True Family

by vixen_uchiha

Summary

Fem-Harry, How would the child of James and Lily Potter turn out of she was born a girl and raised along side Dudley by a nice a caring Marge Dursley? What would happen if Harriet made it her goal to find all her magical family? What if because of a potion accident a few students gained super powers? And will Dumbledore every find the Boy-Who-Lived and his missing family?

Notes

Read the disclaimer about not really being a crossover
Enter Aunt Marge

I do not own Harry Potter, Marvel comics or DC comics.

This is not a full crossover but some people will get powers from Marvel and DC comics. This is also a female Harry story if you do not like it then don’t read anymore of the story. I will just laugh and report those that flame or hassle me about Harry being a girl. With that said please read on and try to leave me a nice review.

"Thank you for allowing me to bring my dog," I said as I got out of the cab. The driver said it was no problem but I gave him double what I would normally tip. I also got a card to call him for my return trip as none of the other drivers wanted a pup in their car. I knocked softly as I did not want to wake Dudley.

"Marge what are you doing here?" Petunia asked as she opened the door.

"I sent a letter saying I was coming and why," I told her with a frown.

"We never got it; no matter why are you here?" she all but snapped at me.

"I won a trip a few weeks ago but cannot go; but you and Vernon should love it," I told her. She sighed before telling me about the death of her sister and how they had been given her brat.

"Watching one more child won't be a hardship; now go pack while I call Vernon for you. But first I would like you to meet Luke," I said, holding out the pup I had brought.

"Marge why did you bring that thing!" she yelled, then glaring at me when the crying started.

"You know I train dogs. Part of it is getting them used to children of all ages. I will watch him around the children but right now I am going to drop him off in your back yard. And don't worry I will clean up the messes he makes," I told her as I went to do that; I had to make sure the yard was safe after all.

The yard wasn't perfect but I did tie Luke up to keep him out of Petunia's flowers. That woman went a little nuts over those flowers. I closed and locked the cupboard as I dialed Vernon at work.

"Hello, Vernon Dursley speaking how may I help you?" he asked.

"You can take your wife on a trip this weekend brother," I said, laughing a little as he sputtered.

"Marge we can't, we had to take in…"

"I know, Petunia told me. I can handle them both. You just be ready to leave when you get here," I told him before hanging up. If I gave the man a chance he would talk me out of staying and I knew they had not had time alone for some time. The day passed quickly and I took care of Luke as Petunia would not let me near the children. She even tried to take Dudley with her but thankfully Vernon put his foot down. So an hour after Vernon got home they both left me alone with two toddlers and a pup. It took ten minutes for the crying to start; I hadn't even had time to shut the door from letting Luke in.

"Well pup, let's go see to the kiddos," I said only to be licked in answer. I found them both in one crib and I made a mental note to ask my neighbor if I could buy her old crib. It might have been practical but they really did need to sleep alone. I checked Dudley's nappy but he was clean and
Petunia had fed him before she left so he couldn't be hungry. I left him to cry. Amy had told me sometimes you had to let a child cry. I moved on to check Harry who was staring at Luke.

"P'foot," he said while trying to reach out to him. The Potters must have had a dog. Hopefully it was being taken care of. I picked him up to check as Amy had told me some children did not cry when in need of a nappy change. I blinked at the sight that greeted me once the nappy was opened. The kid had a very nasty rash but wasn't a boy as I had been told, but a little girl. As she was once more reaching for Luke I picked the still crying Dudley up and headed down the stairs. Thankfully Luke was good at going first.

I put Dudley in his high chair and poured a few bites of cereal out for him before placing the girl on the floor; she wasted no time crawling over to Luke whom she patted quite gently. I was sure then the Potters had to have had a dog. Maybe I could find it for her; Petunia surely wouldn't object to a family pet. Dinner that night was a mess and Luke helped with the clean up, even tried to clean Dudley up from where I had sat him in the floor. But the girl had firmly told him no when I was feeding her. Why Vernon hadn't got another chair yet was beyond me. Maybe he did not realize how hard it was on his wife. I had just placed the dishes in to soak when the bell rang.

"Just a second," I yelled. I picked both children up and placed them on the blanket I had spread out for them to play on before going to the door. "How may I help you?" I asked as I opened the door. I was shocked to see two police officers on the steps.

"Are you Marge Dursley?" the gentleman with the name tag of Mark asked.

"Yes sir I am, is something wrong?" I was worried, had something happened to my brother and his wife or were they here about the Potters. If I remembered correctly they had been killed in a car crash.

"We need you to come with us; your brother and sister-in-law have been in a bad crash," he told me. I jumped when I felt a cold nose.

"We will drive you; just lock up the house and come along," his partner said.

"Would you be able to drive their other car? It has the car seats," I said.

"Miss Dursley part of our job is removing children from unfit homes so our car has a seat already in place. If you would get your nephew and come along…” the officer said. I wanted to snap at him for his rudeness but he was just doing his job. I was quick to tie Luke out back and grab the baby bag by the door before taking the kids in arms and marching out the door.

"We did not realize the Dursleys had another child," Mark said.

"They just took their niece in, her parents passed on just last week," I said. The wince from the officers told me one of Dudley's parents was dead or dying. "You only have one seat?" I asked. They nodded. I locked the door and tossed the keys to Mark telling him he could get one out of the car in the drive. He came back and did not look pleased.

"There was only one seat," I said flatly. He nodded as he quickly buckled the seat in his car. He sat between them while I took the front seat and his partner drove. "Is there anything you can tell me? They haven't been gone long, just three hours at the most," I said.

"Your brother's car crossed into oncoming traffic and hit a lorry almost head on. Your sister-in-law died at the scene and the paramedics do not think your brother will live. No one else was hurt thankfully," the driver told me.
"Alex! I am sorry Miss, we have the harshest job at times," Mark said while glaring at his partner.

"It’s fine, we all have bad days," I said. I would have a talk with Mark and if it was a bad day then I would not report this young man.

"I am sorry but I was first on the scene and that woman... You should have heard what she said, I could tell she knew she was going to die but what were her last words? Have Marge drown the freak!" He yelled making the kids cry. Why they hadn’t before now was beyond me.

"What?" I asked. The man only nodded at me. "I am sorry you heard her say that. But I have never drowned anyone person or animal in my lifetime. I have a feeling I am going to take care of these two from now on out," I said as we pulled into the hospital. I was right, my little brother had died shortly before we arrived. It was very late by the time we were returned to the house.

I put the children to bed and brought in Luke before calling my neighbor. "What is the matter?" he asked without a greeting as no one would call him without reason. The last boy to prank call him he had tracked down and given him a talking to.

"Oh Major, Vernon and his wife are dead!" I said, trying not to cry. I needed to be strong for the children. Logically I knew they did not understand what had happened.

"Oh Mags I will be there as quick as I can," he said. I thanked him before heading up to bed. True to his word he was waiting on me when I opened the door in the morning.

"Did you sleep in your car?" I asked. He blushed and I told him he was a silly man before stepping aside and letting him in. It took three weeks to get everything that was needed done. We would have finished sooner if not for the nosy neighbors taking up time with false concern and enquiries.

Most of Vernon’s and Petunia’s things I would place in storage. I did not like the fact I had to go out and buy almost everything for Harriet. I had been thankful to find a card announcing her birth among some of Petunia's things.

"I am going to have so much work to do when I get home," I said as the major drove. We had sold Petunia’s little car as I had a van at home.

"Not so much, your home is already puppy safe," he said.

"Puppies cannot walk on two feet which I think these two will soon be doing more of. Harriet can already toddle and somewhat speak two maybe three languages. You said she said words in Welsh and Latin. Who speaks Latin nowadays?" I said.

"I have a few cousins that went to a school up in Scotland who did," he said with his horrible fake scottish voice.

"So did Harriet's parents; Petunia never told me the name but said it wasn't a very good one," I said.

"If it is the same school then it is one of the best and by best I mean invite only, you do not apply they come to you," he said. There was more to this than what I knew. While packing we had found out why there was only one crib; they had been keeping her under the stairs. I did not wish to think ill of the dead but anyone who kept a child locked up in a cupboard should not be allowed to have children. It was dark by the time we reached my house.

"Who is in my home?" I asked.

"Most likely Amy, John and Cassie. I called and told them what had happened. They said they
would get your house all ready for you. Didn't you think it was odd the movers came a day early?" he asked.

"I just thought I had given them the wrong time but I was thankful really. I could not stay another night in that house. It was creeping me out for some reason," I told him. He just nodded at that. We were soon inside and eating the meal John had made - it paid to have a professional cook on the block.

"Mags you know if you need anything just give us a ring," Amy said.

"I do and I need a little help. Harriet has this rash that does not want to clear up." I said with a sigh before telling them what we thought they had done to her. They all looked at each other oddly. "What is it?" I asked.

"I am just going to say it. Their son should not weigh what he does Mags. I had Kelly book a house call with her and Amy's doctor, he will be here about noon tomorrow. I will be with you but I hate to say this, they might have been both abused in different ways," the major told me. I wanted to be mad but deep down I knew he was right. The following day was thankfully slow. The children had some trouble settling in but I knew it would take time. The dogs seemed to help Harriet and I had asked Amy to look for any information on the Potters. I knew little to nothing about them and it was only what I had been told; I had a feeling that was all lies too.

I jumped when the bell rang. Dudley looked at the door and said “Mummy.” I sighed. "No sweet it is not your mummy or daddy," I said. He just went back to playing with the blocks I had given him. Harriet just looked around before going back to babbling at the puppy before her. I was amazed at how well behaved she was around pets. I was sure her parents had pets, at least two dogs and a cat as she had spotted the block's cat out the window this morning and had squealed out “Kitty”, making Dudley cry. I found it funny she said sorry before going back to wave at the kitty and making kissy face at it.

"Hello Major and thank you Doctor Smith for coming. I hope you know I had very little to do with the children's care before the last month. But I can tell they both have problems. I do have to ask how young can children really remember things?" I asked as I led them both into the room where the children were.

"Most children start to remember about the age of 3 why do you ask?" The Doctor asked.

"Harriet seems to remember something and the color green, well bright green sets her to crying," I told them.

"I do not know what to tell you but I will ask my wife as it sounds like a psychological problem. You said her parents died in a car crash and she was with them," he said.

"Thank you but I am not sure now how they died. I have spent the past few weeks looking through papers Vernon and Petunia had but found nothing about her parents’ death. They hadn't filed papers for her and it was clear she was mistreated by them. We found a mattress in a cupboard where it was clear they had kept her and worse yet planned to continue keeping her," I said. The Major placed a hand on my arm.

"I know and realize you will be doing what I say to do to make sure both children are alright," he said. I nodded at him before he moved to the children. He looked at Dudley first. He was healthy but overweight and the doctor remarked it would be hard for him to lose the weight this young. He said he would talk with one of the other doctors in his office and write out a plan to help him, but to start to cut down on his food servings and encourage him play more and move around on his own.
Harriet was another story. She was a good weight but the rash needed prescription cream. I then had him look into the cut on her head. We were confused when he pulled a small piece of wood from the cut, but it explained why it was as red and irritated as it had been. He told me she would recover fully and would help Dudley get his weight off if I allowed her to push him into playing. He gave me a few books on raising children, different from those that Amy and Kelly had given me. I looked at the books then at the children and just knew that I was in for a long hard road. But it was really worth going down for them and I wouldn't be alone as my friends and neighbors had already proven they would be willing to help.

------------------Time Jump-------------------------------------------------------

"Now remember, just go there and drop off Alison's gift and come back; it will be dark soon. And be careful," Aunt Marge said as she gave us the box before shooing us out the door.

"Yes Aunt Marge," both me and Dudley said before hurrying off to the Finch-Fletchley home with the gift we had gotten for their youngest girl. It did not take long to get to our friend’s house.

"Hello you two, what are you guys doing here?" Ms Finch-Fletchley asked as she opened the door.

"We come bearing gifts," Dudley said, holding out the note we had brought. She smiled and opened it and laughed at the ‘we owe you one runt’.

"What is your aunt up to?" she asked.

"She said to remind you about the loan you gave her all those years ago," I said.

"She paid that back ages ago," replied Ms Finch Fletchley.

"True but she never gave you the runt she promised. Hey Justin you ready for the sleepover?" I asked as he came down the stairs.

"Yes, I can still go right?" he asked. His mother sighed before telling him, yes but he has to stop babying his sister. His youngest sister had been born blind and he tended to fuss over her more than the other family members.

"We’d better go," Dudley said.

"You be careful and stay on the edges of the yards," Justin’s mum said as she came down the stairs with Maggie in her arms. Justin gave his mum and sister a quick kiss before we ran out the door. We were almost to the house when I spotted it.

"Guys freeze," I said. They did so but I could tell they wanted to know why.

"There is a dog up ahead on the opposite side of the street and something is wrong with it," I told them as I backed up, hoping we could get to the house behind us. Mrs. Jones might not like kids that much but she would let us in if we were in trouble. We had just got on the path when the dog charged at us. Dudley being the fastest of us took off toward the door. It was my bad luck to trip when I turned. I had been nipped more than once by all sorts of dogs and knew one day I might get a bad bite. I closed my eyes making myself as small as possible only the bite never came. Someone tugged me up and I looked at a very pale Justin, then back at the dog; well dogs. There were two of them.

"Get in here you brats!" broke us out of our shock and we ran to the house we had been trying to reach for our safety. Mrs Jones slammed and locked the door just in time as something hit it hard. "What breed of mutt is that?" she asked.
"No clue, it’s not in the books Aunt Marge has nor have I seen it at the shows," I said.

"Well the other dog is getting back up and the Major is here," she said as we heard a very loud bang followed by a second one. She pulled open the door yelling at him to leave the other one.

"Are you kids alright?" Aunt Marge asked as she hugged us.

"Not a bite on them thanks to that big boy over there," Mrs. Jones said, pointing to the very large dog that was trying to get up.

"Easy boy," I said as I made my way to him.

"Oh no you don’t young lady! Let the major and his son take care of him. Justin, we’ll take you home. You can spend the night later this week," Aunt Marge said as she led us back to his house. His family was shocked and his mother said she would be driving us home.

"I should be thankful you did not come over here at sun up," John said as he opened the door. I blushed a little at that but walked around him and made to the correct room. I opened the door quietly - even animals need quiet when healing. I stopped dead in shock seeing a naked man in the cage the dog had been in last night. I pulled the door to and ran for the major. Something odd was going on.

"Has he pulled a stich or hurt himself?" the major asked as I dashed into the room.

"No there is a naked man where he was!" I said. Both he and John spat out the coffee they had been drinking. By the time we all returned to the room the man was half awake. I had been ordered to call Doctor Smith and his wife, so I went to wait on them while the man was moved to a room.

Two days later our life would change forever as we would learn that magic was in fact very real. But the coolest thing we learned was that werewolves were real.

It was only after the adults talked that we were allowed to meet Mr. Lupin, though we were not allowed to be alone with him just yet. I was shocked to learn he knew my parents and even knew why my name was what it was. Once he was better he took us to Diagon Alley and to Gringotts. Stoneaxe, the goblin in charge of my account was not pleased that I did not know about magic as my magical guardian should have told me long ago. Nor was he pleased when he learned where I had been first placed as I was never to go to them. I was shocked when Aunt Marge said she could understand that.

"I will tell you about it at home as you're both old enough now to understand," she told us. Stoneaxe told us he would start a recall on all items and money that had gone out from my holdings after the death of my parents. He even set up a fund for Aunt Marge and I asked that she get the money she should have been getting but she told me to keep it. It was then she told us about her mother and what the woman did to her and her brother.

"Now on to your magic guardianship; it needs to be changed as the one you have is unfit. Mr. Lupin, would you be willing to take up guardianship?" he asked.

"I would love to but as a werewolf I cannot," he said, getting an odd look from the goblin.

"My office ward did not show you are a werewolf sir," he said.

"But I have been for years since I was bitten," Mr. Lupin said.

"Maybe it has to do with the shots," Dudley said.
"What shots?" Stoneaxe and Mr. Lupin said.

“Well when you turned back we did not know about werewolves and thought it had been a mad dog so Doctor Smith gave you a rabies shot," he told them.

"Is it that simple?" Stoneaxe said before telling us to wait till he returned. When he did he asked us to wait some more for a bank employee to come in. It was almost two hours before they did. "It is that simple," he said.

"What is?" we all asked.

"To cure werewolves. Now on to business. Miss Potter needs a magical guardian and you were on the list of people to care for the child," Stoneaxe said.

"Will? But I was told… no never mind, the same person told me Harry was with Lily's family. I assumed it was her half-brother as he was a magical too," Mr. Lupin said.

"I have another uncle?" I asked.

"Yes. I could owl him if you like, but we need to read your parents’ wills. Something is not right," he said.

"I will have them brought up from the vaults," Stoneaxe said.

After reading the wills Mr. Lupin was saying he needed a drink.

"I take it there is something wrong?" Aunt Marge said.

"Yes. Padfoot, I mean Sirius, was never their secret-keeper! He is in jail for betraying your parents and killing 13 muggles and one wizard. Namely Peter Pettigrew and as their wills state Peter was the Potters’ keeper, did Sirius really kill the others?" he asked.

"Padfoot, I thought he was the Potter's dog?" Dudley asked. It was then Mr. Lupin explained where the names Padfoot and Moony had come from. He did tell us the Potters had a cat but it had been found dead in my nursery the night my parents had been killed. Dudley gave me an odd look but said nothing. I would be asking him about it later.

"Is there anything we can do?" I asked.

"I am not sure who to trust with this," Mr. Lupin said.

"I shall take care of it; I know a few people to talk to and a few vault keepers that will be willing to help," Stoneaxe said, before asking if I wanted some spending money as I would not be able to withdraw any funds until the audit was complete. Aunt Marge tried to say she would cover it but I requested enough funds to buy us robes and some books along with any other item we might need.

"Good we will get you the funds while our healers look at all of you. There are illnesses that you have missed vaccinations on thanks to your misplacement. Do not take wrongly what I say Madam Dursley. I am pleased with the job you have done raising the Potter Heir but she was never to be placed with your brother and his wife," Stoneaxe said. Aunt Marge could only nod and I knew I would not like what she had to tell us later on.

--------------------------------------Time Jump-------------------------------------------------------------------------

"Draco help that young lady up right this second," said a blond woman.
"Yes Mother," the boy said. We had just run into each other as we turned the corner in the potions shop.

"Thank you and I do not hold you at fault; we turned the corner at the same time," I said as Draco handed me back the basket.

"I am Narcissa Malfoy and this is my son Draco Malfoy," Lady Malfoy said. I gave them both a curtsy and Draco kissed my hand in return.

"I am Harriet Potter. Lady Malfoy might I ask you a question?" I asked politely.

"Ask your question child, but keep in mind I might have some of my own," she told me. I quickly asked if she was related to Cgynus Black. "Why do you wish to know that?" she asked in a harsh tone.

"He was my grandmother's nephew; I have so few magical kin that I have made it my goal to get to know them all," I told her. She hummed before asking if that was so; I just nodded at her question.

"How long have you known about your family?" she asked.

"A few months; my magical guardian has been trying to track down my uncle but he also told me about my other family members," I told her.

"That is rather odd," Draco said.

"That it is son," said a man who had walked up behind them. "Why did your guardian wait so long to tell you about your family?" he asked.

"He has only just become my magical guardian; my former one was proven unfit," I told them.

"Harriet where are you?" was called.

"Third row over Uncle Remus," I called out. The adult Malfoy's gave him a look as he came to stand behind me.

"Lupin I did not think…" Lord Malfoy said only to stop short. I saw his wife nudge him in his ribs.

"If you are willing to pay the price Goblin Stoneaxe will tell you the answer to your question," I said. He got to keep 75% of the money people paid for the answer; Lupin got the other 25%, not that he realized that yet.

"I will stop and see him after the meeting today. Come along Narcissa, Draco; we do not want to be late," he said, before wishing us a good day.

"We’d best pay for your things and head to the bank as well," Uncle Remus said. We knew what this meeting was about. Stoneaxe had contacted Lord Black and Madam Bones about the information in my parents’ wills. Mainly the part about whom our secret keeper had been, as well as whom I was to be placed with and whom I was not allowed to go to. The most important information was who had witnessed the wills. I knew we shocked the Malfoys when we came into the room. I was a little shocked to see them too but Stoneaxe knew what he was doing.

We left the bank hours later. Madam Bones said she would do what she could to help my godfather but she had to be careful as there were still people in power that wanted him where he was. She wished us good day before leaving but we still had business to tend to. Draco and I were sent out of the room so the adults could talk.
"They are so cute," I said as I cooed at the baby dragon.

"It just tried to bite your hand! That breed is poisonous!" Draco said.

"Babies bite and I am sure the keepers have an antidote on hand," I said. The goblin in charge of us said I spoke the truth, then asked if we wanted to see an egg hatch. I just smiled widely at him before asking him to lead the way. Draco said I was nuts but followed after me none the less.

"Why did that egg not hatch?" I asked from where we were hidden.

"It must be a dead egg," Grinder said.

"How much?" I asked.

"Pardon?" he asked.

"How much for the egg, I cannot own a dragon but that is not a dragon and the law says nothing about eggs," I said.

"We sell them for potions if they do not hatch," he told me.

"So the potion master gets one less egg. I will pay double the price," I told him.

"Sold for 42 sickles," he told me. I was quick to get the money and receipt saying I owned it outright. I placed it in my bag of holding which I had found along with some other items years ago at a rummage sale. I did not know it at the time but several were magical. I would have Stoneaxe deal with the paperwork if there was any.

"Why do you want a dragon egg? Even I do not know enough about potions to do anything with it," Draco said.

"Who wouldn't want a dragon egg?" I replied. He just nodded and paid for the next dead egg.

"So what was it you did not want us to overhear?" I asked once we were led back into the room.

"You both will be told later if we feel there is no other choice," Aunt Marge said. I poked Draco in his ribs as I knew that tone meant not to ask any more question.

"Alright then. I bought a dead egg. Stoneaxe, please handle the paperwork for me," I said. My aunt and uncle just groaned at that.

"I have one on hold too," Draco said.

"Why?" most of the adults asked.

"Who wouldn't want to own a dragon egg?" me and Draco said at the same time.

-----------------------------------------------Time Hop ---------------------------------------------------------

"It is best not to do that," was said from behind me. I blushed from where I was about to poke the plant.

"I know but it is fun to watch it," I told the boy.

"It spits at you - how is that fun?" he asked.
"You have to make sure the flower is facing away from you beforehand, then poke it. I have a few at home that the family plays with," I told him. I could see he was confused so I told him how you could water them with dyed water and they would spit that color out.

"But won't the dye be on your skin?" he asked.

"It will but it washes off very easy," I told him.

"You'd best not poke those plants young lady," one of the shop owners said. It was after that I shared what happened the first time I came into the shop.

"That must have been funny," he said with a laugh.

"Oh how rude of me. I am Harriet Jamie Potter," I said giving him a curtsey.

"I am Neville Longbottom," he said before kissing my hand.

"Yes! I found another cousin!" I said with a little jump, which ended with me hitting the spitting tulips. I just grabbed his arm and ran from the shop.

"We were nowhere near the shop when that happened," I told him as I dragged him along after me.

"But my Gran said not to leave!" he told me. I slowed down at that.

"That I did Neville. Who is this and why is she pulling you around like a common ruffian?" was asked making us both jump.

"Gran I can explain," Neville said, looking at me then his Gran.

"Oh I was so excited to meet more family I just had to introduce him to the others," I told them.

"And just how are we family?" she asked coldly and with a glare.

"Well by blood and oath," I told her returning her glare.

"Oh really? What blood and who would fool enough to take an oath and not tell me, the head of the family?" she asked.

"We are blood kin through Harfang Longbottom and you Augusta Longbottom are not the head of the Longbottom family. That would be your son and as to who took the oath it would be my Godmother Alice Longbottom. Have a good day cousin and brother Neville," I said before leaving. I was already late in returning home. I could hear her ranting that they were not related to those people. I wanted to tell her without those people she would not have been a Longbottom; after all she had married his only son.

"What happened?" Dudley asked before I could get the soot off. I sighed before telling him about the woman I had just met. That she just rubbed me the wrong way.

"Please tell me you were polite?" Uncle Remus asked.

"Just as polite as she was to me," I told him before leaving the room. I knew it was rude and Aunt Marge would have something to say about it later but that woman's tone really raised my hackles. I quickly changed out of the outfit I wore to the alley to something that was easy to clean. I had chores to do and dogs to tend to before dinner.

It was hours later that I was pulled aside to have the talk I knew was coming. It wasn't as bad as I
thought it would be. I was not told to apologize as Augusta Longbottom was an adult and had no right to speak to me the way she had.

==================time skip ===================

"I am going to have a look around the train to see whom I can see," I said. Draco told me not to cause too much trouble. I hummed as I walked long glancing in the windows of compartments looking for someone that looked fun.

"Hello Neville," I said stopping and looked at him.

"Hello Harriet it is good to see you again. I looked into what you said the last time we met and you were right. Gran was not too happy with me but you left me with questions. Some I got answered. Others I could not find or was prevented from finding," he told me.

"I think we should go back to my compartment," I told him. I think it shocked him to see Draco Malfoy there but neither one said anything.

"What do you know and what can I tell you?" I asked as we took a seat.

"That your grandmother and my great grandmother were cousins from the Black family. That was all I was able to find and no one would answer any of my questions," he said.

"She tends to do this so don't worry, we will find the answers. That is what family is for," Draco said. Neville looked at him oddly then nodded.

"Do you know why your mother made mine your godmother? Do you know if she was mine? If so why haven't I met you before now?" Neville asked.

"My parents died when I was young. I was sent to live with my mum's sister but she and her husband died shortly after. My cousin and I went to live with his aunt after that. So we did not learn about magic until about two years ago. I was coming home with my cousin and a friend… hold on a second," I said, opening the door and yanking the person who had just walked past into the compartment.

"So this is the elite school you got into?" I asked only to be grinned at and told, “This is the school my parents went to”.

"Harriet it is great to see you and to know that someone is a friend in this mad house," Justin said as he hugged me.

"Draco, Neville this is my best friend Justin Finch-Fletchley," I said. Justin waved at them as he took as seat.

"As I was saying, Dudley my other cousin, Justin and myself were on the way back to my house when we were attacked by…" "Why are you telling them about the dog attack?" Justin asked as I spoke. I rolled my eyes. "Because it wasn't a dog but a werewolf," I said.

"You were attacked by a werewolf!," Draco and Neville yelled.

"That is so cool!" Justin said.

"I know and no one was hurt save for the one that attacked us," I told them.

"How?" Draco asked.
"Our neighbor Major Fubster shot it," I told them.

"With a gun, both rounds right to the head. Wait, if that one was a werewolf the other one had to be one too? Right whatever happened to it?" Justin asked.

"There were two?" Neville said almost breathless.

"Yes and we sort of cured him of being a werewolf," I said.

"That is impossible; potion masters have been trying for ages to do that!" Draco yelled while glaring at me.

"I didn't know about magic then just that a guy went from being a odd looking dog that stopped a sick odd looking dog from killing us that night. The major called a doctor and they gave him a rabies shot and wham no more werewolf. You can ask Stoneaxe my account manager, it seems my family has been employing werewolves for ages and all of them have gotten the shot. So now they have all the perks of being a werewolf but none of the drawbacks," I said. I clearly remember telling him about this before but maybe they just did not wish to pay for the information.

"Would you swear on your magic?" Draco asked.

"Yes," I said. He wrote a quick note before calling out, “Dobby”. I was shocked to see an elf pop into the compartment.

"Take this to father right away and tell them to go to see Stoneaxe, Cousin Harriet's account manager," he said. The elf took his note before popping away.

"What…" I kicked Justin before he could ask his question. I had the same one but felt it wasn't one to ask.

"But back to your questions; you have it a little wrong. My grandparents were Fleamont and Euphemia Potter. Charlus and Dorea Potter had a son who would have been my dad's cousin. Euphemia was a Longbottom before she married. Your great grandfather was her brother. I am not sure where that makes us cousins but it does," I told him.

"Just agree with her. She has already claimed you kin and she will not back away from this," Justin said.

"But you said you have Black blood," Draco said.

"I do on my mother's side. Her mother was from the Black family; she was the daughter of Alphard Black," I said.

"How doesn't anyone know this?" Draco asked.

"I have no idea. Most everyone that I have meet assumes I am the grandchild of Dorea and Charlus Potter. I think it's because both Charlus and Grandfather named their sons James." All the boys blinked at me and I sighed before going on. "My dad's name was James Potter. He was the son of Fleamont and Euphemia Potter. Fleamont's younger twin brother Charlus Potter and his wife Dorea also named their son James," I said.

"I thought Charlus was his younger brother; oh the cutoff date," Neville said.

"Yes that is what happened," I said. Neville was quick to explain what the cutoff date was and how it affected some people. Before we realized it we had reached Hogwarts where the ride over the lake
was not fun. It seemed only Justin and myself could swim, Draco had yet to learn and Neville had almost drowned when his uncle tossed him in a body of water at a young age. Thankfully we stayed upright. The only eventful thing that happened was that once we reached the other shore, Neville’s toad Trevor somehow ended up in the boat.

"I thought you left him on the train?" Justin asked.

"So did I but he has the habit of escaping," Neville told us.

"I have to ask, did anyone in your family tell you just how we are sorted? I tried to read about it but the books just glossed over it," Justin said.

"I read all about it in Hogwarts: A History," some girl with bushy hair said.

"Yes I read that too; but it does not tell you how we are sorted," Justin said.

"We have to wrestle a troll," said a boy with red hair. I could not help but laugh at that.

"And what do you think is so funny?" he snapped.

"Most of us are 11; there is no breed of troll out there that we could handle. Some of our classmates just learned magic was real," I said.

"Weasley I cannot believe you would fall for something so stupid," Draco said.

"Oh we are related to them. You are my fourth or fifth cousin," I said. I was about to ask if Draco or Neville knew what generation it was, when I was shoved to the ground.

"Mr. Weasley, that will be a two weeks detention and I will be having a meeting with your parents first thing in the morning about your behavior," snapped Professor McGonagall before telling us to follow her.

I smiled when those around me winced at my whistle and yelling.

"Miss please keep quiet while in line," Professor McGonagall said.

"Nope, not going to happen. I am going to cheer for my friends and family. Well not all of them," I said. The Weasley sniped once more he wasn't related to someone like me. The professor just hushed us both as did the girl with bushy hair. When it was Neville's turn Draco took a step away from me; he learned fast. But I knew how to make noise when I wanted to. So when the hat yelled out Slytherin I placed both fingers in my mouth and whistled. He had told us he thought he would be a Hufflepuff but his Gran had wanted him in Gryffindor like his dad. But he must be taking after his great-grandmother. Draco's sorting did not take long.

I got odd looks when called but few people said anything. I was chanting Slytherin in my head when the hat was placed there, but could not help the stray thought about lice. 'Hey I am cleaned daily and it is my job to sort you,' I heard. I just kept chanting ‘Slytherin’. ‘Oh very well," Slytherin”. I jumped up and handed the hat back before moving to sit next to Neville.

"My Gran is going to kill me," he whispered.

"Nah just tell her you are taking after your great-grandmother, she was a Slytherin," I told him as the Weasley boy was placed in Gryffindor. Once the sorting was done I could hear the whispers of
questions asking where The-Boy-Who-Lived was. It was only then I think Draco and Neville realized just who I was. As they both cursed I just smiled at them before greeting our newest and last house member.
Changes

I do not own Harry Potter, Marvel comics or DC comics. This is not a full crossover but some people will get powers from Marvel and DC comics. This is also a female Harry story if you do not like it then don’t read anymore of the story. I will just laugh and report those that flame or hassle me about Harry being a girl. With that said please read on and try to leave me a nice review.

Over the next few days all the paper could talk about was how The-Boy-Who-Lived was missing. Both Draco and Neville had asked why I did not tell them who I really was. I answered them by telling them just how I had come into my aunt's care. Aunt Marge had found the letter that had been left with me and Aunt Petunia still kept a diary so the rant about freaks on her doorstep where anyone could see was also found. She had let me read both before starting school and it was shocking to say the least.

"Our head of house is an ass-hat," I said as I sat down at the table Neville and I had claimed to do homework.

"Tell me about it; he hates me too for some reason. But to him you should be just some muggleborn that got missorted," he told me.

"It is because I am a Potter. Oh I got some news from home today," I said as Draco sat down.

"So did I," he told us with a smile. I waved him to go on as his seemed more important than mine.

"My sister will be joining us next week," he said with a smile. Neville gave him an odd look.

"That is great. My uncle found more of my family," I told them.

"Oh; are how are we related to them?" Neville asked. They had learned that family meant a lot to me as I claimed the Weasleys at school and all but the one in our year agreed with me. Their mother had sent me a howler to keep away from her children as they were not dark. Draco had advised me to send one back to her but I smiled before sending a letter off to Lord Black. He would handle it the best way. It was a week later I got a letter of apology from the woman's husband.

"One is my mother's half-brother; same mother different father. And the others come from Dorea and Charlus Potter’s branch," I told them with a smile.

"There must be more or you would not be smiling like you are," Draco said.

"You remember how I told you both Charlus and Fleamont named their sons James?" They nodded at this. "Well Dorea and Charlus’s James married a nice witch named Lillian they have one son and two daughters. Their son's name is Harold and their daughters’ names are Rosie and Posy," I said.

"So if and when they are found people are going to think that Dumbledore lied to them," Draco said.

"But we know that he did," Neville said.

"True but it is a family secret. This will be public. Plus they met at my parents’ wedding," I told them.

"So before she was a Potter she was an Evans. Are you sure that line is not magical?" Draco asked.
"English purebloods do not think so," I told him.

"Is it rude to ask how your mother has a half-brother?" Neville asked. I sighed before telling them how my grandmother had been raped at a young age. How her mother had told her the baby had died before giving the boy up.

"Have you met him?" Neville asked once I was finished.

"Not yet. I will at the Yule break," I said. I went on to tell them how he had been overseas for some time as he joined the Navy after finishing up Hogwarts. I than had to explain just what the Navy was and why he would join it.
The following morning Draco's sister Epsilon was sorted; Draco thought she would join us and had told Parkinson to move over. So we were shocked when she ended up in Hufflepuff.

"Thank Merlin we don't have to put up with another squib," Parkinson said. I felt both boys stiffen up at her words. I glared at her before smacking her.

"Mind your tone when you speak about my kin," I hissed out while Draco told her about the same only less nicely.

"How dare you! You're nothing but a mudblood that needs to be shown her place," she said as she pulled her wand.

"I would be careful if I were you Parkinson," Draco said. I could see his wand in hand and a quick glance let me know Neville was backing us up too.

"What is going on here?" our head of house asked.

"She stuck me!" Parkinson said, I just smiled at her.

"And you insulted the heir of an ancient and noble house," I told her with a smile.

"Longbottom is not ancient or noble," snapped one of our older house mates.

"I was not speaking of him nor was I speaking of Epsilon," I said.

"A mudblood like you cannot be from an ancient and noble house," Greengrass said as Snape took points from me. I cared very little for the point system and would not go to a detention he assigned me as I did not earn them. Aunt Marge had made me read the rule book before heading off so it was easy to get them overturned.

"I do not know why everyone thinks I am a mudblood. It is just a silly thing to do," I said as we were ordered to eat and get to our classes. Snape made sure to tell me to mind my betters before returning to the head table.

"You heard our head of house Potter, mind your betters," Parkinson said with a smirk. I just glared at her before getting up and heading for my first class of the day. I had been getting grief from others in my house which was another reason I disliked my head of house as he did nothing to stop them. But from the gossip I had overheard the Gryffindors had worse from him.

"Don't let them get to you," Neville said as he came up to walk with me. He had it just as hard as me.

"Oh they don't bother me that much. I know they are being stupid and idiotic children. It is when adults act the same that worries me. Draco said his father told him the Ministry is in an uproar over the whole Boy-Who-Lived thing. That is why Dumbledore is gone from the castle most of them
time," I said, holding out the paper to him. The headline said Sirius Black was to be questioned today. It would be an open court and would also be broadcast over the wireless.

"Think they will let us out of class to listen in?" Neville asked.

"They would have a riot on their hands if they didn't," I said as I stopped outside the potions classroom. Today was a double lesson so that meant brewing. I needed to remove my contacts and put on the goggles. Professor Snape had taken points the first time I wore them and ordered me to remove them. He did not believe the note I had saying I needed them until Draco told him it was true. That had only made Snape sneer at me but he allowed me to use them but also ordered me to see the nurse for proper glasses. Only she agreed that what I used was all in working order and she sent a note off to him saying as much.

"I still think you had something to do with Harry being missing. Merlin knows why you waited this long to buy that death eater out," Weasley said as he shoved passed us into the room. I rolled my eyes at him. When Harry Potter had not shown nor been called he had yelled out it was my fault. It earned him a few more detentions and had others talking.

I sighed as Draco sat down at the table in front of Neville and Nott joined him soon after. I glared at him when he asked what Snape would give me a detention for today. Draco told him to shut it as Snape came into the room.

I looked at the clock then back to our potion it was a light purple and very runny.

"Neville I think we might have gotten this one right," I said.

"Scary," he said just as something landed in the middle of the potion. I blinked as my potion turned a harsh orange color. When it start smoking blue and red fumes Draco and Nott turned to look at what was going on.

"How did you two do that?" Nott asked.

"It was just like yours till someone tossed something in it," I said, just as it started sparking. I could hear Snape telling us what dunderheads we were from his spot next to Granger and Finnegan. I glanced at him then back to our potion in time for it to blow up.

I blinked a few times as I woke up. I was trying to remember what had happened. But the only thing I could remember was fighting with Parkinson at breakfast. Did she curse me? No, even our head of house would not let that happen in front of others.

"Don't try to sit up just yet dear," the nurse said as she held out a goblet. I drank it slowly. It was nice cold water that helped my dry throat.

"What happened?" I asked my voice cracking as I spoke.

"Your potion exploded all over you and few others. They are here too. Some were here for breathing in the smoke but I let them go already," she told me. I turned to look around me and without sitting up I could see Nott to the left of me and Draco to the right. I frowned as both had adults with them. Where was Remus? He should have been here along with Aunt Marge. I was about to ask how Draco was when his mother spotted me awake.

"Hello dear," she said softly as she moved over next to me.

"How is Draco? Is Neville alright? What about Nott?" I asked.

"Draco just went back to sleep, Mr. Longbottom has yet to wake up, the same for Mr. Nott," she told me. I hummed at that.
"Do you know why my guardians are not here?" I asked.

"Your head of house is in class and the Headmaster would not allow your aunt to come because she is a muggle," the Nurse said.

"Why would Snape be here?" I asked, really confused while my head was starting to hurt.

"He is your magical guardian," the Nurse told me. Draco's mother frowned at that.

"No he is not! Remus Lupin is; and Aunt Marge is a squib please floo them. Do they even know what happened?" I asked. I could tell I was crying.

"You mean to say you have yet to notify Miss Potter's magical guardians?" I heard Lady Malfoy say as my world went black once more. I came to, only there was a lot more yelling and I knew those that were yelling. My Aunt was yelling at my head of house and the headmaster and I smiled at it. I opened my eyes when I felt someone running their hand though my hair.

"Hey there kiddo we are trying to find out what happened," Remus said.

"I am not sure, it is really fuzzy and the last I remember is fighting with Parkinson in the great hall this morning," I said.

"Nott said you told him someone tossed something in your potion," he told me. I blinked a few times trying to remember what happened.

"That is right. Neville and I had finally got a potion right, well right enough that Snape would take it, when someone tossed a bundle of spider legs; no it was a spider, in the potion. It wasn't long after that it exploded. Why did you not come like the others?" I asked.

"Your head of house felt I did not have the right to know you had been hurt. And the Headmaster did not wish your aunt to know as he thought her a muggle. That man even sent the Aurors after me claiming I did not have the right to be near you or any children. They got there about the same time Lady Malfoy flooed the house," he told me as Aunt Marge came over to me. She was quick to hug me and cover my face with kisses while asking how I was doing. I told her I was sore before asking how the others were doing.

I was quickly told that Neville had woken but was sleeping once more and that in the morning, Draco, Neville, Nott and myself would be sent to St. Mungo's. Lord Malfoy also said the board would be looking into how the accident had happened as more than one person had seen Ronald Weasley toss something in the potion Neville and I had been working on. I was quick to tell them it was a spider as I knew that if there were any side effects they would need to know what potion we had been brewing and what had gone into it. It seems they would also be looking into other things in the school, mostly how the heads of houses treated their students.

We spent a week in the hospital cleansing the potion residue from our systems. We returned to a changed school. All the heads of house had been replaced with people who had been hired on just to hold that job. In fact there were two people for each house, a man and woman, so that the girls would have a woman to ask questions if need be. And if the rumours were to be believed, McGonagall had been removed as the deputy headmistress for failure to do her job. Our former head of house had yet to return and it looked like he would not be returning at all. So I was very surprised when he returned two weeks after we did. I watched as Snape glared out at the students. "Wonder why he is here?" I asked.
"I do not know and I know father would have told me if he knew that man was coming back. So that means he and the other Governors do not know," Draco said.

"I am so telling Gran about this," Neville said as he tossed his napkin on his plate. He said nothing as he stood but the headmaster called to him and almost everyone in the hall looked at him.

"Mr. Longbottom please return to your seat. I have some announcements to make before dismissing the meal," the Headmaster said. Neville looked at the floor then glared at the man.

"If the announcement has to do with that man I do not wish to hear it," he said before leaving. I looked at Draco and we both nodded. We were quick to join him and to my shock so did most of our house. I could not help but think back to the meeting with the Governors over what happened in that potion class.

Weasley had gotten off lightly; he was on probation for the rest of the year for his actions but if he got in anymore trouble he would be sent home. But I had overheard him laughing about it saying that Dumbledore would not allow that to happen. That when they found The-Boy-Who-Lived he was going to be his best friend and make sure he did not go dark.

"So how many points do you think we just lost?" Theodore asked. After getting out of the hospital he had told us we could call him by his given name.

"I really don't care about the point system it hasn't been fair for a long time," I told them as we reached the owlery only to find Filch the caretaker there.

"It's closed. The Headmaster says no one is to send out any owls," he said. I looked at him before stunning him.

"Dobby," Draco called out. His elf was quick to pop in and I winced at how wounded he was.

"Tell father he and the other Governors need to come to the school now. Dumbledore has brought Snape back and tried to prevent us from sending owls out. We have stunned the squib and will be waiting on the governors in the front hall. Take him with you Dobby," Draco said. The elf nodded before vanishing taking Filch with him.

"How is that man still here?" Neville asked as he wrote his Gran.

"They overlooked him, he is to most just a squib," I said with a sorry note. I hated how people treated my aunt. She did not have enough magic to be considered a witch but had more than most squibs. Draco just placed his hand on my arm while Neville said it was going to be okay. Most of his family had thought him a squib and tried all sort of ways to force magic out of him. They almost killed him though I only knew about the few times he shared about.

"You guys best head for the front doors. I will pass the word on to our housemates about what happened," Theodore said as he left us alone. We did not speak as we made our way down to the front doors. I sighed as I turned around to walk backwards. I was trying to figure something out to say to them. We really had not talked about what had happened in the potion class. The healer in charge had made sure we all knew there could still be side effects. All the students were being looked at for potion damage and word was some students had lost the ability to have children. That had seemed just another rumor but a harsh whisper I had heard made me think it was very true. We all knew if anything were to come up it would be permanent.

I yelped when I stumbled and I was quick to place a hand on the wall to steady myself.

"How are you doing that?" Draco asked. I looked at him then down at the floor only there was no
floor below me. I was sticking to the wall with a hand and one foot. I gulped before scurrying back to the landing with them. It took a few pulls to get my hand free and by the time that had happened I was shaking.

"Please don't tell," I said.

"You know we won't, you heard what they said. If anything odd happened they wanted to study us. Like we were rats," Draco said with his fist clenched.

The Governors were not pleased that Snape had been brought back to the school but could not remove him as Dumbledore had hired him personally. So the man wasn't a member of the school staff but still had the protection of Dumbledore. Lord Malfoy told us softly to pass the word around that we could and should defend our persons from Snape. I knew the twins would be pleased to learn this tidbit of news.

Before long it was clear orders had been given to the school elves about Snape. Flint came back from visiting the kitchen with word that Snape had his own elf in the school and it was being shunned by the other elves. We left driving Snape out to the older students as we all wanted to figure out my powers and see if anyone else from the class had gotten some yet as well.

Finding out I could stick to walls was just a start. I realized later I could walk up walls when I was in danger. It was more useful than sticking to walls as far too many people have tried to hex me.

"Draco I have a few questions for you," I said as I came down to the common room.

"It is too early for questions," he said. I just glared at him.

"They are more for your father, can Dobby take him a note for me?" I asked.

"Dobby be happy to take it for Missy Potter," Dobby said as he popped into the room next to us.

"Thank you Dobby," I told him, as I handed him the letter and the box. He smiled at me before popping away.

"That was odd, he shouldn't have come to you saying his name," Neville said.

"Mother sent me a note about that telling me it might happen. He used to belong to her family but after they passed on someone sold their elves," Draco told me.

"Father released him back to your family when he learned he was still bonded to you," he told me.

"What do I need to do to thank him? And is there a way to call my other elves to me?" I asked.

"I do not know but I'll ask my mother, she will know. And what was in the box?" he asked.

"A rat; Weasley's rat to be precise. I found that beast trying to chew its way into my trunk. And seeing as first years are only allowed a cat, a toad or an owl unless they have permission from the Board of Governors, the Headmaster and their Head of house, I do not think Weasley did that. His brother might have but not the one in our year," I said as I took a seat. I looked at Neville who had gone quiet while we talked as well as paler than Draco on a healthy day.

"What is the matter?" I asked. In answer he just pointed to Draco's hand. I blinked at it before I realized it was on fire. My quick and very over powered water spell had Draco sputtering and the upper years running over to see what was going on as I had put out the fire we were sitting next to.

"What was that for!" Draco demanded as he wiped water out of his eyes.
"You were on fire," Neville said.

"What? No I wasn't! Was I?" he asked.

"I wouldn't have doused you with water otherwise," I told him and he thanked me before going up to dry off and change clothing.

"Good thinking Potter, now do something about the mess you made," an upper year said with a glare.

"Can I get an elf to help me please?" I asked. I wasn't surprised when three popped in. They looked around and smiled. A few snaps later the water was gone and we had a fire going along with a cup of hot cocoa.

"How did you get the elf to do that?" the same upper year demanded.

"I was nice to them when I went to the kitchen and I try to make a mess in my room for them to clean weekly," I told him. He just smiled at that. "Oh and just a word of advice - if you were mean to them in the past I would apologise and make a very big mess for them to clean up if you want the elves’ help," I told him just as Draco came back down.

"Do I want to know?" he asked as he came over.

"Best not to ask I am still shocked at what she can get an elf to do," Neville said as he sipped his cocoa.

"So what part of the castle are we going to explore today?" I asked as we headed out of the common room.

"I want to try and find a shorter way to the Astronomy tower," Draco said. I nodded at that but when we passed the room we had been using to test my new found powers out I pulled him in while Neville was shoving him.

"What is going on?" Draco demanded once the door was sealed.

"You were on fire in the common room," I told him.

"I know and you did a great job putting me out," he said then mumbled that he’d better not get sick from getting so wet.

"No, she means your hand was on fire, just your hand," Neville said, earning a look from Draco.

"You’re joking," Draco said. I just gave him a look before walking up the wall.

"If I can do this who is to say you two didn't get a gift," I told them.

"She is right and I think I have been using mine without knowing and do you think Theodore was affected too?" Neville asked.

"Not something we could just go ask him and what do you mean about yours?" I asked. I watched as he pulled a seed out. Before I could ask him what he was doing it started to grow.

"That is not magic," Draco said before starting to take off his outer robes then his shirt, telling us they were not fire proof. By the time lunch came around all he could do was smoke some. It was days before he was able to catch on fire once more and when he did it wasn't just his hand but his whole
body. By the time Halloween had come around I thought we had a good hold on our powers, though Draco had to have most of his clothing charmed not to catch on fire.

We tried to find out if Theodore had gotten powers too but had no luck. The only thing to really happen was the fight Weasley started with his older twin brothers. He wanted his rat back and had demanded they return it at dinner one night. Their heads of house had hurried over and made them all leave the room.

"Wait, you sent his rat off weeks ago," Neville said.

"I know and I still haven't heard from your father Draco, about my questions. I was hoping he could help me," I said.

"You never told us with what," Draco told me with a frown. "Maybe he was working on it," he said looking past me. I turned to see his father coming across the great hall.

"Lucius what can I do for you?" the headmaster asked.

"You can call me by my title Headmaster, but I am not here to see you I am here to collect Miss Potter, Mr. Longbottom and my children. They will be returning on Monday," Draco's dad said, before telling us to go pack our other school books.

"I am afraid I cannot allow you to take the other two with you," the headmaster said as we were getting out of our seats.

"You cannot stop me; I have a signed letter from both their guardians to bring them home and all of their teachers have agreed so long as they have their homework that is due on Monday and Tuesday. That is why I am having them collect the rest of their school books. Go on children," he said. I know I was hurrying before anything else could be said. Draco’s father was waiting on us at the castle doors with a frown on his face and Draco said that something else must have been said after we left for him to look that way. Once we were outside the school gates Lord Malfoy held out a fist sized ring and asked us to take hold. Before I could ask what it was he said ‘take me home county rose’. I felt a hook in my belly and my world spun. It was then I knew I had found my most disliked way of travel.

"What the heck was that?" I yelled once we landed. My answer was, ‘a portkey’. I told them never again and both Draco and Neville laughed at me. Epsilon frowned at them before asking if I was alright.

"I got your letter; I would have answered your questions sooner but had a small problem with the rat you sent," Lord Malfoy told us.

"Father please tell me that rat did not get loose in our home!" Draco said. I knew he disliked rats, he had told me the only good rat was a dead one.

"No the rat did not get loose. It was not a rat at all. He was an animagus. Do you remember that meeting we had before the school year with Lord Black?" he asked. Draco and I nodded and I was a little shocked when Neville nodded as well.

"He met with Gran and myself later that day so I know a little too," Neville said.

"I had thought so; it was one of the reasons your Grandmother allowed me to bring you to our home. Another was none of us want any of you in the castle when the papers come out tomorrow," he said.

"Lucius I told you to bring them right in," Lady Malfoy said as she came in to the room. "Harriet
"Dear why are you on the floor?" she asked, holding out a hand. I had not realized I was still sitting where I had landed. She gave both her children a hug before moving on to Neville then myself.

"I want to let them get their legs back. Harriet looked quite sick dear," Lord Malfoy said.

"I will never willingly take one of those again," I hissed as I stood up. We were led to a room that held the others waiting for us.

"So that rat was the one who gave my parents up," I said when I spotted my godfather. Uncle Remus groaned at what I said.

"No more puns for you today," my aunt said as she gave my godfather more cocoa to drink. I just smiled at that before taking a seat.

"Do you know what the paper will say? I do not want people to find out who I really am," I said, as I took a sip of the tea I had been given. Draco's mum said it would settle my stomach.

"Can I have a cup too Mummy?" Epsilon asked. Lady Malfoy smiled and poured her a cup of tea too. I smiled into my cup as it did in fact quickly settle my stomach.

"Your parents thought of that. I had the papers in a safety deposit box and I sent Moony to collect them this morning. As of today you are your own twin and the goblins are more than willing to fake Harry Potter's death, for a fee of course. I took care of that too. I am not sure what they are going to do but they held an odd love for your mother for some reason," he told me. I just smiled after he said that; I knew why as the goblins just loved Dudley and me for the same reason.

"You know why don't you?" Uncle Remus asked.

"Yes and like my mother I cannot tell you," I said.

"Mr. Longbottom you may floo home when you wish as your grandmother needs to speak to you about a family matter," Lord Malfoy said. Neville frowned before saying he would speak to us later. I could tell he was worried and I knew why. He had told us about his parents and I had gone with him to visit them while in the hospital.

"What will we be doing this weekend?" I asked as I sat my cup down. I was told that we would do what we did every year, while taking time to get to know my godfather only we would be doing so from the Malfoy home.

"What do you do?" Draco asked.

"I go and visit my parents and tell them about my life from the last time I went. We try and go at least six times a year," I told him. He apologised for asking but I told him it was alright before asking him to come along.

"I would be honored to," he said and we spent the rest of the day going over the plan my parents had made if worse came to worst.

"There is one thing I do not understand. Dumbledore placed you with your family so he had to have known," Lady Malfoy said.

"You know that I am a squib, correct? As was my late brother. When our mother found out she kicked us both out of the family. Our father took us in when we found him. Mother had never told him about us and it was only luck our family elf gave me some of her old papers with his contact information on it," my aunt said.
"So you have two names," Lord Malfoy said. I could tell Draco was confused.

"My mother could not disown us for being squibs as she was not head of the family. The former head had placed her on probation for having children out of wedlock so we could still use the magic family name we had at birth. To the magical world I am Marge Prewett bastard squib daughter of Muriel but in the muggle world I am just Marge Dursley and there are a lot of Dursleys. When Dumbledore came around looking for the Boy-Who-Lived; not that he told me that, I poured on the fan girl act he gets from time to time. He then looked in on Dudley and Harriet, said both were powerful magically before going on about his business," she finished up.

"But you don't go to Hogwarts," Draco said looking at my cousin.

"I go to Durmstrang," Dudley told them.

"I did not think they would take someone of your blood status, meaning no offence to you or your family young sir," Lord Malfoy said.

"They normally do not but I am the son of two squibs with a count of 223 and I can speak to snakes," Dudley told them.

"You can speak to snakes!" the Malfoys said at once.

"It is no big deal," I told them. Draco looked at me before glaring.

"That is how you get around; I knew you were taking some sort of short cut," he said. I smiled at him.

"Yup. That along with the fact I have my mother's map;" I told him.

"Lily made a map too?" my godfather said.

"Yup, from what I have been told it is better than the one you four made," I said.

"How is that possible? I thought your mother was a muggle-born," Lord Malfoy said.

"She was in a way, from what little we have been able to find with both magic and normal records. My great grandmother was raped. That came from my grandfather. It was only when my mother did the family tree potion project in her last year she learned about the family secret. From what her diary said her father told her but asked her to keep it from my aunt," I said.

"Would you be willing to tell us who it was and do you know if you have any more family?" Lord Malfoy asked.

"They are all dead, it was a man named Marvolo Gaunt. He had two other children Morfin and Merope. Morfin died while in Azkaban. Merope died shortly after giving birth to her son Tom. Tom died the night he killed my mother. It was old family magic that killed Lord Voldemort," I said with a snort.

"You snort at his name; you might be related but if he comes back your blood ties won't save you," Draco said. I could tell he was mad.

"Draco, son, he won't be coming back. We found out a way stop him. That is another reason we wanted you home this weekend. Just in case there is one of his jars in the school. The wards could go down and there would be a backlash when they come back up," Lord Malfoy said.
"No, the wards will go down and when they return it will be to what they should be. Things have been added to and taken away over the years and they are a mess," Uncle Remus said.

"How do you know that Moony?" my godfather asked.

"When Dumbledore would go off on ICW or Harry hunting I would ask McGonagall if I could have use of the school's library for a project I was working on. But I was really looking at the wards. They are a mess; it is a wonder no one has been killed yet by something that came from the forest," he said as Neville came back in with his Gran all tied up.

"Mr. Longbottom what is the meaning of this!" demanded Lord Malfoy.

"That is not my Gran," he growled out. Aurors were called in after that. It did not take long to learn the Dowager Lady Longbottom was being held in the basement of her own home. Once she was freed and cleared by the healers Lady Malfoy basically ordered her to move into the guest wing of the Malfoy home. The following morning was very odd to say the least. I could tell Neville's Gran did not want to be here but they had no place to go as their home needed a full ward overhaul. And due to what happened yesterday we had held off going to visit my parents' graves.

"Neville how did you know that was not me?" she asked once we had all finished eating.

"Your hat Gran, Algie wasn't wearing your hat. He said we were going someplace but you did not put on your hat," Neville said. She smiled at him.

"Lady Malfoy, thank you for allowing us to stay until our wards can be redone," Dowager Lady Longbottom said.

"Think nothing of it, we are family after all," Lady Malfoy said.

"Yes it is clear that we are family. I do have some questions. One being why is Black here? The second, why is Neville out of Hogwarts?" Dowager Lady Longbottom asked.

"I am innocent and was released. The story will be in today's paper and we thought you allowed him to come home. But it must have been Algie that allowed him to leave the school," my godfather said, just as owls came in with the papers.

"Mother where is Father it is not like him to miss meals?" Draco asked.

"There was an emergency at Hogwarts last night. Miss Potter, did you give permission for anyone else to call your elf?" Lady Malfoy asked as she took the papers and mail from the owls.

"I told my friend Justin to call Dobby if there was an emergency and he needed to contact his family for some reason and an owl would not be fast enough," I said as she handed me my mail. I thanked her before sitting it beside my plate.

"Two of his sisters are allergic to birds so when I found out back when we went to the same primary school, he would send any owls to my aunt and she would take them to his house and send their replies back," I told her.

"That would explain why Dobby showed up last night. It seems a troll got into the school last night. I am not sure if anyone was hurt but Dobby came with a letter from your friend telling us about the troll. Lucius left late last night to call a meeting of the school Governors and see what just happened at the school," Lady Malfoy said just as her husband came in.

"Was anyone hurt?" Dowager Lady Longbottom asked.
"One student; she was sent to Saint Mungo’s. She will make it but will not be able to return to finish out the year. Dumbledore is on suspension. That man sent students back to their houses with a troll on the loose. The heads of house listened to him when they should have seen to their houses first," Lord Malfoy said as he sat down.

"What house was attacked?" I asked.

"None, the student was not with her house. We are not sure why or what happened but we will be interviewing her housemates and those she had classes with later today," Lord Malfoy said with a yawn.

"Go get some sleep husband, we will be out of the house most of the day," Lady Malfoy said. Lord Malfoy yawned again before leaving the room.

It was the day before we were to return to school when we learned what happened. Hermione Granger had been hurt by the troll when it had come across her in a bathroom. And due to how badly she was hurt she would not be able to return to school until next year. From what Lord Malfoy told us her healing was so slow due to the fact she did not get the needed treatment at once. Madam Pomphrey had been dismissed from her job as she should have flooed the hospital no matter what the Headmaster had told her. She was a nurse and not a fully trained healer.

We knew there would be a meeting soon to see about removing Dumbledore as Headmaster. With all the mistakes he made concerning the school as well as the injustice done to my godfather, people would see him as he truly was. A lot of people were still calling for his head over the boy-who-lived. We would be placing the seeds for what happened to him when we returned. We also had been told the governors had been split on how to punish Ronald Weasley as he had a small role in what happened to the Granger girl.

"So why did you guys leave school over the weekend? And what do you think about the Black issue?" Greengrass asked as we took a seat at the house table.

"I went to visit my parents’ graves and I am not allowed to speak about the Black issue as you call it just yet," I said.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Lord Black has forbidden anyone of the Black family to speak of it," I said.

"But I overheard the Weasleys speaking about it," Parkinson said.

"The woman who married into the Weasley family was disowned so they are not held by the Black family magic like Draco, Epsilon, Neville and I are," I said.

"But you claim to be related to those blood traitors," Theodore said.

"I am by marriage. You know their Aunt Muriel?" Most nodded, they knew of her. "Well my mother's elder sister married her only son." I said.

"But she doesn't have any children," Davis said.

"She has; she had twins but both were squibs so she gave them to their father to raise," I told them.

"Our families would have heard of that," Flint said, while another said the woman wasn't even married.
"True to both points, but our family tree clearly showed their names when my father added my mother's family," I said.

"And what family would that be mudblood?" Parkinson asked.

"Miss Parkinson your father will be hearing from me on how you have been treating a member of my family," was said behind us. She paled as she looked at Lord Black and then back to me.

"Children I am afraid we must remove you from the school once more," he said.

"I must protest you cannot keep removing my students without reason!" Dumbledore said.

"If I have my way you will not be Headmaster after this week and we have reason. They will need to attend a family funeral," Lord Black said.

"My condolences. May I ask who passed on?" Dumbledore asked.

"You may but I do not have to answer. Go pack children," Lord Black said. I shared a look with Draco and Neville before hurrying off to do as told.

"Do you know what is going on?" Epsilon asked as she met us at the door.

"I have an idea but thought we would be here longer before we were removed once more," I said. They looked at me before nodding. They understood why we were leaving now. When the paper came the following morning I was not shocked when the headline read BOY-WHO-LIVED DEAD. The accompanying story was very well written and to the point. They even had quotes from the fake wills and everything.

"I am very happy they got us out of school. Any idea why it got out so fast?" I asked.

"Your account manager said it would be better to get everything over quickly," Lord Black said as he sat down at the table. "And your parents had this planned out long ago. All he had to do was put the plan in motion and to do it you had to be in Hogwarts with a Harry Potter elsewhere," he told us as his food appeared in front of him.

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