ceiling.

Loki turned back to Ligia for the conversation he was about to have and ascended the stairs from the antechamber to the common room. As she had many times before, Ligia was greeted by the entire house waiting for answers, gossiping among themselves in the interim.

Ligia moved over to Harriet’s chair by the fireplace, drawing eyes to her and making the house go silent as they awaited news.

“Good evening. I know that a few of you saw the arrival of a group in the antechamber tonight and others may have been in close enough proximity to a teacher’s office to hear the alarm go off to warn them of a magical flare near the wards. I am here to set the records on this event straight.” Ligia folded her hands together in front of her, “When returning to the castle earlier, Lady Slytherin and the Lords Prewett were attacked by a flock of ravens who carried with them a binding chain. They attempted to bind Lady Slytherin with this chain but our Lady was able to power past the pain of her core being scorched and summon a powerful object to shatter the chains. She then went to punish the one who sought to bind her before returning here and passing out from exhaustion and a wound to her magical core.”

The eyes around the room were wide with awe and Ligia took in the curiosity beneath it.

“Who is familiar with the Norse Pantheon?” Ligia asked, confused looks were traded around the room but many people raised their hands. Ligia nodded, “In light of the events of this evening I have opted to tell you a truth that you have been missing so that you can help us move more efficiently to help our Lady.” Ligia dropped her transformation, becoming the tall slender God she really was in seconds. “I am not actually Ligia Liesmith. I am Loki, God of Mischief and Chaos.” Gasps went around the room as the usually super controlled Slytherins gaped at the God in front of them. Loki’s lips quirked up in a smirk, “Lady Slytherin has saved me from a terrible fate and reunited me with my children,” he raised a hand to stroke Jor’s head, inciting a pleased hiss from him and awed recognition from the crowd, “for that I owe her an unpayable debt and yet all she has asked is that I consider her family. And so, as a good family should, I support her.”

Loki’s eyes moved around the room, “The one who sent ravens after our Lady this evening was Odin Allfather, the King of Asgard. That powerful object that Lady Slytherin summoned was actually the great hammer Mjolnir, Thor’s weapon. And it was Asgard that Lady Slytherin traveled to to bring down punishment. Where she ended up cutting off Odín’s arm and shattering Gungnir, the Allfather’s spear. She did all of this while her magical core was injured.” He took in the awed disbelief and decided that things were going well enough, “So now I ask you if you are truly willing to begin helping your Lady. To keep her safe as she recovers. To help us keep her from the harm Dumbledore would do if he found her in such a state.”
Loki had to fight his instinctual urge to smirk as the house went to their knees in front of him, “We are yours to command.”

Albus stood in the rain, among a field of dead ravens, trying to figure out just what the large magical disturbance had been. It had been large enough to set the wards blaring and all the teachers had scrambled to him to figure out what had happened before following him out toward the disturbance. They did not expect the storm that broke open over their heads on their way out and they certainly never entertained the thought of the hundreds of dead ravens that they found lying around in a thick ring.

“Headmaster, over here.” Minerva called out.

Dumbledore turned and made his way over to his Deputy who stood in the center of the bizarre circle of dead birds, his keen eyes searching the ground for a clue, “What is it Minerva?” He asked calmly, even though his brain was going a mile a minute trying to figure this new mystery out.

“Look.” The drenched professor directed as she carefully moved her foot across one section of wet grass. Silver pieces twinkled at the movement and Dumbledore’s eyebrows rose as he bent to examine it.

He waved his wand in an intricate pattern over the pieces before reaching down and picking up a shard, “It’s purified silver.” He noted, “Much like the kind used to bind phoenixes.” He frowned as he caught a blue tinge to the metal and cast another diagnostic spell on the piece before humming, “This one seems to have been made with an ice phoenix in mind.”

“An ice phoenix Albus?” Minerva asked with a gasp, “They are even more rare than fire phoenixes, there hasn’t been one sighted in years!”

“I am aware Minerva.” Albus said quietly, even as his mind was going to his still iced over office. He had been working around the ice for almost a year now and had no doubt in his mind that the ice was an ice phoenix’s after only Fawkes, that blasted bird, had been able to thaw the Sorting Hat. He leaned even further down with a frown, casting a quick charm to keep the rain from his eyes.

Moving quickly, he was able to catch a black hair that had been tangled in the grass. He conjured up a jar before putting the hair safely inside, repeating the process with several of the silver pieces and two of the ravens. Albus stood and looked around at the ravens and the now soaking wet professors,
“Alright, I have some things to examine. Let us return, dry ourselves, and check on the students. We need a head count as well to make sure that no students are still in Hogsmeade.”

“Right away Headmaster.” Several of the professors chorused before hurrying back toward the castle.

Dumbledore took one last look around the site to commit it to memory before banishing the bodies of the dead birds and starting the trek back to his office.

It wasn’t until he reached his office that he was stopped by someone calling out to him. Albus turned to find Professor Rani and her assistant Mr. Teener hurrying toward him with worried and confused looks, “Has something happened Headmaster? If the school under attack?”

Albus placed his hands behind his back and eyed the two in front of his, “Not that I am aware. There was a magical disturbance just outside the wards that was large enough to set off the wards.” He looked at the two over his glasses, “The protocol is for professors to come to me to see what caused this and to help defend the castle if need be. May I ask where you were?”

“Apologies Headmaster.” Frieda said, bowing her head slightly, “I was overseeing a detention and did not feel comfortable leaving the students in the room when I was alerted. Even now I have them secured in the classroom after the alert was silenced and I had a chance to put a protection ward around them.”

Dumbledore relaxed slightly, “I see. What students are those? I have sent the other Professors to take a headcount.”

“Harriet Potter, Fred and George Weasley, and Ligia and Sage Liesmith.” Frieda said, “They are waiting for me to go release them.”

Albus raised an eyebrow, “Harriet? She has spent the previous two years here without one detention, however you have given her two in a matter of weeks. Is there something she has done wrong?” he asked, putting on his grandfatherly façade.

Frieda let out an amused laugh, “Not necessarily Headmaster. She seems to disagree with a few of my views and while I am okay with such discussion in the classroom, her way of expressing disagreement was very disrespectful.”
“I see.” Albus said with a nod, “Very well. I have gathered some things from the site of the disturbance to study and see if we can find the source. You can go finish up your detentions.”

“Thank you Headmaster.” Frieda said, both her and Mr. Teener bowing slightly to him, “Have a good evening.”

Dumbledore nodded back to them before moving up into his office.

And right into a puddle of water.

Albus cursed colorfully when he saw that the ice was beginning to melt, water soaking into his carpets and furniture. Albus moved in a flurry to banish the water, trying to save many priceless texts and rare bits and bobs that he had stored, but the effort was slow as the ice seemed to be melting faster than he could banish it. He dropped into a chair, looking around his office that was slowly but surely turning into a waterpark.

This only added to the mystery, it was too much of a coincidence for the ice melting to have nothing to do with the magical disturbance. He pulled the many shrunken jars of evidence from his pocket and looked down at them, they held the answers he sought.

The squelch of a first edition copy of *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them* falling off of an unfrozen shelf made Albus wince.

First he needed to clean up his office.

As the storm raged on over the castle and night fell, Frigga checked her appearance before teleporting directly to Asgard, brushing through the wards of Hogwarts with ease.

Heimdall bowed low to her as she appeared precariously and daintily on the edge of the destroyed rainbow bridge. “Welcome home my Queen.” He rumbled.

Frigga looked at him with a blank face, taking in the deep bloody furrows that crossed his left eye, “You seem to have run afoul of something with wicked claws my dear Guardian.”
“Talons actually your majesty.” Heimdall said respectfully, “A fire phoenix of great strength.”

Frigga hummed dismissively as she focused on her next destination.

Teleporting into the healers wing she moved toward the ward set aside for the more common people of Asgard who were wounded. The relief she felt when the ward was empty was overwhelming. She had not completely trusted the word of this ‘Deadpool’ that the Sorcerer Supreme had brought in, so to see the empty ward for herself was a relief.

She crossed the hall to the warriors ward, this one was quite full but none seemed to have life threatening injuries. She walked over to one of the healers who was tending to Tyr’s wounds. “How is he?” she asked softly, making the poor woman jump in surprise.

“Your majesty!” the woman exclaimed, still managing a whisper in her shock. She looked back at General Tyr, processing Queen Frigga’s question, “He is stable but he is by far the worst of the bunch. The phoenix hit him pretty hard with Mjolnir.”

Frigga’s lips pressed together, knowing exactly why Tyr’s wounds were worse. “And the dead?”

“None your majesty.” The woman reported, “These wounds were only meant to incapacitate. Though I am not certain how the phoenix restrained herself after the terrible thing the King did..” she cut off with a squeak as she remembered who she was talking too, “I spoke out of turn. I apologize Queen Frigga.” She said solemnly.

Frigga smiled at the woman, “It is alright. You are quite correct that the King’s inappropriate reaction has caused this. The phoenix was able to hold back because, despite her anger, she is not one to punish those who are not at fault.” She stood and laid a hand on the healer’s shoulder before moving to leave.

“Your majesty.” The healer called, a little louder, enough to wake a few of the wounded warriors.

“Yes?” Frigga asked with a small smile.

“Will the phoenix attack again? Will our kidnapped Prince be alright?” the healer asked worriedly.
Frigga folded her hands in front of her and let her gaze slide around the room to the different eyes that were on her, “The phoenix will only attack if she, her flock, or her mates are attacked.” Frigga reassured, “As for our two Princes.” A few winced at the not so subtle reminder that they did indeed have two princes, not just the favored one, “It is a time to rejoice, they have been accepted into the flock of a powerful ice phoenix.”

Frigga left to several gasps of awe as she walked out of the ward then teleported over to the family wing of the palace.

She glided gracefully past the guards until she came to Odin’s bedchamber, where she could feel his presence tucked behind the grand gold doors. The guards bowed to her as she pushed open one door and slid in silently, walking over to the grand golden bed where Odin lay, wrapped in bandages with the shattered bits of Gungnir on the bed space beside him.

“Husband.” She called firmly, not even flinching when the man came up swinging a sword clumsily with his left arm, the only one he had left. She sidestepped and waited for him to register her presence, his one eye widening when he finally did so. “What. Have. You. Done.” She hissed shortly.

Odin gritted his teeth as he struggled to sit up, his injuries pulling. “Wife. I did not know you had returned.”

“I have returned momentarily to see if you have lost your grip on sanity.” Frigga said icily.

Odin sighed, “I admit that it was not the best plan...”

“It was far from just ‘not the best’! It was a disaster that endangered the lives of the entire realm!” Frigga snapped, “If the phoenix did not have such a strong moral compass our people would have been slaughtered for your ridiculous ‘plan’! Trying to bind a phoenix? With so little information and no viable reason behind it?”

“I had a reason wife.” Odin growled, “She is a threat to Asgard. If she has taken our sons into her flock then she can demand the realm! We would fall under such rule!”

“We may yet fall under yours!” Frigga returned angrily, “The phoenix already held a strong disdain for this realm because of what we put Loki through. She wanted no part in it. Most likely never planned to let Loki return either as she had not called for another show of trust from us since Fenrir
was returned. And then you tried to bind her. In front of her mates no less! How foolish has old age turned you?"

Frigga’s eyes moved over to the remains of Gungnir, “The phoenix would have been well in her rights to kill you this day and yet her consideration for her flock mates have saved you. You are still alive only because the phoenix has taken Thor into her flock.” Odin jolted but Frigga continued, “The punishment the phoenix has brought down on you is much too lenient and yet the way she has delivered may fill in the gaps of that.” Her hard eyes looked down at her husband with disgust, “Not only have you lost your arm and the most direct link to your power, you have also been exposed to the criticism of the people you endangered with your actions. Beyond that you are now alone, your family is now all with the phoenix you sought to bind. And yes,” she said at his sharp look, “that means me as well. You have been threatened already by the phoenix but let me offer another Odin Borson. If something were to happen to that phoenix that is found in any way connected to you, not only will the phoenix’s mates slaughter you before you can enjoy your victory, I and your sons will hold you down and help them do it.”

Frigga teleported back to Hogwarts without another word, her quiet dignified anger appeased for now.

The next morning Fred and George experienced something they hadn’t yet.

Waking up before Harriet.

They came to slowly but it wasn’t until their eyes opened and they looked for each other that they noticed that Harriet was still pressed between them, safe in their arms.

George sat up immediately but Fred just pulled her closer, “Lay back down.” He said with a sleep rough voice, “We don’t get to wake up with her often.”

“How often do we get to see her like this?” he asked, gesturing down at her peaceful face. The pain and stress had melted off of her face overnight and other than a little paleness there was no outward sign that she had fought Asgardians with a scorched magical core yesterday.

Fred tilted his head just enough to take in her face and smiled, “Adorable.” He admitted, George grinned at him.
They sat and enjoyed the view of their sleeping mate for several moments before George sighed softly and pulled out his wand. He began to run another diagnostic on her, muttering a soft curse when he saw that the scorch had not gotten any better.

“That can’t be an easy one to heal from.” Fred murmured, brushing his hand through Harri’s hair.

“This doesn’t happen often enough for treatment to be common knowledge.” George huffed.

Fred hummed, his eyes going a bit sad as he looked down at Harriet, “Does she not trust us?” he asked softly.

George winced, “I don’t think that’s it.” He muttered.

“She wouldn’t let us go with her to Asgard.” Fred said sadly.

“They’re a warrior race with hundreds of years of experience on them as well as super strength, we can’t even get a single hit in on Loki yet.” George offered, “As much as I hate to say it, she was probably doing that to keep us safe.”

“Logic.” Fred huffed childishly.

George snorted, “And it wasn’t like she was the one actively keeping us out. That was our animagi.”

Fred frowned as he propped himself up on an elbow, “Yeah, Mischief and Mayhem were the ones who closed the portal the second time and they blocked the first. You think it’s normal for the embodiment of left over magic to act that way?”

“Left over of our magic?” George asked, “Maybe.”

“No, the pranking Lee, definitely but this seemed…”

“different.” George ended with a nod, “They got their eyes glowing like the bond too. You don’t think?”
“Maybe?” Fred said, “But does she know?”

“No.” George answered, shaking his head, “She barely has them out other than to make the fake bond.”

Fred nodded, “And we do like the impossible.” He cocked his head, “Do you think we can talk to them?”

George raised his eyebrows, “Cheat codes?”

“On Harriet.” Fred said with a grin.

George grinned back, “Would definitely help. She needs a manual.”

Fred sat up all the way with a laugh, “Think we can call them?”

“How?” George asked, “Harriet’s got the broken connection.”

Fred frowned before smirking, “Oh great and powerful Mischief and Mayhem of the future!” he began dramatically.

George snorted, “Nice.”

Fred wiggled his eyebrows at his brother before continuing, “We seek your guidance so that we might better care for and protect our precious soulmate!”

The room was silent for almost a whole minute before George sighed, “Great, you offended them.”

Not a second later, brilliant orange fur popped into existence near Harriet’s head.
“Wicked.” The twins chorused with wide eyes as their fox selves ignored them in favor of nuzzling and licking Harriet’s pale cheeks.

Mischief was the first to look over at Fred and George, cocking his head and pulling off amusement surprisingly well for a fox. Mayhem joined him a second later, both sitting with their tails covering Harriet’s arm.

“So…questions now?” Fred asked awkwardly, Mischief let out a small bark affirmative.

“So how do you get her to stop running off without us?” George asked bluntly, Mayhem covered his nose with a paw in what was clearly a laugh, “Oi…it’s a legitimate question!” Mischief swatted at Mayhem with his tail as he reared up to sit on his back legs, his paws made a weird motion in the air before a StarkPad dropped out of seemingly nowhere. George frowned, “Isn’t that Harriet’s StarkPad? How did you get it out of her pocket dimension?”

Mischief quickly used his nose to unlock the StarkPad and open a note before beginning to type as well as he could with his nose. Fred and George scooted closer so they could see without too much trouble. As Mischief typed he missed letters or added an unneeded on but at the end no one could deny the words read, “Connected magic practice?” Fred guessed.

“Since our magic is connected we can reach into her pocket dimension?” George asked, Mischief nodded, “And the practice is pretty self-explanatory.”

“Now about the running off thing.” Fred prompted, Mayhem covered nose again and Fred rolled his eyes, “Yuck it up asshole.” Mayhem’s whiskers twitched and Fred snorted, “I know we’re the same person. I can be an asshole sometimes. Apparently it doesn’t go away.”

Mischief pulled away from the screen again and George read the words with a frown, “Run after? Run after her?” Mischief nodded, “We tried that. You blocked us. Because of Asgardians I assume.” The fox gave another nod.

Mayhem had pulled the pad over to him and was correcting the previous statement, “Run with?” Fred asked, “If we knew where she was running it wouldn’t be a problem.” Mayhem tapped his paw up on the first line, right on ‘connected’. Fred huffed, “She still forgets we’re not connected yet. So how do we fix that until we are?”

Mischief went to work at typing again before pushing the pad toward them, George huffed as he
read, “Stand closer. How’s that going to help?”

“She’s always between us. If we get any closer, she’ll be annoyed…right?” Fred asked. Mayhem shook his head and Mischief took the pad back and started typing as fast as his nose could go.

George looked down at the pad and frowned at the skipped and wrong letters, “More contact = stronger bond?” Mischief barked in the affirmative even as Mayhem stole the pad back and started typing his own message. “So the bond will strengthen with more contact, like contact will help heal her.” Mischief geckered, nosing Mayhem; George nodded, “And heal us.”

Fred took the StarkPad as Mayhem pushed it to him, he frowned at the longer message, “Dursleys… didn’t want her…only bad contact…touched starved…” Fred squinted at the jumbled letters, “I can’t read the rest…” he looked down at Mayhem whose ears were pinned back in annoyance, “Noses aren’t meant for typing.” Mayhem’s ear twitched.

George tilted the pad toward him and looked over the message, “The Dursleys, they were the people Dumbledore put her with and who abused her.” Mischief nodded solemnly, George continued, “I assuming when you met her the first time she was touch starved after only having negative human contact.” Mayhem chuffed his agreement, “So even without the touch strengthening the bond she doesn’t mind us being that close?” the foxes shook their heads.

“Well getting closer to her and touching her more definitely won’t be a problem but I still don’t see how that keeps her from running off into danger without us.” Fred huffed, Mischief dragged the StarkPad back over to him to start another message while Mayhem reared up on his haunches to pull something else from Harriet’s pocket dimension, a moment later her large file folder popped into existence between them. Mischief pushed the pad back over while Mayhem placed one paw on the top of the file folder.

“Take control?” George read with a frown, “I doubt she’d like us trying to control her.” Mischief snorted and shook his head quickly as Mayhem tapped his paw against the folder, “Her plans?”

“We won’t be able to do it like she would.” Fred said, Mayhem’s tail lashed as Mischief leaned down to hit a single button on the keyboard.

“Equal?” George asked with a frown, he glanced at Fred, “But we’re not. She has more knowledge and more magical power than we do right now.” Mischief and Mayhem shared a frustrated glance before looking back to their counterparts and flaring their eyes molten gold.
“The soulmate bond.” Fred guessed, “Our souls are equal.” The foxes gave a sharp nod and Fred huffed, “That doesn’t help us run Harriet’s growing empire! We don’t know how she does it!”

Mayhem huffed and pulled the StarkPad back over to him, he typed carefully with his nose for almost three whole minutes before pushing over the clearest message so far, *Not how she does it how we would do it.* It read. Fred and George read it quickly and when they looked up Mischief and Mayhem were pulling different files out of Harri’s file folder and spreading them around the bed.

“She won’t be mad if what we do ends up changing plans too much?” George asked with a frown, taking the first folder that Mischief pushed over to him. He opened it and found Harriet’s sample rune schemes to put around the Tesseract.

Mayhem huffed and nosed through the StarkPad until he could present them with the little clasped hands emoji. “Cooperation.” Fred deadpanned, “That doesn’t mean she’ll like us messing in her already made plans.”

Mayhem dropped dramatically against Mischief with a defeated whine, Mischief just pinned Fred and George with an unimpressed look. He dragged the StarkPad to him once again; this time he cleared the screen and began to draw carefully with his nose. When he was finished, Mischief and Mayhem stood up and gave their counterparts a hard glare before they turned back to Harriet. They nuzzled her lovingly before disappearing.

“Did…we just piss off ourselves?” Fred asked.

George huffed but reached for Harriet’s StarkPad where it lay. Pulling it to them, they looked down at the picture Mischief had drew. It was slightly shaky but there was no mistaking the shape. It was a triquetra with a circle around the outside.

“We’re doing this huh?” Fred asked, looking at the symbol. It seemed to resonate with him and his magic, he could feel the same from George

George nodded, “We’ll do what we can with her plans until she recovers.”

“Then stick closer to her after that so we can plan with her more.” Fred agreed.

They looked down at their sleeping mate, who seemed peaceful without any visible signs of her
magical wound. As they watched over her, all Fred and George could feel was rising protectiveness and the urge to push their way up so they could truly stand even with their mate.

Later that morning, Fred and George sat together in Salazar’s study, going over one of Harriet’s files and trying to ignore the irritation in the back of their minds at being away from Harriet when she was injured. They had set up a shield around her before booby trapping the entrance to the RoR and ordering Dobby to tell them if she began to wake up but they couldn’t get rid of that itch to be protecting her physically, even if logically they knew they had to plan to keep Dumbledore away from her while she recovered.

“Summoning people now are you?” Tonks laughed as she walked into the room, with a curious Steve following behind.

Fred and George looked up and gave her a grin that did not quite reach their eyes. “We’re soulmated to a Queen.”

“As her knights we are allowed to summon those”

“under her rule when her safety is in question.” They answered.

Steve’s focus went to them at that, his face drawn with worry, “Is she going to be alright?”

“We think so.” Fred said, “But we’re not experts in”

“wounds to one’s magic core, so we”

“don’t know when she’ll recover or”

“what to do to speed it along.”

Steve frowned and nodded, “I understand. Let me know if there is anything I can do.”
George smiled up at the blond, “Thanks Steve!.”

The Marauders were the next to join them, just having come in from their morning run with the Brigade. The dogs settled around them easily, clearly worn out by the morning workout. James approached the twins with a small smile, “How is she?”

“She’s not as exhausted looking but she’s still unconscious.” George sighed.

“I should think so.” Severus drawled as he swept into the study, with Lee and a very shell shocked and worried looking Neville following behind sedately. Fred and George looked over to the potions master and he continued, “Wounds to one’s core take a long time to heal and most go into an almost coma like state while the healing takes place. A scorch is not as bad as running herself completely dry but it could still take three weeks or more for her to heal enough to wake up.”

“Three weeks!” Fred exclaimed as George blanched, just leaving her side to come down here was leaving them antsy! They couldn’t imagine leaving her alone for the time it would take to keep up classes and socializing to keep suspicion off them. And they had made up a tentative plan for a couple days to keep Harri’s absence from being noticed but the thought of having to keep it up long term had their stomachs rolling and their magic shuddering.

Severus raised an unimpressed eyebrow, “What did you expect? Our magical cores are not made to take injury. When something is powerful enough to cause one, it takes time to heal from it.” He crossed his arms, “Do not tell me you do not have a plan. Harriet has spent much time bragging of your abilities like the love struck teenager she is.” His mouth twisted into an instinctive sneer as the sweet words passed his lips.

Fred and George blushed lightly and exchanged a glance, “We had a short term plan.” Fred started hesitantly.

“But we’re not sure how well it will hold up under long term scrutiny.” George finished.

“We also looked into some of the plans Harriet already had written down or started.” Fred continued.

“We should be able to move them along in her absence.”

Tonks grinned at them, “Do tell boys. Though I’ve got a pretty good guess of why you called me for
“Let’s wait for everyone else Tonks.” George said with a small smile.

It didn’t take too long for those in the room to be joined by Loki and his children, Luna and Bucky, and, finally, Frigga and a hesitant looking Arthur. The redheaded patriarch’s eyes shot to his sons immediately, assessing their health and wellbeing, before he moved on to the rest of the room, his gaze going uncertain at the Marauders but staying silent as he shadowed Frigga.

“Anyone else?” Tonks asked as Frigga and Arthur settled near the back of the room, content to watch the interaction of the closer group.

“I sent Strange a text this morning to bring Thor Chow.” Luna hummed, leaning into Bucky who was one armed as his regular arm was in Harriet’s pocket dimension.

“Thor Chow?” Sage snickered.

“Where is Thor?” Frigga asked, looking around the room.

“If you are talking about the large blond one in ice I can tell you.” Salazar said from his painting, eye went over to him curiously. “He was brought in her last night by a house elf but his cocoon toppled while he slept. His shouting disturbed Samarra’s sleep so she drug him out into the rain.” He chuckled, laughter filtered through the room.

Loki looked down to Jor who had curled around his upper arm today, “I approve of your girlfriend Jörmungandr.” The World Serpent gave a hissy laugh.

“Loki!” Frigga admonished gently through her own smile.

The God of Mischief smirked at his mother but waved a hand, making the Thor Burrito appeared on the floor in front of him. The blond god gasped and shook his wild and wet hair, making it stick up strangely, he looked up at Loki through rain soaked lashes, “Thank you brother!”

Loki rolled his eyes before hefting Thor upright and securing his cocoon to the wall with a sticking
charm, “Try not to irritate the two-ton basilisk next time Thor.”

The big puppy god pouted, “I fell over. I did not mean to disturb the Lady.”

The sparking of a portal announce Strange’s arrival and he came through with two large brown paper bags in his arms, a third being cradled by his cloak. “Sorry to keep you waiting. I got some weird looks at the checkout.”

Remus frowned at the bags as the Sorcerer put them down, closing his portal behind, “You didn’t get him dog food or something did you? Because that’s kind of harsh.”

Strange frowned at him, “Why would I buy Thor dog food?”

“Luna said Thor Chow.” Sirius pointed out, “I’ve only ever heard ‘chow’ behind ‘dog’ before so it’s not that big of a leap.”

Stephan rolled his eyes and leaned over the closest bag to pull out a small blue box that read ‘Poptarts’, “This is Thor Chow. You can blame Fred and George for the nickname if the story I heard was correct.”

Loki glanced over to the twins with a smile before looking back to Strange, “Do tell.”

“According to what I was told,” Stephan began as he opened the box and pulled out a shiny package, “Thor got hit in the face by some huge boulder creature and ended up shattering his jaw. It didn’t take long for him to heal with his healing factor but it was long enough for him to pout about being unable to eat hit poptarts. Natasha took his poptarts and blended them up with juice then helped him use a straw to drink it; then when he started to get better, just spoon fed the mashed up poptarts to him. Fred and George called it Thor Chow and that stuck.” Laughter went around the room, drawing some of the tension out.

“Why did you get so many?” Lee chuckled.

“You haven’t seen a lot of poptarts until you’ve seen the amount Tony or Harriet orders for Thor on a monthly basis.” Strange huffed as he pulled open the package and carefully jimmed one poptart out, “This will only last about a week.” He offered the poptart to the trapped Thor who eyed it warily, “Well? Go on.”
“What manner of food is it?” Thor asked.

Stephan smirked, “I once heard you call it the food of the Gods.”

Thor frowned but opened his mouth to accept a bite, he chewed slowly at first before his eyes widened and he quickly swallowed, “What is this grand Midgardian Confection?” he demanded, Luna giggled while Strange just rolled his eyes.

“These are poptarts. I started with blueberry because the one I remember being told was your favorite doesn’t exist at this point in time but this one was on the top five. I’ve got other flavors though.” Strange said as he moved more out of the package and offered it to the God again.

“Brilliant!” Thor blew out through his next bite making Loki roll his eyes and Severus turn away in disgust. “Another!” he demanded as he swallowed.

“Thor.” Frigga admonished as she stood, she walked over and gave Strange a grateful smile before taking over Thor’s feeding. Thor looked embarrassed but allowed his mother to feed him.

“Not that this isn’t A+ blackmail material,” James said, Thor pouted as Loki snickered, “but we do need to hear the twins’ plan to keep Harri safe while she’s healing. It’s what we came for.”

The focus all turned back to Fred and George who righted themselves and closed the different files they had been looking at on their laps. “Yes.” Fred started, clearing his throat, “We didn’t know that the scorch on Harriet’s magic would take so long to heal but”

“the original plan that we came up with for the short period of time will have to work for the long term as well because if Dumbledore discovers that Harriet is in a vulnerable state he will try to take advantage.”

“Which cannot happen.” Fred growled, everyone nodded in agreement. “That’s why we asked Tonks to come.”

Tonks bounced forward grinning, “I think I know this one!” her skin started to writhe, her whole body shifting as she lost a couple inches and her hair grew out long and wild, darkening to black as
her eyes turned a familiar green. Fred and George shifted uncomfortably and Steve frowned as the changes came to a halt.

She threw her hands up with a grin, “Ta da!” she exclaimed, Harriet’s voice coming from what seemed to be Harriet’s mouth.

“Yes.” George said shortly, “While she won’t be able to match Harriet’s magic, she should be able to match her appearance and behavior enough to fool Dumbledore. As long as she acts closely enough and no one gets close enough to examine her, no one will know that Harriet is gone.”

Fred tried not to focus on faux-Harriet as he continued, “We’ll need the Brigade out to run as much interference as possible to keep Dumbledore or Hermione or Ron from getting close enough or focusing on her too much to figure it out.”

“I can help with that.” Loki offered, bringing Fred and George’s eyes to him, “Last night I decided to tell the Slytherins as much of the truth as possible, revealing myself in the process. They have been, perhaps, a little overly curious about what I revealed to them but they are even more eager to be a part of the cause now. They have already begun making well rounded teams out of those who took the Remedial Defense Harriet taught. Helping to keep the focus off of the fake Harriet would be a good test run for them.”

Fred nodded slowly with a contemplating look as George hummed, “We could interspace the teams with the Brigade so Dumbledore’s attention is well and truly split.”

Severus gave the two an amused look, “That plan is not complete madness. I guess Harriet’s bragging wasn’t all talk.”

George smiled and Fred grinned up at the potions master, “How do you think we planned for pranks before Harri got here?” Loki chuckled and the Marauders nodded their agreement.

Steve gave the twins an encouraging look as he finally managed to drag his sad puppy eyes away from faux-Harri, “Anything else guys?”

They both nodded before looking over to Strange, “Do you think your cloak would help guard Tonks?”
Strange huffed as his cloak flew off his shoulders without hesitation, “Considering its for Harriet’s sake that would be a yes. My cloak is very much attached to your mate.”

Fred smirked at the cloak as it fluttered in front of them, “Thanks.” The cloak bowed, “Hermione is still after Harriet to try the Veritaserum after the failed attempt, if Luna is right then Dumbledore might have some evidence that Harri was at least at the attack site which will push them to try harder. Tonks doesn’t have Harri’s ability to fight off the truth serum so if you could watch over her that would be best.” The cloak snapped up in an unmistakable salute before floating over to wrap itself around faux-Harri’s shoulders.

George looked to Strange again, “We also don’t want to leave Harriet alone for long amounts of time. We’ll be with her at night, but if you could take the mornings that would be great.”

Stephan nodded, “I’ll do that, it will also allow me to track her healing.”

Fred looked over to Steve, “Can you take the afternoons?”

Steve frowned, “I don’t have a problem with that but I’m not sure how good I would be against magic.”

“Hopefully you won’t have to fight.” Fred said, “But if you do, last night in the memory where Harri, Thor, and Clint were trapped, Harri’s comment suggested that vibranium repels or contains magic so your shield should deflect spells.”

“Being a super soldier also give you an upper hand because if Bucky’s rescue taught us anything it’s that you have to use stronger spells against a super soldier and anyone you might go up against wouldn’t know that.” George continued.

Steve nodded slowly, “I’d like to test the shield theory but I’d be happy to take afternoon watch.”

“We can do that.” George agreed.

“Did we miss anything?” Fred asked, looking around.
Frigga cleared her throat lightly and everyone looked over to her, “If Dumbledore does have evidence of the young phoenixes presence at the attack site I may have tipped my hand. Last night when we went to find him he had already left the site. We told him that we had held you all in detention when the alarm went off.

“Depending on what the evidence is it could be played off.” Loki said, “He may ask Ligia if Harri was really in detention with her and that could throw his story at least a little off. If he goes after you too much we tip off one of the board supervisors about the shady behavior and hopefully get him kicked out of the castle.”

Fred and George nodded their agreement, “Wouldn’t even be that hard with the outbursts the supervisors have seen recently.” The twins gave another look around, “Anything else?”

Neville raised a shaky hand and blushed when the twins raised eyebrows at him, “Why-y is it st-still storming?”

“A storm made by Mjolnir can only be stopped by Mjolnir.” Thor rumbled in answer, “She may be continuing this storm for many reasons. A warning against those who would hurt the Lady Phoenix or mayhap the Lady Phoenix’s comfort or something different. Whatever her reason, she will only stop it if she is ready or her power is taken over by one who she lets wield her. As both of us are incapacitated you will have to wait out Mjolnir’s storm.”

Neville looked distraught, “But…all those plants! They could drown!” he jumped up with more energy than those present had ever seen and started out, “I need to find something to keep those poor things alive!” he disappeared up the stairs without another word.

Fred chuckled, “I think that means we’re done.”

With a plan of action in place they went out to meet their enemy head on.

Fred and George, of course, had the most difficult duties. Continuing Harriet’s plans already in motion and tentatively adding to one that she hadn’t yet started while also keeping up with school and working with Tonks in her Harriet disguise. And honestly it was the last one that was giving them the most trouble. They knew, and the magic knew, that their mate was hurting and vulnerable and yet here was this faux-Harriet right in front of them, acting just the slightest bit off from what normally would. They knew that it was likely due to the bond, rejecting the sight of the faux-Harri in front of them, but the small differences seemed glaring to them, even though Tonks was trying her best to keep the act up.
Without glasses tinted by a screaming soulmate bond, Tonks was actually doing quite well in her role as the fake Harriet. She went to classes and meals, talked with Harriet’s friends, carried the snake Marauders around on her shoulders, hissed at the snakes randomly in a relatively good impression of parseltongue, and slept in Harri’s dorm room. It was the interactions with Fred and George themselves that were the problem and, again, it was most likely because she was trying to pretend to be their soulmate which was impossible to replicate. Every time she stepped between them where Harri usually would be they tensed and whenever she brushed against them like she’d observed Harri doing, they flinched. Tonks understood of course, but it was still frustrating, especially when it messed up her performance enough for it to be brought into question.

Luckily the Snuffles Brigade and the Slytherins were doing their part wonderfully.

The Brigade had been set out full force on the castle and Dumbledore just as planned, on Halloween. Padfoot led them on the first charge, leaving Captain Snuffles with Tonks for her cover while he and the others went to place themselves around Dumbledore. The entire day they spent being just a fleeting glimpse of fur on the edge of the Headmaster’s vision, loudly clicking claws behind him, and happy barks that had him spinning around to find. By the time he saw the faux-Harriet that Halloween he was seething and had thrown another reversal at Captain Snuffles right in the middle of the Great Hall. Snuffles had yipped at the force of the spell but, of course, didn’t change, he just started to whimper pitifully and buried his head in the faux-Harri’s lap. This earned the Headmaster several strange looks from the students and staff and another pointed glare from the Board Supervisor. From then on, the Brigade used the first technique to mess with Dumbledore often, many times leading him down unused parts of the castle or getting him stuck in secret passage ways, it was great fun and helped keep Dumbledore out of the way.

The Slytherins were taking this chance to prove themselves to Loki and by extension, Harriet. They used all of their cunning and resourcefulness to draw the eyes of those who were watching to closely away from the faux-Harri. They did large (but tasteful, they were still Slytherins after all) pranks on different houses, subtly got others to fight one another to cause a ruckus, and brought attention on themselves with flashy but impressive spells that they had managed to learn. They were working together like they never had before, sure they had gotten closer under Harriet’s Reign but they had never really teamed up to create such large (but elegant, because seriously, purebloods here) distractions. It was truly a sight to behold and when Loki shared it with Salazar the man had beamed quite uncharacteristically.

Outside of the main plan to keep Dumbledore unaware of Harriet’s true state things were progressing as well.

As Fred and George had predicted, Hermione had tried to give the faux-Harriet Veritaserum. Despite Tonks’ efforts to evade the poofy hair witch, Hermione had managed to sneak up on her and nail her with three stunners, apparently not wanting to take chances this time. Unfortunately for the bookworm, faux-Harriet was not alone. Strange’s cloak flew down on her like a bat out of hell and
wrapped around her head, the girl had screamed and began to struggle but the cloak didn’t care. It dragged the writhing girl through the halls until it came to the Great Hall where the cloak flew Hermione up and stranded her on top of the points counter. Amid the screaming and the teachers shouts the Cloak of Levitation quickly made its escape into the shadows, making its way back to the faux-Harriet from there to take up its post.

Alice and Frank had finally found a bit of Bellatrix’s trail, which they had reported as passing through werewolf territory in northeastern England before heading unerringly toward Scotland. There were several dead bodies to the trail, a few tortured souls, and one hysterical granny who spoke of a wild woman stealing her pies before the trail had tapered off again. There wasn’t any doubt that Bella was heading toward Hogwarts though and the Prophet got wind of it soon enough, especially with the aurors only a few days behind Alice and Frank.

With the reports of Bellatrix’s destination of course, the dementor activity increased, leading to a couple scares. Faux-Harriet’s Care of Magical Creatures class was attacked by four dementors but luckily the Slytherins that the real Harriet had taught were able to drive them away, making them heroes and making sure that the Faux-Harri didn’t have to cast so that the wrong patronus wouldn’t give her away. Another attack had three younger Hufflepuffs and two Slytherins cornered outside of the greenhouses but luckily Neville was there to drive the two dementors away.

Because of the attacks, Fred and George had the Slytherins step up their training and with the help of Loki and Severus, got the entirety of the house into some kind of training. Those who were more violence prone trained with Loki and the twins in combat spells and dueling as well as magical stamina. Those who were more peacefully inclined went with Severus and, at times, Frigga to learn healing and support magics. Of course, everyone was required to learn the patronus now and though their resident expert was down for the count, they were making decent headway with the ones who had opted out before.

Speaking of headway, Fred and George were making a bit of it with their dad. They had watched their father closely after all that he’d managed to catch a glimpse of in the craziness of things. They knew that he wouldn’t go to Dumbledore, if Harriet was sure of that at least then they would believe it. What they were looking for was disapproval or disgust or…they didn’t know what. They just knew that if he seemed like a threat to their mate or themselves, after everything, potions or not, they would kick him to the curb. Fred and George found none of that, when they managed to catch him looking at them they saw pride. When their dad made eye contact intentionally they saw encouragement and acceptance. It was more than they had hoped for and with that in mind they had begun to speak to their father for the first time outside of class, just about small things but Fred and George were slowly growing more hopeful.

Now if only their wayward soulmate would wake up.

Harriet’s recovery, like Severus had explained, was slow going and it was hard on Fred and George.
They couldn’t get past the faux-Harri being around them all the time, even though they knew it was for the cover. Their only reprieve was in the evening when they could curl up around their mate and hold her tight, knowing that she was safe.

The scorch mark on her magical core was slowly disappearing from the diagnostic scan that George ran on her evening morning and every evening, but there was no outward sign that she was getting better until two weeks after the attack. She had spent those two weeks laying completely still, only moving if she was moved by someone; but that morning, when Fred had run his hands through her hair, she had nestled into the movement and sighed. It had taken Loki and a harsh reminder about Dumbledore to pry the twins away from her after that. That night she had curled into George when he lay next to her and purred softly when Fred had brushed her hair, they couldn’t stop smiling.

Still, the three weeks mark that Severus had estimated had come and passed and Harriet would still not wake up. The waiting game coupled with the constant storm was bringing their spirits low as time marched on.

It had been a month since Harriet had been attacked and the magical storm had still refused to let up, despite their efforts to talk to Mjolnir and Dumbledore and several Unspeakables tries to manually dispel the storm. Black Lake had long since overflowed her boundaries, only powerful charms and the efforts of the mermaids, centaurs, and Neville kept the rising water from effecting the plant and animal life or turning the grounds into a muddy hazard. Quidditch had also been postponed in the face of the storm.

The various games had been suspended in hopes that the dangerous storm would pass but now, after weeks of pleading by the different teams, the games were back on with the addition of extra safety charms.

This didn’t mean a certain team captain was happy.

The Gryffindor team leaned against the wall of the entrance tunnel and watched as their captain paced frantically in front of them, wringing his hands as he made a path with his worry.

“Calm down Oliver.” Fred said, “It’s just Hufflepuff. We’ll be fine.” He grunted as the faux-Harriet elbowed him.

“Calm down? CALM DOWN?!” Oliver shouted, thunder rumbled as if to accent his shout, “It doesn’t matter if it’s Hufflepuff! They have Cedric Diggory and we’re flying in shitty weather with our beaters off their game and an imposter seeker!” he snapped, jabbing an accusing finger at the
She froze, her eyes going wide while Fred and George tried to maintain innocent looks, “I’m…” the faux-Harri started but Katie snorted.

“If you’re Harriet Potter then I’m Draco Malfoy in a tutu.” Katie said, rolling her eyes and not noticing as the sounds of the storm stared to die down.

Angelina crossed her arms over her chest, “Honestly, we know the flying patterns and mannerisms of our teammate.”

“And you didn’t say anything?” George asked with a frown, the near constant rumble of thunder that had accompanied the last month had disappeared completely.

“You two didn’t seem to notice your girlfriend’s weird behavior so we thought you were playing a prank on us or you three got into a fight!” Alicia defended.

Oliver stopped his pacing and buried his face in his hands, “We’re going to have our asses handed to us by fluffy little badgers.” He moaned, “Could it get any more humiliating?”

“Hey!” the faux-Harriet protested.

The other team members rounded on her as Fred and George sighed in exasperation, Katie eyed the faux-Harriet, “Is she a Hufflepuff?!?” she demanded, said Hufflepuff was just realizing the loss of the sound of rain on the stands above.

“You replaced our star seeker with a Hufflepuff?!” Oliver shouted incredulously, “Really?!”

“Hey guys.” The faux-Harri started.

“If you switched our seeker with a Hufflepuff as a prank I’m going to skin you!” Katie shouted, ignoring her imposter teammate.

“Guys!” the faux-Harriet shouted.
“What!” Oliver snapped.

“The storms gone.” She noted shortly, frowning at the ceiling, like the stands would give them an answer.

They all shared a confused look and peeked out the front of the entrance tunnel; only to see that the clouds were clearing away much too quickly to be natural, letting the sun in for the first time in a month. People were starting the cheer at the occurrence, many happy enough to shoot sparks or confetti with their wands. The team drew back into the tunnel.

“How did that happen?” Oliver asked, even as Fred and George were sharing worried looks.

The faux-Harriet looked to the twins, “Did something happen?”

“We thought she was getting better.” Fred said softly with an unhappy shrug, he wanted to run back into the castle to find his mate.

“Wait…” Alicia jumped in, “There is actually something wrong with Harriet? And you replaced her with a Hufflepuff to…?”

George looked frustrated, “To keep Dumbledore from noticing and trying to find her while she was vulnerable.”

“And she had something to do with the storm?” Angelina questioned, Fred and George nodded.

“We should go check on her then!” Katie said, turning toward the back of the tunnel.

Oliver nodded as the group set off, Fred and George looking relieved, “We can say we forgot a bit of gear and run into the castle real quick to….”

They all came to a stop when the back tunnel flap opened to admit a lone figure in a red and gold Quidditch uniform.
A Firebolt was slung over relatively delicate shoulders and a sucker stick hung out of soft pink lips that soon drew back in a grin as vivid green eyes landed on the faux-Harriet among the team. A small hand plucked the sucker calmly out from between soft lips, “Well…” she said lightly, “one of us is gonna have to change.”

“Oh thank Merlin!” the faux-Harriet as her whole body began to pulsate and change. Soon Tonks was grinning down at the new figure, “Good to have you back Harriet!”

Harriet grinned at the metamorphmagus, “Good to be back Nym.”

“Harri!” Oliver, Katie, Angelina, and Alicia exclaimed, running forward to bury Harri in a group hug. Harriet laughed and hugged them back the best she could.

Oliver was practically crying as he got his hug, “Our glorious seeker! You’ve returned in time for Quidditch! I’ve trained you so well!”

Harriet snorted but managed to extract herself from the team after that, she moved around them and approached her mates, who had only stood gaping at her. She smiled up at them, love and pride radiating off of her as she took in her mates. When Strange had checked her over after waking up this morning he had given her an overview of what had been happening while she had been under and she could not be more proud of her mates or more grateful for the work they had put into keeping her plans from completely collapsing after she had been attacked. “George, Fred.” She greeted with a bright smile.

“Harriet.” They choked, their grips on their brooms loose as their shocked gazes locked onto their mate.

“You’ve done brilliantly.” She said, her eyes soft and filled with feelings for them. “Thank you for taking care of me and everyone else.”

With that the spell on the twins seemed to break and they rushed forward to pull Harriet into a tight hug, returning her to her proper place between them, feeling whole for the first time since the attack. “You’re awake.” Fred murmured into her hair.

“We were so worried.” George added, his face in her neck.
Harriet pushed as close as possible to them, “I’m sorry.”

The twins took one more moment to just hold their finally awake mate before pulling back and looking her over, “Are you alright?” Fred demanded.

“Should you be out here?” George asked.

“You just woke up! You shouldn’t be playing Quidditch.” Fred said, ignoring Oliver’s protest behind them.

Harri took their hands in hers and let her bright smile fall into a mischievous one, “I got Strange to check me out. Other than being a bit weak from so long asleep I’m fine. I just took a bunch of potions to give me enough energy to play this game. Can’t have us losing to badgers can I?” Fred and George grinned down at her.

“Yes!” Oliver exclaimed, “The important things in life! Thank you!”

Harriet turned around to smile at her team, cuddling back into Fred and George’s arms as they came up to hold her from behind. “We’ll win Oliver. Don’t worry.” Oliver and Katie cheered as Angelina and Alicia descended into laughter.

“Don’t think we’re not”

“going to talk about”

“this later dearest.” Fred and George said quietly in her ears.

Harri hummed her acknowledgement. “Of course. And I was being serious about the potions for the game. I’ll probably crash later.” She told them honestly.

“We’ll take care of you.” George said solemnly.
“Always.” The twins chorused.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes:
The triquetra with a circle around the outside is similar to the trinity knot but before you all get bet out of shape about using a 'religious' symbol, know that that this is used everywhere and has been passed through three or found religions so its pretty widely used and I think I can play with it without too much trouble.
Hello my pretties!! Happy five days til Halloween!

Now I know there was no chapter last week and that was not planned, but Dakota was being super picky about the end of this chapter. Still...since I've been getting a lot of frankly nasty PMs and comments lately, I have changed the update disclaimer to 'This will be updated weekly, hopefully Thursday but you know how that's been going.' I love you all and I'd really love to update exactly on Thursday each week but I have school, work, and family that also exist in this thing called life, yes I think about this story almost constantly now but unfortunately I don't have a brain wave to Word doc translator. If anyone wants to invent one to speed along these updates feel free, I have faith in you!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

After a month of waking up with Harriet tucked between them, Fred and George woke to the much more familiar lack of a mouthy witch sleeping between them. However, they did notice she hadn’t gone far.

“George.” Fred whined playfully, “She’s doing it again.”

“Leaving us behind.” George agreed with a pout, “Charging ahead without backup.”

Down at the foot of the bed, Harriet was going through a few yoga positions. She was currently standing on one foot, holding the other with one hand as the other arm was stretched out straight in front of her. Her green eyes had opened at the twins’ banter and she was looking at them with amusement, “I’m sorry, did you want to join me for yoga? At five in the morning?”

“Could have woke us up to watch.” Fred pouted as they moved their sleep heavy forms down to the end of the bed.

Harri winked at them, “Could always ask for pictures.”

“Not according to your dad.” George muttered.
Harri raised an eyebrow as she stood up before promptly folding herself in half, “I hardly think he would have a say in it.” Harri scoffed from between her shins.

“When the first Skeeter article came out and you sent us that letter, the Marauders sent us some pictures of you.” George said, swallowing hard as his gaze slid along Harriet’s toned back side, “Told us not to try anything funny with them because he had charmed them to do something terrible.”

Harriet slowly moved into a hand stand, allowing her muscles to fully stretch as she looked over to her practically salivating mates. “Well, we’ll just have to keep these ones a secret won’t we.” Fred let out a hum that just edged on a moan and George nodded quickly.

George cleared his throat, “What made you wake up and want to do yoga? And at five in the morning no less.”

Harriet looked up at him with a knowing smile, “Despite being asleep so long, since my magic was only wounded and not drained, Glacia was able to keep my muscles from atrophying. However, they are stiff and so is my magic, so I woke up and started my yoga routine. Yoga stretches both.”

Fred’s eyes scanned over Harriet’s form, “Does it?” he asked softly.

Harriet slowly moved herself back onto her feet and smiled at her mates who turned red at getting caught, “It does.” She said lightly with a small smile on her face.

“So you’re better then?” George asked, scooting back so Harriet could join them on the bed again.

“Much better.” Harriet said as she quickly pulled her hair up into a ponytail, keeping it in place with an easy bit of magic. “My muscles and magic will still be stiff for a couple days and for another week or so I’ll get tired pretty quickly if I’m casting or too active but other than that I’m fine.”

“It’s a good thing that the winter Holidays start in two weeks then.” Fred noted.

Harriet nodded, “Yes. Now, I ended up crashing earlier than expected yesterday after the match. Can you tell me what happened and what’s gone on since?”
George frowned, “You don’t know what happened?”

“I know I was attacked by Huginn and Muninn.” Harri said, “But after the binding chain latched onto me things start to go fuzzy. I remember Mjolnir showing up, then I must have gone to Asgard because I remember Thor and whole bunch of gold. Glacia took over at some point before I changed back and it felt like someone else took over my body to fight Odin.” Fred and George fidgeted, which Harri noted with a raised eyebrow but continued, “Then I remember… Wade? Showing up.” She frowned and cocked her head, “Mischief and Mayhem were out but I don’t remember calling them. I remember them eating Huginn and Muninn though. After that all I remember was breaking Gungnir, threatening to kill Odin, and then appearing back in the Chamber.”

“You also cut off Odin’s arm.” Fred coughed lightly.

Harri looked momentarily surprised before shrugging, “Could have been worse.”

“We expected you to kill him.” George stated.

“Frigga was surprised you didn’t too.” Fred said.

“I would have had the right to.” Harri said before leaning back to rest on her hands, “So what did I miss?”

“When you called down Mjolnir she gave you armor like Thor’s.” Fred started.

Harri wrinkled her nose, “Cape and everything?”

“Yes.” George chuckled, “Dobby has it now.”

“He can keep it. I’ve told Mjolnir before that my uniform is fine the way it is.”

“Yeah we saw.” Fred laughed, “When you came back and collapsed, Hogwarts made some huge pensive on the wall and Mjolnir provided some memories of you and Thor.”
“Oh Merlin, nothing embarrassing I hope.” Harri groaned.

“No, just showing how Thor became family to you.” George reassured with a small laugh.

Fred’s gaze softened a bit, “And we got to see you pregnant.” He said gently.

Harri’s eyes widened before she smiled, “Thor’s blessing?” the twins nodded, “Well at least Mjolnir was focusing on family moments. That was a pretty good day. Pregnancy hormones were in full effect.”

Fred reached over and pulled Harriet into his lap easily before kissing her, “You looked gorgeous.”

“You did.” George agreed, moving closer and kissing at Harri’s shoulder, “Carrying our son, all soft and happy.”

Harri’s smile brightened, “Pregnancy does agree with me.” Her eyes flashed with humor, “For the most part. You might not be saying this if Mjolnir had shown you one of my mood swings from that time.”

“We’ll love you no matter your mood.” George said.

“And your still gorgeous when you’re angry.” Fred continued.

Harriet let out a small huff, “Charmers.” She teased. Harri adjusted herself in Fred’s lap so she was a bit more comfortable and so she could see both of her mates, “Anything else I missed about the attack?”

“We don’t have all the details.” Fred scowled.

“Fawkes blocked Asgard off so we couldn’t follow you and when we tried to get to you with Strange’s help we were blocked too.” George continued unhappily.
“So we sent Wade after you. But he wasn’t exactly overflowing with answers.” Fred said, frustrated.

“He did tell us that you put a huge ice shard through Odin’s throne.” George offered, “And that you didn’t kill anyone.”

Harriet nodded, “Alright. And afterward?”

Fred and George exchanged uncertain looks before starting with what they thought may have been the most controversial. “Loki told the Slytherins who he was and exactly what happened in the attack.”

Harriet’s eyebrows shot up so fast that the twins thought they may fly off, “What, really?” Fred and George nodded hesitantly, “Didn’t expect that. Loki usually tries to keep information strictly controlled.”

“You’re not mad?” George ventured.

Harri cocked her head, “Why would I be? He didn’t tell them about the time travel did he?” Fred shook his head, “That’s all I really care about keeping secret.”

Fred nodded and George took her response as a sign to continue, “When we found out that you would be in a coma while you healed, we called Tonks come and play you so that Dumbledore wouldn’t be suspicious. The Snuffles Brigade and the Slytherins ran distractions so no one would be able to focus on Tonks long enough to figure out something was wrong. It’s been enough to keep Dumbledore running around, but we think he may know you were the magical disturbance that alerted the wards. Luna said he had found evidence.”

Harriet hummed, “Depending on what it is it may be able to be played off. With the holidays coming up though he’ll probably try to confront me before we leave, especially if Tonks was left alone for the most part.”

Fred nodded, “She was only really attacked once and that was Hermione trying with the Vertiserum again but Strange’s cloak took care of her. Dumbledore we’ve managed to keep off balance with the Brigade and the Slytherins alternating running interference.” He said.

Harriet nodded in understanding, “Alright.” Noting her face, George hesitantly summoned the files.
they had been working on from their things over in front of the fire place. Harri smiled when she saw her planning folders, “Did Loki teach you to get into my pocket dimension?”

“No.” George said slowly.

“Just a bit of dumb luck that we managed it.” Fred cut in easily. They had already agreed to keep Mischief and Mayhem’s level of consciousness to themselves for the time being, especially with how they had left things off with their older selves.

Harri hummed but nodded, “I’ll teach you the quickest way over break. That’s when it will be easiest to give you the full run down of what’s in there so you don’t accidently pull out a Chitauri weapon before we train with it.”

“So you’re not mad about this either?” Fred ventured this time, he glanced over at the folders, “We added some things in.”

Harriet pulled as far away as she could while still staying in Fred’s lap so she could give her mates a small frown, “Why would I be mad?” she repeated from earlier, she cocked her head at her mates before blinking and letting out a sigh. “Oh, sweet Morgana I’m losing my touch.” She took the folders from George and pulled him closer so she could wrap her arms around both her mates’ necks, letting their chins rest on either one of her shoulders as they wrapped their own arms around her waist, “How long have I missed you feeling like this?”

“Like what?” George muttered into her shoulder.

“Like I’m taking over.” Harri answered plainly, “Like I’m somehow more important than you. Like I’m your leader, not your mate.”

“You are our leader.” Fred answered softly, even as their grips on her tightened.

“We’d follow you anywhere.” George continued.

“And you are the most important person in our world.” They finished together.
Harriet’s heart ached, “My genius idiots.” She murmured, “You two are the most important people in my world. I would burn Yggdrasil to its roots if you asked me to.”

“Terrible prank.” Fred tried to joke as his and George’s magic surged at her declaration.

Harriet nuzzled into his shoulder, “All that would matter was that you found it funny.” She answered solemnly.

“You can’t just say things like that.” George choked, trying to sound calm.

Harri gave a light giggle, “Like a terrible rom com I know, but doesn’t make it any less true.” She pulled back to look at her mates with a serious gaze, “You are my soulmates, my partners in every sense of the word. You are not my subordinates. We are a team. Until you get experience built up and we complete the bond I will still probably be over protective and overbearing at times but that does not make you any less than me.”

“But we are.” George said weakly, anxiety flickering in his eyes, Fred’s gaze dropped, “You have so much incredible power, more than we do. And you’ve lived through so much. You’re confident enough not to need us.” He sagged in place, “We just…we just don’t see what exactly we bring to this bond.” He finished softly.

“Then I’ve failed you.” Harri said, the bond pulling and her magic reaching out to her mates. “I am so sorry.” She said mournfully, “I’ve never really had to explain this and it seems I’ve done a shit job if this is how you feel. If you don’t know exactly how much I would be lost without you two.” She bit her lip as she took in the twins’ bowed heads. “When I was growing up I was unwanted and beaten down, emotionally and physically. I was taught that I was worthless and a freak, that I should have died along with my parents, that no one could ever hold an interest in me let alone love me. As a result, I was quiet, shy, and hid myself in others expectations of me. When I came to the magic world it was no different. I was thrust into a world where I was both loved and hated by people for something that I couldn’t even remember. Everyone I met was more interested in my scar than me, my connection to Voldemort, the power I held, my fame.”

“Then I met two sassy little redheaded shits on a train.” Fred and George looked up a little and Harriet smiled softly at them, “They didn’t see my fame or my scar or my power. They seemed to find it funny if anything. Made light of it at every turn. Pranked anyone who got too pushy or cruel with the shy firsty. Took care of me when they found out I wasn’t eating during the holiday break because my fear and anxiety was more overwhelming than my hunger. They contradicted everything my relatives had been telling me and just…never left. Rescuing me from the Dursleys multiple times. Healing me. Teaching me my front of confidence and helping me develop my ‘inherent sass’.” That got small smiles out of Fred and George and Harriet’s smile grew, “I realized I had fallen in love with you when I was chosen for that bloody tournament and you guys helped me through my panic
attack before starting to scheme up ways for me to not only survive but win, like it was a given that I
would succeed. And in the second task it was your names were the ones the Goblet of Fire provided
under the criteria of who I would miss the most if they were to disappear.”

“In all honesty, you two would be better off without me.” She continued, her smile turning self-
deprecating. Fred and George’s eyes grew wide and they opened their mouths’ to protest but Harri
held up a hand. “No, don’t. It’s true.” She started to wring her hands together slowly, “My mental
state when I came into the magical world was less than ideal, then continuing on the publics opinion
of me flipped from day to day, so fast sometimes I thought I would get whiplash. I have no doubt
that if it wasn’t for you two I would have done something drastic to just get away from the pressure
and the ideas beaten into me since I was a fifteen month old.” Fred and George shared a stricken
look but Harri continued, “You two on the other hand. You are brilliant in your own right. You are
geniuses and fought your own way out of the shit treatment of your family. You pushed past
expectations on your own to go your own way. I will forever be grateful to the Fates who tied us
together and to you two for not rejecting me but it does not change the fact that you would have been
much better off without Undesirable Number One and her problems tied to you.”

“Harriet…” Fred started.

She let out a little sniff and shook her head, “As for the power,” she plowed on, “it is ours, not just
mine. It seems like so much because I have Glacia and my core from the last timeline on top of the
still growing one from this time line.” she pulled up a hand and her pointer finger took on a soft glow
as she began to draw midair. Fred and George’s magic started up a pleasant hum beneath their skin
as Harriet drew the same triquetra with a circle around the outside as Mischief had a month prior.
“I’ve told you that when our bond completes we will be able to share magic back and forth. There is
no limit to that. Our raw power can be transferred from one to another without any ill effect, I don’t
want to say we share a magic core because that isn’t entirely true, yet in a way it is. Soulmate magic
is something very complex that we never fully understood because we kept finding out new things
about it. But the take away is that my power is yours as well.”

“What is this symbol?” George asked softly, “It’s doodled in the margins of your plans too.” And it
was, they had found multiple little doodles of it with Harriet’s plans, interspaced with different paw
prints and little fox heads.

“Makes your magic hum doesn’t it?” Harri laughed lightly, “It’s ours. Three parts of a whole. Separate
yet intertwined. The three celestial bodies. The three Hallows of Death. Mind, Body, Soul. Earth,
Sea, Sky. Past, Present, Future. The Power of Three.” As she said this she traced over the triquetra
again, “The most balanced of the magical numbers.” Her finger went to the circle around the outside,
“Each one made whole and brought into balance by the presence of the other two.”

Harri dropped her hand, the shape disappearing, much to Fred and George’s disappointment. Harri
smiled at them, “Do you understand now? You are not my followers, not my subordinates; you’re
my mates, my partners. We’re a team and that isn’t going to change. I kept my plans to myself at first out of necessity but I’m never going to be mad at you just because you’re adding or changing things. We’re meant to work together.” The twins’ eyes were locked on her and Harri gazed back without hesitation, leaving her face open for Fred and George’s scrutiny. Finally, they relaxed and nodded with smiles, Harriet smiled back before pulling the folders back over to them, running her fingers along the stray bits of extra paper sticking out, “Then let’s go over things shall we?”

It was almost two hours before they ventured out from the Room of Requirement, completely shutting it off this time and allowing the room to go blank for the first time in a month. Harriet couldn’t have been prouder of her mates for stepping up like they did and the only real corrections they had needed to make to the plans that Fred and George had added on to was if there was a resource that they hadn’t known about that was available for them to use. Now, they were heading down to the Chamber so Harriet could catch up with everyone else for the first time since the attack, as yesterday Fred and George had swept her back to the safety of the RoR once the game once done and she had passed out soon after.

As they made it to the first floor, they came to a stop at the sound of Harriet’s name being called.

Fred and George moved closer to Harriet and discretely drew their wands behind her back as they turned to find Dumbledore approaching with a disgruntled looking Kingsley and Madame Bones. A glimmer of green on top of Madame Bones hat caught Harri’s eye and she quickly noted the familiar beetle’s presence. Harriet held herself loosely as she pasted on her innocent, shy mask. “Good morning Madame Bones, Kingsley.” Harri greeted sweetly, subtly jabbing Dumbledore by acknowledging him last, “Headmaster.”

“Good morning Miss Potter.” Amelia greeted, “I’m sorry we have to disturb you after such a spectacular game yesterday. I’m sure you are looking forward to a lazy day.”

“No rest for the wicked I’m afraid.” Harri said with a smile, “I was hoping to get some of my holiday homework hammered out before the break even started.”

“We’ll try to make this quick.” Madame Bones said with a small smile. “Headmaster? What did you need to speak with Miss Potter about?”

Dumbledore gritted his teeth angrily as he was ignored but quickly masked it when Amelia brought the conversation back to him. “Yes, as you may know, there was a magical disturbance almost a month ago at the edge of the school’s wards. I have been investigating it and have found evidence that you were there when it happened.”
Harriet frowned, “I was with Professor Rani sir.”

“We were with her too.” Fred interjected.

“In detention.” George continued.

Albus gave them a mocking smile, “I applaud your defense of your friend boys but I have evidence that says otherwise.” He looked back to Harriet, “I only wish to hear what happened. How the month long storm was created. Hogwarts could not survive a storm of the magnitude that easily again.”

“I don’t know what to tell you professor.” Harriet said, “I wasn’t completely aware of what happened until after the fact.”

“What is this evidence Headmaster?” Amelia asked, clearly annoyed to be dragged here for this.

Albus pursed his lips as he looked over to the Head of the DMLE, “Strands of her hair. In the center of the circle of dead ravens.”

Harriet snorted and covered her mouth with a faux blush as eyes went back to her, “I’m sorry. That was rude.” She brought her hand down, “But Headmaster, I don’t see how that proves anything.” She brought her hands up and ran them through her thick hair lightly, “As someone who has had thick hair my whole life I can tell you that it can shed worse than Snuffles sometimes.” She pulled her hands free and several hairs came out between her fingers easily, “We walked back from Hogsmeade through there earlier and I fly quite often due to my spot on the Quidditch team. Those could have fallen out any time.”

“I have to agree Headmaster.” Amelia said, “I had quite thick hair when I was younger and it did the same. Unless the scene was controlled and closed off I can’t take that as evidence and neither should you.”

“Perhaps a questioning would be in order.” Albus pushed.

“I think not!” Amelia exclaimed, as Harriet let her eyes widen in the picture of worry. “We have no reason to question her! She is not a suspect and you have no evidence to make her one!” Albus was trying very hard to hide his anger and Harriet had to bite her lip to keep from laughing at his effort. “Honestly,” Amelia continued, “this is almost as bad as you wanting to question her about her dog!”
“Snuffles?” Fred asked, “What’s wrong with him?”

“He’s been a great dog!” George said, “Most of the students love him!”

“You are the one who seems to have a problem with Snuffles.” Fred said looking over to Dumbledore, who narrowed his eyes slightly at him.

“Did you cast at that poor dog again Headmaster?” Amelia demanded.

“That is not a dog. It is Sirius Black. I must keep my students safe!” Dumbledore tried to reason. “Amelia, I’ve already told you about the empty gravesite I found at Azkaban.”

“It’s Madame Bones, Headmaster.” She bit out. “And I’ve already told you that, your unsanctioned trip to the prison aside, we don’t mark the graves of unclaimed prisoners! There is no way to know for certain that Black was absent from the site or not because the spot you dug up might not have been where he was buried at all! You have no evidence! For any of this! You are just attacking a poor animal who can’t defend himself from magic.”

Harriet looked up at Dumbledore with wide eyes, “I’m not sure why you don’t like my dog Headmaster. Snuffles wouldn’t hurt a fly.”

“He attacked a man in the middle of the street.” Albus huffed.

“The man was a drunk who was attacking a scared little girl and getting ready to attack Harriet.” George reminded Dumbledore.

The Headmaster’s gaze turned positively glacial as he looked to the twins, “Mr. and Mr. Weasley, this is no concern of yours.”

“We’re Prewetts.” The twins deadpanned in return.

Kingsley chuckled at their antics, “And I would think they’d have a vested interest in their girlfriend Albus.”
Dumbledore froze.

Harriet had to fight the urge to cackle at the look on Albus’ face. With the cat out of the bag, the twins sheathed their wands and each wrapped an arm around Harriet’s waist while she managed another blush to complete the picture. Fred and George looked on just this side of smug as they held her between them where everyone could see, already some of the students who had been too blind to what the Gryffindor Quidditch team already knew were passing and taking note of the scene with wide eyes.

It only took Kingsley a minute to notice her blush and the reactions of the student walking around them before he gave an embarrassed cough, “Oh…was that not…I mean…it’s really obvious.” He ended apologetically.

“Not to everyone.” Fred chuckled.

“Only the team has really picked up on it apparently.” George laughed.

Amelia gave them a kind smile, “Well you certainly make a lovely trio.”

“Thank you.” Harri said shyly.

“Headmaster do you have anything else?” Amelia asked sternly, “I’m sure these young lovebirds would like to go spend some time together and I won’t be summoned here every other day for your wild accusations.”

Albus’ eyes had lost their twinkle and he seemed to be barely suppressing his rage, “Yes, I do.” He said stiffly, clearly trying to get his masks back in order, “Miss Potter, I do hope that you plan to stay here in the castle over break. With Bellatrix Lestrange out there and us being uncertain about her true intentions, your safest place will here in the castle.”

“I’m sorry Headmaster but I plan to spend the holiday with the Longbottoms.” Harriet said with a smile, “It will be my first Christmas with a real family.” She poured on the puppy eyes for those passing and Amelia who visibly softened at her apparent innocent enthusiasm.
“And Bill promised we could go”

“over and see her on Christmas!” Fred and George said with big smiles.

“Also, I’ve been getting several strange owls from Gringotts about conquest rights.” Harri innocently, making Dumbledore’s jaw clench, “I plan to go ask them what that is all about over the break.”

Amelia’s eyebrows rose but she nodded, “That sounds like an excellent holiday. You three can go now. I hope you have a good day.”

“Thanks Madame Bones!” Fred said as he and George began to pull Harriet away from the adults.

“Nice to meet you!”

Harriet waved behind her with a wide innocent smile, “Bye!”

As soon as they were out of range of the adults Harriet broke out in giggles, “His face!”

Fred and George grinned at her, “Our best prank and it wasn’t even intentional!”

“I can’t wait to see how Ron reacts to this!” Fred snickered.

“Rita was on Amelia’s hat so everyone will know by dinner!” Harriet laughed brightly.

“Good.” Fred said smugly.

“Now everyone will know you’re ours.” George added triumphantly.

A giggle quite a bit airier than Harriet’s sounded nearby and they looked over to see Luna walking out of a nearby hall with Bash trotting at her feet. “Everyone should know already but they’re being
blind about it.” Luna hummed.

“Good morning Luna.” The trio chorused.

“Good morning.” She responded with a smile, Bash snorted at her feet.

Harri grinned down at him, “Good morning Buck.” The margay flicked his tail in greeting before settling on Luna’s feet where she had stopped. Harriet rolled her eyes and looked back to her little sister, “What’s up?”

“Before you go release the Thunderer a certain green giant needs some reassurance beyond the phone call you planned for the tie, hawk, and spider.” Luna said, holding out Harriet’s journal that connected with Bruce’s, “I’ve kept up communications but they felt the attack through the wrist bands and he’s forced himself into solitude because the big guy is trying to escape.”

Harriet took her journal and quickly opened to the end of the used pages, wincing when she saw Bruce’s handwriting where it had gone shaky from trying to force a worried Hulk down. “We’ll go see him.”

Luna nodded, “I’ll go let everyone know you’ll be a while.”

Harriet, Fred, and George moved off through the castle, finding one of the secluded corners that barely anyone knew about before Harriet gripped her Bruce Journal, aiming for its counterpart, Fred and George latched onto her and in a wave of blue flames they were off.

Landing, Fred and George looked around curiously, Harriet was unsurprised to find that they were in a thick wood near a tiny run down cabin that sat by a small creek. They all pulled their school robes tighter around them to keep away the chill before they started out.

“So we’re going to get to meet the Hulk finally?” Fred asked, zeroing in on the cabin as Harriet headed straight for it.

“Yep. He’s pretty big and really strong but once he knows you’re not a threat he’s a big teddy bear.” Harri said, “Bruce would argue but he’s still set on calling him a monster at this point. Took us forever to set him straight last time.”
“Are all of our family members stubborn and misguided then?” George asked with a huff.

“Basically.” Harri laughed, “They were really bad together when we first met them. Always arguing. Pretty vicious with each other too. They were one or two bad fights away from breaking up the team in some explosive manner, one that would have hurt a lot of innocents in the process. Took us a lot of work to shape them into an actual family but in the end it was worth it.” Fred and George nodded, their minds whirling with questions and ideas but not wanting to get started on anything as they finally made it to the door of the cabin.

Standing on the other side of the door, the twins tensed as they heard heavy rough breathing through the wood. “Has he already changed?” George asked softly as Harriet frowned and put her ear to the door.

“No, Bruce is fighting him. He’ll be green but not any bigger.” She whispered before looking up at Fred from her position, “You gave my bracelets to Sirius to watch over right?” he nodded, “Can you text him so he doesn’t try to show up when Bruce’s glows green?” Fred had his phone out halfway through her question. “Alright. I’m going to open the door, when he’s transformed I need you to take out a wall so he can get out easier. After that stay back so I can calm him down and introduce you properly.”

“Got it.” They chorused, whipping out their wands again.

Harriet opened the door and they were greeted by the sight of a very green Bruce sitting cross legged and trying to mediate in front of the small fireplace. His chest was heaving and the heavy gusty breaths that they had heard through the door seemed to echo now. Harriet moved forward confidently, “I see that you haven’t been following any of my advice.” She sighed loudly.

Bruce’s eyes shot open, flashing gamma green for an instant before he rasped, “Harriet?”

“Let him out.” She said flatly.

“No, he’ll…”

“Bruce I’ve heard all your excuses before but right now, he’s worried. He won’t go anywhere; his objective is standing in front of him. Now let him out.” Harriet repeated.
Bruce’s fever bright eyes flicked to Fred and George who were still standing by the door, “But…”

Harriet rolled her eyes and moved even closer to Bruce, he eyed her uncertainly as she crouched down in front of him and looked directly into his eyes. Bruce felt like she was looking past him and was proven right when she firmly ordered, “Hulk come here.”

Bruce’s eyes went wide and in the next second he was expanding, his muscles were bulging, veins throbbing. Of course Bruce tore right through his shirt but luckily he had managed to find yet another pair of miracle pants. Harriet backed up to give Hulk enough room as he stumbled to his feet, hunching over to keep from hitting the ceiling. “Sister Bluebird.” He rumbled, eyes locking on her.

Harriet grinned up at him and a second later heard the crack of wood exploding under bombardas. “Hey big guy. Let’s get out of this cramped space huh?” he let out a heavy breath but followed her as she led him out of the hole the twins had made in the wall. Once he was out he was able to stretch to his full height of just under nine feet, his joints popping in a way that made Fred and George cringe even as they were staring at him with wide eyes. Harriet was still smiling up at him, “There you go Hulk, much better right?”

The green giant didn’t answer, just hunched back down to inspect Harriet, “Sister Bluebird hurt?”

Harri shook her head, “Not anymore. I’m all better.”

Hulk tilted his head, “Who hurt?”

“Some asshole called Odin.” Harriet replied easily, walking over to him and climbing up onto his shoulder without hesitation.

“Hulk need smash?” he asked solemnly, like he was just going to pop off to Asgard without warning to do so.

Harriet laugh, “Nah big guy. I smashed him myself. If you ever come across him you’re welcome to give it a go though.”

Hulk gave her a wide grin, drawing himself up suddenly and jostling Harriet in the process, a faint
clink sounded as she regained her balance, “Hulk smash good. Puny Odin no match for Hulk.”

“You go get him Jolly Green!” came the cheer from nowhere, Harriet frowned at the familiar voice but it fell to the wayside as Hulk began to growl.

Harri blinked and found Hulk glaring down in front of him, she peered over his cliff of a shoulder to see Fred and George had come over. “It’s alright Hulk, they’re safe.”

“Hulk no smash?” he asked, eyeing the twins distrustfully.

“No. No smash. They’re my mates, my partners. They won’t hurt you.” Harriet reassured.

“Unless of course you hurt Harriet!” Fred offered, looking up at Hulk without fear.

“Yes, then get ready for a quite painful smashing!” George said.

Harriet felt the urge to face palm but was able to breathe a sigh of relief as Hulk dropped down on his backside, jolting her again, to frown at the twins.

“Only you маленькие братья.” Came yet another voice, this one sounded exasperated and Harriet gritted her teeth, wishing her growing insanity would stop with the Russian and allow her to focus.

“Hulk no hurt Bluebird. Sister Bluebird smash with Hulk. Hulk smash punys who hurt Bluebird.” The giant was saying or more scolding as he shook a giant green finger at Fred and George.

The twins were just grinning up at Hulk, nodding understandingly, “Then we should get along fine.” Fred said with a grin.

“Could definitely use some help keeping Bluebird out of trouble.” George chuckled. Harriet huffed lightly but couldn’t stop her smile at how easily her mates took to Hulk.

Hulk was nodding along with this seriously until he leaned closer to look the twins over, “Why same?”
“We’re twins.” Fred and George laughed.

“What twins?” Hulk asked, Fred and George blinked and Harriet giggled softly. It would seem that they would learn on the fly about how to explain things to Hulk.

When they finally got back to Hogwarts, the twins were more than comfortable with Hulk. Hulk was also quite taken with his new brothers and answered the questions they threw at him before asking some of his own, despite them being a little less complicated. Before he had went to sleep, Hulk made Harriet promise to bring Fred and George with her the next time he was out and she agreed without hesitation. Once Hulk was Bruce sized again and they were left with an exhausted, passed out scientist; Fred, George, and Harriet fixed up the cabin, called Dobby to have him bring Bruce food and supplies, and then put Bruce to bed.

Harriet flamed them directly into the Salazar’s office and was greeted by exaggerated cheers. The Marauders, Loki and his children, Lee, Neville, Luna, Bash, Steve, and Tonks were all down there and pulled her away from the safety of her mates to greet her enthusiastically. Harriet laughed and received hugs from most everyone, stealing her own from Loki and Jörmungandr who were trying to stand strong against the hug fest.

“Lady Phoenix! Lady Phoenix!” Thor called over the commotion, everyone did their best to ignore the thunder god that was currently stuck to the wall but after several minutes of his calls they parted around Harriet so he could see her. “Lady Phoenix! You have returned!” Thor boomed with a grin.

Harriet smiled, “Hello Thor. How have you been?” she asked sweetly.

“I have been encased in your ice!” he grumbled, “I have hardly had time to be much else other than what I was.” Loki’s lips twitched where he stood over by Fred and George who were watching this curiously.

“Yeah, well I had to make sure you were safe.” She said lightly, trying not to grin, “It is actually a nice little trick.” She walked forward and knocked at the ice that was over Thor’s chest.

“Aye, a grand thing, but no longer needed Lady Phoenix. The Great Phoenix said you have put me here to keep me safe. I am quite safe so you can release me.” Thor said eagerly.
Harriet tapped her chin thoughtfully, “I don’t know…” she drawled mischievously, turning her back to Thor and smirking at her mates and Loki who were trying not to laugh. “It may be for the best to keep you there.”

Thor spluttered, “Lady Phoenix! Please! I have been trapped here a whole moon!”

“Yes! But a moon where you were safe and protected!” Harriet cried dramatically, flinging herself against Steve whose smile just barely showed past his Captain-America-is-Disappointed-in-You™ face.

Thor gaped at her before trying to reason, “Mjolnir showed us the many great battles we went on together! Were those not glorious? How can we go on more while I am trapped?”

Harri sniffed but looked at him through the curtain of her hair, “I could always throw you at the enemies. My ice is indestructible so you would make a great battering ram.”

“No!” Thor shouted, his eyes wide, “Release me!” full on snickers were coming from Loki and the twins now, the Marauders were doing much better as they gripped each other’s arms tight in an attempt to hold it in.

Harri pouted, “It sounds like you want to leave.” She turned big tearful eyes on Steve, “Cap he wants to leave!”

“Only the ice!!” Thor said hastily, “I will stay! I only wish to leave the ice!”

Harriet turned the same big eyes on the thunder god, “You mean it?”

“Aye.” Thor rumbled, “Sorcerer Strange is bringing me more Poptarts. I wish…to be able to feed myself this time.” That’s where the room lost it, everyone breaking out into laughter as Thor hung his head in embarrassment and mumbled about mean tricksters. Harriet smiled at him fondly, coming over to him and tapping the ice on his chest gently. The cocoon shattered and Thor dropped to the ground, landing easily on his feet. “Thank you Lady Phoenix.”

Harriet smiled and pulled him into a hug, “Of course Thor.” He wrapped his arms around her and gave the bear hug that Harriet had missed so much from the previous timeline, “Welcome to the family.” She said softly.
That evening at dinner the Prophet released a special edition of the paper to announce the development in Harriet’s dating life. The twins couldn’t stop grinning once the paper arrived and took the announcement as an opportunity to French kiss Harriet right in the middle of the Great Hall; something that got them a mixture of wolf whistles, playful boos, calls to get a room, the furious stares of Ron and Dumbledore, and detentions. The trio took it all in stride, grinning at the jokes from the team while waiting for Ron to make his scene. Unfortunately, Hermione was there holding Ron back with a sour look of her own. Fred and George silently vowed to slowly wear Ron down until he exploded. The next morning, Fred and George got a Howler from their mother about them dating Harriet but before it could get the second sentence out, Fawkes burnt it to ashes.

Other than that the last two weeks until the Holiday break went rather well.

The second day after she woke, Harriet called Natasha, Clint, and Phil to tell them that she was awake and fine. Clint and Phil’s show of support came in the form of Clint offering to shoot out Odin’s other eye and Coulson musing over what paperwork they would need filed for said action. Natasha’s was much simpler and what Harriet appreciated most, she simply went straight into the recruits she was picking out for the new division, acknowledging that Harriet was ready to get back to work now that she was healed. The call did come with a bit of a warning from Coulson, who said that Fury was trying to get to a couple of her new potential agents so he would have eyes inside the special division. Natasha promised to keep her posted.

Harriet invited Frigga and Thor to the Castle for the Holidays and with it Fred and George invited their father. The man was almost in tears being invited home with his sons and they were pulled into a tight hug by their father despite their protests. Harriet was happy that they were getting this second chance with Arthur and her mates had told her that if this went well they would tell their dad all that was going on, something Harriet accepted with a smile.

The Slytherins were happy to have their Lady back. Harriet told them how proud she was that they had banded together and as an early Holiday gift for the snakes, moved Salazar’s portrait up into the common room. The poor Slytherins were already overwhelmed with a Lady who taught and took care of them and the God that she had saved and managed to get the loyalty of, so when Salazar was presented to them and gave his own praise for their hard work well…things got a bit strange in Slytherin house for a couple days. That first night, Severus ran his supply of calming draughts dry and the second day, a majority of the house could be found sitting on the floor in front of Salazar’s portrait like toddlers, listening to stories. Even still, Harriet, Salazar, and Loki made sure the Slytherins knew how proud they were and made a promise among themselves to correct the snakes if the more worshipful behavior wasn’t dialed back to normal after the Holidays.

The Brigade continued to run distractions on Dumbledore and the second time he lost it in the middle of the Great Hall, Harriet managed to get a picture with the help of Colin Creevey. Said picture was of Dumbledore sending a hex at Dread Pirate Snuffles and the dog burying its head in Harriet’s lap
after. The picture was front page news the next morning and Skeeter wrote a scathing report about Dumbledore and his hatred of dogs, subtly adding in that he saw Snuffles as an escaped convict before questioning his mental wellbeing.

Steve and Tonks had headed back to LeFay Castle with Strange, still training and working through the beginnings of their new Shield operation. Harriet had originally wanted to send Thor with them so he could get to know Steve and wouldn’t have to stay down in the dark Chamber but Loki had nipped that plan in the bud before it started. He simply turned his brother into the corgi form that Mjolnir showed them and gave Thor to their mother to sneak out for the Holidays. Harriet had rolled her eyes but conjured Thor’s puppy cape without too much trouble. Dumbledore was much too distracted with the Brigade to notice the arrival of another dog, especially since that one stayed in the Defense classroom.

Soon enough they were all boarding the Express and heading back to London for the Holiday break. Frigga, Arthur, and Thor would be joining them in a couple days once Frigga finished up her pre-break teaching duties.

Their arrival back home was hectic as usual but being away from enemy territory and being about to relax was enough to offset that.

Of course not ten minutes after Fred, George, and Harriet had collapsed on their bed to just relax in the quiet with each other, things just had to get complicated again.

“Lady LeFay.” Diana called sternly from the end of the bed, “You have an urgent letter that was just delivered through the wards by a strange house elf.”

“Sweet Merlin can’t people go two seconds without you.” Fred muttered into her shoulder.

“Apparently not.” Harri sighed, rubbing the bridge of her nose. She held up a hand, “Give it here Diana. See that the elf is escorted out of the wards completely, log its signature in case it returns.”

“Yes Lady LeFay.” Diana said, floating the letter over to her outstretched hand before disappearing.

“Whose it from?” George asked curiously, edging close enough to examine it with her as she turned the heavy ornate envelope in her hands.
“Hmm…it has the Black seal.” She noted, running a hand over the wax seal, “But I doubt it was Siri.” She broke the seal carefully and pulled out the single piece of thick parchment. Fred levered himself up on one arm to watch their reactions as Harriet and George read the missive. “It’s Andromeda and Narcissa.” She said in surprise, recognizing their names past all the pureblood titles that they tacked on to make the letter official.

“‘We humbly request an audience with the Great and Powerful Lady Slytherin.’” George read, “Can people request audiences with you?”

“She does have the throne room.” Fred chuckled.

“Multiple.” George laughed.

Harri hummed, “In theory they can.” She bit her lip, “It’s one of the bad things about taking over one of the Hogwarts houses as the Head. Technically they are aligned under the Slytherin name for however long they claim to be ‘a Slytherin’, family or not; it’s a shaky non-binding alliance and as the head of said alliance I have to take their interests into account.”

“To be able to do that they have to be able to brings their problems to you.” George said, nodding in understanding.

Fred titled his head, “Do you have to take it?”

“No, but if I don’t then it may create a rift.” Harriet said with another sigh, looking back to the missive, “Stupid politics.”

“Might as well get it over with then.” George nudged.

“And it would be better to know what they needed in case they act recklessly in the future and cause problems with our plans.” Fred added.

Harriet dropped the letter to her stomach with a small whine, “I’m on break, can’t people leave me alone?”
George chuckled and pulled her over into a kiss, “We’ll be with you.”

“And if they start with something ridiculous you can just kick them out.” Fred said happily.

Two hours later found Harriet and her mates in Slytherin Manor, waiting for Andromeda and Narcissa to arrive for their requested audience. Harriet was sitting on her throne in a cute, Slytherin green cocktail dress with her silver heels from the last time, with such short notice she didn’t bother with much else. Fred and George were standing on either side of her in their battle gear with their hoods up and, while they did have an ear out for potential danger, they were mostly glaring at the two lumps of red fur in Harriet’s lap.

When they had arrived at the Manor and Harriet had taken her seat, Mischief and Mayhem had popped into existence at her feet. Harri had been surprised momentarily before the foxes jumped into her lap and she began petting them happily, running her fingers through their fur and rubbing at their chests as they lounged over her lap. They seemed to be playing dumb for Harriet but whenever she would look away, Mischief and Mayhem would glare at their younger selves. Fred and George glared right back and, as they waited, took quick chances to draw Harri into kisses, making Mischief and Mayhem whip their tails back and forth unhappily. Harriet seemed oblivious, enjoying having the foxes out to cuddle and pet but also liking the affection Fred and George were showering her with.

Finally, an elf announced the arrival of Narcissa and Andromeda before they were escorted into the throne room. Fred and George took a step back to settle in their appropriate spots and Mischief and Mayhem rolled to their bellies to watch the two women approach warily.

“Lady Slytherin.” They said respectfully, dropping to their knees with their heads bowed.


“Thank you for granting us an audience on such short notice.” Andromeda said tightly.

Harriet inclined her head, “You’re welcome. State your business plainly, if it is important enough for you to formally ask for an audience then I doubt beating around the bush will get us very far.”

“Of course my Lady.” Narcissa said, “We have come to beg you to help our eldest sister.”
Harry’s eyebrows shot up and Mischief and Mayhem’s ears pinned back, “You came to ask me to help Bellatrix Lestrange?” Fred and George shifted subtly at the confirmation of who the two women were talking about, “The same Bellatrix Lestrange who is a fanatic of the Dark Lord I am prophesied to defeat? The Bellatrix Lestrange that tortured the Longbottoms into insanity? The one that recently escaped Azkaban?”

“Please Lady Slytherin,” Narcissa began, “she is of our house and we have heard from the current students that you would not put her out simply for her magical inclination.”

“How about for the fact that she willingly served Voldemort?” Harriet asked harshly, making both witches before her flinch.

“Lady Slytherin we have reason to believe that she did not serve him willingly!” Andromeda pleaded, Harriet simply raised a disbelieving eyebrow and Andromeda winced, “Not entirely at least.”

“Oh I’d love to hear this.” Harriet huffed, dropping her formality in her shock.

Narcissa dropped her head at the tone, “We understand that you are skeptical Lady Slytherin but our reasons are sound even if the proof does not come as easily.” They both went to their knees again and bowed their heads low, “Though the story is long we beg you to hear us out and at least consider helping our sister.”

Harriet clenched her jaw, eyeing the two prone women before her, her mind, memories, and instinct warring. Harriet felt her mates’ hands on her shoulders and Mischief and Mayhem nosed her knees. Harriet let out a sigh, “Very well, you’ll tell me your tale and I will decide how to proceed from there.” She picked up Mischief and Mayhem easily and stood, Fred and George coming to stand even with her, “Come, we’ll have some tea while we wait. We’ll need one more person for this meeting.”

Chapter End Notes

So...how'd it go?

Just to let everyone know...

I've written the first piece of smut for this universe. It is on Ao3 attached to the series.
Also, for those who are following the Remix of this story where the twins join Harriet back in time, the next chapter will be up tomorrow. It was supposed to be tonight but shit happened.

See you next time!!
Picking Up

Chapter Notes

This was always meant to be the set up for the second part of this year, thus small but packed full of information. When the unintentional hiatus happened I probably could have added a bit more fluff to the thing but it seemed to take the focus off what was important.

So here it is...

If you wanted to know what all was going on, Tumblr would be the best bet. I will answer pretty much anything on the This Gonna Be Good blog so feel free to ask me questions.

Harriet settled at the small table in one of Slytherin Manor’s many parlors, Fred and George sat next to her with Mischief and Mayhem perched on their shoulders, watching the two woman across from them with sharp eyes and flickering tails.

Narcissa and Andromeda held themselves stiffly as Harriet poured the tea, “May we ask who you wish to bring into this Lady Slytherin?”

Harri hummed lightly, “You both abandoned your married names for your birth name when you asked for the audience, even going so far as to use the Black Crest when sealing the letter. One of you even ignored your disownment and used the name anyway.” Andromeda winced. “As the Black Heiress, I would be remiss to discuss this…family matter, without the Lord of the House.”

“Lord Black.” Andromeda said uncertainly, “Wouldn’t that…”

Harriet set the teapot down a touch too firmly and fixed her eyes on the two woman, “As Heiress Black I’m also going to have to ask you to take a vow of silence on the identity of Lord Black until such a time as he takes his place in the Wizengamot.” She said seriously. The two women’s eyes darted over to the twins only to be met with four sets of serious brown eyes echoing Harriet’s ultimatum.

With no other choice, the two women pulled their wands and vowed to magic that they would keep the identity of the Black Lord a secret until he announced himself to the Wizengamot. Once they had done that Harriet sent her Patronus off to Sirius before sitting back to wait, her eyes locked eerily on the two older women in front of her. Fred and George were enjoying watching their mate break down the masks of the two purebloods in front of them with nothing more than her stare, the two
Blacks began to fidget under Harri’s stare and when they started to shift minutely, the twins took the
distraction as a chance to throw a couple spells at them discretely from under the table. Mischief and
Mayhem chuffed softly in their counterparts ears in approval. Harriet caught the actions and was
quick to hide her lips twitching behind her teacup, her eyes still glued to Narcissa and Andromeda.

It was five minutes later, when Andromeda had started to twitch under Harriet’s unrelenting gaze,
that Sirius walked into the room in a dramatic swirl of dress robes. Narcissa and Andromeda looked
to their cousin with thinly veiled relief, Harriet just smirked at her Godfather. Sirius’ eyes swept over
everyone, pausing only for a pair of moments when he found Mischief and Mayhem present. Finally,
his eyes landed on Harriet, “You called pup?’

Harriet inclined her head, “Family business apparently. It’s about Bella.”

Sirius’ eyebrows shot up but he dropped into a seat between Fred and Narcissa, “What about her?”
he looked to Narcissa and Andromeda, “She hasn’t contacted you has she?”

“No, she…” Narcissa began before she gave a sudden hiccup and a red bubble burst from her
mouth.

“Are you trying to lie to the person you’re asking to help you?” Fred asked, cocking an eyebrow.

“That wouldn’t be advisable.” George offered just as the bubble popped, “I think the muggle term is
‘three strikes and you’re out’.”

“Out,” Andromeda repeated warily as uneasiness became visible in Narcissa’s eyes.

“Best you don’t find out.” Fred offered unhelpfully. Harriet smirked as she crossed one leg delicately
over the other and continued to stare at the women.

Sirius huffed, “Really Andy? Cissa? That’s how you want to start this?”

Narcissa’s mouth pressed into a thin line, “Bellatrix owled a while ago but it was nonsense about the
Dark Lord and some insane rambling. It had no bearing on this conversation.” She said stiffly.
“If you want me to help her it absolutely had bearing on this conversation.” Harriet pointed out.

Sirius frowned, “Help Bella? I think she’s doing pretty well on her own, breaking out of Azkaban and all.”

“And making to get herself killed!” Andromeda snapped in frustration.

“By me.” Harri inserted, “Or the Longbottom’s, you know, the people she tortured into insanity along with her husband and his brother?” Narcissa winced and Harriet rolled her eyes, “If you’d like to get to the point, that would be great.” She set her tea down and cocked her head, “Why should I try to save her? The House she was in at school is nowhere near enough of a reason for me to do that.”

Andromeda set her shoulders and gave a short nod, “Bella was never what anyone would consider… normal. The Black Madness was always within easy reach for her and she wasn’t afraid to use it. But, while she was firmly dark oriented and share many of our beliefs, Bellatrix was never a fanatic about it like Arcturus and Walburga. She certainly was never a fan of the rising Dark Lord. Bella was never one for any authority figure, least of all, selfish ones who hid violent actions with pretty excuses when they were really just bloodthirsty.”

Narcissa picked up from there, “Bellatrix was wild and untamable. In her early years, she always talked about leaving Britain to explore dark arts that other magical societies had developed and hunting down a portrait of Morgana LeFay to learn from. She never wanted to stay with the family, never wanted to fight in the war. In fact, she tricked her way out of two of the marriage contracts set up for her originally.”

“I remember that,” Sirius muttered with a thoughtful frown.

Andromeda nodded, “And then all of a sudden she changed. Right after her sixth year. Suddenly her biggest aspiration was to be a Death Eater and she initiated her marriage contract to Rodulphus. The Black Madness was a constant, overwhelming presence within her rather than something she controlled. Bella became completely unhinged. She didn’t talk about traveling to find obscure Dark Arts anymore and her tendency for violence blew way out of proportion.”

“And you’ve only now come to a conclusion?” Harriet asked dryly.

“We came to a conclusion then!” Narcissa protested, her frustration winning out over her pureblood manners, “But we couldn’t do anything! With all of Bellatrix’s talk of leaving, all of the more powerful members of the Black family were firmly on the side of wanting her to stay. Especially
because of the power and potential she held. Bellatrix was one of the most prominent and promising Blacks, one that her parents and the Lord at the time were desperate to keep close. They tried for years to try and bring Bella’s focus back to the family but nothing worked. But in Bella’s sixth year was when she really started planning her trip away from Britain and then not a week after she came back from school, she changed.”

“The only conclusion we could come to was that they used one of the Black Binding rituals on her. It was too sudden and drastic for us to think it was anything else.” Andromeda said desperately, “The Bellatrix we grew up with would never have joined up with Voldemort and she certainly wouldn’t have given up her dream of devoting herself to the Dark Arts more fully.”

Narcissa sat forward with a plea clear in her eyes, it was terribly out of character but the Malfoy seemed desperate to convey the seriousness of this. “Please Lady Slytherin. I know there is no proof, only our own suspicions. I know you hold no love for my sister, I’m sure you have heard terrible things about her, but this is not her.”

Harriet’s lips pressed into a thin line and she clasped her hands together, “What would you have me do? Even if what you say is true? She and the Lestrange brothers tortured two people into insanity. Two people that are under my protection right now.”

Andromeda flinched but Narcissa took this question, “We understand. All that we ask is that you spare her. Draco seemed adamant that you had the ability to take the life of a threat and that you would follow through. If you do not wish to take her in, then please drop her back with the DMLE to be tried properly. We don’t wish to discount the suffering of the Longbottoms but we also don’t want to see our sister die.”

Harriet looked over to Sirius inquiringly; the twins’ spell had negated much of the need to have him here but if Harri recognized it correctly it would only react if what they were say wasn’t something they believed, like Veritaserum but with room to leave information out if you wished. Still, Harriet wanted to know if Sirius agreed with their assessment of Bellatrix prior to her sixth year and if the conclusion was a plausible one. Sirius was looking at his two cousins consideringly but he quickly looked over to Harri and gave her a small nod.

“Very well.” Harri said, “I will not kill Bellatrix without first checking to see if your conclusion is correct. If it isn’t, then she is too much of a danger to my family to keep around.”

Andromeda let out a gusty breath and Narcissa dipped her head, “I can accept that.”

“Good. My other condition is that I will allow the Longbottoms to make the decision of what to do
with her afterward if she was bound. They will decide if she is to go directly back into the hands of the DMLE or if we should take her in.” Harriet said seriously.

“We understand Lady Slytherin,” Andromeda said gravely.

Harriet gave a nod, “Then I believe this meeting is finished. We will owl you with any new information.”

When they returned to LeFay Castle, Harriet brought them into the sitting room of the Queen suite before sending her Patronus off to the three Longbottoms who should still be settling after getting Neville home from school. Harriet dropped onto the sitting room couch with a sigh and closed her eyes to rub her hands over her face. Mischief and Mayhem looked to their younger counterparts pointed looks before disappearing.

“That was weird,” Sirius commented, having caught the looks given by the foxes.

“What’s weird?” Harri asked, dropping her hands but leaving her eyes closed as she gave a tight sigh, “The fact that your cousins are actually making a bit of sense?”

“No, I meant…” he trailed off at Fred and George’s wild motions to keep silent, Sirius frowned but quickly changed his answer, “Yes, that.” Harriet opened her eyes and looked at him with a raised eyebrow, “I’m…going to go see if I can get anything on this subject out of my Mothers portrait.” Without another word, he popped away.

Harriet frowned but it quickly dissipated as Fred and George came to sit on either side of her, wrapping their arms around her comfortably, “So, are we going after her or”

“letting her come to us?”

“Depends on Frank and Alice really.” Harri hummed, “They were the victims. They get first say in this.” She adjusted so she could lean against George, “It will also depend on if she managed to recruit just Greyback or if she picked up others on the way too. If it’s just the two of them they will be easier to corral. If there are more we will have to take that into consideration.”

“Good point.” George mused, “If they have more than the two of them we’ll need to figure out if
they’re wolves too or if they’re just wizards.”

“If they’re wolves we can just send in Fenrir and watch them freak out.” Fred laughed, “Especially Greyback. Meeting his namesake could be quite…thrilling for him.”

Harriet giggled, “No, it gets better. Greyback took on Fenrir’s name after his change because the name he was born with wasn’t very ‘werewolf’ sounding.”

“Oh, do tell.” George grinned.

“He was born…Eugene!” Harri giggled and the twins’ burst into laughter.

“Oh, Merlin! Eugene the Werewolf!”

“No one would ever take him seriously!”

“Now Fenrir has to meet him!” Fred howled.

“It’s going to hilarious!”

The Longbottoms’ found them like that almost ten minutes later when they arrived. The trio of soulmates was trying to catch their breaths and regain their composure but it had yet to come.

Alice raised an eyebrow. “What’s going on here?”

“Eugene the Werewolf.” Fred managed to deadpan, sending all three of them into laughter again.

It took them another five minutes to calm down enough so they could speak properly, most of that spent frantically drawing air into their lungs.

“Done?” Frank chuckled as Neville fidget nervously beside him.
“For now.” George laughed.

Alice smiled at them, “Why did you call for us then?” she tapped a stack of folders she had come in with. “Did you want the potentials for the new division already? I’ve got them all looked over and even marked potential partners.”

Harri smiled as she took the folders from Alice, “Thank you, but that’s not why we called you.”

“You may want to sit down..” George warned, pointing to the group of chairs across from them.

“What’s this about then?” Frank asked warily as they all sat.

Harri sighed and set the folders aside, “Earlier I got an owl from Andromeda and Narcissa, they wanted to talk about Bellatrix.” All three Longbottoms tensed and Neville edged closer to his parents. “They wanted me to help her, not kill her, because they believe that her full out insanity stems from some sort of binding ritual that the Black Family put over her.”

“Did they have proof?” Alice asked stiffly.

“They didn’t.” Harri said, “Nothing other than their own memories of the time and the sudden change in their sister.” Harri folded her hands in her lap, “I told them I would honor their request on two conditions. First and foremost, if I cannot find a bind on her and the insanity is natural then I would kill her. Second, was that if she was really bound in such a way that was causing her insanity then I would allow you guys to decide what to do with her after she was free of the bind. Have her try to work for retribution here or send her directly to the DMLE for a fair trial.”

Alice looked torn and Frank’s jaw was working, Neville glanced between his parents and his friends uncertainly.

Harri smiled softly, “I don’t expect you to make a decision right away. This is a lot to take in. Sirius is currently over at the Black Townhouse to see if he can get any answers from his mother’s portrait. Please think about what you want, we’ll keep you updated on our findings. Either way, once we gather what we can we will be either going to get her or luring her to us. Alright?”
Frank gave a short, sharp nod, “We have a lot to think about it seems.” He said, voice almost robotic.

Harriet softened and she nodded with a small smile, “I’m sorry to dump it all on you but I didn’t want you to be in the dark about it.”

“Thank you for that at least.” Alice said graciously as she tugged Neville and Frank up from their chairs and walked out just as quickly as they had come.

Harriet dropped her head down onto the back of the sofa, “That could have gone better.”

“At least you were honest with them.” George soothed her.

“And you did actually give them a choice rather than deciding Bellatrix’s fate yourself.” Fred pointed out.

“Damn my saving people thing.” Harri mumbled.

George chuckled, “Aw, don’t say that. It’s one of the things we love about you.” Harri gave him a weak smile.

The Longbottoms’ were absent from dinner that night and all meals the next day. Harriet did make sure that they were eating after calling Diana but other than that she let them be to discuss amongst themselves. Alice may have been her god mother but she certainly didn’t know them well enough to be an important part of that discussion. To be honest, she was kind of leaning toward the Longbottoms sending her to the DMLE. Other than sticking her in the new division of Shield, Harri had nothing she really needed Bellatrix for and it was highly unlikely for her to form an instant connection with the older woman because of the role she had played in the last timeline. She had offered it as a consideration mostly out of habit, taking in strays is how Tony got things done after all.

The Bellatrix problem fell to the back burner when Sirius was only able to get vague bits from his mother, so they were looking through the Black Family Grimoires to see if any of the rituals would produce results like this while they waited out the Longbottoms decision.

In the meantime, they were preparing for the holidays.
Well…mostly.

Fred and George knew that the Marauders and their own older brothers were watching them closely these past couple days, they kept trying to get them alone but it hadn’t worked so far. Harriet was stuck to them like glue for the first couple days of break, enjoying not having to be so cautious now that they weren’t in school. The twins weren’t sure what the others wanted but judging by the worried looks they kept getting they didn’t think it was good.

Harriet finally parted from her mates a week into break. Thor, Frigga, and Arthur had arrived this morning after Dumbledore had delayed them at the school. Now, Loki and his children were giving them a tour of the castle. Harriet had grabbed Luna and had announced that they were going to work on gifts, leaving Fred and George alone with the vultures that were closing in fast.

“Fred, George.” Bill said steadily. The Marauders, Percy, and even Charlie were joining in the stare down, worry plastered on their faces.

“Hey guys.” George laughed uncertainly.

“What’s up with Mischief and Mayhem?” Charlie asked bluntly.

Remus sighed, “We were supposed to be subtle.”

“Subtle is for suckers.” Sirius muttered.

“What does that even mean?” The werewolf groaned.

Bill waved them off, “Later.” He looked to Fred and George, “They’re much too active to just be remnants.”

“How would you know?” Fred snapped defensively, “There aren’t exactly documented cases of a situation like Harriet’s.”
Charlie held up his hands soothingly, “Whoa there Fred, we’re worried, not angry. We just want to know if their dangerous and why you guys seem to be mad at them. They’re technically part of your magic after all.”

Fred and George blushed, “Actually, we think they are us.”

“Excuse me?” James spluttered.

“They talked us through how to help Harriet when she was first attacked.” Fred admitted.

“And before that they kept us out of Asgard.” George pointed out.

“So, like…” Bill started before he huffed, “No, wait, I’m lost. They’re your magic so they’re kind of you…”

“No,” George said with a wave of his hand, “We’re pretty sure it’s our souls that followed Harriet back. Literally us.”

Sirius’s eyes lit up in the beginning of comprehension, “And they’re what…giving you advice? Why would you be mad at them then?”

Their blush deepened, “They got to be petted by Harriet.” George whined slightly.

“And they think they know everything.” Fred pouted, “Just because they’re older.”

“Are you two seriously jealous of yourselves?” Percy asked incredulously, Fred and George snorted. “Oh Merlin you are!” Percy let out a short laugh.

“They just want their little soulmate to pet them.” Charlie teased, making the twins redden even further, if that was possible.

James chuckled, “Does Harriet know?” Fred and George jolted, “I assumed not when Pads said you waved at him to stop and not comment on it.”
“We don’t think she knows.” Fred started.

“We assumed she would have them out a lot more if she did.” George added.

“And you’re not going to bring it up with her?” James asked, “Why not?”

The twins shared a look, “Well, if she knows then we can’t get information from them about how best to take care of her.” Fred started slowly.

“Is that it?” James huffed, “Because as the only man in the room who has been married, I’ll tell you right now that hiding that stuff will come to bite you later when your bird finds out. I know she’s been having problems with remembering to tell you things because she’s used to the bond but she’s been trying. You’re not doing anything to keep that transparency going both ways.”

George rubbed at the back of his neck as they both dropped their heads to stare at the floor, “We…it’s just…”

“What if she’d rather have them.” Fred got out for them finally.

Bill frowned and Charlie gripped their shoulders protectively, “Has she ever made you feel like that?”


“Never.” Fred agreed, “But she should! They can stand equal to her! They have all the experience! They can protect her!”

“This is another reason you need to tell her.” Remus said seriously, “If you continue like this you’re going to get some very damaging self-hatred going on. From what I’ve been seeing you guys are doing brilliantly. Yeah you need a bit more experience but most of us do compared to Harriet. And do you think yourselves in the other timeline started like that? They had to train themselves too, from what Harriet told us they had to learn on the fly so you’ll likely be stronger simply by the merit that you chose to start so early. Understand?”
Fred and George nodded weakly, “Understood.” They mumbled.

“And you should really tell Harriet.” James repeated, “She might already know and you’re just beating yourselves up about nothing.”

“Promise you’ll tell her,” Percy demanded.

Fred and George exchanged a look, “We do still want to try to get a little bit of information out of them.” George said hesitantly.

Percy narrowed his eyes at them and Fred held up in hand quickly in a surrender, “We’ll tell her soon. Promise.”

Percy relaxed a little and nodded, “Good.”

Across the pond, Natasha and Clint watched as Fury finally crossed the line in his bid to have an inside eye in the new division. Natasha’s mouth pressed into a thin line and she pulled out her phone as Clint loaded painkiller into an empty tranq arrow, notching it with the unfortunate newbie in his sights.
A Partner Indeed, Part 1

Chapter Summary

I was going to wait until Dakota okayed the entire chapter but someone asked me for a treat now that they've finished their Biology final!! This is only like the first fourth of the chapter, which is way less than I wanted to put out but it was the best place to stop while I finished up the last changes.

If you want to know why there was a small hiatus...why aren't you on out tumblr? Bookmark the page or actually follow us, either way, you can ask questions and interact with me.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Alice moved from Potter Manor’s floo and headed for the ballroom where an elf had told her Harriet was at currently. She was grateful that the young leader hadn’t gone out shopping like her fathers believed, she was sure she would have lost her nerve if she had needed to search for the girl.

It had been almost a week since Harriet had informed them of Bellatrix situation and the entire week the Longbottom’s had been in turmoil. Alice’s first and aggressive reaction was to just kill Bella, suspected binding to her family’s will or not; after all, this was the woman who had put her and her husband into vegetative states what they would have still been in if it hadn’t been for Severus and who had made sure her son had grown up with his troll of a Grandmother. Luckily for Bellatrix, Alice’s sense of justice from her days as an auror had nagged at her and she had sat down to really talk it out with Frank. They both knew that Harriet would honor their decision and after the shock had died down they had pretty much settled on having her turned in to the Ministry.

Then Neville, her sweet Neville, had asked about the second choice Harriet had offered.

Neville hadn’t been completely thrilled with the news and had practically clung to Alice while she was raging in their family suite that Harri had provided for them, but despite his fear, Neville was looking ahead. Something the made Alice so proud and sad at the same time. Neville had quietly pointed out ways Bellatrix could be of use if she really wasn’t as crazy as she acted. Keeping the Slytherins in line, giving them insight into Voldemort and the Death Eaters, and even helping with their efforts going forward with her knowledge of rare and forgotten Dark Arts. Even under all of their anger at the woman, Alice and Frank couldn’t deny that she would be an asset to Harriet’s cause if they could get her onside and get past the reservations they had about her.

For Alice to even begin to think that way though she needed a sign that this was more than just a
crazy theory thrown out by desperate siblings. And surprisingly, she found it.

In a memory of when this whole trauma had begun.

Alice frowned when she entered Potter Manor’s ballroom to find it filled with photo equipment and clothes scattered everywhere, the room was filled with the sound of clicks and light laughter. Coming around the sheet that had been suspended magically from the ceiling Alice was surprised to find Harriet posing, with her broom in hand, in a skimpy version of her Quidditch uniform. Luna was snapping pictures at each new pose and Lily’s ghost was floating behind her in near hysterics as Harriet changed for each shot.

“Do I even want to know what’s going on here?” Alice asked suddenly, making Harriet jump in surprise and spin to face her.

“Alice! Don’t sneak up on me like that!” Harriet breathed, clutching her Firebolt to her.

“What’s all this?”

Lily’s laughter died off and she smiled at her friend, “James and the others gave the twins pictures of Harriet but charmed them so they couldn’t do anything inappropriate with them so Harri is making them pictures for Christmas.”

Alice’s eyebrows went up, “And you’re okay with this? You’re her mother.”

“I’m dead.” She said with a shrug, “Plus Harriet’s twenty-eight, if she wants to make her husbands pictures to wank to then that’s her decision.” Her smile turned into a grin, “Besides, I remember helping you with something similar for Frank.”

Alice rolled her eyes, “The poor man was too thick to take any of the hints I threw at him. I had to give him some way to get a release so he would stop being so tense.”

Harriet laughed, “I bet that went over well.”

“Definitely.” Alice snorted, “Should have seen the blush though.” She eyed Harriet’s outfit, “You
Harri looked down at her outfit before shrugging, “I’ve worn less. Fred and George bought me lingerie before and after seeing their reactions to it I got real confident. Plus, unless it’s scratchy or too tight it’s actually kind of freeing to walk around like this.”

“They’ll no doubt enjoy it.” Luna mused, snapping another picture of Harriet’s more comfortable position.

“Yeah, well we’d all three enjoy it if they weren’t so shy about exploring more.” Harriet huffed, “I’m not a nymphomaniac but seriously, I’ve been having these dreams—“

“Whoa!” Lily shouted, “I’m down for some in-depth talks with you but listening to that is a bit too far for mother and daughter!”

Harriet grinned, “Come on mum, it’s just sex. You told me you watched over me all my life, you’re going to try to tell me that you didn’t catch an eye full at some point.” Lily just buried her head in her hands in response.

Alice snorted, “Why haven’t you done anything Harriet?”

“We’re all three underage.” Harriet said bluntly, “I know most of their hesitation is guilt because my body is thirteen despite my mental age being twenty-eight. I’m not going to force them into sex just because my older brain is telling me I’m horny. It’s why I’ve let them set the pace for our physical contact instead of being all over them like I’m used to. I’ll respect their wishes and deal with my own issues internally. They’re not obligated to help me with that just because we’re soulmates.” She smirked, “Besides, I know how to take care of myself.” Lily let out a groan at that and Harri snickered. “Everyone does it mum.” She gave an exaggerated pout, “Stop shaming me. I could be doing worse to keep my mind off of it.”

Alice couldn’t keep herself from adding to Lily’s discomfort. “When do you even find the time? You’re so busy with everything and you hardly sleep alone between the snakes at Hogwarts and your mates when your home.”

“Big sister does take abnormally long showers.” Luna offered.
“Subject change!” Lily squeaked.

Harri laughed, “Alright mum, whatever you say.” She looked back to Alice with an amused smile, “What’s up?”

Alice sobered quickly, “We’ve come to a decision on Bellatrix.”

Harri’s eyebrows shot up, “So quickly? You know you could have had longer to think right?”

Alice shook her head, “We’ve…we’ve been doing a lot of thinking and discussing. At first, I wanted to just outright get rid of her. Then when I calmed down enough to think, I and Frank figured handing her over to the Ministry would be best.” She paused.

“And…” Harri prompted gently, she could see there was more just from the look on Alice’s face.

“Neville was in the room.” Alice blurted after a moment of struggling. Harriet and Lily both frowned while Luna nodded in understanding.

“He was in the room while you were talking or…” Lily began.

“No,” Alice sighed, “that night when the LeStranges came for us.” Alice took a fortifying breath, “Neville pointed out that Bella could be useful and we agreed by I couldn’t even begin to get past the attack that affected Neville so much without some sort of proof that she was truly being controlled in some way or tried to get out of it. Frank was…he thought we could give her a bit of a trial run and then if she wasn’t truly changed after the bind was cleared then we could turn her in but I couldn’t… I ended up trying to go back over my memories to find some redeeming factor in Bella that would help me move forward. I didn’t exactly interact with her much before the war so the only real memory I had of her was of the night and…Neville was there.”

Harriet set her broom down and came over to put a comforting hand on Alice’s shoulder at the auror tried to even out her breathing, “Take it easy, you can take your time.” Luna quietly began putting the camera away.

Alice gave her a grateful look before continuing, “Neville was there when they came for us. Bella… Bellatrix came in the room first; the brothers were securing the wards. Bella stunned us but I remember her…I remember her stopping when she saw Neville in the cradle. I was so scared that she was going to…” Alice swallowed hard but pushed along, “I was so scared she was going to kill him but she didn’t, she…her eyes glazed over and she pulled his blanket over his head. The brothers
came in right after that and she planted herself in front of the cradle. I don’t…I can’t remember anything after the pain started but…but I can only assume, since he wasn’t harmed, that she hid him and protected him from the Lestrange brothers.” Lily let out a soft gasp. “No matter what she did to us, she protected Neville. That was enough of a stepping stone for me.”

Harri blinked several times, surprised at the revelation, “Wow, so…did you tell Frank and Neville?”

“Frank only had pieces of it in his own memory before the haze took over but I borrowed your pensive to share my memory with Neville.” Alice said, she visibly steeled herself, “We’re all three in agreement, if you can clear her of the bind then you can bring her in.”

Harriet studied her Godmother for several seconds, seeing only sincerity in her eyes, before nodding, “Alright then. We’ll set up her capture and see what we can do from there.” Alice blew out a short breath, “We still need to figure out what ritual they used but we’ve narrowed it down to a list of the more likely ones. I’m going to try and get Walburga to talk with a few of the darker tricks that Sirius is overlooking in his bid to avoid his mother. If everything goes well, we’ll be able to get her settled before the break is over or just as school is getting back into swing.”

Alice sagged a bit, dropping her head down, “Alright, if you need help with it just-“

She was cut off by the ringing of Harriet’s cell phone.

Harri wince, “Sorry Alice it’s...”

Alice waved her off, “It’s not a problem. I know you have a whole bunch you’re working on. I need a moment anyway.”

Harri gave her a small smile before putting her phone to her ear, “Hello?”

“Does your protection against Fury extend past just us?”

“Hello, Natasha.” Harriet hummed, “Yes, it does, cyclops plays too fast and loose with all of his agent's lives. The only ones not under my protection are the Hydra assholes.”
“We’re ninety-five percent sure she’s not Hydra.”

Harriet sighed, “What’s he done and do I need to come over there and beat his ass?” Harri heard shifting on the other side of the phone that sounded much too close together, “Are you and Clint in a vent?”

“Fury has progressed to torturing someone into agreeing to spy on your division.” Natasha reported shortly, “They’re just a newbie. We tracked them down as soon as we got wind of it. Clint managed to hit her with a tranq arrow filled with morphine to stave off the pain.”

Harriet snapped her fingers and motioned to Dobby when he arrived, “Are you on the Helicarrier or at a base?” Alice looked over at her curiously as Dobby popped away.

“New York headquarters. Don’t come to the bracelets, there isn’t enough room for you in here.”

“Have Phil meet me at the front doors in ten.” Harriet heard Clint curse softly in the background.

“Make it five,” Natasha said before hanging up.

“Right.” Harri huffed, tossing her phone gently on the table next to her. “Sorry Alice, I have to go grab everyone to infiltrate a Shield base and rescue somebody. Steve and Bucky should…”

“Nope.” Luna piped up.

“Nope?” Harri questioned with a frown.

“It’s not time yet.” Luna said airily, “Bucky and I will be at Daddy’s house for Yule Break. I’ll send Steve with Tonks to meet Andromeda and to go visit Peggy.” She was out the door before Harriet could protest.

Harriet’s eyebrows shot up, “Alright then.” Dobby showed up with her mission clothes and Harri changed with a flick of her wand. “I’ll just go get Fred and George then, we shouldn't have any problem…”
“Actually Harriet.” Alice broke in, “Maybe you and I could do it. I need a bit of a work out to clear my mind.”

“Girls night?” Lily asked with a grin.

“Not sure how they would take ghosts mum.” Harri sighed before looking at Alice again, “And if this goes like I predict I’ll be crucioing somebody during this. Will you be able to handle that?”

Alice frowned, “Maybe wait until I get the person we’re rescuing out before you do that.”

Harriet nodded, “I can accept that.” She crossed her arms, “But you’ll be explaining to my mates why they weren’t called.”

Alice rolled her eyes as she transfigured one of the pieces of fabric on the floor into a cloak similar to Harriet’s, “Fine.”

Lily waved to them, “Have fun! I’ll be going back to Hogwarts to bother the goat now that I’m back.”

“See you later mum!” Harri called as she pocketed her phone, grabbed Alice, and flamed away.

As soon as Phil got the text from Natasha he swiftly made his way down to the entrance of the New York Base with their three go-bags. He was entirely on board with his agent’s decision to call the witch and if he was correct, they would be going with her when she departed. He had put up with a lot under Director Fury and some of it he agreed with, most of it actually, but this he didn’t. This he couldn’t condone.

He and his team were already close enough to the target to alert the Director of any pertinent information to begin with but the way that he had chosen to ‘recruit’ someone to this infiltration mission was wrong. Now, Phil wasn’t against torture in certain cases, lord knows he’s watched enough and even participated with some of Natasha’s, but it was not the way to go about recruiting someone to a cause. At least, not if you wanted that person to be loyal and truthful. Fury had allowed his hurt pride and his desperation to take away his common sense. Since the majority of the agents had already heard about the unpredictable and powerful witch through the grapevine, no one wanted to be the first to spy on her and find out the potential lengths of her wrath(their liberal use of the
shield cookie remains certainly kept the uncertainty alive). With that the Director had resorted to drastic measures that led to this.

Phil reached the front doors in enough time see two hooded figures sweep from an alley like an oncoming thunderstorm, their faces covered in shadow and their cloaks billowing behind them dramatically.

“Well this will be fun.” Phil muttered darkly.

Chapter End Notes

The last three-fourths will be posted tonight or tomorrow morning, depending on how fast I get the changes completed!!
I'M ALIVE!!!
No seriously guys, I'm sorry that this took so long. If you've been with me on tumblr you'll know that the past few months have been a shit show for me and my family with one thing after another just piling up. Now, I'm finally able to bring you the next chapter and I'm SO excited to be back!
Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“*Well this will be fun,*” Phil muttered darkly.

Despite this, Phil opened the door for the two figures obligingly and ushered them into the building, ignoring all of the curious stares they were getting from the agents that were milling around the entrance hall. “Welcome to Shield.” He greeted in his usual calm lilt as he began to lead them toward Fury’s location.

“*Hey, Phil.*” Came a familiar voice from beneath one of the hoods, “*Great day for a change isn’t it?*”

Coulson let his lips quirk a bit, “*It is.*” He looked discretely at the second figure, “*You seem a shadow short today.*”

A quiet laugh came from beneath the other hood, “*We decided this would be a girls trip.*”

“I see,” Phil said, he motioned the two into the closest empty elevator and it started its scent quickly.

“*Report,*” Harriet said shortly.

“We’ve been hearing rumors about Fury’s attempts at recruitment since just after your talk with him.” Phil began professionally, “They were initially harmless but he received a conference call from the WSC about the sudden dismantling of the nuclear weapons we owned that you put into motion. That is when we got passed the information and we came to discover the extent of things. We pinpointed the victim half an hour ago and The Widow made the executive decision to call you in on this after they made visual contact. Thus far I authorized Hawkeye to administer 10 mg/ml of morphine sulfate
to the victim via a modified tranquilizer arrow to alleviate the pain.” Glancing up at the moving numbers of the elevator, “The Director has also likely already noted our presence in the building and had time to prepare for your potential arrival. Likeliness of infiltrating his current location without encountering resistance is at 21.34%.”

“Thank you, Agent Coulson.” Harriet answered with amusement tinging her tone, “If we are sticking to field names my companion can be the Lioness.”

“Noted,” Phil said as they came to a stop and the doors slid open.

“Oh good.” The Lioness commented, “I was hoping to get some stress relief.”

Harriet stepped forward slightly to address the fully armored agents that were blocking the wide section of floor ahead of them, almost thirty in number. “I am the Queen, many of you may have heard of me in connection with the Black Widow and Hawkeye, with this knowledge I will allow you this one chance to surrender.” Surprisingly, only three opted to run and Phil noted them before pressing himself to the side of the elevator to allow the two witches to do their work.

Harriet rolled her eyes beneath the hood and gave a discrete motion to Alice before stepping forward.

As soon as Harriet stepped from the elevator, bullets flew. She put up a shield with a quick flick of her wand as Alice swept in front of her and threw out the first wave of stunners. Harriet pulled a gun from her pocket dimension and fired off at the few weak spots in the armor that would incapacitate the agents without harming them too much. By the time she was empty, the remaining fifteen seemed to understand their guns wouldn’t work against the magic shield. Eight retreated down a hallway that Harriet assumed Fury was down but seven seemed to want to try their luck further.

One threw a knife at them but Alice hit them with a body bind curse. Another two had electric batons similar to Natasha’s but Harriet used some well-aimed ice daggers to knock them away from the agents before stunning them. The last four seemed to think that charging the two witches was the way to go. Harri dropped the shield and met the first three agents head on while Alice swept around and met the fourth.

Alice, having less experience in the physical aspect, wasn’t fully prepared for the trained agent and took a fist to the face within seconds. She apparated to the side a moment after it hit and kicked at the back of the agent’s knee, dropping them to the ground. The agent hooked an arm back around Alice’s leg and yanked her to her back, knocking Alice’s breath from her in a whoosh. The agent dropped an elbow into Alice’s gut, making her grit her teeth and roll into a ball to try and alleviate the pain. Alice rolled once more to avoid a knife that was heading toward her, when she came to her
back again she kicked out, nailing the agent in the chest before apparating to her feet and behind the agent. Alice kicked the agent in the side of the head, dropping the agent all the way to the floor and then kicked them twice more in the stomach before seeing that they were still conscious, huffing, and shooting a stunner at them.

The clearing of a throat made Alice turn around.

Harriet was standing there with her three opponents stacked neatly in a pile and Phil had already moved to stand next to her. Alice was sure that Harriet was cocking an eyebrow under her hood and she was grateful for her own that covered her slight blush. “That was fun.” She commented lightly, trying not to sound winded. If she hadn’t known about Harriet’s time travel, the fact that Harriet could take down three people in the time it took her to take down one would really embarrass her.

“Bet you’re feeling better now.” Harriet hummed in amusement.

“Much, actually.”

Phil gave a short nod, “Shall we?”

With that, Harriet took the lead again, going down the hall that the agents had retreated into. Sure enough, the ones who had retreated were set defensively around a single door, guns at the ready. Harriet rolled her eyes and set another shield with a wave of her hand before she and Alice cast stunners and Petrifying spells at the agents in front of the door. Once the eight were down, they levitated them out of the way so they had a clear path to the door.

“You may want to step back Agent Coulson,” Alice advised as Harriet centered herself with the door.

Once Phil and Alice were out range, Harriet cast a Bombarda Maxima on the door and watched with satisfaction as the door exploded.

Harriet stepped in before the dust had a chance to settle, “Nicholas Joseph Fury! It would seem that you’ve been foolish enough to ignore the warning I so nicely gave you!” she announced dramatically as her eyes took in the room before her. It was a typical Shield interrogation room, gray and dreary with a camera mounted in the corner. In the center was a medical table where a body, completely littered with cuts and bruises, was strapped down. Next to the table was a small stand with a tray of utensils, some already bloodied and others waiting for use.
Fury was on the floor, where he had likely been thrown in the blast and he was looking up at her with his one-eyed glare. “Potter!” he snarled. Alice and Phil slipped into the room behind Harri as the dust cleared and Fury turned his glare to them.

Harriet snapped her fingers and his eye returned to her, “Out of everything we talked about last time, I thought the part about harming agents intentionally was the clearest part. Yet, I get this call and I hear about you torturing someone in an attempt to get an ear in my new division.” Harriet crouched down so she was eye to eye with Fury and pulled her hood off, “I didn’t peg you as stupid Fury.” The man reached for his gun and Harriet petrified him with a roll of her eyes, “I will deal with you in a minute.” Alice rushed over to the medical table while Harriet walked over to the far end of the room and looked up into the vent, “Phil seems confident you’re coming with me. One of you might want to go get Artemis.”

“Harriet,” Alice called, motioning her over to the table where she was carefully untlying the woman on it. “I recognize this woman. She was one of the more promising potential recruits. Jade Hoshimoto, I had actually marked her as one of Tonks’ potential future partners.” Harri looked down at the woman. She was rather on the lean side, with small but defined breasts and narrow hips. She also had auburn hair so dark that it was just edging on black and pale skin but Harriet couldn’t tell if the last was natural or just because of her current condition.

Harri began the diagnostic charm on the woman in front of her, Jade, to see if it would be safe to transport her. “Was she a front-runner? Widow and Hawkeye said she was a newbie.”

“She’s got some pretty murky history and some interesting afflictions; acute paranoia, a personality disorder, a couple psychoses; but she supposedly tested at the top of her class at FLETC and was able to get into the second level of active field agents here within a month of being hired.” Alice said, “I also suspect she is either a low-level mutant or a squib that is on the borderline because her file has several notes about strange happenings around her.”

Harri nodded as she looked at the results of the diagnostic, “She’s going to need some real healing up but nothing some potions and Strange can’t handle.”

“She’s safe for apparition then?” Alice asked.

Harri pursed her lips, “I’m going to put her into a coma before you do. A lot of those injuries are really bad. Even with the morphine, she’ll feel them going through apparating.” She directed her wand over Jade’s face and chest in the intricate pattern that coma’s required. “There you go. Fred should have the potions you need to fix her up but call Strange in for a consultation beforehand, potions and morphine can sometimes cause real problems if they’re put together.”
“Right.” Alice said, gripping Jade gently by the shoulders, “Will you be alright here?”

“She’s not alone,” Phil said, commenting for the first time since they had opened up the room. As if to prove the point, Natasha chose that moment to drop from the ceiling and assume a stance behind Harriet, who didn’t react to suddenly having one of the world’s deadliest spies right behind her.

“I’ll be fine.” Harri said, “It shouldn’t take that long to get my point across to Fury and the World Security Council.”

“It better not. I’m not sure how much of this place would survive if your mates came after you.” Alice said with a small laugh before apparating away with Jade’s comatose form.

Harri rolled her eyes but turned to Natasha, “Hey, how’s it going?”

Natasha relaxed the slightest bit, “Not too bad. You made great time.”

“Magic.” Harri said with a shrug, “Clint’s return path on the way to the Council Room?”

“It can be,” Phil answered shortly.

Harriet moved over to grab Fury’s limp form by the back of his jacket, “Cool, I think it’s time I set fools straight.”

“Are you not going to make good on your threat to Fury?” Natasha asked with a disproving look.

Harriet grinned back at her sister, “Oh I will. I figure I’ll just streamline the process and do a two for one. What the Lioness said was true, if my mates show up then HQ will burn.”

“I’d prefer if you didn’t allow that to happen,” Phil said as he and Natasha fell in behind Harri who had begun dragging Fury through the halls.
“Already a buzzkill huh Coulson?” Harriet snickered, “You’ll be the perfect Handler for our team!”

“Probably the only one that could survive it.” The redhead noted.

Harri laughed, “Yeah, you wouldn’t believe how many we went through.” She pushed through a door and started up the steps there, not bothering to levitate Fury as she went. “ Seriously, it was getting ridiculous.”

“Just what I always wanted, a group of superheroes to babysit.” Phil deadpanned.

Harri sent him a grin, “Dream come true right?” she continued up the stairs without pause, “Don’t worry Phil, we’re a family. As long as you keep your taser under control where the family is involved we should be fine.”

“It’s effective.” He pointed out and Harriet was certain the man would be pouting is he did not have such a phenomenal Slytherin Mask™.

“Be that as it may, we have some in our family who do not respond well to electrical impulses for a variety of reasons. There are other ways to get what you want in our family.” Harri said.

“Please tell me we’re not a mushy family,” Natasha muttered under her breath.

The phoenix sent her sister a sly smile, “On occasion. I was talking about bribery though.” Natasha snorted softly just as Harriet stopped on the second landing up to push open a door. She was greeted enthusiastically with a soft kree and Clint’s excited smile, “Hawkeye.” Harriet beamed.

“Your Majesty.” Clint grinned, “What’s this I hear about a sleepover?”

Harriet cocked her head cutely, “How else am I supposed to entice you to abandoned your work for my fairytale castle?”

Clint bounced in place, disturbing Artemis’ perch slightly, “We’re going to a Castle?” he asked excitedly, he looked to Natasha. “We’re going to a Castle Tasha!”
“You are such a child,” Natasha replied with a barely there fond look.

Harriet laughed, “We’ll head out once I set Fury and the Council straight.” Clint pouted but fell in behind Harriet as she continued, nudging Phil to the center of the formation.

Now that they were on the correct floor it took no time at all to reach the Holographic Projection Room, Harriet let herself in with the biometrics that she had Jarvis enter into the Shield systems. Harriet dropped Fury right in front of the six projection cylinders before heading over to the control panel to send out a request for the council members immediate presence. Phil, Natasha, and Clint moved to stand against a wall, giving them clear lines around the room.

After a few moments, Harriet let out a happy sound and flipped two switches before walking back over to the petrified Fury just as the holograms started to form in the projection cylinders.

“What is the meaning of this?” one of the men asked the second the last cylinder was filled.

Harri smiled, “Hello Council Members. How lovely to have you join us for this enlightening conversation. I’m sure you’ve heard of me by now. I am the Queen, Harriet Potter, and I have come to set some things straight with you and Shield’s beloved Director here.”

“You're the Queen?” a man hissed, Harri kept her temper in check as she recognized Alexander Peirce.

“Yes I am.” Harri said jovially, “I’m sure you’ve heard some wonderful things about me from Director Fury.”

“You’re a child!” Peirce snarled.

Harriet couldn’t help but at least be thankful that Fury had been smart enough to keep the time travel to himself. Harri cocked her head with an eerie smile, “What people see on the surface can be deceiving. Isn’t that right Councilman Peirce?” Peirce reared back in shock before he quickly schooled his expression.

“Why have you called us Miss Potter?” Another councilmember threw in, “This is the first contact
we have received from you and it seems you have captured Director Fury to do so. There was no contact after your company took over the other businesses that fund Shield, why have you decided to do so now?"

“Simple Councilman Yen, the Council’s overreaction to the dismantling of nearly all of Shield’s nuclear weapons caused Fury to take too much of a liberty with the life of a loyal Shield agent all in the name of spying on me.” Harri answered, “I did come here to make good on my promise to take offense to any intentional and malicious harm that was visited on Shield’s agents by Director Fury but I decided I needed to make my position clear to the Council as well while I was here.” She gave them a flat smile.

“You had no right to have those missiles decommissioned!”

“I had every right!” Harriet snapped back, her tone cold, “Not only do I and Stark Industries own them, even more so now that we hold the majority over you. I also happen to be one of the people who lives on this planet that would be destroyed if one of you trigger happy fools decided to fire one!”

“We need those!” another councilman tried to argue.

Harriet held up a hand to stop the oncoming rant, “I didn’t come here to listen to your tantrum about having your nuclear toys taken away. All I will say on the matter is that if I find you’ve had more made I will throw them into the sun and make s’mores in the flare while the financial support that the Vulpecula Conglomerate and Stark Industries provides you is stripped away completely.” Harri tilted her head and flicked her wand into her hand, “And that’s to say nothing of the individuals who ordered them made.” She gave the council an eerie smile, “I know you haven’t been able to find much on magic, so I thought I would give you a little demonstration on someone who has already ignored the warning I so generously gave him.”

With a controlled flick of her wand, Fury was released from his petrification and relaxed onto the floor with a slight groan. His one eye searched the room warily until Harri stepped into his line of sight and he tensed up once more.

Harriet bared her teeth in a vicious grin, “Fury, how nice of you to join us.” She purred, tilting her head toward the Council to make the Director aware of their audience. “The WSC is so very grateful that you ignored my warning so that they could see just what happens to those who ignore my warnings.”

“I left the strike team to their mission.” Fury gritted out, levering himself up slightly on his elbows, “I
“It’s pretty adorable that you think I only meant the strike team.” Harri laughed, “Especially after I had just finished explaining to you that I and my brother own Shield. We pay a majority of the agent’s checks, I’m pretty sure that can qualify them as my agents.” Harriet leaned closer to Fury, her eyes blazing, “And if you had done a fourth of what you did to the recruit to Black Widow or Hawkeye you’d be dead before the day was out.” She straightened back up and gave Fury a disdainful look as she leveled her wand at him, “So, this is your last warning. Next time I’ll start taking limbs.”

“Do your worst.” Fury growled before Harri could cast. “I’ve been tortured countless times and didn’t break. No fancy magic tricks are going to get to me.”

“Crucio.” Harri cast with a roll of her eyes.

As soon as the sickly red light impacted Fury’s chest he let out a choked scream, his entire body writhing painfully. Many council members visibly paled or startled at the tortured screams that were coming from the battle-hardened Director. Peirce, Harri was careful to not, merely looked interested. Natasha, Clint, and Phil all watched stoically.

Harri cut off the curse and circled around Fury, “The Cruciatus Curse should be an excellent deterrent for all of you idiots who I can practically hear thinking of ways to get rid of me or go around me.” She cast at Fury again, just a quick jolt to accent her point, “There is not getting ‘used to’ this curse. No blocking it out.” Another quick hit, “just unimaginable pain pouring through every nerve ending you have.”

Harriet sheathed her wand, letting Fury droop into a shivering mess on the floor, spit dripping from the sides of his mouth as his breaths came out in harsh gusts.

“I understand the place and use that torture has in this line of work.” Harriet conceded, “But it should never be used against a loyal member of our own organization. That will break what little trust and loyalty our own has for us and lead to more potential problems for our security.” Harri leaned down toward Fury and locked gazes with him, “You are the Director of this agency. I expect you to uphold the founding member’s ideals and values while you have this position, even if that means telling these idiots no sometimes.” She said, hooking a thumb at the Council. With that she straightened and looked to the Council once more, “And I expect you all, to remember that your position does not give you permission to use Shield as your personal attack dogs. I also want you to take a good long look at yourselves and just guess at how well you measure up to me.” She gave them a cocky smirk, “Because if you try to cross me, you’ll find very quickly that I could care less about a group of rich assholes who think that their money and minor government positions gives them the right to police the world.” She moved her hand subtly to the control panel, “Shield ran itself without the WSC at its
conception and it would run just as well, if not better, now, without it.”

With that Harriet cut off the Council’s connection and relaxed a little. She turned to her siblings with a big smile, “Ready to go then?”

“Yes!” Clint exclaimed, all hints of professionalism gone in an instant, “Castle time!” Harriet giggled as the trio of agents gathered around her.

“Potter,” Fury called roughly before she could flame them away.

Harriet looked back at the Director, finding him trying to struggle to his feet, “Shake it off Fury. I’ve recovered from the curse faster when I was fourteen.” She huffed.

Fury looked up at her with an unreadable expression, “May I,” Fury gritted out unhappily, “send things to your new division if they seem out of our normal agent’s league?”

“Aw, Fury!” Harriet cooed, “There may be hope for you yet! Of course, you can! We’re all part of the same agency. Cooperation in a necessity! I’ll get you a line to my division heads when I get back home!” she pulled up her flames around herself and the three agents, “Bye!”

Harriet dropped them right outside the infirmary doors; which, unfortunately for Harriet, were opened.

Strange and Frigga were working on Jade’s comatose form while Fred and George were interrogating Alice, both tense and gripping their wands tight. Thor, Loki, his children, and the Marauders all stood off to the side with various worried and curious looks on their faces. Arthur was fluttering right behind his sons worriedly, mostly about their current emotional state though, which Harriet wholly approved of.

James was the first one to see her.

“Harriet Rose Potter!” James exclaimed, drawing everyone’s attention to the door. James stomped right through the middle of Alice and the twins on his warpath to Harriet. “You are so grounded young lady!” Harri’s eyebrows rose even as she heard Clint snickering behind her, “Going off on a mission without backup!”
“James!” Alice exclaimed, running over to him, “I told you that I went with her! And I told you that it was my idea not to call anyone!”

James glared at Alice, “She should have known better!”

Harri rolled her eyes, “I had backup at all times.” She gestured to the newly arrived agents, “And if you listened, I’m sure Alice was telling you how I first wanted to grab everyone to completely shut the base down and then I wanted to come get Fred and George before Alice figured that she needed stress relief. Alice only left me once Natasha and Coulson were with me.”

“You’re still grounded.” James huffed.

“This is my castle.” Harriet snorted as she walked past her father to greet her worried mates, “You can’t ground me.”

James sputtered for several seconds as Fred and George checked Harriet over and pulled her into a few kisses. “I’ll…with hold your Potter Ladyship!”

Harriet pulled away from George to give her father an amused look, “I wish you would.” James’ jaw dropped, “Go find someone to make me little brothers and sisters with. I’ve already got too many titles but you can never have enough family.” James gaped like an unattractive fish even as Harriet lit up and waved Natasha and Clint into the room. “Speaking of family. This is Natasha and Clint! Part of ours!”

Loki’s eyebrows rose in interest and he met Natasha in the middle of her journey, “So you are the spider I have heard so much about.”

Natasha looked at him warily, her stance tense, “Maybe.”

Loki smiled at her, “Nothing bad, I assure you. Harriet has spoken much about your skills. I must say I look forward to both getting to know you and sparring with you.”

Natasha cocked her head slightly and her lips twitched, “You must be Loki then. Harriet has told me about you too. Said you would actually give me a challenge. I look forward to it.”
While the spider and the god were facing off, Clint and swept past them and made a beeline for Harriet and the twins, “So where is Captain America? I want to see Phil lose his shit for once!”

Harriet laughed, “Steve is off with his kinda-sorta girlfriend, meeting her mom. He probably won’t be back until after Christmas.”

Before Clint could comment on the easy teasing fodder, Thor came up on the little group and gave Clint one of his jarring back pats, “You must be the Eye of Hawk!” he boomed, “I’m pleased to meet you!”

“And you must be Thor.” Clint choked out as he regained his balance, “Nice to meet you too.” He looked up at his fellow blond and his eyes widened, “Harriet was right, you are big.”

Thor let loose a loud laugh, “Verily! Tis the mark of a fierce warrior!”

“Oh?” Clint asked, “That sounds interesting.”

“Harriet.” Strange interrupted, all eyes in the room turned to the two who were healing Jade. The recruit had already started to look better, with her skin pinking up a bit and all of the wounds being
healed into non-existence.

“How is she?” Harriet asked.

“She’ll be fine,” Frigga reassured her.

“Yes,” Strange agreed, “You can lift the magical coma and allow her natural sleep to continue healing.” Harri nodded and went over to Jade’s bed, she released the coma as gently as she could and watched carefully to make sure that the woman was able to relax into a deeper sleep.

“Excellent,” Harriet said, clapping her hands. “Now that, that is taken care of. I should get Clint, Natasha, and Phil settled in their rooms then we can have dinner!”

“Grounded kids go to bed without dinner,” James grumbled from the doorway where he was sulking. Half the room broke into laughter but Harri just rolled her eyes.

Later, after dinner had been eaten and everyone had settled, Harriet sat in her room, in Fred’s lap with George stretched out beside them as the three of them watched the live feed that was being shown on their TV above the mantle. The feed was of the American Ministry’s Holiday Ball, which Tony was currently attending on Pepper’s order. So naturally, since he was being forced, Tony called Harriet to complain.

“Tell me again why you’re not here tonight?” Tony huffed from the screen as he scanned the room again. They had a view from a headband that Tony had made up that was similar to the ones he gave to Harriet and the twins for battle, his was currently trying to be discreet though, so there were no hallow screens up at the moment.

“Until I get out of school I don’t have to attend these parties.” Harriet laughed, “Can’t blow my cover for some silly party.”

“Excuses, excuses.” Tony muttered, “Should have brought Friday with me.”

“Friday and Dummy are currently seeing what all they can shove into the blender, sir,” Jarvis informed Tony. Fred and George laughed while Tony just let out an exasperated sigh.
“Stop.” Harri called suddenly and the scanning of the room stopped on screen, “Do you see those people ahead of you?”

“The two teenagers surrounded by beautiful woman who look like supermodels but are clearly guards?” Tony asked.

“Yep, them.” Harri laughed, “That’s the Crown Prince and Princess of Wakanda.”

“Wakanda…where have I heard that name before?” Tony hummed.

“They are a currently closed off African Nation whose most precious and protected resource is their Vibranium sir,” Jarvis reported smartly.

“What are they doing at this magic party?” Tony asked.

“Wakanda, while closed off from the rest of the world, has fully integrated their magical and muggle citizens.” Harriet informed him, “It’s how their tech is so advanced.”

“So I’ll be stepping on their toes in two regards.” Tony put together, “Entering the magical-technology market and discovering a way to synthesize Vibranium. Should probably get some smoozing in.”

“Well that,” Harriet laughed, “And Shuri, the Princess, is budding engineer. You may be able to get a real conversation out of her instead of the rest who are just focusing on the fact that you’re a muggle.”

“Really now.” Tony drawled, starting forward confidently, “Anything I should know going in?”

“Her brother, T’Challa, will grow up to be Wakanda’s champion, the Black Panther. All members of the royal line go through vigorous training and have a panther animagus form, Shuri won’t have hers yet but T’Challa should. T’Challa is a bit broody and likes to give speeches off into the middle distance but Shuri is great.” Harriet offered, “The guards are Dora Milaje. They are the traditional Royal Guards. Primary weapons are spears, yes, they have them on them currently. Don’t let their dresses fool you, they will drop you before you can blink.” Tony nodded subtly, quiet as he started
his final approach, grabbing a drink from a passing server without missing a beat.

“Their whole family has the same animagus form?” George asked with a frown, “That’s not normal.”

“They worship Bast in Wakanda.” Harriet said, “They believe the royal family to be blessed by that Goddess with the form of a panther as a sign of their right to rule. I’m not sure what all goes into that but I do know that T’Challa and Shuri were integrated with the big cats at a young age and were trained, almost from birth, to act and think with the instincts and values of a panther. That will shape anyone.”

Fred snickered into Harriet’s shoulder, “Couldn’t imagine you as a doe dearest.”

Harri snorted, “I’m way too much of a fighter to have a doe as an animagus.”

On screen, Tony’s approach was detected by Dora Milaje and their shifting alerted the two royals within their protection. T’Challa, currently an eighteen-year-old who looked to be just outgrowing the baby fat in his cheeks, he also had the start of a beard on his rich chocolate colored cheeks but it stopped just on this side of peach fuzz. “Tony Stark.” T’Challa greeted, “How curious to find you at such an event. I have not known the American Ministry to invite mundane peoples to their gatherings.”

“Yes, well, when you’re adopted by a real-life Articuno, you’re given a bit of a free pass.” Tony returned.


A sudden soft click drew the trio of soulmates eyes over to the entrance to their room in just enough time to see Clint slide from the fake ventilation shaft. He landed on the floor with a light whump and grinned at them. Before he could say anything, a slender pair of legs slid out of the vent and nudged him out of the way. Natasha dropped right next to Clint without a sound and looked on the trio on the bed with a delicate eyebrow raised.

Harriet smiled at them before looking back to the screen, “We’ve gotta go Tony. Remember, don’t start a war with Wakanda and Shuri is the fun one! Have a good night!” there was a subtle up and down motion on the screen as Tony continued to speak to the royal siblings before the feed cut out and the TV shut off. “Hey, guys.” Harri greeted Clint and Natasha.
“Do you make a habit out of crawling out of vents in people’s bedrooms?” Fred asked, settling his chin on Harriet’s shoulder.

“Yes.” Natasha deadpanned while Clint gave them a wild grin.

“The vents are my domain!” Clint laughed dramatically.

“He’s the only reason they’re in the castle.” Harriet pointed out, “And yes, the stalker thing is an issue.” She glanced between Fred and George, “I know I’ve touched on our family’s lack of boundaries before.”

“I’m not a stalker.” Clint pouted, “I’m a vent guardian!”

“It sounds like the same thing.” George snickered.

“It is,” Natasha replied.

Harriet giggled and motioned the two assassins over to sit on the end of the bed, “So what’s up?”

“We haven’t had a chance to talk a lot face to face,” Clint said as they perched on the edge of the bed. “Dinner was too hectic for it, especially with your Godfather trying to flirt with Natasha.”

Fred snickered into Harri’s shoulder but she just smiled at her sister, “I just ask that you don’t kill him, Tasha.”

“That I can do.” The Widow conceded, an eerie smile on her face.

Clint sat forward eagerly, looking like a puppy as he focused on Harriet. “So what was this that Thor was saying about memories after the attack?”

“Mjolnir showed us some of Harriet’s memories of Thor from the last timeline,” George explained
“Can we do that?” Clint asked, bouncing a little in place with a huge grin on his face.

Harriet pouted, “You’d rather watch it instead of just talking to me?” she drooped back into Fred dramatically, “I’m hurt, Clint.”

The archer simply widened his eyes and blinked slowly at her, “Please.” He whined.

Harriet summoned a pillow to her hand and wacked at Clint’s face, “You’re ridiculous.”

Clint laughed and took the pillow as he leaned back, “That’s not a no!” Harri rolled her eyes but snapped for an elf.

“How come his puppy dog eyes work on you?” George groused as he sat up.

Harri hummed a little as an elf came in with a courtroom pensive, “I was immune to your guys’ puppy eyes when we first met and that didn’t change until you got your animagus forms.” Fred and George exchanged a glance, “Clint just wouldn’t have stopped bothering me about it until I gave in.” Harriet finished.

“Yup!” the archer chirped as he moved on the bed to face the pensive where it sat at the side of the bed.

“So this will show us what actually happened?” Natasha asked skeptically as Harriet started to pull memories free and toss them into the basin.

“Well, there are ways to change them if the person is practiced enough in the mental arts to do that.” Harri explained, “But since I have no need and no preexisting mental health issues which would distort them naturally then yes, this will show what actually happened.”

“Interesting.”
Fred and George shifted Harriet a bit so they could both hold her as she threw the last of the memories into the pensive. “Alright, I picked a few that shouldn’t need too much explanation.”

As they all watched as a screen appeared above the pensive basin in a burst of colors that swirled violently until it settled into a rather strange scene.

An older Harriet was chopping some vegetables in a cozy kitchen done up in dark woods and stone. Clint was leaning against the counter next to her but his focus was elsewhere. His nervous gaze was fixed on the little dining table where Fred and George sat across from Natasha.

Fred and George were talking a mile a minute in their usual fashion as they went over what was apparently a training schedule made up by Natasha, they were crossing out times and rewriting entries and even adding some different activities. Natasha was glaring at the twins, her eyes cold as they bore into them, but Fred and George didn’t notice. Clint did though, and it was making him twitchy as he looked between the redheads seated at the table.

Finally, Clint interrupted with, “How are you two doing that?”

Fred and George looked over to the archer in confusion, “Doing what?” they chorused.

“Surviving the Widow Glare of Death?!” Clint exclaimed, “I’ve seen Fury crack under that face!” he gestured toward Natasha. “Well, as much as Fury cracks. But still!”

Fred and George exchanged a look before turning to Natasha and shrugging, “We kind of just thought”

“that you had a resting bitch face.” Harri giggled quietly at their response while Clint sputtered and Natasha’s face smoothed over into a slight frown. “If you want to try again”

“we’re sure we can act scared.” George finished with an obliging smile.

The scene changed.
Harriet and Clint were perched on top of a building, shooting at flying robots that were trying their best to destroy the building they were on.

“Fucking fuck! Fuck Doombots!” came Tony’s voice from nowhere.

“Sounds like that would hurt!” Clint snickered as he let loose three arrows. Harriet reached over mid-spell and flicked Clint on the ear, “Ow! It does Harriet! Oh shit!”

Just as Clint had made his comment, a Doombot had plummeted toward them in a spiral of smoke. Harriet and Clint both jumped from the ten-story building just seconds before the robot crashed into where their perch had been.

Clint twisted midair and shot a grappling arrow at a nearby building as Harriet grabbed onto the back of Clint’s uniform with a little yelp. When the arrow caught, they started being dragged up the side of the building but another Doombot flying by cut the line.

“Fucking Doombots!” Clint shouted as they started dropping again.

“That’s what I was saying!” Tony piped up, even as Clint and Harriet continued to fall.

Harriet reached into her ever-present bag and pulled something free before slamming it into Clint’s screaming mouth and quickly popping another into her own mouth. Both disappeared in an explosion of yellow feathers and two canaries appeared between falling gear.

One canary chirped crazily as it beat its wings in a frantic attempt to stay air born, the other seemed perfectly at home and dove under the other to lock its feet with the others. The calmer canary drug the panicking one down closer to the ground until, about a foot off the ground, they changed back to Harriet and Clint, both dropping into a single heap on the sidewalk.

“Why didn’t you just apparate?” George asked.

“Magic conservation during a battle at first.” Harriet answered, “Then, once we started falling, the momentum wouldn’t have been lost once I apparated so we would have slammed into the ground.”
Still on the sidewalk, Clint was groaning as Harriet stood up. Fred and George ran over to them, cutting a path through the lower flying Doombots. “That is so not what Canary Creams are for.” George snickered.

Fred bent over Clint, “You alright there Hawkeye?”

Clint coughed up a bright yellow feather, “What do you think?”

The scene changed.

When the scene settled Fred, George, and Harriet sat at a bar in formal clothing as an elegant party went on behind them. The twins were wearing dark three-piece suits with deep green and burnt orange metallic ties and Harriet was wearing a long formal dress that matched their ties, with deep green as the base and the burnt orange in delicate webs down her sides and over her hips. Fred and George were scratching out something on a napkin while Harri scanned the room, looking bored with a drink in her hand.

Without warning Clint popped up from behind the bar with several bottles in his hands, “I hate these things.” He muttered as he started opening bottles, he was also dressed in a suit but his was already disheveled and his tie was completely undone.

“We’re here for Tony’s sanity”

“and to keep Hammer and Stone off his back.” The twins answered, not looking up from the napkin.

“Tasha’s scary enough to do it on her own,” Clint whined.

“Natasha is only one person Clint,” Harriet said, she flicked her wand into her hand and made a subtle movement toward the party. Seconds later there was a commotion as someone tripped and tumbled into a flower arrangement, sending it toppling to the floor.

“Thor and Bruce got to skip,” Clint muttered as he mixed various alcohols together.
“Thor isn’t the best with talking to the none jock types,” Fred said.

“And Bruce always pretends to be Hulking out to get people to leave early,” Harriet added with a small smile.

“That’s exactly what we need though!” Clint inserted.

“This is important for SI.” George huffed, frowning down at the napkin and scratching something out.

“Yeah, yeah,” Clint grumbled, pouring his concoction into a tumbler glass and holding out to his side. Loki appeared silently in the next second, took the drink from Clint, and threw it back in one go. “Thought you liked playing politics Lokes.”

“Yes, well, there are always unsavory characters that ruin an otherwise pleasant evening.” Loki sneered toward the rest of the room.

Harriet glanced back at him, “I saw Trump trying to talk to you.”

Clint quickly poured Loki another glass while the God simply nodded in exasperation, “Yes, the ghastly man simply will not stop talking. And not in the endearing way Stark does, the talking cheeto simply will not stop spouting the vilest, most ignorant things.” Loki took a drink of Clint’s concoction, “He reminds me much too much of General Tyr and some of the more close-minded on Asgard. I had to leave before I cursed him.”

Fred and George perked up, abandoning what they were working, “Curse you say?”

Clint eyed the twins curiously, “Pepper made you four promise not to curse anyone.”

“It’s not a curse per say.” Fred hedged.

“Oh do go on.” Loki said with a mischievous smirk, “I, for one, know that we all four have already thought of ways around that promise.”
George shrugged and Fred pulled a small handful of tiny multicolored wrapped balls from his pocket.

“Your guys’ candies?” Clint asked with a frown, “I don’t think any of us want to see Trump under the influence of a puking pastel.”

George snickered and Harri hid her smile behind her glass, “It’s not a puking pastel.” Fred chuckled, “These are new. Temporary voice changers.”

Clint’s eyes lit up and Loki leaned in conspiratorially, “Change it to what?”

Fred grinned, “Well like all fine Prewett Pranking Emporium Products we have a variety of course!” George started to sort out the wrapped candies as Fred spoke, “The black ones deepen the voice an octave and the white ones bring it up an octave. The more you eat the higher or lower it goes and it lasts for an hour.”

Clint was practically bouncing in place now, “And the purple and brown ones?”

“Those two change the voice to mimic animals.” George teased.

Clint’s face split into a huge grin, “Well don’t keep us in suspense!!”

“The purple will change it to mimic a duck.” Fred laughed.

“And the brown will change it to mimic a donkey.” George finished.

Clint clapped in childish delight and ducked under the counter, “I can make a small slingshot to shoot it into his mouth from here!”

“Excellent!” Fred said, pleased, “The only question now is what we’re sending him.”
Harriet hummed as she moved her gaze back out into the crowd, “Well he’s a creepy jackass that I’ve seen try to grope several women already tonight so I vote donkey.”

Loki scowled, “Seconded.”

George moved a brown candy away from the others, “High pitched jackass or all about that bass jackass?”

Clint snickered as he stood up with a few supplies and began the construction of his slingshot, “Dude, high pitched, if he’s going to be a jackass might as well make it a girly one.” George moved a white to pair with the brown and used a mild sticking charm to keep them together.

Not a minute later, Clint had a rudimentary slingshot cobbled together and he placed the melded candy into the pocket before he began swinging. Everyone turned back toward the ballroom in anticipation, listening to the soft sound of Clint’s slingshot. Once Trump was clear in everyone’s sights, Clint let the candy fly. The orange older man with the wispy hair, who was still talking, choked as the candy flew right into his mouth with enough force to carry it to the back of his throat. He swallowed reflexively, hunching over slightly to catch his breath. Clint’s grin was so wide that it almost split his face as he leaned forward expectantly.

Trump stood after a moment and, when a bystander asked if he was okay, he let out a high pitched bray in response.

The room went completely silent for a moment and all eyes went to the panicking man who had thrown his hands over his mouth as his brow furrowed. He opened his mouth to talk again and another bray came out followed by another and another as they grew more panicked.

Clint started to snicker and somewhere in the opposite corner of the room came a giggle which spurred the whole room into laughter, the twins slumping over the bar as the braying continued and the joy rose in the room. Harriet was grinning and Loki had a small smile as he reveled in the chaos.

Natasha appeared from the laughing crowd and made a beeline for them, Clint dropped behind the bar with a breathless curse but the four magic users simply watched her approach through their amusement. “Really?” she deadpanned.

“Pepper said no cursing anybody.” Fred pointed out.
“We didn’t curse him, we just force-fed him candy.” George continued.

“Loki was about to strangle him.” Harriet added, “This is much better than a murder at an SI event.” Loki simply lifted his drink in acknowledgment.

Natasha rolled her eyes, “I’m actually disappointed. You went for the easiest target. Try one who doesn’t have loose lips.”

Fred and George laughed and gave her a salute.

The scene changed.

When the blurry scene settled all that could be seen was a dim and dirty concrete room with a single steel door with no handle. Natasha, looking bruised and beaten, was chained to one wall by her left leg with her hands cuffed together. Harriet was laying in the middle of the floor in a similar condition, her hands and her feet were both cuffed together but she was staring up at the ceiling with wide and unfocused eyes.

“Why is the picture blurred like that?” Clint asked with a frown.

“I was drugged out of my head there.” Harriet replied, “The idiots who kidnapped us didn’t know how to block my magic completely or how to disrupt the soulmate bond. They drugged me in hopes that between that and the beating I wouldn’t be able to concentrate enough to do anything. A good strategy really, my magic was unbalanced and if I had tried to apparate us out or bring Fred and George to me it would almost certainly result in splinching.” The twins shuddered at the thought.

Natasha was in the process of moving as close to Harriet as the chain around her ankle allowed her, “Harriet. Harriet, I need you to focus.” the Widow whispered, bending closer to Harriet in the process.

Harri’s bleary eyes locked on Natasha’s with a confused frown, “N’ta’ha?” She slurred out, “W’re?”

“South American Hydra base remember?” the Widow answered, “Are you still connected to the
boys?” Harriet managed a slight head nod, “How far out are they?”

Harriet’s eyes gave a weak, watery glow before sliding closed, “Twn’ty m’les. P’ss’d. H’lk”

Natasha cursed in Russian under her breath, “If Hulk is out we need to do our best to keep them from moving us when they hear the approach.” Harriet gave a strange hiccupping hum and Natasha shook her a little until her eyes opened back up. “Harri I need you to focus!” she repeated, “You said your magic isn’t blocked. Can you do anything? They took my bobby pins from my hair and I haven’t swallowed any here recently.”

“Ew.” George commented and Clint snorted.

Natasha shrugged, “It works.”

Harriet gave a sharp nod before closing her eyes again. Her face screwed up in concentration and Avada green magic drifted into her hands for a moment before she abruptly shrunk into Godiva, the cuffs that had been around her ankles and wrists clattering to the floor as her paws slipped free easily. Godiva was on her back, her paws up in the air when she opened her eyes and looked around in confusion.

“Of all the times for you to finally complete your animal transformation.” Natasha huffed as she carefully pushed the drugged cat onto her side. “This doesn’t help us at all.”

They were interrupted an alarm going off and shouting in an unfamiliar language over the base speakers that was backed by the distant sound of a roar. Natasha cursed again and quickly stood up, there was a vicious bang on the door and Natasha quickly grabbed Godiva from the floor. The door opened with a slam against the wall and ten men in Hydra uniforms burst in, their eyes instantly taking in Natasha and Godiva and the total lack of Harriet.

Despite the cat in her arms and the restraints currently on her, Natasha managed to take out the first three who charged her before losing her grip on Godiva who landed awkwardly but still glared woozily up at the Hydra agents. Natasha had taken out two more guards but the sixth man had gotten ahold of the chain of her handcuffs, so she was leaning as far against the wall as she could and glaring at the remaining enemies calculatingly.

Godiva growled and magic ruffled through her fur, moments later a familiar red and silver sword dropped out of nowhere to sever the chain of Natasha’s handcuffs. The sword stuck perfectly in the
concrete floor as the Hydra agent went reeling backward into his comrades.

Natasha glanced over at Godiva, “You couldn’t have done that before?” Godiva’s pinned back ears and thrashing tail easily conveyed that she hadn’t meant to do that at all.

Before the Hydra agents could recover, the Widow pulled the Sword of Gryffindor free from the floor and killed the remaining men before using the sword to break chain around her ankle.

Clint winced as the metal struck metal, “That can’t be good for the blade.”

“It was goblin made and infused with basilisk venom.” Harriet hummed, “It could take it.”

Looking pleased, Natasha picked up the swaying ocelot from the ground and walked out of the room with the sword in hand, “Let’s go meet the guys halfway.” Godiva dropped her head and gave a chuff of embarrassment where she hung from her sister’s grip.

The scene changed.

This time they were following along with Harriet and Pepper as they drove in a sleek red four-door car through a shipping yard. Both Harri and Pepper were dressed in short black dresses and had their hair done up. Harri was driving, her eyes scanning the yard around them, looking for something. They slowed by a fence and seconds later Natasha and Clint appeared just beyond it, they climbed over the fence and quickly jumped into the car.

Pepper looked into the backseat, “I didn’t expect you to have Clint with you.” She noted, “You know he can’t come with us. We promised.”

“Mission went long.” Natasha said shortly, “You brought my clothes right?”

“In the back.” Harriet noted, “I put in that leopard print number you seem to like so much.”

“Thanks,” Natasha said, turning and digging into the back.
“So where are you four going for your girl’s night tonight?” Clint asked, smirking as he relaxed into the seat.

“Now Clint, you know you have the wrong parts to be eligible for that information,” Harriet said in amusement.

“I assume Loki’s already there. I could just track her phone.” Clint teased.

“You know what happened last time you guys tried to crash our girl’s night.” Pepper laughed.

“Fine, fine.”

Natasha pulled the bag with her clothes free and, sitting up, caught a glimpse of four SUV’s bearing down on them. “Incoming!” she called just before the lead car slammed into their back end.

Harriet huffed but sped up in an instant, “What now?”

Clint looked over the back seat and swore, “It’s those gun runners! I thought we got all of them!”

“Apparently not,” Natasha said dryly, she jerked Clint down with her as a brightly colored flash came their way and shattered the back window. “Harri, Wizard.”

“Got it,” Harriet answered, she rolled down the driver’s side window and shot spells backward with the help of the rearview mirrors. She frowned when she saw a figure climb out onto the roof of the SUV and start deflecting her shots. “Bloody hell. Clint, get up here and drive.” Clint was already moving, sliding into place just as Harriet was sliding out the window, not letting their car decelerate.

Watching, Fred and George’s hearts were in their throats as Harri climbed out to stand on the roof of the car and start dueling the wizard on top of the other car. “We can’t tell is that’s insane or just awesome.” They whispered into Harriet’s ears.

“Awesome.” Harri hummed with a smirk, “Clearly.” They couldn’t argue.
Natasha started shooting at the three SUV’s behind them but the cars proved to be bulletproof and the drivers were swerving dangerously in an effort to keep the bullets from the tires. Clint twisted himself half out of the window to help, his foot just barely keeping the gas pedal down.

“Pay attention to the road!” Pepper yelled, jerking the wheel back into place and making Harriet wobble.

“Hey!” she protested jerkily, “Watch the sudden moves!”

“Kinda trying to get these assholes off our butts!” Clint called.

“It won’t matter if we crash!” Pepper cried, jerking the wheel again so they avoided a cement barrier.

Clint wasn’t paying attention, he leaned out further to line up a shot and they started to slow as his foot eased off the gas.

“Move over!” Pepper demanded, shoving at Clint. He yelped but moved to sit in the driver’s side window as Pepper slid into the driver’s seat and forced Clint’s foot off the accelerator. She slammed her foot down on the pedal and they shot forward, making Harriet drop to a knee momentarily to regain her balance. “Hard left Harri!” Pepper warned before jerking the wheel and sending them careening through traffic.

“Where are you going?” Clint demanded between shots, “HQ is the other way!”

“To the club!” Pepper yelled over the rush of the wind, “I haven’t had a break in over a month and I’m not giving up my girl’s night because these drug runners can’t die on time!” Pepper swerved around cars ahead of them and Natasha anchored herself in the backseat more firmly even as Clint cursed.

“Where the hell did you learn to drive like this!?” he asked with gritted teeth.

“Happy,” Pepper answered shortly.
“Brake,” Harri called as she shot another set of spells at the wizard on top of the head car behind them. Pepper slammed on the brakes obligingly as Harriet jumped to avoid a shoulder-launched missile that had been aimed at her. The missile flew under her and ended up hitting a street lamp, sending pedestrians screaming as it exploded.

“Jarvis!” Pepper called as she hit the gas again.

“I’ve noted the damage and called for Shield cleanup Miss. Potts.” Jarvis answered from the dashboard.

Harriet looked up from rebalancing herself yet again and grinned when she saw that Natasha had gotten a shot in on the wizard’s leg when they had braked. Harri fired off two more spells that sent the other wizard flying before wrapping them in a bubble as they tumbled from the speeding SUV, a third flick of her wand had her patronus sent off to find the aurors so they could collect the wizard. With the other wizard taken care of Harriet maneuvered herself through the back window into the back seat with Natasha. “Looks like we’ll make it in time for the shot special!” she called jovially.

“We better!” Pepper said as she swerved onto a bridge, “Or I’m calling to chew Fury out!”

Natasha fired off one more shot that had the lead car swerving out of control and flying through the guardrail, sending them off the bridge. “One down.”

“Two,” Clint called as he loosed an armor piercing arrow right into the grill of the second SUV, causing a small explosion and leading to the car running into a bridge support.

Clearing their fallen comrades, the last two SUV’s sped up to take their place. One moved forward to drive alongside them and the other swerved at their bumper, machine gun fire pouring into the back, making Harriet and Natasha seek cover in the back seat.

Pepper glared at the SUV beside them and took one hand off the wheel to grab at Clint’s utility belt.

“Hey! Watch the goods!” Clint yelped.

Pepper rolled her eyes, “Oh please.” She took one of his guns from his holster and reached out of the driver’s side beyond him. She fired four times in quick succession, catching a tire on two of the shots and making the SUV careen out of control. It swerved in an effort to take back control but
ended up hitting the last SUV and causing them to come to a crashing halt.

Harriet grinned, “Good one Pep!”

“I didn’t know you could shoot!” Clint laughed as he took his gun back from the redhead.

Pepper blew her hair out of her face as she slowed the car down, “Of course I know how to shoot. I was the personal assistant and babysitter of the world’s foremost weapons designer.” As they came to a stop Pepper looked up at Clint where he was still perched in the driver’s window, “Alright, out. We have places to be.” Natasha’s lips quirked up into a small smile and Harriet broke into laughter.

The pensive screen swirled before dropping back into the basin.

Harriet looked at her siblings with a smile, “So?”

Clint turned and grinned at her, “I have so many questions!”

It was five in the morning when Harriet was awoken by Dianna’s voice calling her name. Taking stock, she could feel George half underneath her and Fred hugging her tightly from behind. A hand was also gripping her ankle, something she hadn’t felt upon waking since she came back in time. The calluses on the hand made it easy to identify and many puppy piles with her family gave Harriet an insight into the why of the hand’s placement, so she didn’t remove herself from the grip.

What she did do was open a single eye to take in the house elf perched on the bedside table, “Lady LeFay.” Dianna began again, “Your patient has awoken. She is currently attempting to find a way out of the castle.”

Harriet cursed softly and rotated her ankle to wake up her brother before sitting up carefully, finding two intense gazes on her immediately.

Last night they had all five talked a great deal, laughing and telling stories, it wasn’t a surprise to Harriet that Clint had fallen asleep shortly after Fred and George, both still sitting up and clinging to her, had. Natasha had sent Harriet a silent question, her eyes darting toward the door but Harriet had shaken her head and quietly assured her sister that they didn’t have to go. In the last timeline, puppy
piles had started when Tony had his first PTSD episode with them around but by the end of the war, and certainly, after Todd had been killed, they became pretty commonplace. Harriet knew it would take time to work back up to that but she certainly wasn’t going to kick out Natasha and Clint now.

“Want to help me with the new recruit?” she asked the two agents softly. Despite wishing that her brother and sister were comfortable enough to fully relax with them, Harri knew that the two had only slept the half-sleep of stakeouts, constantly alert for any potential dangers coming up on them without their knowledge. That would work in her favor this morning.

Clint and Natasha nodded and slid from the bed easily, watching with thinly veiled amusement as Harriet carefully extracted herself from her sleeping mates.

It was after they had made it out the door and to the Queen Suite sitting room that Clint asked, “You’re not seriously going to do this in your sleep clothes, are you? Not exactly something a new boss meets people in.”

Harriet looked back at him with a raised eyebrow before glancing down at her sleep shorts and Slytherin t-shirt. “This will be fine. I’m sure she’s had enough of the intimidating clothing from Fury, what with his leather fetish.” Clint let out a choked laugh, “Besides, she doesn’t have to work for me. She can always leave if she wants to. I’m not into forcing people into things. The other candidates would have been and still will be given a rundown of things before making a decision and have their memories of the new division erased if they don’t want to participate.”

“Smart.” Natasha commented shortly as they passed through the family common room, “The less who know specifics the better.”

Clint nodded, “Agreed, but when are you going to come up with a name for this thing? Calling it the ‘new division’ forever is going to get old.”

Harriet shrugged, “Haven’t really thought about it. My first goal was to get it running.”

Descending the stairs to the main floor of the family wing, the trio noted the handle to the wing entrance jiggling harshly. The walked down the hall to the door, but as they drew closer they heard muttered curses from the other side. Natasha cocked an eyebrow at Clint but Harriet just huffed and opened the door, making the woman on the other side jump back in shock and brandish a spoon in front of her.
“Agent Hoshimoto,” Harriet greeted easily, ignoring the spoon in the agent’s hand, “how nice to meet you properly. We’ve just woken up as well, care to join us for some coffee?”

“We?” the agent asked, her voice a little hoarse, likely from screaming through her torture. Harriet nodded and moved enough for Natasha and Clint to be visible, “Agent Romanoff, Agent Barton.” The woman acknowledged, still not moving.

Harriet nodded, “Yes, they alerted me to your predicament and I came to retrieve you from the Director’s ‘care’.” She wrinkled her nose at the word.

“So, how and why did I end up in a magical house?” the woman demanded, the disgust on her face when she snarled the word magic causing both Harriet and Natasha to raise eyebrows.

“It’s a bit big to be a house.” Clint joked, trying to lighten the mood.

“House, manor, skyscraper, whatever.” Hoshimoto breathed harshly, “I’ve worked too hard to stay away from this stuff to be caught now!”

Harriet cocked her head slightly, her gaze locking onto the peculiar eyes of the agent before her, “Away from magic or away from your family?” Harri questioned out of the blue, making the woman tense even further until she was practically shaking with energy, “Because if that distinctive mountain jade colored iris tells me anything it’s that I’m actually looking at a Grison family member and if that is the case then I can certainly understand why you’ve been trying to get away from them.”

It took a moment for Harriet’s words to fully register with the agent in front of them but when they did, the tension drained slightly from the woman’s shoulders and she stood down. “I knew I should have made a color changing potion for my eyes.” She groused, dropping her makeshift weapon down to her side.

“What?” Clint spluttered.

“Well, I didn’t exactly expect to run into a witch or wizard who could identify the ‘family eyes’!” Hoshimoto defended.

Harriet laughed, “To be fair when you spend so much time glaring at another set of said ‘family
eyes’ and hoping for spontaneous combustion, you get pretty familiar with them."

The agent grinned, “Wishing flames one of my shit family members huh? You can’t be all bad.” She held out a hand for Harriet which she took, “I’m a rogue Grison currently hiding under the name Jade Hoshimoto. Nice to meet you.”


Jade’s eyebrows shot up, “Britain’s savior? Who would have thought?”

“What the hell just happened?” Clint hissed at Natasha.

“Apparently they know each other.”

Jade waved her hand a bit with a frown, “Not really, but the defeat of Voldemort made it to the states way back so we grew up with similar stories of the-girl-who-lived. We’re not quite as…worshipful as the Brits seem to be but everyone loves a good hero.”

Harriet rolled her eyes, “And while the American Ministry of Magic isn’t as drastically corrupt as the British Ministry is, the Grison family in America is one of the big corrupt pieces in American Magical Politics.” She looked to Jade, “Speaking of, how did you get out of the family business? I’ve never met a Grison I didn’t want to cast a Cruciatux on, let alone one who would willingly work with non-magicals.”

“Apparently when you’re a family of asshats who like to abuse their power, you make enemies.” Jade huffed, “One of those enemies kidnapped me when I was a baby and placed an illegal permanent bind on my magic. My parents tried everything to remove it but when it was clear wouldn’t come off without almost killing me, my absolute gems of parents tossed me out. Not worth anything to them if I can’t cast even a simple spell.”

“Well don’t they sound lovely,” Harriet said with disdain. “I’m sure we have much more to talk about on both sides here, so how about we go to the kitchen to get coffee for this conversation?”

Jade frowned, “I should probably just leave. I’ll need as much of a head start hiding from Fury as I can.”
Harriet fought her urge to smirk as new plans started to take shape in her mind. Not only would Jade make a wonderful partner for Tonks in the future but she would also be just the person Harriet needed to prevent Chrysoprase Grison from becoming the new American Minister of Magic. Now she just needed to seal the deal.

“Don’t worry about Fury. I’ve taken care of him.” Harriet deflected as she finally stepped completely free of the family wing with Natasha and Clint right behind her, “If you’re interested in staying with Shield but working toward a different goal I do have a proposal for you.”

“What kind of proposal?” Jade asked warily, her grip on her spoon tightening.

“What is your exact relation to Chrysoprase Grison?” Harriet countered.

“My mother?” Jade practically growled, “What about her?”

‘Thank you, Potter Luck!’ Harri crowed internally, “Well, I’m making a new Shield division to handle the more magical side of things. Rumor has it that she is vying for Minister of Magic here in upcoming elections two years from now. I would really like to keep her from taking that spot.”

A vicious grin spread across Jade’s face and her distinctive eyes flashed, “Oh, I am so in.”

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes
FLETC stands for Federal Law Enforcement Training Center. I'm using it as the base standard for Shield before they, of course, continue on to more in-depth training.
Jade Hoshimoto is not completely mine. She is an OC that 'Dark Angel aka DementiaJackson' on fanfiction offered up. Like I told her, I could not use everything because she was much too in-depth for a non-main character and because the original intention would have messed with what I have already established as canon within this story. However, I have pulled as much as I could from the original character description so I do not own Jade completely.
I really went back and forth on how to bring in Wakanda and the Black Panther but I figured that this would be a cool twist. A full integrated magical society!
Jade's eyes, are that beautiful opaque green you see in all those Asian jade statues. I absolutely love that color and I've always thought of it as a sort of 'ghost green'.
Thoughts for the new division name?
Next time: Crazy Cat Lady 2: Cat Harder
End Notes

Constructive Criticism Welcome.

Flames will be ignored.

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Works inspired by this one:
Phoenix Ascendant by Reesachan (Clymenestra), This Gonna Be Good Remix by GStarshine

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