The Truth Behind the Name pt4

by KusanoSaku
Chapter 1- Lucius' announcement and invitation

Lucius came into Wisteria Lanes whistling.

Severus was going over summer homework with Remus- each for their own classes of course. Though that didn't keep them from making out, things had gotten more comfortable between them since Christmas. Severus was starting to believe he really was worthy of being loved.

There was a knock on the study door…

Dobby's squeaky voice protested, 'But Master Lucius, Master Severus and Remus asked not to be disturbed.'

"It's the study, they're merely working. Severus let me in. I know you're in there."

Severus sighed, "Come in Lucius."

"Thought you would like to know the Governors and the Ministry are finalizing arrangements for the Triwizard's Tournament to happen this year. Percy is making an excellent liaison from the Governors to the Ministry Departments of International Magical Cooperation and Magical Games and Sports. Oliver got signed, did you hear? Percy showed up to work in June with the news. By the way, if Ireland makes it to the World Cup you want to come with us to the game? Narcissa has taken out our old tent and is insisting on having it scrubbed. Might have to buy another tent though. Harry and Draco will share a room, you two will." he winked, "Narcissa and I, Blaise will have his own and Hermione too. I pulled strings so Arthur Weasley could bring his family, we'll all be in the top box."

Severus sighed, "Is this supposed to make up for Fred and George's grandfather resigning as the Transfiguration teacher?"

The worst thing to happen for the next year was that; Septimus Weasley resigned and Sirius Black applied for the position, he was the only one. There proved to be a way around the rumored Jinx on the Defense Against the Dark Art's position- apparently, their relationship. Remus was the first person in a long time to serve for two years since Galatea Merrythought who taught when Minerva was a student.

Severus hadn't told Harry yet but Remus knew and they were both concerned.

"Perhaps, a little. I just thought since it was the first time in years that we've gotten to host the World Cup it would be a fun family outing. Besides, I arranged for our campsite to be between the
Weasleys and the Woods. I thought Oliver and Percy might like that. Though I do hope that horrible Ron isn't allowed to come. I've heard decent things about the older two. Well if you ignore Skeeter, she is useful on occasion."

Severus nodded, "Bill Weasley was Head Boy and a decent Keeper, Oliver might be better. They are both better then Frank Longbottom."

"I remember Frank, played against him when I was on the Team as a Chaser. I did it to impress Narcissa once."

Remus nodded, "James and Sirius used to say he was one of the best captains they ever had." well besides, James…

"So you're going to come?"

Severus glanced at Remus, who smiled, "I guess we will. I think Harry would be excited."

"Very well, back to work then. By the way, Remus' name mysteriously disappeared from the Registry. He might want to find a way to glamour his registration tattoo, for both your sakes. Not many would accept a former Death Eater with a Werewolf. I'm one of the few governors who can speak French. McGonagall prefers me to translate then Crouch. I wonder why exactly his son went crazy…" Lucius disappeared almost as quickly as he'd come.

Severus wondered if he was truly ready to make their relationship public.

Remus stared at the door, "My name is off the registry? How did that happen?"

Severus said quietly, "Who cares? As long as we're careful and you take your potion, you won't be a danger right?"

Remus smiled, "You might have a point." He kissed him softly, "As long as I have you, everything will be fine."
Morning of the Quidditch World Cup

Dobby had packed their clothes for the World Cup and taken them over to store in the Tent before it was packed up to travel.

Hermione had arrived the day before and Blaisé as usual had spent the summer.

Harry felt as though he had barely laid down with Draco in their room when he was being shaken awake by Remus.

“Time to go, Harry pup,” he whispered, reaching to shake Draco.

Harry felt around for his glasses, put them on, and sat up. It was still dark outside. Draco muttered unintelligibly as Remus roused him. Outside Harry’s open door he saw a large, disheveled shape emerging from down the hall.

“’S’ time already?” Blaisé asked groggily.

Harry and Draco dressed in silence, too sleepy to talk.

Then yawning and stretching, the three boys headed downstairs into the kitchen.

Severus was sitting at the table, checking a sheaf of large parchment tickets. He looked up as the boys entered and spread his arms so that they could see his clothes more clearly. He was wearing what appeared to be a long-sleeved t-shirt and a very old pair of slacks, a bit baggy but still managing to stay up.

Hermione was looking rather exhausted as she seemed to be trying hard not to fall asleep in her tea.

“What do you think?” Severus asked anxiously. “We’re supposed to go incognito; do I look like a Muggle, Harry?”

“Yeah,” said Harry, smiling, “very good.”

Remus grinned, “I helped. After all I did grow up around Muggles.”

“What is the plan?” Draco asked with a yawn.
“We’re flooing to the Manor, then we’re Portkeying with Lucius to the campsite.”

Harry snuggled up to Draco, “What about Percy and Oliver? Or Fred and George?”

“They’ll meet us there. Their campsites are on either side of ours. I think Percy is staying with Oliver but there is room for them in our tent.” Severus said drinking another cup of coffee. “Percy passed his Apparation test recently and so did Oliver, so I am sure they are just going to Apparate in a section of Forest Lucius mentioned.

Dobby ladled porridge into bowls so they could have a little something to eat as he was told to.

After a bite to eat, they all flooed to the Manor where they met Lucius. Dobby and Dippy would arrive with their tent once they finished paying for their space.

Narcissa hugged and kissed them all, “I’ll come when I can. I’m going to Diagon Alley to buy Draco, Blaisé’s and Harry’s things. It shouldn’t be hard, you have all the same classes right?”

Hermione chuckled, “Blaisé and I do, we’re taking more classes though. Harry and Draco do have the same classes though.”

Narcissa checked the timepiece pinned to her robe, “It is time to go. I’ll try to come tonight. Hopefully, the game doesn’t last that long.”

“So how does everyone get there without all the Muggles noticing?” Harry asked Lucius who seemed to know more as they headed outside to use the portkey.

“It’s been a massive organizational problem,” Lucius sighed, he’d never been much of a Muggle supporter but he did agree they needed to be kept out of their world. “The trouble is, about a hundred thousand wizards turn up at the World Cup, and of course, we just haven’t got a magical site big enough to accommodate them all. There are places Muggles can’t penetrate, but imagine trying to pack a hundred thousand wizards into Diagon Alley or Platform Nine and Three-Quarters. So we had to find a nice deserted moor and set up as many anti-Muggle precautions as possible. The whole Ministry’s been working on it for months. First, of course, we have to stagger the arrivals. People with cheaper tickets have to arrive two weeks beforehand. A limited number use Muggle transport, but we can’t have too many clogging up their buses and trains - remember, wizards are coming from all over the world. Some Apparate, of course, but we have to set up safe points for them to appear, well away from Muggles. There is a handy wood we set up for that purpose to use as the Apparition point. For those who don’t want to Apparate or can’t, we use Portkeys.

Harry nodded, they had used Portkeys for years when there were too many underage wizards to Side-Along Apparate.

It was chilly and the moon was still out. Only a dull, greenish tinge along the horizon to their right showed that daybreak was drawing closer. Harry, having been thinking about thousands of wizards speeding toward the Quidditch World Cup,

“Three…” Lucius counted off, one eye still on his watch, ”two… one…”

It happened immediately: Harry felt the usual hook just behind his navel that had been suddenly jerked irresistibly forward. His feet left the ground; he could feel Draco and Hermione on either side of him, their shoulders banging into his; they were all speeding forward in a howl of wind and swirling color; his forefinger was stuck to the watering can as though it was pulling him magnetically onward. Then his feet slammed into the ground; Hermione staggered into him and Harry nearly fell over only to be caught by Draco; the Portkey hit the ground near his head with a heavy thud. Harry
looked up. Lucius, and Remus were still standing but Severus looked like he’d been caught by Remus, they were looking very windswept; rocking back and forth.

“Twelve past five from Malfoy Manor,” said a voice.

They had arrived on what appeared to be a deserted stretch of misty moor. In front of them was a pair of tired and grumpy-looking wizards, one of whom was holding a large gold watch, the other a thick roll of parchment and a quill. Both were dressed as Muggles, though very inexpertly: The man with the watch wore a tweed suit with thigh-length galoshes; his colleague, a kilt and a poncho.

“Morning, Basil,” Lucius said, picking up the watering can and handing it to the kilted wizard, who threw it into a large box of used Portkeys beside him; Harry could see an old newspaper, an empty drinks can, a boot and a punctured football.

“Harry,” he was glomped by two red-headed excitable twins.

The others laughed.

Ginny looked shy and Ron looked murderous.

Draco glanced at Blaisé, what had Fred and George’s mother been thinking letting him attend after being expelled.

Fred grinned, “Percy might be here already dunno. Charlie and Bill, I’m sure you’ll like them, will be here whenever they wake up. Bill is a Curse Breaker and Treasure Hunter for Gringotts’ but Charlie is a Dragon Tamer. He works at a Dragon Preserve in Romania.”

Blaisé’s eyebrow raised, dragon preserve? He must been very knowledgeable about Magical Creatures. Perhaps, he’d have someone to discuss them with? He was the only one really interested in them in their group.

“Hello there, Arthur,” said Basil wearily. “Not on duty, eh? Lucky you. We’ve been here all night. You all better get out of the way, we’ve got a big party coming in from the Black Forest at five fifteen. Hang on, I’ll find your campsite…Weasley…Weasley…” He consulted his parchment list. “About a quarter of a mile’s walk over there, third field you come to. Site manager’s called Mr. Moran. That’s yours as well Lord Malfoy. Diggory…second field…ask for Mr. Payne.”

“Thanks, Basil,” said Mr. Weasley, and he beckoned everyone to follow him. They set off across the deserted moor, unable to make out much through the mist.

After about forty minutes, there was small stone cottage next to a gate swam into view. Beyond it, Harry could just make out the ghostly shapes of hundreds and hundreds of tents, rising up the gentle slope of a large field toward a dark wood on the horizon. They had said good-bye to the Diggory a good ten minutes back and approached the cottage door. A man was standing in the doorway, looking out at the tents. Harry knew at a glance that this was the only real Muggle for several acres, thought he hadn’t been around Muggles in years.. When he heard their footsteps, he turned his head to look at them.

“Morning!” Mr. Weasley said brightly.

“Morning,” the Muggle said.

“Would you be Mr. Moran?” Lucius asked.

“Aye, I would,” said Mr. Moran. “And who’re you?”
“Weasley and Malfoy—two tents all together I believe, booked a few weeks ago?”

“Aye,” said Mr. Moran, consulting a list tacked to the door. “You’ve got a space up by the wood there. Just the one night?”

“That’s it,” said Mr. Weasley.

“You’ll be paying now, then?” said Mr. Moran.

Remus took the money from both Lucius and Arthur, “Let me handle it.” he knew Muggles far better then they did. Remus paid from both of their camping sites and then gave Lucius and Arthur back the rest of their money.

Mr. Moran rummaged around in a tin for some change.

“Never been this crowded,” he said suddenly, looking out over the misty field again. “Hundreds of pre-bookings. People usually just turn up…”

“Is that right?” said Mr. Weasley, his hand held out for his change, but Mr. Moran didn’t give it to him.

“Aye,” he said thoughtfully. “People from all over. Loads of foreigners. And not just foreigners. Weirdos, you know? There’s a bloke walking ‘round in a kilt and a poncho.”

“Shouldn’t he?” said Mr. Weasley anxiously

“It’s like some sort of… I dunno… like some sort of rally,” said Mr. Moran. “They all seem to know each other. Like a big party.”

At that moment, a wizard in plus-fours appeared out of thin air next to Mr. Moran’s front door.

“Obliviate!” he said sharply, pointing his wand at Mr. Moran.

Instantly, Mr. Moran’s eyes slid out of focus, his brows unknitted, and a took of dreamy unconcern fell over his face.

Harry recognized the symptoms of one who had just had his memory modified, though he doubted it would be as drastically altered Lockhart’s.

“A map of the campsite for you,” Mr. Moran said placidly to Mr. Weasley and Lucius.

“Thanks very much,” Lucius said.

The wizard in plus-fours accompanied them toward the gate to the campsite. He looked exhausted: His chin was blue with stubble and there were deep purple shadows under his eyes. Once out of earshot of Mr. Moran, he muttered to Lucius, “Been having a lot of trouble with him. Needs a Memory Charm ten times a day to keep him happy. Ludo Bagman is not helping. The bloody fool goes rotting around talking about Bludgers and Quaffles at the top of his voice. He hasn’t a worry about ‘anti-Muggle security Blimey, I’ll be glad when this is over. See you later, Arthur, Lord Malfoy.” He Disapparated.

“I thought Mr. Bagman was Head of Magical Games and Sports,” Draco asked, looking surprised. “He should know better than to talk about Bludgers near Muggles, shouldn’t he?”

“He should,” said Mr. Weasley, smiling warily and leading them through the gates into the campsite, “but Ludo’s always been a bit well, lax about security. You couldn’t wish for a more enthusiastic
Head of the Magical Sports and Games Department though. He played Quidditch for England himself, you know. They say he was the best Beater the Wimbourne Wasps ever had.”

They trudged up the misty field between long rows of tents. Most looked almost ordinary; their owners had clearly tried to make them as Muggle-like as possible, but had slipped up by adding chimneys, or bellpulls, or weather vanes. However, here and there was a tent so obviously magical that Harry could hardly be surprised that Mr. Moran was getting suspicious. Halfway up the field stood an extravagant confection of striped silk, like a miniature palace, with several live peacocks tethered at the entrance. A little farther on they passed a tent that had three floors and several turrets; and a short way beyond that was a tent that had a front garden attached, complete with birdbath, sundial, and fountain.

“Always the same,” said Mr. Weasley, smiling. “We can’t resist showing off when we get together. Ah, here we are, look, this is us.”

Lucius snorted, “Even I wouldn’t show up at a Muggle-run campground with such a tent.”

They had reached a nice flat area, here were two empty spaces, with small signs hammered into the ground that read WEEZLY and MAULFOI. To the left of the Malfoy plot was one that read Wud.

No one seemed to be up yet, they must not be awake yet.

“Couldn’t have a better spot!” said Mr. Weasley happily. “The field is just on the other side of the wood over there, we’re as close as we could be.” He hoisted his backpack from his shoulders. “Right,” he said excitedly, “no magic allowed, strictly speaking, not when we’re out in these numbers on Muggle land. We’ll be putting these tents up by hand! Shouldn’t be too difficult… Muggles do it all the time… Here, where do you reckon we should start?”

Harry had never been camping in his life; the Dursleys had never taken him on any kind of holiday, when he lived with them, preferring to leave him with Mrs. Figg, an old neighbor. However, he, Blaisé, Remus and Hermione worked out where most of the poles and pegs should go on their tent. Fred and George managed to figure out their own tent though Mr. Weasley seemed like he was more of a hindrance than a help, because he got thoroughly overexcited when it came to using the mallet, the Weasleys finally managed to erect what appeared to be a shabby two-man tent.

The Malfoy tent was quite large with a living room and a dining room as well as bedrooms and a screened-in porch. It was far larger inside than it appeared to be. There was also a bathroom and kitchen. The living room furniture was plush and comfortable in cool colors. The dining room table and chair set was cherry, the floor had a slightly violet-red stain.

There was a quiet pop and there were Dobby and Dippy, Malfoy family house elves.

Lucius picked up the dusty kettle and peered inside it. “We’ll need water…”

“There’s a tap marked on this map the Muggle gave us,” Remus said looking at the map.

Draco who had followed Harry inside the tent and unlike Harry or Hermione seemed completely unimpressed by its extraordinary inner proportions.

“It’s on the other side of the field.” Remus continued.

“Well, why don’t Draco, Harry and Hermione go and get us some water then? It wouldn’t be smart to send the elves.” Lucius handed over the kettle and a couple of saucepans.
“Blaisé and I will get some wood for a fire.” Remus grinned, “It’s been a long while since I’ve been camping. Some of my best memories were around a fire.” until the fateful trip his father insulted Greyback.

“But we’ve got an oven,” Blaisé asked confused. “Why can’t we just,”

“We will, I just thought a campfire might be nice.”

Harry, Draco, and Hermione set off across the campsite with the kettle and saucepans.

Now, with the sun newly risen and the mist lifting, they could see the city of tents that stretched in every direction. They made their way slowly through the rows, staring eagerly around. It was only just dawning on Harry how many witches and wizards there must be in the world; he had never really thought much about those in other countries.

Their fellow campers were starting to wake up. First to stir were the families with small children; Harry had never seen witches and wizards this young before. A tiny boy no older than two was crouched outside a large pyramid-shaped tent, holding a wand and poking happily at a slug in the grass, which was swelling slowly to the size of a salami. As they drew level with him, his mother came hurrying out of the tent.

“How many times do I have to say it Ryan? You don’t touch Daddy’s wand. Ugh.“

She had trodden on the giant slug, which burst. Her scolding carried after them on the still air, mingling with the little boy’s yells - “You bust slug! You bust slug!”

A short way farther on, they saw two little witches, barely older than Ryan, who were riding toy broomsticks that rose only high enough for the girls’ toes to skim the dewy grass. A Ministry wizard must have already spotted them; because as he hurried past Harry, Draco and Hermione he muttered distractedly, “In broad daylight! Parents having a lie-in, I suppose -”

Here and there adult wizards and witches were emerging from their tents and starting to cook breakfast. Some, with furtive looks around them, conjured fires with their wands; others were striking matches with dubious looks on their faces, as though sure this couldn’t work. Three African wizards sat in serious conversation, all of them wearing long white robes and roasting what looked like a rabbit on a bright purple fire, while a group of French witches sat gossiping happily beneath a powder blue stretched between their tents that read: Beauxbatons Academy of Magic. Harry caught snatches of conversation in strange languages from the inside of tents they passed, and though he couldn’t understand a word, the tone of every single voice was excited.

They had walked into a patch of tents that were all covered with a thick growth of shamrocks, so that it looked as though small, oddly shaped hillocks had sprouted out if the earth. Grinning faces could be seen under those that had their flaps open. Then, from behind them, they heard their names.

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Harry! Hermione!”

It was Seamus Finnigan, their fellow Gryffindor Fourth Year. He was sitting in front of his own shamrock-covered tent, with a sandy-haired woman who had to be his mother, his best friend, Dean Thomas and Colin Creevey, also of Gryffindor.

“Like the decorations?” said Seamus, grinning. “The Ministry’s not too happy.”

“Ah, why shouldn’t we show our colors?” said Mrs. Finnigan. “You should see what the Bulgarians have got dangling all over their tents. You’ll be supporting Ireland, of course?” she added, eyeing Harry, Draco, and Hermione beadily. When they had assured her that they were indeed supporting
Ireland, they set off again.

Draco said, “Like we’d say anything else surrounded by that lot.”

“I wonder what the Bulgarians have got dangling all over their tents?” said Hermione.

“Let’s go and have a look,” said Harry, pointing to a large patch of tents upfield, where the Bulgarian flag- white, green, and red was fluttering in the breeze. The tents here had not been bedecked with plant life, but each and every one of them had the same poster attached to it, a poster of a very tan face that had a mix between a scowl and a frown as well as heavy black eyebrows. The picture was, of course, moving, but all it did was blink and look around as if searching for something.

“Krum,” Draco said with excitement.

“What?” Hermione said, there was something about the man in the poster.

“Krum!” Draco said with a sort of awe. “Viktor Krum, he’s the Bulgarian Seeker!”

“He looks really unhappy,” said Hermione, looking around at the many Krums blinking and scowling at them.

“Really unhappy?” Draco rolled his eyes, “Who cares about that! He’s unbelievable. He’s really young too, around Oliver’s age I guess. He’s only just eighteen or something. He’s a genius, you wait until tonight, you’ll see.”

“Whatever you say Draco.” what was she replied.

They finally made it to the water tap, where they found Fred and George filling up their own pans of water. Draco filled up theirs, giving the lighter ones to Harry while himself and Hermione carried the heavy containers. Walking more slowly now, because of the weight of the water, they made their way back through the campground.

Here and there, they saw more familiar faces: other Hogwarts students with their families.

Next they were hailed by Ernie Macmillan, a Hufflepuff Fourth Year, and a little farther on they saw Cho Chang, a girl who played Seeker on the Ravenclaw team. She waved and smiled at Harry, who awkwardly waved back, while Draco scowled.

More to distract his upset friend, Harry hurriedly pointed out a large group of teenagers whom he had never seen before. “Who d’you reckon they are?” he said. “They don’t go to Hogwarts, do they?”

“They’ve probably attend Beauxbatons, we saw their school a while back. They could attend somewhere else though.” Draco muttered.

“’Spect they go to some foreign school,” Fred added.

“Yeah, never met anyone who went to one, though.” George nodded,

“Do you remember when Bill had a penfriend at a school in Brazil?”

“That was years and years ago, had Percy started at Hogwarts then?”

“Can’t remember. Well, you see Bill wanted to go on an exchange trip but Mum and Dad couldn’t afford it.”
“Then his penfriend got all offended when he said he wasn’t going and sent him a cursed hat. It made his ears shrivel up.”

“We took that hat and managed to figure out how it worked. Made a few adjustments so the effect is only temporary. One of our better products and it was all thanks to Bill.”

Harry laughed but didn’t voice the amazement he felt at hearing about other Wizarding schools. He supposed, now that he saw representatives of so many nationalities in the campsite, that he had been too naïve to realize that Hogwarts couldn’t be the only one. He glanced at Hermione, who looked utterly unsurprised by the information. No doubt she had run across the news about other Wizarding schools in some book or other. He was surprised he hadn’t bought one, he had bought books on the Wizarding world in general and Hogwarts, A history.

“You’ve been ages,” Blaisé muttered when they finally got back to the Malfoy tent.

“Met a few people,” Draco shrugged, setting the water down inside. “I see Remus got that fire started. Though I don’t understand why he wanted one.”

Harry said quietly, “Papa is always cold.”

“Oh I forgot. Wonder if Remus will give Mr. Weasley a hand.”

They exited the Malfoy tent to see Severus sitting by the fire.

“Come here, Arthur,” Remus said kindly, taking the box from him, and showing him how to do it properly.

At last they got the fire lit, though it was at least another hour before it was hot enough to cook anything- not that they were going to use it for such. Lucius had put a magic concealing charm, so the adults and the house elves could use magic without being detected though. There was plenty to watch while they waited, however. Their tent seemed to be pitched right alongside a kind of thoroughfare to the field, and Ministry members kept hurrying up and down it, greeting Mr. Weasley and Lucius cordially as they passed. Mr. Weasley kept up a running commentary, sometimes, Lucius joined in, though mainly for Harry’s and Hermione’s benefit; the other children knew too much about the Ministry to be greatly interested.

“That was Cuthbert Mockridge, Head of the Goblin Liaison Office. Here comes Gilbert Wimple; he’s with the Committee on Experimental Charms; he’s had those horns for a while now. Hello, Arnie…Arnold Peasegood, he’s an Obliviator, a member of the Accidental Magic Reversal Squad,. That’s Bode and Croaker… they’re Unspeakables…”

“They’re what?”

“From the Department of Mysteries, top secret, no idea what they get up to…” Lucius answered Harry’s question

Oliver, the old captain of Gryffindor’s Quidditch team, who had just left Hogwarts finally seemed to have woken up. He spotted Harry and dragged him over to his parents’ tent to introduce him. Hermione, Draco and Blaisé followed them. Oliver told them excitedly that he had just been signed recently to the Puddlemere United reserve team- Puddlemere United had been his first choice.

Percy was sitting at the table inside sipping coffee and looking happy.

Oliver grinned, “Mum and Dad really seem to like Perce.” resting his hand on his lover’s shoulder.
Percy smiled, “It’s been nice getting to know them. Mrs. Wood has helped us set up our apartment. We got a few gifts from everyone, mostly from the girls; Angelina, Katie and Alicia. Though Lady Malfoy has been quite helpful too.”

“Percy dear, you can call me Mum or Janie. You’re practically family aren’t you? I mean Oliver did mention he started give you courting gifts on your seventeenth birthday. You’re good for him. His marks were always higher then we expected once he started talking about you. Oliver used to tell us that you encouraged him as well as helped him with his studies. So we have you thank for his high marks.”

Percy covered Oliver’s hand, “He reminded me to have fun and not spend all my time worrying about marks and rules.”

Draco was pleased at least one of their families was accepting their relationship. “Have you talked to your father? Your family’s tent is on the other side of ours.” he scowled slightly, “Ron came. I’m surprised your mother let him come.”

Percy winced, “I hope he doesn’t cause trouble.” he glanced up at Oliver’s parents, “I apologize if my youngest brother is rude or annoying before you leave. He speaks his mind and often says unkind things. He is very different from the rest of us. I am afraid he used to admire Oliver before he found out last summer that we were lovers. Since then he hasn’t been able to say anything nice about Oliver and it isn’t fair.”

“Hush Perce. They are my parents, they’ll know anything bad Ron says about me won’t be true.”

Percy attempted a smile, “Well, we’re sitting up in the Minister’s box so we won’t actually be sitting with them. So it should be okay.”

“Well, we better get back then. We’ll see you later.” Draco bustled them out of the Woods’ tent, which was between his own tent and the one Fred and George had.

It seemed the fire was ready, by the time they exited the Woods’ tent and Remus was bringing out eggs and sausages probably cooked by the house elves when two tall muscular red-heads emerged from the woods.

George and Fred ran to greet them, “You made it.” they each took one by the hand and led them back to the tents.

“This is Draco Malfoy, Harry Potter, Blaisé Zabini, Hermione Granger and Professor Remus Lupin. He teaches Defense. These are our big brothers Bill and Charlie.”

Blaisé saw two good-looking men with shoulder length red hair and blue eyes, muscular and both giving of an air of daring. But it was the one without an earring that drew his eyes back, his scent and there was a shiny obviously recent burn on his arm. This must be the Dragon Tamer brother, Charlie his scent and the air of danger that hung around him was drawing him in. He could feel the Veela part of his reaching out for the man. Could this person be the Arrow, he spoke of in his prophecy? His Mate? He licked his lips, “Charlie…” his hand reaching out to cover the burn, a warmth radiated from his hand and the burn disappeared. He looked up at the man, “Just as I thought. I was waiting for you. I couldn’t have done that for just anyone. Blaisé Zabini,” he lowered his voice, “Veela and you’re Mine. My Mate.” his nails became talons and he ran them lightly over the man’s skin.

Charlie knew good-looking blokes when he saw them, he’s always been partial to them. Blaisé Zabini? A male Veela? He hadn’t even been aware there were such a creature. This Blaisé was
exotic looking, there was something nearly irresistible about him.

“Get away from my brother, you disgusting snake. Why can’t you stick to your own kind?”

Everyone groaned.

Ron.

Mr. Weasley smacked him upside the head, “Watch your manners or I’ll have Bill take you right home. Your mother almost didn’t let you come.”

“If I’d know we’d be sleeping next to scum like them I wouldn’t have come.” Ron glared at them.

Hermione felt his glare like a knife.

Charlie ran a thumb over a talon, “I’ve never met a bloke quite like you.”

Blaisé grinned, “I hope you never do again. Because I’m not the sharing type.”

Draco smirked, he’d never seen Blaisé like this. His childhood friend seemed to be laying claim to Fred and George’s older brother.

Bill chuckled, “I think you have good taste Charlie. I doubt you’ll find better looking then his kind.”
A sense of excitement rose like a palpable cloud over the campsite as the afternoon wore on. By dusk, the still summer air itself seemed to be quivering with anticipation, and as darkness spread like a curtain over the thousands of waiting wizards, the last vestiges of pretense disappeared: the Ministry seemed to have bowed to the inevitable and stopped fighting the signs of blatant magic now breaking out everywhere.

Salesmen were Apparating every few feet, carrying trays and pushing carts full of extraordinary merchandise. There were luminous rosettes - green for Ireland, red for Bulgaria - which were squealing the names of the players, pointed green hats bedecked with dancing shamrocks, Bulgarian scarves adorned with lions that really roared, flags from both countries that played their national anthems as they were waved; there were tiny models of Firebolts that really flew, and collectible figures of famous players, which strolled across the palm of your hand, preening themselves.

“Been saving my pocket money all summer for this,” Fred told Harry as they strolled through the salesmen, buying souvenirs. Though the twins purchased a dancing shamrock hat, a scarf and a large green rosette.

Hermione couldn’t help herself, she bought a Bulgarian scarf and an Irish rosette that blinked various pro-Irish sayings.

Draco bought an Irish scarf and a Bulgarian flag, Harry had an Irish flag and a Bulgarian Scarf.

Blaisé was Irish from head to toe with a hat, scarf, flag and rosette.

“Wow, look at these!” said Harry, hurrying over to a cart piled high with what looked like brass binoculars, except that they were covered with all sorts of weird knobs and dials.

“Omnioculars,” said the saleswizard eagerly. “You can replay action… slow everything down… and they flash up a play-by-play breakdown if you need it. Bargain - ten Galleons each.”

“Wish I hadn’t bought this now,” George said longingly, gesturing at his dancing shamrock hat and gazing longingly at the Omnioculars.

“Five pairs,” said Harry firmly to the wizard.

“No - don’t bother,” Fred bit his lip, going red.
“You won’t be getting anything for Christmas,” Harry teased him, thrusting Omnioculars into everyone’s. “For about ten years, mind.”

“Fair enough,” George and Fred said, grinning.

“Oooh, thanks, Harry,” Hermione said. “I’ll get us some programs, look –”

Their money bags considerably lighter, they went back to the tents. Bill, Charlie, and Ginny, were all sporting green rosettes too, Severus was wearing an Irish scarf himself and so was Lucius and Remus, while Mr. Weasley was carrying an Irish flag. All Ron the idiot had was a miniature Viktor Krum that walked over his hand.

Then a deep, booming gong sounded somewhere beyond the woods, and at once, green and red lanterns blazed into life in the trees, lighting a path to the field.

“It’s time!” said Mr. Weasley, looking as excited as any of them. “Come on, let’s go!”

Clutching their purchases, Lucius in the lead, they all hurried into the wood, following the lantern-lit trail. They could hear the sounds of thousands of people moving around them, shouts and laughter, snatches of singing. The atmosphere of feverish excitement was highly infectious; Harry couldn’t stop grinning. They walked through the wood for twenty minutes, talking and joking loudly, until at last they emerged on the other side and found themselves in the shadow of a gigantic stadium. Though Harry could see only a fraction of the immense gold walls surrounding the field, he could tell that ten cathedrals would fit comfortably inside it.

“Seats a hundred thousand,” Mr. Weasley said, spotting the awestruck look on Harry’s face. “Ministry task force of five hundred have been working on it all year. Muggle Repelling Charms on every inch of it. Every time Muggles have got anywhere near here all year, they’ve suddenly remembered urgent appointments and had to dash away again… bless them,” he added fondly, leading the way toward the nearest entrance, which was already surrounded by a swarm of shouting witches and wizards.

“Prime seats!” said the Ministry witch at the entrance when she checked their tickets. “Top Box with the Minister! Straight upstairs, Arthur, and as high as you can go.”

The stairs into the stadium were carpeted in rich purple. They clambered upward with the rest of the crowd, which slowly filtered away through doors into the stands to their left and right. Mr. Weasley and Lucius’ parties kept climbing, and at last they reached the top of the staircase and found themselves in a small box, set at the highest point of the stadium and situated exactly halfway between the golden goal posts. About twenty purple-and-gilt chairs stood in two rows here, and Harry, filing into the seats with his eclectic pseudo-family and the Weasleys, looked down upon a scene the likes of which he could never have imagined.

A hundred thousand witches and wizards were taking their places in the seats, which rose in levels around the long oval field. Everything was suffused with a mysterious golden light, which seemed to come from the stadium itself. The field looked smooth as velvet from their lofty position. At either end of the field stood three goal hoops, fifty feet high; right opposite them, almost at Harry’s eye level, was a gigantic blackboard. Gold writing kept dashing across it as though an invisible giant’s hand were scrawling upon the blackboard and then wiping it off again; watching it, Harry saw that it was flashing advertisements across the field

The Bluebottle: A Broom for All the Family - safe, reliable, and with Built-in Anti-Burgler Buzzer…
Harry tore his eyes away from the sign and looked over his shoulder to see who else was sharing the box with them. Besides, Madam Bones, the new Minister for Magic and her family a good six or seven people. The only other occupant was a tiny creature sitting in the second from last seat at the end of the row behind them. The creature, whose legs were so short they stuck out in front of it on the chair, was wearing a tea towel draped like a toga, and it had its face hidden in its hands. Yet those long, bat-like ears were oddly familiar…

“Dobby?” Harry asked incredulously, he was sure they’d left Dobby in the tent

The tiny creature looked up and stretched its fingers, revealing enormous brown eyes and a nose the exact size and shape of a large tomato. It wasn’t Dobby – it was, however, unmistakably a house-elf, Harry knew house elves. They had them at Hogwarts, at Wisteria Meadows and at the Manor, he’d lived with them serving them since he was 12 and was released from St. Mungos'.

“Did sir just call me Dobby?” squeaked the elf curiously from between its fingers. Its voice was higher even than Dobby’s, a teeny, quivering squeak of a voice, and Harry suspected though it was very hard to tell with a house-elf, that this one might just be female like Dippy.

“Sorry,” Harry told the elf, “I just thought you were our house elf for a second.”

“But I knows Dobby too, sir!” squeaked the elf. She was shielding her face, as though blinded by light, though the Top Box was not brightly lit. “My name is Winky, sir - and you, sir -” Her dark brown eyes widened to the size of side plates as they rested upon Harry’s face. “You is surely Harry Potter!”

“Yeah, I am,” said Harry.

“But Dobby talks of you all the time, sir!” she said, lowering her hands very slightly and looking awestruck.

“Oh.” Harry said, not that he enjoyed being the topic of gossip among anyone much less house elves.

Winky said firmly, from behind her hands. “A good house-elf does what they is told. I is not liking heights at all, Harry Potter” - she glanced toward the edge of the box and gulped - “but my master sends me to the Top Box and I comes, sir.”

“Why’s he sent you up here, if he knows you don’t like heights?” said Harry, frowning.

“Master - master wants me to save him a seat, Harry Potter. He is very busy,” said Winky, tilting her head toward the empty space beside her. “Winky is wishing she is back in master’s tent, Harry Potter, but Winky does what she is told. Winky is a good house-elf.”

She gave the edge of the box another frightened look and hid her eyes completely again.

Harry turned back to the others.

Fred pulled out his Omnioculars and started testing them, staring down into the crowd on the other side of the stadium.

“Wild!” he said, twiddling the replay knob on the side. “I can make that old bloke down there pick
his nose again… and again… and again…”

Hermione meanwhile, was skimming eagerly through her velvet-covered, tasseled program. “‘A display from the team mascots will precede the match,’” she read aloud.

“Oh that’s always worth watching,” Lucius said, “National teams bring creatures from their native land, you know, to put on a bit of a show.”

The box filled gradually around them over the next half hour.

Mr. Weasley and Lucius kept shaking hands with people who were obviously very important wizards.

Percy jumped to his feet so often that he looked as though he were trying to sit on a hedgehog that even Oliver was chuckling at him. Percy was so eager to please and was anxious not to embarrass Lucius. When Percy noticed Madam Bones, the Minister of Magic herself had arrived, Percy bowed so low that his glasses fell off and shattered. Highly embarrassed, he repaired them with his wand and thereafter remained in his seat.

Harry had met Madam Bones before twice, and Amelia shook Harry’s hand in a motherly fashion, asked how he was, and introduced him to the wizards on either side of her.

“This is Harry Potter,” she told the Bulgarian minister rapidly in what must be Bulgarian, who was wearing splendid robes of black velvet trimmed with gold and didn’t seem to understand a word of English but she was kind enough to address in his own language, “Harry Potter, the boy who survived You-Know-Who. He is quite an adorable boy,” she switched back to English, “How are you doing Harry? You look healthier then when I first saw you.”

Harry snuggled, “I am. Papa takes good care of me. Remus does too. He saved my life. Draco takes care of me too.”

Draco covered Harry’s tiny hand with his own, “I’ve always taken care of you and I intend to continue to do that.”

She smiled, “I’m glad you came.” then ushered off the Bulgarian Minister to his seats in the large box.

Mr. Weasley and Lucius seemed to be trying to talk cordially.

Ron shot Harry, Draco, and Hermione one contemptuous look, then settled himself between his sister and Bill.

Blaisé had taken a seat next to Charlie, there was a faint shimmer around Blaisé’s hand, was he using a glamour? Blaisé was probably running his talons over Charlie’s arm again. None of Blaisé’s friends had ever seen him this taken with anyone before, normally he ignored others if they weren’t professors or members of their group. He wasn’t very social or outgoing. Blaisé was highly loyal to Draco and their companions but he preferred his books to people. Now he was being very flirtatious and acting far older then he was. You would assume he was closer to Fred and George’s age if you didn’t know he was merely a Fourth Year.

Ron was scowling and muttering under his breath, “Slimy gits.”

Bill seemed to be trying to talk to Percy and Oliver.

Ginny, the youngest Weasley was trying not to get caught but kept staring at Harry with a sort of
longing look in her eye that irritated Draco.

Ron smacked her, “Don’t even think about it. He’s not good enough. I won’t have my little sister liking that trash.”

Bill grabbed Ron by the ear and hissed, “We’re in the Minister’s box so behave or I swear I’ll take you straight home to Mum. If I have to miss any of the World Cup because of you, I will not forgive you. You’ve already gotten yourself expelled, how much more do you want to embarrass this family? In front of the Minister, two professors and Percy’s boss no less.”

“I don’t enjoying being around good for nothing poofs. That Harry Potter is an arrogant git.” Ron hissed back.

“Don’t you know that we got these seats because of Percy, Fred and George?”

“What did they do? Suck pricks for them?”

Bill grabbed him by the collar, “You want to go home and miss the match?”

Next moment, a good looking, muscular wizard charged into the box.

“Everyone ready?” he asked, his round face gleaming. “Minister - ready to go?”

“Ready when you are, Ludo,” Amelia said comfortably.

Hermione shook her head, “So that’s Ludo Bagman.”

“Yeah the one who has been flouting Muggle security by talking about Quidditch.” Draco nodded.

Lucius poked him, from behind them, “He was a very good player, probably the most enthusiastic Head of the Department of Magical Sports and Games. Now be quiet. It’s about to start.”

Ludo whipped out his wand, directed it at his own throat, and said “Sonorus!” and then spoke over the roar of sound that was now filling the packed stadium; his voice echoed over them, booming into every corner of the stands.

“Ladies and gentlemen… welcome! Welcome to the final of the four hundred and twenty-second Quidditch World Cup!”

The spectators screamed and clapped. Thousands of flags waved, adding their discordant national anthems to the racket.

The huge blackboard opposite them was wiped clear of its last message; **Bertie Bott's Every Flavor Beans - A Risk With Every Mouthful!** and now showed BULGARIA: 0, IRELAND: 0.

“And now, without further ado, allow me to introduce… the Bulgarian National Team Mascots!”

The right-hand side of the stands, which was a solid block of scarlet, roared its approval.

“I wonder what they’ve brought,” Mr. Weasley said, leaning forward in his seat.

Blaisé sniffed, “I see. Should have expected it.”

Mr. Weasley suddenly whipped off his glasses and polished them hurriedly on his robes.

Blaisé muttered, “Veela!”
Even Lucius straightened a bit in his seat.

But a hundred Veela were now gliding out onto the field, and Harry blinked.

These Veela were women... the most beautiful women Harry had ever seen. Their hair reminded him of Draco’s... except that they didn’t look anything like Blaisé. This puzzled Harry for a moment while he tried hard not to compare them to his dark-skinned friend; what could make their skin shine moon-bright like that, or their white-gold, raven-black and chestnut hair fan out behind them without wind. Then the music started, and Harry stopped worrying about them not being human, he was rather confused because of some of the other males’ reactions to these Veela.

The Veela had started to dance, Lucius seemed to gasp behind them, Arthur, Bill and Ron seemed to be the only ones affected.

“Ron, what are you doing?” Ginny asked in a quiet voice.

The music stopped. Ron blinked. He was standing up, and one of his legs was resting on the wall of the box.

Next to him, Bill was frozen in an attitude that looked as though he were about to dive from a springboard.

Angry yells were filling the stadium. The crowd didn’t want the Veela to go.

Blaisé smirked, Charlie hadn’t been affected by the female Veela. He moved closer, he hadn’t touched Charlie with his allure yet but Charlie did seem to have eyes only for him. He leaned up, “Mine.” pressing his lips to the Dragon Tamer's.

Ron, meanwhile, was absentmindedly shredding the shamrocks on his hat.

Bill smiling slightly, having finally calmed down himself leaned over to Ron and tugged the hat out of his hands “You’ll be wanting that,” he said, “once Ireland have had their say.”

“Huh?” said Ron, staring open-mouthed at the Veela, who had now lined up along one side of the field.

Hermione rolled her eyes, she had never seen males made such a fool of themselves. Her friends hadn’t reacted at all the shimmering, dancing women. “Honestly!” she said, could it be because her friends were bent and preferred males to females so those Veela couldn’t affect them?

“And now,” roared Ludo Bagman’s voice, “kindly put your wands in the air… for the Irish National Team Mascots!”

Next moment, what seemed to be a great green-and-gold comet came zooming into the stadium. It did one circuit of the stadium, then split into two smaller comets, each hurtling toward the goal posts. A rainbow arced suddenly across the field, connecting the two balls of light. The crowd oooohed and aaaaahed, as though at a fireworks display. Now the rainbow faded and the balls of light reunited and merged; they had formed a great shimmering shamrock, which rose up into the sky and began to soar over the stands. Something like golden rain seemed to be falling from it –

“Excellent!” Fred and George yelled as the shamrock soared over them, and heavy gold coins rained from it, bouncing off their heads and seats.

Squinting up at the shamrock, using his Omnioculars, Harry realized that it was actually comprised of thousands of tiny little bearded men with red vests, each carrying a minute lamp of gold or green.
“Leprechauns!” said Mr. Weasley over the tumultuous applause of the crowd, many of whom were still fighting and rummaging around under their chairs to retrieve the gold.

The great shamrock dissolved, the leprechauns drifted down onto the field on the opposite side from the veela, and settled themselves cross-legged to watch the match.

“And now, ladies and gentlemen, kindly welcome - the Bulgarian National Quidditch Team! I give you - Dimitrov!”

A scarlet-clad figure on a broomstick, moving so fast it was blurred, shot out onto the field from an entrance far below, to wild applause from the Bulgarian supporters.

“Ivanova!”

A second scarlet-robed player zoomed out.

“Zograf! Levski! Vulchanov! Volkov! Aaaaaaand - Krum!”

“That’s him! Krum.” Draco tugged on Harry’s sleeve, following Krum with his Omnioculars, “The only person whose flying comes close to yours.”

Harry quickly focused his own.

Viktor Krum was thin, dark-haired and had tan-skin, with a large curved nose and thick black eyebrows. He looked like an overgrown bird of prey- a crow or a raven was Draco’s first thought. Was this the person Blaisé was talking about in his prophecy? It was hard to believe he was only eighteen.


Seven green blurs swept onto the field; Harry spun a small dial on the side of his Omnioculars and slowed the players down enough to read the word “Firebolt” on each of their brooms and see their names, embroidered in silver, upon their backs.

“And here, all the way from Egypt, our referee, acclaimed Chairwizard of the International Association of Quidditch, Hassan Mostafa!”

A small and skinny wizard, completely bald but with an impressive mustache, was wearing robes of pure gold to match the stadium, strode out onto the field. A silver whistle was protruding from under the mustache, and he was carrying a large wooden crate under one arm, his broomstick under the other.

Harry spun the speed dial on his Omnioculars back to normal, watching closely as Mostafa mounted his broomstick and kicked the crate open - four balls burst into the air: the scarlet Quaffle, the two black Bludgers, and Harry saw it for the briefest moment, before it sped out of sight, the minuscule, winged Golden Snitch. With a sharp blast on his whistle, Mostafa shot into the air after the balls.


It was Quidditch as Harry had never seen it played before. He was pressing his Omnioculars so hard to his glasses that they were cutting into the bridge of his nose. The speed of the players was incredible - the Chasers were throwing the Quaffle to one another so fast that Bagman only had time to say their names.
“Hawkshead Attacking Formation.” Draco muttered as they watched the three Irish Chasers zoom closely together, Troy in the center, slightly ahead of Mullet and Moran, bearing down upon the Bulgarians.

“Porskoff Ploy.” Draco told them as Troy made as though to dart upward with the Quaffle, drawing away the Bulgarian Chaser Ivanova and dropping the Quaffle to Moran. One of the Bulgarian Beaters, Volkov, swung hard at a passing Bludger with his small club, knocking it into Moran’s path; Moran ducked to avoid the Bludger and dropped the Quaffle; and Levski, soaring beneath, caught it.

After Levski scored, Ireland had the Quaffle. Dodging Bludgers and Bulgarians, Moran passed to Troy and Troy tossed the Quaffle towards the nearest golden hoop.

“TROY SCORES!” roared Bagman, and the stadium shuddered with a roar of applause and cheers. “Ten zero to Ireland!”

Hermione knew enough about Quidditch to see that the Irish Chasers were superb. They worked as a seamless team—better then Gryffindor, their movements so well coordinated that they appeared to be reading one another’s minds as they positioned themselves, and the rosette on her chest kept squeaking their names: “Troy - Mullet - Moran!” And within ten minutes, Ireland had scored twice more, bringing their lead to thirty-zero and causing a thunderous tide of roars and applause from the Green-clad supporters.

The match became still faster, but more brutal. Volkov and Vulchanov, the Bulgarian Beaters, were whacking the Bludgers as fiercely as possible at the Irish Chasers— they were almost most intense then protective Fred and George, and were starting to prevent them from using some of their best moves; twice they were forced to scatter, and then, finally, Ivanova managed to break through their ranks; dodge the Keeper, Ryan; and score Bulgaria’s first goal.

“Fingers in your ears!” Lucius ordered as the veela started to dance in celebration.

Harry wasn’t affected by the Veela so he ignored the instruction; he could keep his mind on the game.

The veela were dancing, and Bulgaria was again in possession of the Quaffle.

“Dimitrov! Levski! Dimitrov! Ivanova - oh I say!” roared Bagman. One hundred thousand wizards gasped as the two Seekers, Krum and Lynch, plummeted through the center of the Chasers, so fast that it looked as though they had just jumped from airplanes without parachutes.

Was that part of flying on a Firebolt? Harry almost wished he hadn’t given it up but it helped get Oliver on his first choice Quidditch team.

Harry followed their descent through his Omnioculars, squinting to see where the Snitch was.

“They’re going to crash!” screamed Hermione, her heart in her throat.

“Why are they flying like that? There’s no snitch.” Harry tugged Draco’s sleeve.

“It’s a feint. The Wronki Defense Feint. It’s a dangerous Seeker Diversion.” Draco wrapped an arm around his waist.

Hermione was half right - at the very last second, Krum pulled out of the dive and spiraled off. Lynch, however, hit the ground with a dull thud that could be heard throughout the stadium. A huge groan rose from the Irish seats.
“Fool!” Mr. Weasley moaned. “Krum was feinting!”

“It’s a time-out!” Bagman yelled, “as trained mediwizards hurry onto the field to examine Aidan Lynch!”

“He’ll be okay, he only got ploughed!” Charlie said reassuringly to Blaisé, who shocked. “Which is what Krum was after, of course…”

Hermione hastily pressed the replay and play-by-play buttons on her Omnioculars, twiddled the speed dial, and put them back up to her eyes. He watched as Krum and Lynch dived again in slow motion. **WRONSKI FEINT- DANGEROUS SEEKER DIVERSION** read the shining purple lettering across her lenses. She saw Krum’s face contorted with concentration as he pulled out of the dive just in time, while Lynch was flattened, and she understood what Harry meant when the two Seekers dove. Krum hadn’t seen the Snitch at all, he was just making Lynch copy him.

Harry had never seen anyone fly like that; Krum hardly looked as though he was using a broomstick at all; he moved so easily through the air that he looked unsupported and weightless.

Draco caught his eye and spoke in Harry’s mind, ’Told you. He’s the only Seeker I’ve ever heard of who is anything like you. You’re a hell of a flyer Adder.’

Hermione turned her Omnioculars back to normal and refocused them on Krum. He was now circling high above Lynch, who was being revived by medi-wizards with cups of potion.

She turned pink as she focused still more closely upon Krum’s face, saw his dark eyes darting all over the ground a hundred feet below. He seemed to be using the time while Lynch was being treated to look for the Snitch without interference. Sneaky but brilliant, if Lynch had been quicker he might not have gotten hurt. She could see last Quidditch match of the year, Harry or Draco using the Wronski Feint, only they would both be able to pull out before they could crash. Having seen them both fly for two years, Hermione who didn’t play, knew that Draco was a better flyer then Lynch, but Harry was almost as good as Krum.

Lynch got to his feet at last, to loud cheers from the green-clad supporters, mounted his Firebolt, and kicked back off into the air. His revival seemed to give Ireland new heart. When Mostafa blew his whistle again, the Chasers moved into action with a skill unrivaled by anything Harry had seen so far.

After fifteen more fast and furious minutes, Ireland had pulled ahead by ten more goals. They were now leading by one hundred and thirty points to ten, and the game was starting to get dirtier. As Mullet shot toward the goal posts yet again, clutching the Quaffle tightly under her arm, the Bulgarian Keeper, Zograf, flew out to meet her. Whatever happened was over so quickly, Harry didn’t catch it, but a scream of rage from the Irish crowd.

Blaisé hissed, “He elbowed her. That can’t be legal.”

Charlie covered his hand, “Of course it isn’t.”

Through the cries of rage came Mostafa’s long, shrill whistle blast, then it had been a foul.

“Mostafa takes the Bulgarian Keeper to task for cobbing, that’s excessive use of elbows for those who haven’t memorize all 700 fouls! Most of which all occurred at the very first World Cup.” Bagman informed the roaring spectators. “Yes, it’s a penalty to Ireland!”

The leprechauns, who had risen angrily into the air like a swarm of glittering hornets when Mullet had been fouled, now darted together to form the words “HA, HA, HA!”
The veela on the other side of the field leapt to their feet, tossed their hair angrily, and started to dance again.

Lucius, Mr. Weasley, Bill and Ron stuck their fingers in their ears, the rest of their party didn’t bother.

Hermione, who hadn’t bothered anymore then her bent wizard friends, was soon tugging on Harry’s arm.

He turned to look at her, “What?”

“Look at the referee!” she said, giggling.

Harry looked down at the field. Hassan Mostafa had landed right in front of the dancing veela, and was acting very oddly indeed. He was flexing his muscles and smoothing his mustache excitedly.

“Now, we can’t have that!” said Ludo Bagman, though he sounded highly amused. “Somebody slap the referee!”

A medi-wizard came tearing across the field, his fingers stuffed into his own ears, and kicked Mostafa hard in the shins. Mostafa seemed to come to himself.

Harry, watching through the Omnioculars again, saw that he looked exceptionally embarrassed and had started shouting at the veela, who had stopped dancing and were looking mutinous.

“And unless I’m much mistaken, Mostafa is actually attempting to send off the Bulgarian team mascots!” said Bagman’s voice. “Now there’s something we haven’t seen before…oh this could turn rather nasty…”

It did.

The Bulgarian Beaters, Volkov and Vulchanov, landed on either side of Mostafa and began arguing furiously with him while gesturing toward the leprechauns.

The Irish mascots were now gleefully formed the words “HEE, HEE, HEE.”

Mostafa was not impressed by the Bulgarians’ arguments, however; he was jabbing his finger into the air, clearly telling them to get flying again, and when they refused, he gave two short blasts on his whistle.

“Two penalties for Ireland!” shouted Bagman, and the Bulgarian crowd howled with anger. “Volkov and Vulchanov had better get back on those brooms. Yes, there they go. Troy takes the Quaffle.”

Play had now reached a level of ferocity beyond anything they had yet seen.

The Beaters on both sides were acting without mercy, Volkov and Vulchanov in particular seemed not to care whether their clubs made contact with Bludger or human as they swung them violently through the air. They were playing like Crabbe and Goyle probably would.

Dimitrov shot straight at Moran, who had the Quaffle, nearly knocking her off her broom.

“Foul!” the Irish supporters roared as one, all standing up in a great wave of green.

“Foul!” echoed Ludo Bagman’s magically magnified voice. “Dimitrov skins Moran. A deliberate flying to collide there. It has to be another penalty. Yes, there’s the whistle!”
The leprechauns had risen into the air again, and this time, they formed a giant hand, which was making a very rude sign indeed at the female Veela across the field. At this, these Veela lost control. Instead of dancing, they launched themselves across the field and began throwing what seemed to be handfuls of fire at the leprechauns.

Watching through his Omnioculars, Harry saw that they didn’t look remotely beautiful now. On the contrary, their faces were elongating into sharp beaked bird heads, and long, scaly yet feathered wings were bursting from their shoulders. Harry glanced at Blaisé who shrugged and then curled up more against Charlie.

“And that, boys,” Mr. Weasley yelled over the tumult of the crowd below, “is why you should never go for looks alone!”

Blaisé glared at him slightly.

Harry asked Draco, “Can Blaisé do that? Turn into that bird thing?”

Draco nodded, “Only saw him in full-Veela form once. It was impressive. He was protecting me so I wasn’t afraid. He’s very gentle actually, but he has a protective streak.” he glanced at Charlie, “I hope the twins’ brother knows what he’s getting into. You know the phrase, ‘Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned?’ it was originally from a wizard who ran afoul of a Veela. I’ve never seen Blaisé so taken with anyone. I’ve never seen a Veela with a destined Mate, Blaisé’s reactions and abilities around him can only point to Charlie.

“Levski - Dimitrov - Moran - Troy - Mullet - Ivanova - Moran again - Moran - MORAN SCORES!”

But the cheers of the Irish supporters were barely heard over the shrieks of the veela, the blasts now issuing from the Ministry members’ wands, and the furious roars of the Bulgarians.

The game recommenced immediately after the referee’s whistle; now Levski had the Quaffle, now Dimitrov - The Irish Beater Quigley swung heavily at a passing Bludger, and hit it as hard as possible toward Krum, who did not duck quickly enough. It hit him full in the face.

Hermione’s breath caught and she felt faint.

There was a deafening groan from the crowd; Krum’s nose looked broken, there was blood everywhere, but Hassan Mostafa didn’t blow his whistle. He had become distracted, and Harry couldn’t blame him; one of the veela had thrown a handful of fire and set his broom tail alight.

“Look at Lynch!” Harry yelled.

For the Irish Seeker had suddenly gone into a dive, and Harry knew this was no Wronski Feint; this was the real thing.

Why? Because Harry had seen the snitch himself. “He’s seen the Snitch!” Harry shouted. “He’s seen it! Look at him go!”

Half the crowd seemed to have realized what was happening; the Irish supporters rose in another great wave of green, screaming their Seeker on… but Krum was on his tail.

How he could see where he was going, Harry had no idea; there were flecks of blood flying through the air behind him, but he was drawing level with Lynch now as the pair of them hurtled toward the ground again.

“They’re going to crash!” Hermione shrieked.
“They’re not!” Draco shook his head.

“Lynch will!” Harry insisted, the Irish Seeker wouldn’t have the reflex to pull up after his previous crash.

And he was right - for the second time, Lynch hit the ground with tremendous force and was immediately stampeded by a horde of angry veela.

“The Snitch, where’s the Snitch?” bellowed Charlie, along the row.

“He’s got it - Krum’s got it - it’s all over!” shouted Harry.

Krum, his red robes shining with blood from his nose, was rising gently into the air, his fist held high, a glint of gold in his hand.

The scoreboard was flashing BULGARIA: 160, IRELAND: 170 across the crowd, who didn’t seem to have realized what had happened. Then, slowly, as though a great jumbo jet were revving up, the rumbling from the Ireland supporters grew louder and louder and erupted into screams of delight.

“IRELAND WINS!” Bagman shouted, who like the Irish, seemed to be taken aback by the sudden end of the match. “KRUM GETS THE SNITCH! BUT IRELAND WINS! good lord, I don’t think any of us were expecting that!”

“What did he catch the Snitch for?” Ron the idiot bellowed even as he jumped up and down, applauding with his hands over his head.

Hermione asked, leaning over to Draco and Harry, “He ended it when Ireland were a hundred and sixty points ahead, why?”

“He knew they were never going to catch up!” Harry shouted back over all the noise, also applauding loudly.

“Yeah,” Draco seconded, “The Irish Chasers were too good. He wanted to end it on his terms, that’s all.” Draco smirked at Harry, “Would have done the same thing if we were playing against each other.”

“He was very brave, wasn’t he?” Hermione asked, trying not to appear affected by the rugged Bulgarian Seeker, leaning forward to watch Krum land as a swarm of mediwizards blasted a path through the battling leprechauns and Veela to get to him. “He looks a terrible mess…”

Blaise sighed, “Insulting a large amount of Veela is foolish.” he didn’t seem to know if he was embarrassed at his kind’s behavior or angry at their treatment. He looked at Charlie and the confusion was forgotten, all that mattered was his mate.

“Vell, ve fought bravely,” said a gloomy voice behind Harry, near the rear of their box. He looked around; it was the Bulgarian Minister of Magic.

Amelia walked toward them and held her hand out to him, “You did play well. I didn’t realize you spoke English. It was a very good game. Probably one of the World Cup’s finest.”

They shook hands.

“And as the Irish team performs a lap of honor, flanked by their mascots, the Quidditch World Cup itself is brought into the Top Box!” roared Bagman.
Harry’s eyes were suddenly dazzled by a blinding white light.

Blaise whimpered slightly, blinded and hid his face in Charlie’s shirt. Sometimes, having keener senses was unpleasant.

The Top Box was magically illuminated so that everyone in the stands could see the inside. Squinting toward the entrance, he saw two panting wizards carrying a vast golden cup into the box, which they handed to Amelia Bones.

“Let’s have a really loud hand for the gallant losers - Bulgaria!” Bagman shouted.

Landing in the box were the seven defeated Bulgarian players.

The crowd below was applauding appreciatively; Harry could see thousands and thousands of Omniocular lenses flashing and winking in their direction.

One by one, the Bulgarians filed between the rows of seats in the box, and Bagman called out the name of each as they shook hands with their own minister and then with Amelia who was beside them.

Krum, who was last in line, looked a real mess; his black eyes were shining spectacularly on his bloody face. He was still holding the Snitch.

Harry noticed that he seemed much less coordinated on the ground. He was slightly pigeon-toed and hunched over.

When Krum’s name was announced, the whole stadium gave him a resounding, ear-splitting roar.

Then came the Irish team, Aidan Lynch was being supported by Moran and Connolly; the second crash seemed to have dazed him and his eyes looked strangely unfocused. But he grinned happily as Troy and Quigley lifted the Cup into the air and the crowd below thundered its approval.

Harry’s hands were numb with clapping.

At last, when the Irish team had left the box to perform another lap of honor on their brooms. Aidan Lynch on the back of Connolly’s, clutching hard around his waist and still grinning in a bemused sort of way.

One of the Bulgarians turned to their group, it was Krum. He asked in his deep voice, “Madam Minister, vho vis vhis? Vhis ahra…”

Amelia turned to follow his light of sight, “Oh that is Miss Granger. She is a very brave and talented witch. I expect great things from her.”

Krum took Hermione’s hand, bowed over it before lightly pressing his lips to her knuckles. A slight flush in his features. “Mz. Granger. It vis an honor to met you.” he said in broke English.

Hermione stammered, “Hermione please…”

“Heer mee onee.” he tried to sound out.

Ron grumbled, his fists clenching.

Draco chuckled nudging her, “Found your raven huh?”

Hermione stepped on his foot, “You were very brave. I was impressed with your flying.” she said
slowly, wanting him to hear her.

Viktor used his wand to sign the snitch in his hand, “To the Ahren. Your servant Viktor.” he placed the Snitch in her palm and closed her fingers over it. “Hogwarts?” he asked awkwardly.

Hermione smiled nodding, her cheeks pink, “Yes.”

“Then, I should see you soon. I eagerly await our next meeting Ahren.” Viktor brushed the back of her hand with his lips before leaping on his broom and flying off towards the most Bulgarian team's tents most likely.

Amelia glanced at her in shock, “Did he just give you the snitch?”

Hermione opened her hand, in it was the tiny golden Snitch. She silently read the words to herself and then asked, “What does ahren mean?”

The Bulgarian Minister chuckled, “Angel. It means angel. He seems quite taken with you. Don’t worry. I am sure you’ll see him sooner then you think.”

Hermione clutched the snitch to her heart, “But,”

Amelia laughed, “You have an admirer Ms. Granger. Such a gentleman too. Not many girls can say they received an autographed snitch from young Mr. Krum.”
Chapter 4- The riot

Blaisé was sitting in Charlie’s lap, everyone else had gone to bed they had been tired.

Or had Remus just wanted to take Severus to bed? They had been getting more affectionate. Secretly, Blaisé wondered if the shy Deputy Headmaster had finally lost his virginity yet.

Charlie had snuck over to see him after his family had fallen asleep.

Blaisé ran his talons over the man’s chest, “I’m glad you came.”

Charlie grinned, “Couldn’t stay away. Feels a bit like a spell.”

Blaisé kissed him, “Don’t have to cast a spell. You’re my mate, your heart knows it.”

Raucous singing was borne toward them on the night air, leprechauns had been shooting over their heads, cackling and waving their lanterns.

Hours ago, Lucius had said they could all have one last cup of cocoa together before turning in.

They were soon arguing enjoyably about the match; Draco had gotten drawn into a disagreement about cobbing with Remus, and it was only when Harry fell asleep right at the table and spilled hot chocolate all over the floor that Lucius called a halt to the verbal replays and insisted that everyone go to bed. They all went to their own rooms to get ready for bed.

Blaisé had stayed up, sure that Charlie wouldn’t stay away and had dashed to the living room when the first crush of grass in their campsite reached his ears.

From the other side of the campsite, they could still hear singing and the odd echoing bang.

Blaisé leaned to kiss Charlie, not caring one newt’s eyeball about the seven years difference in their ages. He wanted Charlie, needed him, and the misfortune of his mate being related to Ron didn’t matter in the slightest.

Then dimly, through his heat-filled mind, he could tell that something was wrong. The noises in the campsite had changed; the singing had stopped. He could hear screams, and the sound of people running.

Lucius and Severus barged out of their room clutching their wands.
A sleepy Remus behind Severus.

Severus glanced at his old friend, “You don’t think?”

Lucius scowled, “I hope not. We better wake up the children.”

Severus snapped, “Dobby.”

There was a loud pop.

“Go get Harry and Draco.”

“Yes Master Severus.”

“Dippy!”

There was a loud pop.

“Go get Hermione.”

“Yes Master Severus.”

“Blaisé!” Lucius had finally noticed him, he pinched the bridge of his nose, “I don’t have time to deal with you right now. You’re going to have to look after the others. Promise me.”

Severus clutched his wand so tightly his fingers turned white, “It’s them, isn’t it?”

Lucius nodded, “Has to be.”

“I’m going to help the Ministry.”

Remus’ face took on a panicked expression, “You can’t. Please.”

“I already choose Harry over them. Let me do this.” Severus glared.

Remus cupped his cheek, “I don’t want you hurt. Please. Let Lucius and I take care of it.”

Charlie piped up, “I’ll go too.”

Blaisé clutched his shirt.

“I’ll come back. I promise. Look after your friends, alright?” Charlie kissed his forehead.

Blaisé was worried for him.

Hermione, Draco and Harry stumbled out of their rooms, pushed by Dippy and Dobby.

“Blaisé, get them to the woods. Look after them.” Lucius said, grabbing his cloak.

“I’m coming too.” Severus insisted, following him.

Remus went after them, seemingly in a panic.

Charlie kissed Blaisé before leaving.

The pungent smell of fear was filling the air, Blaisé snapped, “Let’s go. Hurry.”
Harry did as he was told and hurried out of the tent, Hermione at his heels. By the light of the few fires that were still burning, he could see people running away into the woods, fleeing something that was moving across the field toward them, something that was emitting odd flashes of light and noises like gunfire.

Loud jeering, roars of laughter, and drunken yells were drifting toward them; then came a burst of strong green light, which illuminated the scene. A crowd of wizards, tightly packed and moving together with wands pointing straight upward, was marching slowly across the field.

Harry squinted at them as he was dragged along…

They didn’t seem to have faces, then he realized that their heads were hooded and their faces masked. High above them, floating along in midair, four struggling figures were being contorted into grotesque shapes. It was as though the masked wizards on the ground were puppeteers, and the people above them were marionettes operated by invisible strings that rose from the wands into the air.

Two of the figures were very small. More wizards were joining the marching group, laughing and pointing up at the floating bodies. Tents crumpled and fell as the marching crowd swelled. Once or twice, Harry saw one of the marchers blast a tent out of his way with his wand. Several caught fire and the screaming grew louder.

The floating people were suddenly illuminated as they passed over a burning tent.

It looked like one of the Muggle campground managers and his family.

One of the marcher turned the woman upside down with his wand; her nightdress fell down to reveal voluminous drawers and she struggled to cover herself up as the crowd below her screeched and hooted with glee.

“That’s sick,” Draco muttered angrily, watching the smallest Muggle child, who had begun to spin like a top, sixty feet above the ground, his head flopping limply from side to side. “That is really sick…”

Hermione came hurrying toward them pulling a coat over her nightdress right behind them. At the same moment, Ginny, Ron and the twins appeared, with Bill and Mr. Weasley emerged from the Weasleys’ tent, fully dressed, with their sleeves rolled up and their wands out.

Percy kissed Oliver, “Be safe. I’m going to find Lord Malfoy and try to help.”

Oliver nodded, followed his parents and Apparated out.

“We’re going to help the Ministry!” Mr. Weasley shouted over all the noise, rolling up his own sleeves. “You lot - get into the woods, and stick together. I’ll come and fetch you when we’ve sorted this out!”

Bill and Percy were already sprinting away toward the oncoming marchers; Mr. Weasley tore after them. Ministry wizards were dashing from every direction toward the source of the trouble. The crowd beneath the Muggle family was coming ever closer.

“C’mon,” said Fred, grabbing one of Ginny’s hands and George grabbed the other. They started to pull her toward the wood with Ron followed them grumpily.

Harry, Draco, Hermione, and Blaisé followed at a fast clip as well.
They all looked back as they reached the trees. The crowd beneath the airborne Muggle family was larger than ever; they could see the Ministry wizards trying to get through it to the hooded wizards in the center, but they were having great difficulty. It looked as though they were scared to perform any spell that might make the Muggles fall.

Dark figures were blundering through the trees; children were crying; anxious shouts and panicked voices were reverberating around them in the cold night air.

Draco felt himself being pushed hither and thither by people whose faces he could not see. Then he heard Harry yell with pain.

“What happened?” said Hermione anxiously, stopping so abruptly that Draco walked into her having lost hold of Harry's hand. “Harry, where are you? Oh this is stupid - lumos!”

Blaisé grumbled, “I told you to stay close. Don’t point that wand at my face. I’ve already been blinded once today already.”

Hermione sighed, as she directed her wand's narrow beam across the path.

Harry was lying sprawled on the ground, “I tripped over a tree root after I got shoved,” he said angrily, getting to his feet again.

“Well, with an ego that size, it'd hard not to fall,” said a drawling voice from behind them.

Harry, Draco, Blaisé and Hermione turned sharply.

Ron was standing alone nearby, leaning against a tree, looking utterly relaxed. His arms folded, he seemed to have been watching the scene at the campsite through a gap in the trees. Ron told Malfoy to do something that Harry hoped he would never have dared say in front of Mrs. Weasley.

Harry glared, “Don’t talk like that to Draco.”

“Language, Weasley,” came a voice out of the shadows, standing there sneering was Theodore Nott. “Hadin’t you better be hurrying along, now? You wouldn't like her spotted, would you?” He nodded at Hermione, and at the same moment, a blast like a bomb sounded from the campsite, and a flash of green light momentarily lit the trees around them.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” said Hermione defiantly.

“Granger, they’re after Muggles,” Nott said. “D’you want to be showing off your knickers in midair? Because if you do, hang around… they’re moving this way, and it would give us all a laugh.”

“Hermione’s a witch,” Harry glared.

“Hermione’s a witch,” Nott said, grinning maliciously. “If you think they can’t spot a Mudblood, stay where you are.”

“You watch your mouth!” Blaisé growled, his fists turning into talons.

Everybody present knew that “Mudblood” was a very offensive term for a witch or wizard of Muggle parentage.

“Never mind, Blaisé,” said Hermione quickly, seizing Blaisé’s arm to restrain him as he took a step toward Nott.

There came a bang from the other side of the trees that was louder than anything they had heard
several people nearby screamed.

Nott chuckled softly. “Scare easily, don’t they?” he said lazily. “Draco, my old friend, I suppose your traitor father told you all to hide? What’s he up to? Is he trying to rescue the Muggles?”

“Where is your father?” Draco said, his temper rising. “Out there wearing a mask, is he?”

Nott turned his face to Harry, still smiling. “Well if he was, I wouldn’t be likely to tell you, would I, Draco?”

“Oh come on,” said Hermione, with a disgusted look at Nott, “let’s go and find the others.”

“Keep that big bushy head down, Granger,” Nott sneered.

“Fred and George can’t have gone that far,” Draco said, pulling out his wand, lighting it like Hermione’s, and squinting up the path.

Blaisé grumbled, at least half-Veela could see in the dark.

Harry dug in the pockets of his jacket for his own wand - but it wasn’t there. The only thing he could find was his Omnioculars. “Draco. It’s gone. I’ve lost my wand!”

“You’re kidding!” Blaisé muttered in shock.

Draco and Hermione raised their wands high enough to spread the narrow beams of light farther on the ground; Harry looked all around him, but his wand was nowhere to be seen.

“It’s probably back in the tent,” Draco said, hoping theirs hadn’t been burned or trampled.

“Could it have fallen out of your pocket when we were running?” Hermione suggested anxiously.

“Yeah,” said Harry, “maybe…” he always kept his wand with him at all times in the Wizarding world, and finding himself without it right now made him feel very vulnerable.

A rustling noise nearby made the four of them jump.

Winky was fighting her way out of a clump of bushes nearby, she was moving strangely, as if with great difficulty; almost as if someone invisible were trying to hold her back.

“There is bad wizards about!” she squeaked distractedly as she leaned forward and labored to keep running. “People high - high in the air! Winky is getting out of the way!”

And she disappeared into the trees on the other side of the path, panting and squeaking as though she was fighting someone.

Another loud bang echoed from the edge of the wood.

“Let’s just keep moving, shall we?” Blaise said, he was charged with keeping them all safe.

Harry saw him glance edgily at Hermione. Perhaps there was truth in what Nott had said; perhaps Hermione was in more danger than they were. They set off again, Harry still searching his pockets, even though he knew his wand wasn’t there.

They followed the dark path deeper into the wood, still keeping an eye out for Fred, George, and Ginny - Ron too unfortunately, who had disappeared. They passed a group of goblins who were cackling over a sack of gold that they had undoubtedly won betting on the match, and who seemed
quite unperturbed by the trouble at the campsite. Farther still along the path, they walked into a patch of silvery light, and when they looked through the trees, they saw three tall and beautiful veela standing in a clearing, surrounded by a gaggle of young wizards, all of whom were talking very loudly.

“I’m about to be made the youngest Minister for Magic ever.”

Hermione snorted with laughter at the lot of them, she recognized the pimply wizard: His name was Stan Shunpike, and he was in fact a conductor on the triple-decker Knight Bus that she had ridden to rescue Harry from his evil Muggle relatives.

Blaisé snarled, “Seriously, honestly. Can you ladies stop using your allure? You’re giving me a headache.”

“Male Veela?” one of the women asked.

“But he’s so dark.”

“Not light and glowing like us.”

“Unnatural he is.”

Blaisé growled, “My mate finds me attractive. I don’t have to use my allure on him. He wants me without it.”

The female Veela turned their back on him.

“Honestly!” Hermione said walking off.

As Draco and Harry grabbed Blaisé firmly by the arms, dragging the irritated Veela who was probably worried about his mate, and marched him away.

By the time the sounds of the Veela and their admirers had faded completely, they were in the very heart of the wood. They seemed to be alone now; everything was much quieter.

Until there was loud cracks from stepping on dead wood.

Draco and Blaisé looked quickly around too. It sounded as though someone was staggering toward their clearing. They waited, listening to the sounds of the uneven steps behind the dark trees. But the footsteps came to a sudden halt.

“Hello?” Draco called out, holding Harry close.

There was silence.

Blaisé got to his feet and peered around the tree. It was too dark for his friends to see very far but be could make out the shape of a person at the edge of the range of his vision. “Who’s there?” he said.

And then, without warning, the current silence was rent by a voice unlike any they had heard in the wood; and it uttered, not a panicked shout, but what sounded like a spell.

“MORMORDRE!”

Draco stiffened.

Then something vast, green, and glittering erupted from the patch of darkness their human eyes had
been struggling to penetrate; where it flew up over the treetops and into the sky.

“What the?” Blaisé gasped as he sprang to his feet again, staring up at the thing that had appeared.

For a split second, Harry thought it was another leprechaun formation. Then he realized that it was a colossal skull, comprised of what looked like emerald stars, with a serpent protruding from its mouth like a tongue. As they watched, it rose higher and higher, blazing in a haze of greenish smoke, etched against the black sky like a new constellation.

Suddenly, the wood all around them erupted with screams.

Harry didn’t understand why, but the only possible cause was the sudden appearance of the skull, which reminded him Benia’s description the basilisk emerging from the mouth of Salazar’s statue had now. The formation risen high enough to illuminate the entire wood like some grisly neon sign.

Blaisé scanned the darkness for the person who had conjured the skull, but he couldn’t see anyone anymore. “Who’s there?” he called again.

“Harry, come on, move!” Draco seized the collar of his jacket and was tugging him backward.

“What’s the matter? Draco talk to me.” Harry said, startled to see Hermione’s face so white and terrified while Draco looked defiant.

“It’s the Dark Mark, Harry!” Hermione moaned, pulling him as hard as she could. “You-Know-Who’s sign!”

“The Dark Lord’s-”

“Harry, come on!”

Harry turned.

The four of them started across the clearing but before they had taken a few hurried steps, a series of popping noises announced the arrival of twenty wizards, appearing from thin air, surrounding them.

Harry whirled around, and in an instant, he registered one fact: Each of these wizards had his wand out, and every wand was pointing right at himself, Draco and Blaisé, and Hermione.

Without pausing to think, Blaisé yelled, “DUCK!” He seized the other three and pulled them down onto the ground. His wings exploding from his back, tearing his clothes and covering them.

“STUPEFY!” roared twenty voices.

There was a blinding series of flashes and Blaisé felt the power of the spells racing over his wings as though a powerful wind had swept the clearing. Raising his head a fraction of an inch he saw jets of fiery red light flying over them from the wizards’ wands, crossing one another, bouncing off tree trunks, rebounding into the darkness—

“Stop!” yelled a voice he recognized. “STOP! That’s my son!”

Severus limped up, Remus at his side.

Blaisé’s wings stopped feeling the spells blowing about and he raised his head a little higher.

The wizard in front of him had lowered his wand.
He rolled over and saw Severus striding toward them, looking terrified.

“Blaise? Is that you? Where’s Harry?” his voice sounded shaky

Blaise moved slowly folding his wings, “We’re all here. I did as Lucius said. I kept them safe.”

Severus and Remus hugged Harry.

“Thank god you’re safe.”

Draco tried to rub out a sore spot on his back from hitting the ground.

“Draco? Hermione? Are you all right?”

“Out of the way, you two,” said a cold, curt voice.

The Ministry wizards were closing in on them.

Harry got to his feet to face them.

Mr. Crouch’s face was taut with rage. “Which of you did it?” he snapped, his sharp eyes darting between them. “Which of you conjured the Dark Mark? Was it you Malfoy?”

“We didn’t do that!” Harry said with a shaking voice from his papa’s arms, gesturing up at the skull.

“We didn’t do anything!” Blaise glared, who was rubbing his elbow and looking indignantly at them. “I’m a Veela! What makes you think I’d be part of that lot? Why did you want to attack us?”

“Do not lie, to me!” the leader of them shouted. His wand was still pointing at them wavering between Draco and Blaise, and his eyes were popping - he looked slightly mad. “You have been discovered at the scene of the crime!”

“Barty,” whispered a witch in a long woolen dressing gown, “they’re kids, Barty, they’d never have been able to.”

“Where did the Mark come from, you three?” Remus asked quickly.

“Over there,” said Hermione shakily, pointing at the place where they had heard the voice.

Draco nodded, “There was someone behind the trees. They shouted words, it sounded like an incantation.”

“Oh, stood over there, did they?” said Mr. Crouch, turning his popping eyes on Draco now, disbelief etched all over his face. “Said an incantation, did they? You seem very well informed about how that Mark is summoned, young Malfoy.”

“My father went to help you lot. He didn’t want anyone hurt. What makes you think I’d know that spell? I’m best friends with Harry Potter, a Veela, a Muggleborn and two Weasleys!”

But none of the Ministry wizards apart from Mr. Crouch seemed to think it remotely likely that Harry, Draco, Blaise, or Hermione had conjured the skull; on the contrary, at Hermione’s words, they had all raised their wands again and were pointing in the direction she had indicated, squinting through the dark trees.

“We’re too late,” said the witch in the woolen dressing gown, shaking her head. “They’ll have Disapparated.”
“I don’t think so,” Remus said, rubbing Severus’ shoulder, “Our Stunners went right through those trees…there’s a good chance we got them…”

“Remus, be careful!” Severus said warningly as Remus squared his shoulders, raised his wand, marched across the clearing, and disappeared into the darkness.

Blaise’s eyes narrowed watching him.

A few seconds later, they heard Remus shout.

“Yes! We got them! There’s someone here! Unconscious! It’s…oh dear.”

“You’ve got someone?” shouted Mr. Crouch, sounding highly disbelieving. “Who? Who is it?”

They heard snapping twigs, the rustling of leaves, and then crunching footsteps as Remus reemerged from behind the trees. He was carrying a tiny, limp figure in his arms.

Harry recognized the tea towel at once.

It was Winky.

Mr. Crouch did not move or speak as Remus deposited his elf on the ground at his feet. The other Ministry wizards were all staring at Mr. Crouch.

For a few seconds Crouch remained transfixed, his eyes blazing in his white face as he stared down at Winky. Then he appeared to come to life again. “This - cannot - be,” he said jerkily. “No -” He moved quickly around Remus and strode off toward the place where he had found Winky.

“No point, Mr. Crouch,” Remus called after him. “There’s no one else there.”

But Mr. Crouch did not seem prepared to take his word for it. They could hear him moving around and the rustling of leaves as he pushed the bushes aside, searching.

If Remus, a werewolf who had superior senses said there was no one there, then there was no one.

Not that they could explain that to the assembled wizards.

“Bit embarrassing,” Severus said grimly, looking down at Winky’s unconscious form. “Barty Crouch’s house-elf…I mean to say…”

“Hush Sev,” Remus said quietly, “you don’t seriously think it was the elf?”

Severus glared at him, “Don’t you think I know the Dark Mark’s a wizard’s sign and that it requires a wand.” he could cast in but he wouldn’t, never again...

“Yeah,” Remus sighed, “but she had a wand.”

“What?” Severus blinked, a house elf? With a wand? It was forbid for non-humans to have wands.

“Here, look.” Remus held up a wand and showed it to his lover. “Had it in her hand. I know that’s clause three of the Code of Wand Use broken, for a start. No non-human creature is permitted to carry or use a wand.” well he sort of broke that himself, but he wasn’t considering that really. He was human most of the time. right? When he wasn’t human, Severus had his wand.

Just then there was another pop, and Lucius Apparated right next to Severus.
Looking breathless and disorientated, Lucius spun on the spot, goggling upward at the emerald-green skull. “No. No one died. I’m sure of it. No one cast an unforgivable. We finally got those poor people down. I left the Obliviators to handle it after that.” He hadn’t expected to find his friend and former fellow Death Eater, Remus, Blaisé’s, Hermione and their sons with a host of wizards. “So why did someone cast that?”

Remus sighed, “To cause a panic most likely. It would be like walking into Hogsmeade and saying Greyback’s been spotted. Hide your children.”

A Ministry wizard beside them staggered, “That’s not funny.”

Remus nodded, “Of course it wasn’t. But both actions are heinous and would cause a panic.”

Mr. Crouch had returned empty-handed. His face was still ghostly white, his hands and his toothbrush mustache were both twitching.

“Where have you been, Barty?” Lucius asked. “Why weren’t you at the match? Your elf was saving you a seat too - Salazar’s Cauldron!” he had just noticed Winky lying at his feet. “What happened to her?”

“I have been busy, Lucius,” Mr. Crouch said, still talking in the same jerky fashion, barely moving his lips. “And my elf has been stunned.”

“Stunned? By you, you mean? But why?” as master of over a score of house elves, he could hardly believe it. “No!” Lucius said. “Winky? Conjure the Dark Mark? She wouldn’t know how! She’d need a wand, for a start!” surely, Barty Jr. never taught her, where would she have gotten a wand?

“Lucius, she had one,” Remus interrupted him. “I found her holding one, if it’s all right with you, Mr. Crouch, I think we should hear what she’s got to say for herself.”

Crouch gave no sign that he had heard Remus, but Remus seemed to take his silence for assent. He raised his own wand, pointed it at Winky, and said, “Ennervate!”

Winky stirred feebly. Her great brown eyes opened and she blinked several times in a bemused sort of way. Watched by the silent wizards, she raised herself shakily into a sitting position. She caught sight of Remus’ feet, and slowly, tremulously, raised her eyes to stare up into his face; then, more slowly still, she looked up into the sky.

She gave a gasp, looked wildly around the crowded clearing, and burst into terrified sobs.

“Elf!” Lucius said sternly. “My name is Lord Lucius Malfoy, member of the Wizengamot.”

Winky began to rock backward and forward on the ground, her breath coming in sharp bursts.

“As you see, elf, the Dark Mark was conjured here a short while ago,” Lucius continued, “And you were discovered moments later, right beneath it! An explanation, if you please!”

“I - I - I is not doing it, sir!” Winky gasped. “I is not knowing how, sir!”

“You were found with a wand in your hand!” Remus barked, brandishing it in front of her.

And as the wand caught the green light that was filling the clearing from the skull above, Harry recognized it.

He stammered, “Wait! Remus…I think that’s my wand. I dropped when we were running.”
Everyone in the clearing looked at him.

“What did you say Harry pup?” Remus asked, incredulously.

Draco nodded, “It’s Harry’s. We have brother wands. I’d recognize his anywhere.”

Crouch woke up then. “The wand found beneath the Dark Mark is yours? So, you admit that you cast it?”

“Crouch, think who you’re talking to!” Severus shook, very angrily. “Is Harry Potter likely to conjure the Dark Mark?”

“Depends. Did you teach him?” Crouch glared.

Severus’ glamour covered crooked fingers clenched into a fist, “I would never teach my son that. I was a spy for the Order. I work at Hogwarts. I’m the Deputy Headmaster. I take my responsibilities seriously.”

“Then perhaps, young Mr. Malfoy did it…” Crouch continued.

“I didn’t drop it there, anyway,” Harry interrupted them, jerking his thumb toward the trees beneath the skull. “I missed it right after we got into the wood.”

“So,” Lucius’ eyes hardening as he turned to look at Winky again, cowering at his feet. “You found this wand, eh, elf? And you picked it up and thought you’d have some fun with it, did you?” yes, he was ignoring Crouch because honestly, he’d never liked either Bartimus Crouch.

“I is not doing magic with it, sir!” squealed Winky, tears streaming down the sides of her squashed and bulbous nose. “I is… I is… I is just picking it up, sir! I is not making the Dark Mark, sir, I is not knowing how!”

“It wasn’t her!” Hermione said, looking very nervous, speaking up in front of all these Ministry wizards, yet determined all the same. “Winky’s got a squeaky little voice, and the voice we heard doing the incantation was much deeper!” She looked around at Draco, Harry and Blaisé, appealing for their support. “It didn’t sound anything like Winky, did it?”

“No,” Draco said, shaking his head. “It definitely didn’t sound like an elf.”

“Yeah, it was a human voice,” Blaisé put in his two knuts. “Deep. Like a man’s, but they said the words like an endearment.”

Crouch glared at Blaisé, “Why should we believe you?”

“I’m someone they wouldn’t like either. I’m not a pureblood wizard. I have better hearing them most.” Blaisé flexed his wings a bit. “I’m Half-Veela, remember?”

“Well, we’ll soon see,” Crouch, looking unimpressed.

Lucius caressed the head of his cane, “There’s a simple way of discovering the last spell a wand performed, elf, did you know that?”

Winky trembled and shook her head frantically, her ears flapping.

As Remus raised his own wand again and placed it tip to tip with Harry’s, which he’d handed to Severus
“Priori Incantato!” Remus uttered clearly.

Harry heard Hermione gasp, horrified, as a gigantic serpent-tongued skull erupted from the point where the two wands met, but it was a mere shadow of the green skull high above them; it looked as though it were made of thick gray smoke: the ghost of a spell.

“Deletrius!” Remus growled, and the smoky skull vanished in a wisp of smoke. He was furious someone used his pup’s wand to cast the Dark Mark.

“So,” Lucius glared at Winky, who was still shaking convulsively.

“I is not doing it!” she squealed, her eyes rolling in terror. “I is not, I is not, I is not knowing how! I is a good elf, I isn’t using wands, I isn’t knowing how!”

“Then explain why the wand you were holding cast the Dark Mark?” Lucius gripped the head of his staff tight, “When you know you are never to touch a wand.”

Severus tried to calm his friend, “Relax, few wizards know how to do that spell. Where would she have learned it?”

“Perhaps Lord Malfoy is suggesting,” said Mr. Crouch, cold anger in every syllable, “that I routinely teach my servants to conjure the Dark Mark?”

“Of course not. If she had learned it from a Crouch, it wouldn’t have been you would it? It would have been your son.”

“I trust you remember the many proofs I have given, over a long career, that I despise and detest the Dark Arts and those who practice them. I disowned and imprisoned my own son!” Mr. Crouch shouted, his eyes bulging again. The hatred in his eyes was directed at Lucius.

“Winky?” Remus asked quietly, turning to the elf, but she flinched as though he too was shouting at her. “Where exactly did you find Harry’s wand?”

Winky was twisting the hem of her tea towel so violently that it was fraying beneath her fingers. “I - I is finding it…finding it there…there…in the trees, sir.”

“You see, Lucius?” Remus said. “Whoever conjured the Mark could have Disapparated right after they’d done it, leaving Harry’s wand behind. A clever thing to do, not using their own wand, which could have betrayed them. Winky here had the misfortune to come across the wand moments later and pick it up.”

“But then, she’d have been only a few feet away from the real culprit!” Lucius snapped impatiently. “Elf? Did you see anyone?”

Winky began to tremble worse than ever. Her giant eyes flickered from Lucius, to Remus, and onto Mr. Crouch. Then she gulped and said, “I is seeing no one, sir…no one…”

Mr. Crouch curtly, “I am fully aware that, in the ordinary course of events, you would want to take Winky into the department of the Control and Regulation of Magical Creatures for questioning. I ask you, however, to allow me to deal with her.”

Lucius sighed, “Very well. Since we can’t prove she did anything beside touch a wand.”

“You may rest assured that she will be punished,” Mr. Crouch added coldly.
“M-m-master…” Winky stammered, looking up at Mr. Crouch, her eyes brimming with tears. “M-m-master, p-p-please…”

Mr. Crouch stared back, his face somehow sharpened, each line upon it more deeply etched. There was no pity in his gaze. “Winky has behaved tonight in a manner I would not have believed possible,” he said slowly. “I told her to remain in the tent. I told her to stay there while I went to sort out the trouble. Now I find that she disobeyed me. This means clothes.”

“No!” shrieked Winky, prostrating herself at Mr. Crouch’s feet. “No, master! Not clothes, not clothes!”

Draco knew that the only way to turn a house-elf free was to present it with proper garments. It was pitiful to see the way Winky clutched at her tea towel as she sobbed over Mr. Crouch’s feet.

“But she was frightened!” Hermione burst out angrily, glaring at Mr. Crouch. “Your elf’s scared of heights, and those wizards in masks were levitating people! You can’t blame her for wanting to get out of their way!”

“Be quiet child! I’ll handle my elf the way I see fit! I have no use for a servant who forgets what is due to her master, and to her master’s reputation”

Winky was crying so hard that her sobs echoed around the clearing.

There was a very nasty silence, which was ended by Lucius, who said uncomfortably, “Well, I think I’ll take those I attended the World Cup with back to the tent, if nobody’s got any objections.”

Severus nodded, “Remus, that wand’s told us all it can. We can give it back to Harry right?”

Remus nodded, “Hold onto this better from now on Harry pup. Let’s go back to the tent and try to sleep.”

Lucius looked at Blaise as they headed back towards the campground, “You protected the other children. Thank you.”

“No problem. Veela wings can protect against stunners.” Blaise was tired and agitated. He wanted Charlie…

Lucius said quickly, beckoning them on, “I want to get back to the tent as fast as we can. What happened to the others?”

“We lost them in the dark,” Draco said staying close

Harry tugged on Severus’ sleeve, “Papa, why was everyone so upset about that skull thing?”

“I’ll explain everything back at the tent,” Severus muttered tensely.

But when they reached the edge of the wood, their progress was impeded. A large crowd of frightened-looking witches and wizards was congregated there, and when they saw the group coming toward them, many of them surged forward.

“What’s going on in there?”

“Who conjured it?”

“Lord Malfoy - it’s not - Him?”
“Of course it’s not Him,” Lucius impatiently. “We don’t know who it was; it looks like they Disapparated. Now excuse me, please, I want to get to bed.” He led Harry, Draco, Remus, Severus, Blaisé and Hermione through the crowd and back into the campsite.

All was quiet now; there was no sign of the masked wizards, though several ruined tents were still smoking.

Charlie, Fred and George were outside their own tent with Percy.

Charlie pulled Blaisé into his arms, holding him close, “I was so worried when I saw the Dark Mark.”

Blaisé clung to his mate, “Don’t let go.” he whispered, honestly he’d been terrified for all of them but mostly Charlie.

“Did you get them, Lord Malfoy?” Percy asked sharply. “The person who conjured the Mark?”

“No,” Lucius said shivering slightly. “We found Crouch’s elf holding Harry’s wand, but we’re none the wiser about who actually conjured the Mark.”

“What?” said Fred, George, Charlie, and Percy together.

“Harry’s wand?” said Fred.

“Mr. Crouch’s elf?” said Percy, sounding thunderstruck.

With some assistance from Draco, Blaisé, and Hermione, the story was explained about what had happened in the woods.

“I’ll tell you this…” Lucius shifted uncomfortably, “Only the Death Eaters knew how to conjure it. I’d be very surprised if the person who did it hadn’t been a Death Eater once, even if they’re not now. Obviously, it wasn’t Severus or myself. We were with the Ministry. Listen, it’s very late, Draco if your mother hears what’s happened, she’ll be worried sick. We’ll get a few more hours sleep and then try to get an early Portkey out of here.”

XooooooX

Harry got back into bed with Draco his head buzzing. He knew he ought to feel exhausted: It was nearly three in the morning after all.

Draco rubbed his back, “Relax Adder you’re safe.”

XooooooX

A few doors door, Remus was trying to calm Severus.
“I…can’t believe I publicly stood up to the Death Eaters.”

“Sevy, you would have done it eventually. We’re all proud of you for doing the right thing. Even if I would have preferred you were with the children protecting them.” Remus said holding him and kissing his neck. “Hush now.”

XooooooX

Charlie was trying to calm Blaise down as well. “Blaise, you’re safe.”

“I outed myself as a Veela to the Ministry!”

“You were protecting your friends.” He had to admit, Blaise with wings was sexy. He traced circles on Blaise’s wings. “I like seeing your wings. I just wish the circumstances were better.”

Blaise felt his face warm, and snuggled, “Thank you…for staying with me.”

Soon the tent was filled with soft snores.
Morning After the riot

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Pairings I know of: DracoxHarry, twincest, OliverxPercy, RemusxSeverus, CharliexBlaise, I'm going to let Bill end up with Fleur I like them. Stalker Ginny! Partial tempting to allow Seamus and Colin *hides*
Fandom : HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.
Caution: Blaise's Veela nature is explained. Would have posted this sooner but I was trying to come up with something unique, magical and something Charlie could eventually accept [make him more likely to make love to Blaise]. Blaise's wizard father gave him the ability to use a wand, to use magic like a wizard and to stay in a human form longer. His Veela blood give him the ability to have children- [this may sqick you- if it does apologies it was the best I could come up with.].

Chapter 5- Morning After the riot

Lucius awoke early and set his house elves to make breakfast.

He bathed and dressed before knocking on Severus and Remus’ door.

Remus opened it after a minute, “Sevy is still asleep. It took sometime to get him to relax.”

“I’m sure you managed somehow. I’m going to take you back to the Manor and then Apparate to the Ministry. Surely, Minister Bones can find some use for me.”

Remus nodded, “Blaise seems quite attached to Charlie, I worry how he’ll take being separated so soon.”

Lucius chuckled, “Didn’t Severus tell you? Hogwarts is hosting the Triwizard Tournament this year. Dragons will be involved at some point. Whose name do you think is on the top of the list of Keepers bringing them? I saw Mr. Weasley’s signature on some of the documents myself.”

Remus bit his lip, “The Triwizard Tournament? Lucius! The competition is highly dangerous. People have died! I read Hogwarts, A history. I remember Hagrid and his obsession with dangerous creatures. What is the Ministry thinking reviving such a thing?”

“It was Fudge’s idea. It was already too far planned for Madam Bones’ to cancel. Be on your guard. We thought that the Quidditch cup would be safe and there was a riot. Death Eaters appearing from the shadows and causing massive panic.”

Remus nodded, “I’ll keep a close eye on him. I wish we could just floo to the castle and not have them take the train tomorrow. I swear last night scared more years off my life and seeing Crouch pointing a Wand threateningly at Harry was difficult for me as well as Sevy.”

Lucius nodded, “Wouldn’t have taken it well if I’d seen a wand pointed at Draco in that manner. With an event like the Tournament after the World Cup fiasco perhaps, Madam Bones can arrange for extra protection for Hogwarts. I’ll see what I can do.”

“I’ll wake up Severus. He’ll need serious coffee.”
Lucius smiled, “Already put the House elves to making breakfast.”

Remus shut the door, returning to their bed, “Sevy, wake up. I know you’re tired but we have to take the children back to back home. They’ll be taking the train tomorrow.”

Severus protested sleepily.

“Come on love. Have to get ready to go back to school and be Professors again.”

“I had your rooms changed. You’re living with me. Though your office will be far from our rooms.”

Remus kissed him, “So I get to spend the entire school year sharing your bed? I’m glad. I like being able to hold you and keep you warm.”

Severus blushed, “Remus! You like more then that. I know you. You’re a wolf…” he often teased his lover calling him a wolf, especially when Remy was in a very touchy feely mood.

“The sooner we take the children to Kings Cross, the sooner we can go enjoy your bed at the castle. Surely, you want that. We already packed our things, we can have Dobby take them over.”

“Remy!”

Remus kissed him, “Let’s get dressed so you can have coffee.”

XoooooX

Charlie woke reluctantly to the smell of coffee, he was in a strange room but the warmth in his arms was familiar. He looked down to see a boy with dark skin, short curly hair and a gentle sleepy smile. He chuckled to himself, Blaisé…the youth was beautiful.

Blaisé snuggled into Charlie’s warmth in his sleep.

Charlie lay a large warm pale hand on Blaisé’s dark cheek and kissed him, he didn’t want to go back to work. He worried about the boy, Blaisé had been practically attached to him since they met. He’d hate to mar such perfection with sadness.

“Amante del drago.” Blaisé mumbled sleepily.

Charlie kissed him lightly, “What’s that love?”

Blaisé’s eyes opened slowly, “You’re still here.”

“You said something…”

Blaisé blushed, “Oh…was it, Amante del drago?”

“Yes. What does it mean?”

“Dragon lover. It’s Italian.”

Charlie chuckled, holding him close as he played with Blaisé’s soft hair. “I guess, I need something to call you.” he kissed him, “How about Frumos un întuneric?”
Blaisé didn’t understand the words, but his heart guessed their intent. “It sounds nice…what does it mean?”

“Beautiful dark one.” Charlie said with a smile, “It suits you.”

“Don’t want to go back to school. I want to stay with you. I waited for you.” it hurt seeing his friends happy and in love while he was alone.

“I know love. I don’t want to make you go but you need to. I promise I’ll come see you. I’m supposed to be at Hogwarts starting in November but I don’t know if I will be able to make you wait that long. I’ll owl you often. If I can get away, I’ll come see you before November. You trust me right?”

Blaisé looked into those impossibly blue eyes, and saw no lie. He couldn’t smell one either, “You’ll come see me?”

“As often as I can.” Charlie kissed him, running his hand down Blaisé’s back.

Blaisé’s eyes widened, a moan escaping his lips. They’d hugged, shared a few kisses and held hands the day before but that was new. The light caress went straight to his groin and he gulped at the sensation. There was a knock at the door and he whimpered. His body was reacting to his mate’s touch and the signal to couple. He knew about his own species and how they could come in sexual maturity before humans as well as the close proximity of their mate. He had been in the pre-stages of a breeding cycle last winter and the meeting of his mate was ensuring he would have his first true breeding cycle this winter.

“Just a minute.” Charlie called out, Blaisé’s reaction to his touch worried him, ‘Blaisé, are you alright?’

Blaisé nodded, “Never been better. I have you.” he cupped Charlie’s cheek, shifting their positions so Charlie was straddling him, “You want me. I’m yours.” he belonged to his mate and wouldn’t have it any other way.

Charlie nearly drowned into obsidian eyes, before realizing what his young mate meant, “Blaisé, wait.” surely, they were moving too fast.

Blaisé’s eyes filled with panic, had he done something wrong?

Charlie kissed his forehead, “How old are you?”

Blaisé pulled him down for a kiss, “By Veela standards, old enough.”

“Blaisé love, that is not an answer.”

Blaisé looked away, “Fourteen, but I’ll be fifteen just before Christmas. I’m only three months younger then Hermione.”

Charlie blinked, “I thought you were at least sixteen.” not that it would make much of a difference.

“Witches marry at fourteen sometimes. It shouldn’t be a problem.”

“Blaisé, I’m twenty-one.”

Blaisé looked up at him, “I’m yours. Why should it matter?”

Charlie kissed him, “Hush now. I don’t want to rush things.”
Blaisé said quietly, “How much do you know about Veela?”

Charlie scratched his head, “Nothing much, they’re usually female so they never really interested me. Their allure wouldn’t affect me but yours might.”

Blaisé bit his lip, “I would only use it with your consent, only to increase your pleasure.”

Charlie chuckled, “We aren’t ready for that step yet.”

Blaisé stammered, “But you touched me. You gave me a signal you wanted me.”

Charlie started, “I did? How?”

Blaisé blushed, using his shaking hand to run his hand down Charlie’s back. “Just because I appear human doesn’t mean I’m not sexually stimulated the same way an avian is.” he said stammering. This was his mate but he was still nervous discussing this.

Charlie turned as red as his hair, “Oh. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to do that. How else shouldn’t I touch you if making you think that I want you like that?”

Blaisé gulped, “You mean, you don’t want me?” what had he done wrong? Was he not enough?

Charlie shook his head, “Blaisé, Frumos un întuneric, I spent the night holding you remember? I came over because I missed you. How could you think I don’t want you?”

“But…”

Charlie kissed him, “Hush now. All I meant was we aren’t ready. I want to get to know you better first.”

Wait? Charlie wanted to wait? This…no, he’d gotten a taste and he wanted more. “Charlie…”

Charlie wound a bit of his mate’s hair around a finger, “Please tell me what other actions would make you think I wanted you like that. I don’t want to upset you by denying you after giving you the impression I want you.”

Blaisé closed his eyes, trying hard not to feel rejected. “Touching my wings…or where my wings emerge from my body…my spine…just above my arse at the base of my spine where my tail would be. My sensitive areas are very avian, I am highly protective of both my flock and my mate. I can also get hormonal if I’m exposed to too much light. I’ll be more protective of you when I start nesting.” he blushed, turning away.

Charlie let all of what Blaisé said sink in, there was so much he had to remember not to touch. He couldn’t give his beloved mixed signals, he could see how upset Blaisé was. He’d only wanted to calm and reassure him that he cared, not to signal he wanted sex. Blaisé was fourteen after all. He finally processed the last of what Blaisé said, “Wait. Nesting?”

Blaisé nodded slowly, but not looking at Charlie. “I am capable of having young naturally.”

“How is that possible?”

Blaisé bit his lip, “I’m not exactly male.”

Charlie tilted his head, “You look male to me.”

Blaisé clenched his fists, “I am but I’m not.” it was true, he just kept it to himself. In truth, only
Draco had ever seen him naked but that was years ago. He bathed alone so they wouldn’t see. “I couldn’t be with just anyone, because they couldn’t handle me.”

Charlie gently held Blaise’s chin, turning his mate to look at him, “Talk to me. Why are you so upset about this.”

Blaise couldn’t look him in the eyes, “There really is no such thing as a Male Veela. We’re attracted to males and we bear young but we share traits of both genders. Though my sperm would be capable of fertilizing, we have no desire for females.”

“How do you bear young?”

Blaise whispered, “Same as a Dragon…I…lay eggs. A female Veela can nurse their young, a male cannot.” this was his mate, Charlie would understand and accept this. He had to…

Charlie stared at him for a second, “You…lay eggs…how do you fertilize them?”

Blaise looked at him, “By having sex. My body stores semen for almost two weeks if I lay an egg during that time it is fertilized before it exits my body. I identify being male because I do. I was raised that way and I was sorted that way. I don’t let my fellow Slytherins see me naked because I’m so different.”

Charlie was about to speak when there was a knock on the door.

“Blaise, we need to go. It sounds like they want to go.”

Charlie kissed him lightly, “You trust me?”

Blaise nodded slowly, “You’re my mate.”

“For life?”

“Most Veela are flirts but monogamous. I am yours, have been since I first saw you. I was wait for you. Not all Veela find their mate before their first Heat or Breeding Cycle.”

Charlie smiled, “You’re beautiful to me. You have to change…will you show me what you mean by different.”

Blaise gulped, “Yes. I just don’t want you to not want me because of it.”

“I knew I liked Dragons more then anything but I was only attracted to males sexually. You have a lot in common with Dragons. It seems like you are perfect for me.”

Blaise hugged him, "I’m just worried I could lose you. We are rather jealous of our mates and prefer them close.”

Charlie kissed him, “Show me?” then he moved to sit beside Blaise.

Blaise stood slowly, undressing baring the lighter skin of his flat masculine-like chest, turning slightly so Charlie could see his back. Then he reached for his sleeping pants, “Below my waist is very different. Remember my teste is internal, not like yours.”

“It’s okay, we’ll have to hurry. They sound impatient.”

“If I take too long you can just Apparate me to Platform Nine and Three-Quarters.” Blaise teased as he shyly turned away to remove his pants and boxers, his penis wasn’t fully erect so not all of it was
visible. You could see about half of it, most of it was coiled beneath skin flaps that partially resembled vaginal lips which they were. He had the ability to lay eggs, eggs that his body expelled after fertilization.

Charlie took the vision that was Blaisé, he licked his lips, “Oh Blaisé…you’re beautiful.”

Blaisé shifted his weight nervously. “You really think so?”

Charlie pulled him into his arms, careful to hold him where it wouldn’t make the teen more sexually excited. “Yes, I can handle it. You should dress, alright?”

Blaisé nodded, ‘Okay.’ it made him almost giddy with happiness as he dressed. Charlie was the most perfect mate he could ask for.

Xoo000X

Draco woke Harry, “Adder, wake up. We have to go home, we’re riding the train tomorrow.”

Harry mumbled, “Don’t wanna. Wanna stay in bed with you.”

“We only paid for one night love.”

‘Don’t care.”

“If you get up now, we can take a nap later.” Draco chuckled.

“Mean it?” Harry asked quietly.

Draco kissed his nose, “Come on. I smell coffee. That means it’s time to get up.”

Harry sighed, “Okay.”

They dressed in comfortable clothes, they’d change into their uniforms when they arrived at the Manor most likely. It didn’t take them long to head for the dining room to eat.

Harry was still sleepy as he clung to Draco’s shirt.

Xoo000X

When they exited his room, Charlie’s arm was around his shoulders, but didn’t touch the areas from where his wings sprouted.

“About time. We’re running behind already.” Lucius said with a sight glare.

Blaisé smiled, “He was a gentleman. Charlie spent the night to calm me.”

“You two should have hurried. We knocked twice.”

Charlie nodded, “I’m sorry. We were talking. We needed to be sure this wasn’t just a summer thing.
We had to discuss things.” he shifted nervously, “If at some point I wanted to officially court Blaisé, who would I have to ask?”

“I would say his mother but she is usually off traveling and unreachable. I suppose you could ask me.” his eyes narrowed slightly.

“I know there is quite a difference in our ages, but I would like to court him. I can’t imagine being with anyone else.”

Lucius turned to Blaisé, “Is this what you want?”

Blaisé beamed, “More then anything.”

“Allright. You may court Blaisé.”

Charlie lifted Blaisé’s chin, “Let’s get you home so you can make the train tomorrow. I’ll only be away from you for a short while. I promise to be there soon. I’ll have to come scout a place for an encampment in the Forbidden Forest.”

Blaisé looked into those impossibly blue eyes, “I’ll be waiting.”

“Not for long Frumos un întuneric.” he held Blaisé close, “Not for long.”

“We need to go. Are we Apparating or do I need to get a Portkey.”

“If I Apparate Charlie to the Manor quickly, he can then Apparate Blaisé there.”

“Very well.”

Remus Apparated Blaisé out of the tent and to the edge of the Manor’s property, just outside the Anti-Apparation wards.

Charlie memorized the place before Apparating back to Blaisé. He returned to the tent, pulling Blaisé close, “We can go.”

Blaisé looked up at him, grabbing onto his mate’s shirt as Charlie held him tightly.

They Apparated out; Blaisé with Charlie, Harry with Severus, Draco with Lucius and Remus took Hermione.

They arrived at the Manor about seven, Lucius was planning on staying long enough to see Narcissa, let her know he was home and kiss her goodbye for the day.

Narcissa was running down the hallway when they entered the Manor, her hair undone, no make up and the tie on her dressing gown was crooked. “I’ve been so worried. so worried..” She flung her arms around Lucius’ neck, and the Daily Prophet fell out of her limp hand onto the ground.

Looking down, Harry saw the headline: SCENES OF TERROR AT THE QUIDDITCH WORLD CUP, complete with a twinkling black-and-white photograph of the Dark Mark over the treetops. He shivered.

“You’re all right,” Narcissa muttered distractedly, releasing Lucius and staring around at them all with red eyes, “You’re alive…oh boys…” And to everybody’s surprise, she seized Harry, Draco, Blaisé and pulled them both into such a tight hug that their heads banged together. “We were finally happy, then those dreadful people came out of the shadows.”
Remus smiled hugging Severus, “Lucius and Sevy, heard the commotion and guessed the situation. We sent the children to go to safety, they decided to help the Ministry.”

Lucius shifted nervously, “I may have been the one to break the spells the Death Eaters were using on the Muggle family and slow their descent enough to keep them from being truly injured. By the time they had hit the ground, I realized the Death Eaters were cowards. Someone shot up the Dark Mark probably in their support and the Death Eaters ran.”

Narcissa’s eyes shone with happiness, “You fought with the Ministry? You wonderful man.” she kissed him.

Lucius blushed, “Narcissa, I should go. I want to see if Minister Bones needs me.”

“Go ahead. I’m so proud of you. I’ll see you when you get home. I’ll have your favorite meal ready around eight.”

Lucius left quickly.

Narcissa took a moment to compose herself, “You were later then I had previously expected.”

“Because someone decided to spend the morning bonding.” Draco teased.

Narcissa took in the body language between Blaisé and the man who was practically holding him. She clapped her hands, “Oh Blaisé. Is this him? Is this your mate?”

Blaisé blushed, “Charlie Weasley. He works as a Dragon Keeper for a Preserve.”

Narcissa fixed her eyes on Charlie, “You know what he is then?”

Charlie nodded.

“You know how he differs from most boys?”

Charlie smiled, “I’ve seen him naked. I know. I hugged him too. I don’t mind, in fact, I find it exotic and he is beautiful.”

“Did he tell you if he is injured he only sees me or Severus?”

Charlie shook his head, “We didn’t have time to discuss that. I promise to respect that. He was forced to reveal himself to the ministry during the riot. The Ministry’s reaction was to Apparate to the location where the Mark was cast and flood the area with Stunners. Blaisé’s wings appeared as he knocked his friends to the ground, his wings protected them. The event unnerved him so much that I couldn't leave him so I spent the night holding him.”

Narcissa looked Charlie over, “You seem decent enough. I’ve met Percy, he’s a hard-working lad and his Oliver is quite polite. I adore Fred and George, they are so sweet. Fred is protective of George, they must be very close.”

Draco, Harry, Blaisé and Hermione looked at each other. It wasn’t their place to tell Draco’s mother that Fred and George were lovers.

Blaisé said quietly, “He wants to wait and get to know me first because of our age differences.”

Narcissa asked, “Age difference?”

“It would seem that I am seven years older.”
“Merlin, you do realize that since you acknowledge him as your mate you.”

Blaisé interrupted her, “Narcissa. Please. We’re doing it Charlie’s way.” he was afraid if he pushed too hard, he’d lose his mate.

“But.”

“Narcissa, I love you like a mother but if I am capable of reproduction you know I’m considered an adult. Let me do it this way.”

Charlie was confused, “Blaisé let her tell me. Please Frumos un întuneric.”

“But…”

“I can’t be a good mate if I don’t understand everything. If waiting can hurt you, I want to know.”

Narcissa giggled, “You’re so sweet.”

“I have permission from Lucius to court him.”

Narcissa led them to the Drawing room, “The others don’t have to stay. It’s up to Blaisé, if you aren’t comfortable then they can go make sure they are properly packed for term.”

Blaisé sat in Charlie’s lap, “I...um...”

Draco shrugged, “I already know. One of the reasons I wouldn’t abandon a friendship with him is because I am one of the few who knows about him.”

“Does this have something to do with Blaisé being a Veela?” Hermione asked curious.

Narcissa nodded.

“I looked them up in the library, almost nothing is known about them. Some scholars claim there is no such thing. I know Blaisé so that isn’t true. The female Veela we meet during the riot didn’t like Blaisé at all.” Hermione was a very curious witch…

Blaisé chewed on his lip, “They don’t like me because I’m different. A true Veela is female, her mate is either another Veela or a wizard. Most Veela are true hermaphrodites. Part of their gestation they are male and produce sperm which is stored. Then they switch gender during gestation, when they go into heat or enter breeding season if they do not have a wizard mate then they self-fertilize. This occurs to single Veela or Veelas who mate other Veela. We are primarily monogamous, cleaving to one mate- which exceptions like my mother who has had seven husbands. The thought of being with anyone but Charlie fills me with dread.”

“If that is the difference between me and a Female Veela, what is the difference between say you and Harry?”

Blaisé felt Charlie squeeze his hand and looked at him.

“You don’t have to tell her. I’m the only one who has to know.” Charlie said quietly.

Blaisé almost wasn’t going to tell them but it was possible he could go into true heat this winter. If he did, he would need help. “I...”

Charlie shushed him, “I can tell them.”
Blaisé closed his eyes, “If you want.”

“Blaisé, is a blend of avian and human characteristics. He procreates like a bird.”

Hermione gaped, “He lays eggs?”

Blaisé hid his face in his mate’s shirt, “I haven’t yet. I...have reached maturity. Physical at least. I can lay eggs and they would be fertilized. I would have to carry them around with me to keep them to temperature. They have to stay about the same temperature as humans’ natural equilibrium.”

“I thought you were a boy.”

“Common misnomer. I am flat-chested, I have a teste and a phallus; that is what makes me considered male though I can lay eggs.”

“You only have one teste?”

Blaisé nodded, still not looking at them. “I have only one ovary like other Veela.”

“How many eggs would you lay?”

“No more then three, most often two. No guarantee that both will survive to maturity.”

“You can become a parent at fourteen?”

Blaisé bit his lip, “My first heating cycle will occur this winter. I probably won’t lay my first egg until I’m fifteen. It will be an uncomfortable experience, something like labor. Only different, it doesn’t take long for my body to create the egg but it takes time for it to adjust to lay it.”

Draco nodded, “That is why you are the eagle.”

Blaisé chewed on his lip, “Probably. Though I think Ahren’s raven is more because he flies, he does resemble a bird of prey.”

Hermione turned pink, “Blaisé!” so what if she spent last night sleeping with the snitch Viktor gave her beneath her pillow?

“Just because I was distracted by handsome here, doesn’t mean I didn’t hear.” Blaisé teased.

“Hush you. Charlie doesn’t look like an arrow to me.”

Blaisé coughed, “Seers talk with a shadow on their tongue. You can’t always take what they say literally. Prophecies are flexible things, only given weight when believed.”

“But they fit…”

“You’re the philosopher. You aren’t supposed to believe it.” Blaisé protested.

Harry was so confused, “Blaisé, I don’t get it.”

Blaisé sighed, “You remember my wings?”

Harry nodded.

“Well, Veelas are like magical birds who have the ability to look like people.”

“You are a person.”
Of course I am, I spend more time in a human form because I’m half Wizard.” he tried to laugh, “We can pretend that it’s my feathery problem right?”

Charlie gaped, “It’s not a problem. It’s endearing. I’ve overseen many dragons lay eggs since I started work in the Preserve. I understand the dynamics of it and the dangers.”

“Then you know about egg binding?”

Blaisé whined, “Narcissa.”

Charlie nodded, “I know of it.”

“Then you know whether you sleep with him or not, he will lay an egg or two and he will try to see them to term. It will be his natural instinct. Too much stress and he can’t lay the egg when it is ready. If he doesn’t eat properly, he won’t have the energy to lay it.”

“Is that what you didn’t want to burden me with, Blaisé? Blaisé look at me.”

Blaisé looked up at his mate, “Yes.” he whispered, he didn’t want Charlie to feel obligated to sleep with him. He wanted Charlie to desire him…

“I’m around Dragons, I’ve watched them mate and lay eggs. Didn’t you realize I knew about egg binding?”

Blaisé sighed, “I didn’t want to worry you.”

“Frumos un întuneric, I care for you. Of course I’d worry. We’re trained to prepare for such things when females go into heat and the males fight for the right to mount her.”

Blaisé’s obsidian eyes shimmered, “You’re too good to me.” he would deny he reacted like this later but Charlie was for more accepting then he would dare have hoped.

Severus and Remus had sat there listening, and Remus was learning more about Veela then he ever wanted to know.

Narcissa checked her timepiece, “Oh…I barely have time to get ready. You should go change into your change and bathe before lunch. There are plenty of house elves to see to baths for all of us.”

Hermione and Harry were grateful for magic, Muggle dwellings ran out of hot water easily…

Charlie kissed Blaise, “Come on. Let’s get you ready for Hogwarts.”

Blaise blushed, did this mean…they were going to bathe together?

They all separated to rooms they had stayed in before, house elves had good hearing and they all found baths ready and waiting at their preferred temperature.

After all, a good house elf is an unseen one who caters to your needs.
Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Pairings I know of: DracoxHarry, twincest, OliverxPercy, RemusxSeverus, CharlieBlaise, I'm going to let Bill end up with Fleur I like them. Stalker Ginny! Partial tempting to allow Seamus and Colin *hides*
Fandom : HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them. I hope the chastising of Ron make you happy.

Chapter 6- Platform 9 ¾ and the Hogwarts Express

There was a definite end-of-the-holidays gloom in the air when Harry and Draco awoke next morning. Heavy rain was still splattering against the window as he got dressed in uniform; they would put on their school robes on the Hogwarts Express later.

Blaise was spending every moment he could in Charlie’s arms, as if he was treasuring every second he had with his mate.

Severus and Remus’ things had sent their things along to Hogwarts with Dobby.

All the children’s trunks were shrunk and sitting by the front door, all pets; owls and the like were already waiting for them in Severus, Remus and Harry’s quarters.

This was Harry’s first year as a true Slytherin…

After breakfast, Narcissa decided it was best to take them to Kings Cross station early.

Blaise protested, “Narcissa…” he didn’t want to be separated from his mate so soon, he never asked for much. He was usually content with his books unless his friends needed him on one of their intrigues. He had proven helpful more then once…

Charlie cupped his cheek, “Hush Frumos un întuneric. I’ll be with you soon, I promised remember? I’ll bring you a present. I don’t want to let you go either, it will only be for a short time. You’ll see me in less then a month, I’ll send you lots of owls. You’ll have the most love letters out of all the students.”

Blaise blushed, “Charlie…”

Charlie kissed him, “I’ll take you to the station, if you like I’ll even kiss you goodbye.”

Blaise moaned softly, “Amante…”

“Then we can go.”

Severus wondered slightly, Blaise was probably going to have a child by spring, he wished it were possible to give Harry a sibling. But he had no idea if he was fertile or even if it was safe to have Remus’ child. He didn’t want a child with anyone else…but was it safe to have a child with a werewolf?
The children pocketed their trunks, Dippy held out a picnic basket to her mistress.

Narcissa shrunk it and handed it to Hermione.

Hermione took it, seeing Blaisé this happy made her wonder what it might be like to see Viktor again. She felt for the snitch he gave her, her raven had been so shy it was cute…

They all walked together to the end of the drive which marked the end of the anti-Apparation wards.

Blaisé was pulled tight against Charlie’s chest, he could feel his mate’s heartbeat, the warmth of his embrace and his comforting smell. He flushed.

Charlie held him close, not wanting to part but knew it was best. He would have to make sure that he kept his promise to write often and make sure he was still the dragonologist scheduled to visit Hogwarts to survey the Forbidden Forest to find an area to put the dragons until the first task was complete. He also needed to arrange to rent a place in town for the Keepers to shower and wash their clothes.

Severus held onto Harry, while Remus had Hermione.

Draco let his mother side-Along Apparate him.

They arrived at Kings Cross Station, Platform 9 ¾ around nine o’clock in the morning.

Hermione hugged Narcissa, thanking her for letting her stay and the invitation to the world cup. She blushed, turning away and went to find them a compartment.

Draco said, “Goodbye, mother. Keep an eye on father. I’m sure he’ll wonder if he did the right thing publicly supporting the ministry. He’ll need encouragement.”

Narcissa hugged them both, “I’m miss you both. We’ll see you at Christmas time. Have a good term, boys.” she whispered in Draco’s ear, “Would you like a little brother or a sister, my Dragon.”

Draco blinked at her, “What?”

Narcissa laughed, “It seems your father’s affection for me returned. I’m expecting. I am currently refusing to let the healer tell me the sex of the child.”

Draco hugged her, “It seems I’ve always had a brother, I’d like a sister.” he smiled at Blaisé gently elbowing him in the side, “I am going to be your kids’ godfather right?”

Blaisé gasped, “Draco!” they hadn’t even…the most Charlie had done was kiss him and hold him. Well if you ignore the bath they had shared. Sadly, because of his avian heritage even something as simple as Charlie washing his back could make him very horny. Charlie was careful to touch him chastely, Blaisé wasn’t sure if he should be flattered or upset. The last thing he wanted to do was push Charlie away…

Charlie laughed at his mate’s reaction, “I certainly don’t mind. I wonder what mum would think of being coming a grandmother.”

“Charlie? Where have you been? I was worried sick! You disappear after a riot and don’t call! I was afraid you’d been hurt.”

Charlie winced.

“Mum, we told you.” George sighed.
“Charlie met someone at the match.”

“Yeah, someone he was really taken with.”

“He could have at least owled or fire called or something. Rather then let his mother worry herself sick.”

Charlie sighed, kissing Blaise’s cheek, “This is not how I imagined introducing you to my mother.”

“I already met her before.” Blaise neglected to mention he didn’t much care for her.

Charlie turned Blaise around, “Mum, I’d like you to meet Blaise Zabini.”

“We’ve already met.” Molly said awkwardly, already suspicious. The twins had mentioned Charlie was bent, was she about to hear it from his own mouth?

“Well, I hope you like him because I’ve already asked his guardian permission to court him.” Charlie said, holding onto Blaise.

“Charles Weasley! He’s a child. This boy is your baby brother’s age.”

“Ron acts the way he does because you babied him. He is a spoiled little brat.” Fred growled, while George held onto his hand.

“It’s not unheard of, it’s not like we’re getting bonded though that is my intention. Let me put it this way mum, Blaise is the only person who could tear me away from my Dragons.” Charlie smiled, “he is the most beautiful person I’ve ever seen. He’s smart, hard-working and very brave. I’ve never met anyone like him.”

“I don’t understand, you could have any girl you wanted. With your N.E.W.T.S. you could have gone anywhere. You were captain of the Gyrffindor Quidditch team, an amazing Seeker who had offers from three profession teams and you threw it all away.” Molly lamented.

“Mum, it was my life. I did what made me happy and I still am. I had hoped you could support me and accept the person I want to spend my life with. You married young, right out of Hogwarts. Why is this a problem?”

“Your father and I were meant for each other. What was the point in waiting?” Molly got a dreamy look on her face.

“Mum, Blaise is that person for me. Why can’t you accept that?”

“I want you to have a normal life, a home, a wife and a family of your own.”

Charlie shook his head, “I understand why Percy left. You’re trying to run our lives still. I have my mate, I don’t need a woman.” he cupped Blaise’s face between his large calloused hands and kissed him deeply, “You should go. The train will be leaving soon. I’ll owl you as soon as I get back to Romania. I’ll see you soon, Frumos un întuneric. I won’t make you wait forever.”

Blaise was pushed towards the train by Draco and Harry.

Fred clasped Charlie’s shoulder, “So you disappeared off with him? You work fast big brother.”

“Yeah, what was that you called him?” George teased.

“Frumos un întuneric, its Romanian. It means Beautiful dark one, he is isn’t he?” Charlie said with a
smile.

“Charlie’s in love.”

“Yeah.”

“Get going or the train will leave without you. Aren’t you supposed to be a prefect Fred?”

“We’re going. See you soon Charlie. Don’t stay away too long. It’s nice to see Blaisé smiling.” Fred and George ran into the train leaving their mother, Narcissa, Remus, Severus and Charlie.

Molly asked quietly, “is there anyway to get Ron’s expulsion reconsidered?”

Remus shook his head, “He was trouble all year. He insulted the Head Boy, undermined him in front of the entire school. Ronald insulted a prefect and challenged the Deputy Headmaster’s qualifications. His marks were terrible, worst in his year. The probability of him getting higher than Troll on his O.W.L.S. is slim. The girl he attacked had the highest marks for a girl in her year. Spending time with them is probably what caused Fred and George’s marks to end up so high. If Quidditch was going to be played this year George was going to be Quidditch Captain. It is a shame that we lost Harry to Slytherin but as long as our pup is happy.”

Severus chuckled, “I’ll miss the matches we had the last few years, Draco versus Harry is always a good match.”

Molly nodded, “I see. I don’t know what to do with Ron. I can’t afford to send him to another school.”

“Perhaps, you can try educating him at home? Your marks were always high, I was surprised you didn’t pursue a career after Hogwarts. You were a Prefect and nearly Head girl.” Remus said gently, “Not all young witches and wizards attend a school like Hogwarts.”

Molly sighed, “I’ll think about it.” she wrapped her cloak around herself and Apparated away.

Charlie turned his back to the place where his mother had stood and faced the train, hoping to catch a last glimpse of Blaisé.

Narcissa put a hand on his arm, “I think we need to have a talk about Blaisé. There are a few things you should know.”

Charlie turned to her, “I will listen.”

“I’d rather not talk here. Let’s go back to the Manor. Severus, you and Remus are welcome to come listen. It may prove to be important later.” Narcissa said quietly.
Chapter 7 - Blaisé’s History

It didn’t take them long to Apparate back to the Manor.

Narcissa called for tea and sat in one of the arm chairs in her music room, “I probably shouldn’t tell you what I am about to but I want you to understand a little about Veela. You remember Severus when Lucius took me on a tour of the continent the year before I was pregnant with Draco? He told me it was an anniversary gift, it was a mission to gain support and recruit Death Eaters. I was so distraught when I learn of his dishonesty. When we were in Northern Italy we came upon a group of Veela. They were in mourning, the daughter of the Matriarch had taken a wizard as a mate. Blaisé’s father was an Auror for the Italian Ministry and he had died on assignment.

His mother had been wild with grief, his grandmother did the only thing she could. She placed her daughter and the egg containing Blaisé in a sort of stasis. It is a very dangerous thing to do, Blaisé is lucky to be alive. As Blaisé told you Veela enter Breeding Season in early winter mid to late December. Eggs are laid by the beginning of January, and should hatch by May. It was September when we found them, Blaisé’s grandmother begged us to help them. She wanted to make her daughter forget her mate in the hope that it would save her from her grief. Lucius was persuaded to Obliviate her, the only consequence was that Blaisé’s mother had little recollection of him.

I felt sorry for poor baby and begged to be allowed to raise him. I had yet to bear a child, an heir for Lucius and I listened to his grandmother tell me in broken English how to care for him. He was born four months after, a rare thing. I think the matriarch of his flock knew he would be male and that was why I was allowed to take him with me. Lucius wanted to refuse me but after how hurt I had been when I realized our vacation was a recruiting assignment, he gave in. I was blessed by Blaisé’s grandmother and soon after found myself pregnant with Draco. I raised them together as brothers, you could not find two more different boys. I was always honest with Blaisé about his origins and tried to help him as best I could. I want him to be happy, Veela are a highly emotional race. They are very dependant on their mate. He will try to take care of you, but you have to make sure he doesn’t forget what he needs. His loss of his own parents has left scars he doesn’t recognize. He will need so much from you Charlie, I hope it won’t overwhelm you. I hope for his sake his first eggs are fertilized.” she looked at him intently, “it would break his heart if he cared for them and they never hatched. He would be convinced he was a bad mother and would forget that you hadn’t slept together.”

Charlie nodded, “When I return to Hogwarts this months on business for the Preserve I was planning on bringing him a two-way mirror so we can communicate whenever he needs reassurance.” Charlie tapped the table beside him with his wand, a key appeared, “I was giving this to him for his birthday. It is the key to the house I inherited from my Uncles Gideon and Fabian. I haven’t been in it in years,
I was hoping I could ask you to have it cleaned for him. I’ll be a bit too busy, the place is called Eagle’s Nest.”

Narcissa’s hand flew to her lips, “You’re giving him a house? For his birthday? To provide a nest for a Veela has serious connotations.”

“I want to be his mate, what you have shared with me merely made me want to strive harder to make him happy. Blaisé deserves to be loved and cherished, if giving him place to nest and making sure his first hatchlings grow up healthy is what he needs, I’ll give it to him. He is precious to me…” he reluctantly checked the clock, “I’m afraid I need to be heading to the preserve. I’m sure with this key one of your house elves can find the place. Just have them open the floo and I’m sure that you will know far more about readying a house then I would.”

Narcissa winked, “I managed to put Wisteria Meadows to rights, I can help with Eagle’s Nest. I am glad you’re Blaisé’s mate. I have a good feeling you can make him happy. I was worried the summer of their first year when Draco started pulling away from Blaisé. I didn’t know what would happen to him.”

Severus spoke up, “I noticed it too and chided him for it. He put Slytherin to right, reestablished his status as prince and brought Blaisé into their circle. I worry what would have happened if they hadn’t.”

Remus chuckled, “Blaisé will be just fine now. He has Charlie to care for him. Be sure to let us know when you are coming. I’m sure there is an empty set of rooms in the castle that you can stay in when you come.”

Narcissa watched them leave and stared at the key Charlie had placed in her hand, surely Blaisé could not have chosen a more worthy mate…
The Triwizard Tournament announced

Chapter 8- The Triwizard Tournament announced

Through the gates, flanked with statues of winged boars, and up the sweeping drive the carriages trundled, swaying dangerously in what was fast becoming a gale. Leaning against the window, Harry could see Hogwarts coming nearer, its many lighted windows blurred and shimmering behind the thick curtain of rain. Lightning flashed across the sky as their carriage came to a halt before the great oak front doors, which stood at the top of a flight of stone steps. People who had occupied the carriages in front were already hurrying up the stone steps into the castle. Harry, Draco, Hermione, and Blaise jumped down from their carriage and dashed up the steps too, looking up only when they were safely inside the cavernous, torch-lit entrance hall, with its magnificent marble staircase.

“Blimey,” Blaise said, shaking his head and sending water everywhere, “if that keeps up the lake’s going to overflow. I’m soaked. What!”

A large, red, water-filled balloon had dropped from out of the ceiling onto Blaise’s head and exploded. Drenched and sputtering, Blaise staggered sideways into Draco, just as a second water bomb dropped - narrowly missing Hermione, it burst at Harry’s feet, sending a wave of cold water over his shoes and into his socks.

People all around them shrieked and started pushing one another in their efforts to get out of the line of fire.

Blaise looked up and saw, floating twenty feet above them, Peeves the Poltergeist, a little man in a bell-covered hat and orange bow tie, his wide, malicious face contorted with concentration as he took aim again. He pulled out his wand, “Don’t mess with me Peeves. I’m in a very distraught mood. You throw another one of those and I’ll curse you. See if I don’t.”

“PEEVES!” yelled an angry voice. “Peeves, come down here at ONCE!” Professor McGonagall, Headmistress and former head of Gryffindor House, had come dashing out of the Great Hall; she skidded on the wet floor and grabbed Draco’s shoulder to stop herself from falling. “Ouch - sorry, Mister Malfoy.”

Draco shrugged, “No problem Headmistress. Blaise practically fell on me a moment ago.”

“Peeves, get down here NOW!” barked Professor McGonagall, straightening her pointed hat and glaring upward through her square-rimmed spectacles.

“Not doing nothing!” cackled Peeves, lobbing a water bomb at several fifth-year girls, who screamed and dived into the Great Hall. “Already wet, aren’t they? Little squirts! Wheeeeee!” And he
aimed another bomb at a group of second years who had just arrived.

Blaisé muttered a complex hex, that managed to affect the poltergeist. Then he cast a banishing jinx, “To the lake with you Peeves.”

“Well, move along, then!” said Professor McGonagall sharply to the bedraggled crowd. “Into the Great Hall, come on!”

Harry, Draco, Blaisé, and Hermione slipped and slid across the entrance hall and through the double doors on the right, Blaisé muttering furiously under his breath as he pushed his sopping hair off his face.

The Great Hall looked its usual splendid self, decorated for the start-of-term feast. Golden plates and goblets gleamed by the light of hundreds and hundreds of candles, floating over the tables in midair. The four long House tables were packed with chattering students; at the top of the Hall, the staff sat along one side of a fifth table, facing their pupils. It was much warmer in here.

Blaisé was tempted to wrap his wings around himself but he wasn’t keen on outing himself as a Veela here just yet.

Hermione walked past the Slytherins, the Ravenclaws, and the Hufflepuffs, and sat down with the rest of the Gryffindors at the far side of the Hall, next to Nearly Headless Nick, the Gryffindor ghost.

Pearly white and semitransparent, Nick was dressed tonight in his usual doublet, but with a particularly large ruff, which served the dual purpose of looking extra-festive, and insuring that his head didn’t wobble too much on his partially severed neck.

Harry, Draco, and Blaise went to join the Slytherins.

“Good evening,” Nearly Headless Nick said after making his way to the Slytherin table, he gave Harry a sad look. “it’s a pity to lose you to the snakes, Harry.”

“Says who?” Harry said, “I should have been Sorted here in the first place, I haven’t stayed in the Tower since First Year. I hope they hurry up with the Sorting. I’m cold and I’m starving.”

The Sorting of the new students into Houses took place at the start of every school year, he was quite looking forward to it.

Just then, a highly excited, breathless voice came from behind Harry.

“Hiya, Harry! I forgot you might be over here” It was Colin Creevey, a third year to whom Harry was something of a hero.

“Hi, Colin,” said Harry warily.

“Harry, guess what? Guess what, Harry? My brother’s starting! My brother Dennis!”

“That’s nice.” said Harry.

Draco blinked, “Two wizards born into a Muggle Family is highly unusual, I hope he does well.” he could at least be nice to the kid.

“He’s really excited!” said Colin, practically bouncing up and down in the aisle. “I just hope he’s in Gryffindor! Keep your fingers crossed, eh, Harry?”

Harry shrugged, “The Hat will put him wherever he fits in best. I just hope he has a far safer first
year then you did.”

“We miss you Harry.” Colin called out before hurrying back to the Gryffindor table.

Harry was excited, Papa’s boyfriend Remus was the first DADA teacher to start a second year in a long while. He scanned the Head table, Hagrid the oaf was probably still trying to navigate the lake in the storm- why didn’t he just sent for carriages? Surely, letting a group of terrified first years boat across a lake in a storm was unsafe. Papa was probably freezing outside waiting for them He spotted Remus, he really liked him. The current Head of Gryffindor called him pup and treated him like a son. He stiffened when he spotted a familiar but not welcome face at the Head Table. Sirius…what was he doing here? He tugged on Draco’s sleeve, “He’s here…why?”

Draco looked at the head table and his eyes narrowed when they landed on the Head Table. “Don’t know. Probably here to spend time with you. Wonder what he teaches? He can’t teach Defense because that’s Remus’ class.”

“I don’t like him but he looks lonely.”

Draco snorted, “That’s not lonely, that’s irritated Adder. He’s probably annoyed because Remus…I mean Professor Lupin is ignoring him.”

Harry said quietly, “Oh. I don’t want him as a teacher.”

“I don’t see Professor Weasley. Merlin, I’m afraid Black is our new Transfiguration professor.”

Harry pouted, “I wanted good marks this year. Now I won’t get them.”

On Remus’ other side was an empty seat, which Harry guessed was papa’s. Next to it, and in the very center of the table, sat Professor McGonagall, the headmistress, her hair was bound in a severe bun and perched on her head was her pointed witch’s hat.

Harry glanced up at the ceiling too. It was enchanted to look like the sky outside, and he had never seen it look this stormy. Black and purple clouds were swirling across it, and as another thunderclap sounded outside, a fork of lightning flashed across it.

“Oh hurry up,” Draco muttered, beside Harry, “I could eat a hippogriff.”

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than the doors of the Great Hall opened and silence fell. Harry watched his papa enter, Severus was leading a long line of first years up to the top of the Hall.

If Harry, Blaise, and Draco were wet, it was nothing to how these first years looked.

They appeared to have swum across the lake rather than sailed. All of them were shivering with a combination of cold and nerves as they filed along the staff table and came to a halt in a line facing the rest of the school. All of them except the smallest of the lot, a boy with mousy hair, who was wrapped in what Harry must be Hagrid’s moleskin overcoat. The coat was so big for him that it hooked as though he were draped in a furry black circus tent. His small face protruded from over the collar, looking almost painfully excited. When he had lined up with his terrified-looking peers, he caught Colin’s eye, gave a double thumbs-up, and mouthed, ‘I fell in the lake!’ He looked positively delighted about it.

Papa now placed a three-legged stool on the ground before the first years and, on top of it, an extremely old, dirty patched wizard’s hat. Harry noticed his papa was shaking and wet, he worried about him. Even Remus looked very concerned, while Sirius looked smug.
The first years stared at it. So did everyone else. For a moment, there was silence. Then a long tear near the brim opened wide like a mouth, and the hat broke into song:

A thousand years or more ago,
When I was newly sewn,
There lived four wizards of renown,
Whose names are still well known:

Bold Gryffindor, from wild moor,
Fair Ravenclaw, from glen,
Sweet Hufflepuff, from valley broad,
Shrewd Slytherin, from fen.

They shared a wish, a hope, a dream,
They hatched a daring plan
To educate young sorcerers
Thus Hogwarts School began.

Now each of these four founders
Formed their own house, for each
Did value different virtues
In the ones they had to teach.

By Gryffindor, the bravest were
Prized far beyond the rest;

For Ravenclaw, the cleverest
Would always be the best;

For Hufflepuff, hard workers were
Most worthy of admission;

And power-hungry Slytherin
Loved those of great ambition.

While still alive they did divide
Their favorites from the throng,
Yet how to pick the worthy ones
When they were dead and gone?

‘Twas Gryffindor who found the way,
He whipped me off his head
The founders put some brains in me
So I could choose instead!

Now slip me snug about your ears,
I’ve never yet been wrong,
I’ll have a look inside your mind
And tell where you belong!

The Great Hall rang with applause as the Sorting Hat finished.

The Sorting passed as usual and Dennis Creevey became one of the new Gryffindors much to Colin’s delight.
Once the Sorting was finished, Remus wrapped his cloak around Severus and led him out to change into dry clothes. Severus was shaking so hard…

Draco noticed Sirius’ glare and was not pleased. Harry hadn’t noticed, or he hoped Harry hadn’t. Harry couldn’t understand why his parents would have made such a disagreeable person his godfather.

“I had a speech planned,” Headmistress McGonagall began, “but in like of the weather I will postpone it until after the feast. So Tuck in and warm up.”

“Hear, hear!” Harry, Draco and Blaise said loudly as the empty dishes filled magically before their eyes.

“Aaah, ‘at’s be’er,” Blaise muttered, with his mouth full of mashed potato. He was trying to ignore the ache he felt without Charlie.

“You’re lucky there’s a feast at all tonight, you know,” said Nearly Headless Nick. “There was trouble in the kitchens earlier.”

“Why? Wha’ ‘appened?” said Harry, through a sizable chunk of steak.

“Peeves, of course,” said Nearly Headless Nick, shaking his head, which wobbled dangerously. He pulled his ruff a little higher up on his neck. “The usual argument, you know. He wanted to attend the feast - well, it’s quite out of the question, you know what he’s like, utterly uncivilized, can’t see a plate of food without throwing it. We held a ghost’s council - the Fat Friar was all for giving him the chance – but most wisely, in my opinion, the Bloody Baron put his foot down.”

The Bloody Baron was Slytherin’s ghost, a gaunt and silent specter covered in silver bloodstains. He was the only person at Hogwarts who could really control Peeves, though Blaise’s show of temper might have proved he could handle the floating menace who was said to have ‘come with the castle’.

“So Peeves hacked off about something and not just being shitty as usual,” Blaise said darkly.

“So what did he do in the kitchens?” Draco asked adding more food to his plate.

“Oh the usual,” said Nearly Headless Nick, shrugging. “Wreaked havoc and mayhem. Pots and pans everywhere. He was swimming in the soup at one point. Had to make a new pot after that. Terrified the house-elves out of their wits.”

The rain was still drumming heavily against the high, dark glass. Another clap of thunder shook the windows, and the stormy ceiling flashed, illuminating the golden plates as the remains of the first course vanished and were replaced, instantly, with puddings.

When the puddings too had been demolished, and the last crumbs had faded off the plates, leaving them sparkling clean, Minerva McGonagall got to her feet again. The buzz of chatter filling the Hall ceased almost at once, so that only the howling wind and pounding rain could be heard.

“So!” McGonagall said smiling around at them all. “Now that we are all fed and warmed, I must once more ask for your attention, while I give out a few notices. Mr. Filch, the caretaker, has asked me to tell you that the list of objects forbidden inside the castle has this year been extended to include Screaming Yo-yos, Fanged Frisbees, and Ever-Bashing Boomerangs. The full list comprises some four hundred and thirty-seven items, I believe, and can be viewed in Mr. Filch’s office, if anybody would like to check it.” The corners of her mouth twitched, then she continued, “As ever, I would like to remind you all that the forest on the grounds is out-of-bounds to students, as is the village of Hogsmeade to all below Third Year. It is also my painful duty to inform you that the Inter-House
Quidditch Cup will not take place this year.”

“What?” Harry gasped, he wasn’t going to be able to play this year.

Fred and George were mouthing soundlessly at McGonagall, apparently too appalled to speak. The Captaincy had been rumored to either be George or Angelina.

McGonagall went on, “This is due to an event that will be starting in October, and continuing throughout the school year, taking up much of the teachers’ time and energy - but I am sure you will all enjoy it immensely. I have great pleasure in announcing that this year at Hogwarts -”

But at that moment, there was a deafening rumble of thunder and the doors of the Great Hall banged open.

A man stood in the doorway, leaning upon a long staff, shrouded in a black traveling cloak. Every head in the Great Hall swiveled toward the stranger, suddenly brightly illuminated by a fork of lightning that flashed across the ceiling. He lowered his hood, shook out a long mane of grizzled, dark gray hair, then began to walk up toward the teachers’ table. A dull clunk echoed through the Hall on his every other step. He reached the end of the top table, turned right, and limped heavily toward McGonagall.

Another flash of lightning crossed the ceiling. Harry gasped gripping Draco’s robe in fright.

The lightning had thrown the man’s face into sharp relief, and it was a face unlike any Harry had ever seen. It looked as though it had been carved out of weathered wood by someone who had only the vaguest idea of what human faces are supposed to look like, and was none too skilled with a chisel. Every inch of skin seemed to be scarred. The mouth looked like a diagonal gash, and a large chunk of the nose was missing. But it was the man’s eyes that made him frightening.

One of them was small, dark, and beady. The other was large, round as a coin, and a vivid, electric blue. The blue eye was moving ceaselessly, without blinking, and was rolling up, down, and from side to side, quite independently of the normal eye - and then it rolled right over, pointing into the back of the man’s head, so that all they could see was whiteness.

The stranger reached McGonagall. He stretched out a hand that was as badly scarred as his face, and McGonagall shook it, muttering words Harry couldn’t hear. She seemed to be making some inquiry of the stranger, who shook his head unsmilingly and replied in an undertone. McGonagall nodded and gestured the man to the empty seat on her right-hand side.

The stranger sat down, shook his mane of dark gray hair out of his face, pulled a plate of sausages toward him, raised it to what was left of his nose, and sniffed it. He then took a small knife out of his pocket, speared a sausage on the end of it, and began to eat. His normal eye was fixed upon the sausages, but the blue eye was still darting restlessly around in its socket, taking in the Hall and the students.

McGonagall’s smile seemed very forced, “It is my pleasure to introduce our new staff members. Professor Weasley decided that teaching was not something he was particularly fond of and he has been replaced by Professor Sirius Black, a former Auror and an Animagus. The gentleman on my right is Mad-eye Moody, yet another former Auror who has been sent here courtesy of Minister Bones to run tests on our wards.”

It was usual for new staff members to be greeted with applause, but none of the staff or students chapped except McGonagall, Sirius and Hagrid, who both put their hands together and applauded, but the sound echoed dismally into the silence, and they stopped fairly quickly. Everyone else
seemed too transfixed by Moody’s bizarre appearance to do more than stare at him.

Moody seemed totally indifferent to his less-than-warm welcome. Ignoring the jug of pumpkin juice in front of him, he reached again into his traveling cloak, pulled out a hip flask, and took a long draught from it. As he lifted his arm to drink, his cloak was pulled a few inches from the ground, and Harry saw, below the table, several inches of carved wooden leg, ending in a clawed foot.

McGonagall cleared her throat. “As I was saying,” she said, smiling at the sea of students before her, all of whom were still gazing transfixed at Mad-Eye Moody, “we are to have the honor of hosting a very exciting event over the coming months, an event that has not been held for over a century. It is my very great pleasure to inform you that the Triwizard Tournament will be taking place at Hogwarts this year.”

“You’re JOKING!” Fred Weasley said loudly, lunging to his feet.

The tension that had filled the Hall ever since Moody’s arrival suddenly broke. Nearly everyone laughed, and the Headmistress seemed to chuckle appreciatively.

“I am not joking, Mr. Weasley,” she said, “where was I? Ah yes, the Triwizard Tournament… well, some of you will not know what this tournament involves, so I hope those who do know will forgive me for giving a short explanation. The Triwizard Tournament was first established some seven hundred years ago as a friendly competition between the three largest European schools of wizardry: Hogwarts, Beauxbatons, and Durmstrang. A champion was selected to represent each school, and the three champions competed in three magical tasks. The schools took it in turns to host the tournament once every five years, and it was generally agreed to be a most excellent way of establishing ties between young witches and wizards of different nationalities - until, that is, the death toll mounted so high that the tournament was discontinued.”

“Death toll?” Harry whispered, looking alarmed. But his anxiety did not seem to be shared by the majority of students in the Hall; many of them were whispering excitedly to one another.

Draco himself was far more interested in hearing about the tournament than in worrying about deaths that had happened hundreds of years ago.

Blaisé listened intently, was this what Charlie was talking about when he said he was coming to Hogwarts? Was his mate involved in this tournament?

“There have been several attempts over the centuries to reinstate the tournament,” McGonagall continued, “none of which has been very successful. However, our own departments of International Magical Cooperation and Magical Games and Sports have decided the time is ripe for another attempt. We have worked hard over the summer to ensure that this time, no champion will find himself or herself in mortal danger. The heads of Beauxbatons and Durmstrang will be arriving with their contenders in October, and the selection of the three champions will take place at Halloween. An impartial judge will decide which students are most worthy to compete for the Triwizard Cup, the glory of their school, and a thousand Galleons personal prize money.”

“I’m going for it!” Fred Weasley said, his face lit with enthusiasm at the prospect of such glory and riches but George looked ashen.

Fred was not the only person who seemed to be visualizing himself as the Hogwarts champion. At every House table, Harry could see people either gazing raptly at McGonagall, or else whispering fervently to their neighbors.

The Headmistress spoke again, and the Hall quieted once more. “Eager though I know all of you
will be to bring the Triwizard Cup to Hogwarts,” he said, “the heads of the participating schools, along with the Ministry of Magic, have agreed to impose an age restriction on contenders this year. Only students who are of age, that is to say, seventeen years or older will be allowed to put forward their names for consideration. This” she raised her voice slightly, for several people had made noises of outrage at these words, George’s worry was now replaced with anger and both twins were suddenly looking furious, “is a measure we feel is necessary, given that the tournament tasks will still be difficult and dangerous, whatever precautions we take, and it is highly unlikely that students below sixth and seventh year will be able to cope with them.”

Severus finally spoke up, “I will personally be ensuring that no under age student hoodwinks our impartial judge into making them Hogwarts champion.” His black eyes twinkled as they flickered over Fred’s and George’s mutinous faces. “I therefore beg you not to waste your time submitting yourself if you are under seventeen. As good as most of you know I am at potions, my spell casting is just as keen.” he was sure all of Harry’s group of friend could actually handle the challenges of the Tournament but he didn’t want any of them even in the slightest danger.

“The delegations from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang will be arriving in October and remaining with us for the greater part of this year. I know that you will all extend every courtesy to our foreign guests while they are with us, and will give your whole-hearted support to the Hogwarts champion when he or she is selected. And now, it is late, and I know how important it is to you all to be alert and rested as you enter your lessons tomorrow morning. Bedtime! Chop chop!” McGonagall sat down again and turned to talk almost reluctantly to Mad-Eye Moody.

There was a great scraping and banging as all the students got to their feet and swarmed toward the double doors into the entrance hall.

“They can’t do that!” George Weasley pouted, who had not joined the crowd moving toward the door, but was standing up and glaring at the Headmistress. “We’re seventeen in April, why can’t we have a shot?”

“They’re not stopping me entering,” said Fred stubbornly, also scowling at the top table. “The champions’ll get to do all sorts of stuff you’d never be allowed to do normally and a thousand Galleons prize money!”

Harry, Draco, Blaise, Hermione, Fred, and George set off for the entrance hall, Fred and George debating the ways in which Snape might stop those who were under seventeen from entering the tournament.

“Who’s this impartial judge who’s going to decide who the champions are?” Draco wondered out loud.

“Dunno,” Fred grumbled, “but it’s them we’ll have to fool. I reckon a couple of drops of Aging Potion might do it, George…”

“Papa knows you’re not of age, though,” Harry said quietly.

“Yeah, but he’s not the one who decides who the champion is, is he?” said Fred shrewdly. “Sounds to me like once this judge knows who wants to enter, he’ll choose the best from each school and never mind how old they are. Snape’s just trying to stop us giving our names.”

“People have died, though!” Hermione said in a worried voice before they separated.

“Yeah,” said Fred airily, “but that was years ago, wasn’t it? Anyway, where’s the fun without a bit of risk? Hey, Draco, what if we find out how to get ‘round Snape’s magic? Fancy entering?”
Draco shook his head, “I think we’ve had our share of dangerous adventures. I’d like to stay clear of this one. “

Harry nodded, “Me too. I don’t want to enter…”

They said goodnight and headed to their beds.

Blaise’s eyes were filled with longing, he wouldn’t have Charlie to hold him tonight. He missed him so much…
Chapter 9 - Fall Romances

There was a sudden rustling noise above them, and a hundred owls came soaring through the open windows carrying the morning mail. The owls circled the tables, looking for the people to whom their letters and packages were addressed. A large tawny owl soared down to Neville Longbottom and deposited a parcel into his lap; Harry remembered from his year in the tower that Neville almost always forgot to pack something.

Draco’s Phoenix Benia had landed on his shoulder, carrying what looked like their usual supply of sweets and cakes from home.

An Eagle owl Blaisé didn’t recognize landed on his own shoulder, Blaisé gave it a bit of sausage. He had to restrain himself from squealing, it was from Charlie.

Frumos un întuneric,

I am supposed to visit Hogwarts on September 18th and I am expecting to be there for five days.

I miss you so much. It was strange not to have you in my arms. I can’t wait to see you.

Charlie

Blaisé was grateful he was too dark-skinned for anyone to notice a blush, he wrote a reply.

Amante del drago.

I miss you so much. Counting the days until you hold me again.

All my love,

Blaisé

Draco leaned over to whisper, “A letter so soon? Must have made an impression.”

Blaisé let out a gasp of shocked outrage, “Draco!”

Draco teased, “I bet when he gets back he’ll have missed you so much you’ll find yourself naked in his bed.”
Blaisé’s black eyes widened, moaning softly at the thought, “Draco stop it!” he leaned over and hissed, “You have the object of your affection always within reach and you barely touch him. If you have a preoccupation with sex maybe you should talk to Harry about it and leave me out of it.”

Draco turned red, absolutely shocked, “Blaisé!”

“Honestly, you are taking as long as your godfather and his mate. Have they actually done anything yet?” they were just taking something for granted, what he wouldn’t give to be able to turn and have Charlie there like they could.

Draco glanced at them, “Don’t know. Don’t really want to know. It’s their business not mine.”

“Do me a favor focus on Harry and what you need from him. Stay out of my love life.” Blaise hissed.

Draco pouted, “You’re no fun.”

“No Draco. You just went too far.” Blaise muttered as he picked up his school things, “I’ll see you in class.”

Transfiguration with Ravenclaw and Potions with Gryffindor, that was their schedule today. Great they had to suffer through a class with Sirius first. Draco sighed, he probably had gone a little far with his teasing. He couldn’t help it really, he’d never seen Blaisé this happy. Blaisé was sort of an older brother to him, he should treat him better.

Harry tugged on his sleeve, “What’s wrong with Blaisé?”

“I was teasing him about his mate and I went too far. I said something that upset him.”

“Did you say you were sorry?”

“Well, no.”

Harry stared at him, “Why? Aren’t you sorry?”

Draco blinked, was he sorry? Probably, he had gone too far. Discussing Blaisé’s prospective sex life at their House table was a very bad idea. “He, well he walked off before I could.” he should have realized Blaisé would be nervous and upset, the absence of his mate was making his friend more irritable then usual. He said quietly, “Did you read our schedules yet?”

Harry took one look at his face, “No. I don’t think I have to. Between your expression and the triumphant look on Sirius’ face, I’m afraid we have Transfiguration. I don’t want to go.”

“Adder, we have Potions right after. We can see Hermione. I’m sure we’re eating lunch in your rooms.” Draco’s face took a thoughtful look, “Unless you’d rather eat lunch in the Rose Garden.”

Harry blushed, the Rose Garden was a known kissing spot, like the alcoves. “Oh…um…we can eat in our rooms. Do we have a class after Potions?”

Draco smiled, ”No, it’s our last class.”

Harry finished eating, “I’m not answering any questions today. I want him to leave me alone.”

Draco took Harry’s hand and pressed his lips to the younger boy’s knuckles, knowing Sirius was watching and watching to do it anyway.
Harry flushed, “Draco.” he moved to throw his arms around his boyfriend, “You’re too good to me. I’d like a picnic with you. I wish we didn’t have to go to his class. I’m a little afraid of him.”

Draco kissed the top of his head and rubbed his back, "Hush now. You know I won’t let him hurt you.”

Harry smiled, letting Draco hold him, “I trust you to take care of me.”

Draco sighed, “We’ll have our picnic, its nice and sunny today. We can eat wherever you like.”

Harry blushed, “You’re too sweet.”

Draco lifted his chin, “You know I’d do anything for you.”

Harry nodded, “I know. I love you for it.”

They hurried to gather their things and reluctantly made their way to the Transfiguration corridor.

“Welcome to Fourth Year Transfiguration. My name is Professor Sirius Black.”

There were hushed expressions of surprise and shock.

“Why?”

“You’re the one who escaped Azkaban.”

“You’re a murderer.”

Sirius sighed, “First off, I never had a trial so I was never convicted. Besides, Peter Pettigrew wasn’t dead. He faked his own death. As for the Potters’ deaths, the Ministry was satisfied that I wasn’t involved. Harry knows I’m innocent after all, doncha Harry.”

“Professor I think Harry would prefer you treat him like any other student.” Blaisé said dryly.

“You are?”

“Blaisé Zabini. I had fun calling Pettigrew a liar.”

“Ah the,”

“Please sir can we get on with the lesson?”

Sirius raised an eyebrow, “Eager to learn then?”

“Transfiguration happens to be my favorite class.” Blaisé said with a shrug.

“When I was your age I cared more about chasing tail, pranks and having a good time then marks.”

“Now you’re a professor. We’re really impressed.” Draco drawled.

Sirius’ eyes narrowed, “Malfoy, I remember your father. He was an arrogant git. Fancied himself a prince of sorts. Do you suffer under the same delusion?”

“I heard you suffered under the delusion you were quite the stud, honestly I don’t see it. If I am the highest ranking member of my house, then I have serious status. If some see me as the Prince of Slytherin who am I to disagree?”
“Traitors shouldn’t have status. You and you father are little more then traitors.” came a voice from the back of the class.

Draco turned and spun around to face Nott, “Theo, keep such opinions to yourself. I see it is in my best interest to side with Harry. The Dark Lord is gone. He doesn’t need blindly loyal followers anymore. The torture of Muggles does nothing for me but make me want to subject their tormentors to the same treatment. I am not a blood traitor, I am a visionary.”

“Careful, you’ll turn your House against you.” Theo sneered.

Draco snorted, “If they could dethrone me they would have. True Slytherins would ally themselves with real power, as equals and not subjects.”

“As interesting as this spitting contest is we have things to learn.” Sirius growled, not happy these snakes were taking over his class and making it a joke.

“Can we turn birds into animals? Bring statues to life? Owls into Opera glasses?”

Sirius blinked, “Owls to Opera glasses aren’t until next year. Bringing Statues to life will be the final exam. To pass this term you need to be able to turn a Guinea fowl into a Guinea pig or a turtledove to a turtle.”

Blaisé sighed, “If I can do all of them do I have to attend classes?”

Sirius stared at the boy he had heard claim to be half Veela, “What?”

Blaisé summoned a school Owl turned it into opera glasses. Flicked his wand placing the disgruntled thing on Draco’s desk. Then he conjured both a Guinea fowl and a turtledove and transfigured them both. He held out a hand for Draco’s pendant, “Let me borrow it.”

Draco reluctantly handed it over. “Be careful with it.”

Blaisé nodded, “Draconifors.” the pendant came to life. “Seems I have little to learn then, maybe I should sit for my O.W.L.S.”

Sirius gaped, “What! How did you do that?”

Blaisé shrugged, “I have a talent for Transfiguration, it comes easy for me like Potions and Charms for Draco.”

Sirius stammered, “Who else can do this?”

Harry and Draco put up their hands.

Draco shrugged, “Hermione Granger can too. She’s a Gryffindor, for a Muggle-born she is an exceptionally talented witch. Some professors claim she is our generation’s Lily Evans.”

Sirius glanced at the Ravenclaws who were stuck dumb, “Can you do any of this?”

Padma Patil raised her hand, “I can do the turtledove to turtle but I haven’t managed to do the guinea fowl to Guinea pig yet.”

Michael Corner and Terry Boot nodded.

Michael shrugged, “They usually have the Best marks in our year. Potter usually ties with Malfoy while Zabini ties with Granger. Rarely, does Potter have higher marks then Malfoy.”
Sirius was losing control of his class, “Why haven’t you skipped a year if you are so good?”

Draco shrugged, “Thought it’d be fun to torment teachers like Quirrell and Lockhart. What are you doing teaching Transfiguration? The Prophet said you were trying to become an Auror again.”

Sirius glared, “Not that it’s any of your business but I need to get my health back first. I thought it might be a decent idea Harry and Remus are here and I hope to be a part of their lives.”

Harry said quietly, “You’re not nice. You say mean things to papa. If you don’t like papa, then I don’t want to spend time with you.”

Sirius sighed, “I’m not discussing this with you now. It’s a private matter.”

Harry glared, “Don’t order me around. You’re not my papa. I don’t like you. I don’t trust you. I’d rather I had nothing to do with you.”

Draco rubbed Harry’s back, “If we can prove we’ll pass the exams without coming to class I agree with Blaisé. There is little point. We should just study for our O.W.L.S. and make better use of our time. Maybe we should take a page out of your book Professor and become animagi though we would be more responsible.”

Sirius paled, “Becoming animagi isn’t easy. It’s difficult and dangerous.”

“We can handle danger, but we don’t enjoy it.”

Draco, Blaisé and Harry stalked out of class.

Draco was starting to enjoy walking out of class on the first day, he hoped Uncle Sev wasn’t mad…

Blaisé had dealt with his stress of not having Charlie by making a fool of Black.

Harry squeezed Draco’s hand, “We don’t have to go to his class now?”

Draco grinned kissing him, “No we don’t. He has nothing to teach us. Just like Lockhart. We’ll be fine on our own.”

Xoo000X

After Potions, Draco retrieves a basket of food from the kitchen and leads Harry out to the Rose Garden. He transfigures the grass into a blanket and laid down with a smile.

Harry nervously let Draco lead him outside, where he lay besides his boyfriend blushing, “Draco…is this…a date…”

Draco chuckled pressing his lips to Harry’s, “I suppose it is. I told you I want to be more then just your friend Adder. I want to be your lover and someday, I want to be your husband.”

Harry blushed more, “Draco, we’re only fourteen.”

“Age doesn’t matter if you’re in love. How many ways do I have to say I love you Adder? With flowers? With gifts? The ways I protect you? How I try to make sure you’re happy and safe?” Draco kissed him again, tangling his fingers into Harry’s messy black hair, “I’ve waited until I was sure you wanted me too.”

Harry moaned, kissing him back, “I love you, how could I not want this? To be with you?”
Draco slipped his hand beneath Harry’s robe and ran it up his boyfriend’s thigh, ‘Sometimes it’s hard not to touch you, sometimes I dream about touching you, I wake up and I want you to touch me. I’ve watched your body change like mine has, you’re growing up Adder and I want to experience what it is like to be the first person to give you pleasure.’

Harry felt those words sink into his mind, he felt something harden, ‘Draco…something’s happening…’

‘Relax Adder. Let me touch you.’ Draco kissed him lightly, running his fingers gently over the slight bulge in Harry’s trousers. ‘I’m touching you.’ he thought in awe.

Harry whimpered, ‘Draco…’ the tightening sensation increased,

‘Does it feel good? Do you want more?’

Harry found himself rubbing against Draco’s fingers, ‘I want…’

‘Yes Adder…’

A thought so soft that Draco would barely catch it, ‘Skin…I want to feel your skin on mine. I want you to touch, to hold me, I want your kisses.’

Soul-bonded…a growing need for intimacy…an increasing need to touch and reassure each other…to protect and calm one another…to share a bed…a bath…a body…a soul…

A soul bounding was an intimate form of a Wedding Bond, few dared it. How Draco knew that was beyond him, probably something like the shield charm he used to protect Harry. He didn’t need to court Harry, his little snake was already his.

Draco kissed him softly, ‘I’ll give you whatever you want Adder, we should eat a bit first.’

Harry pouted, ‘Draco please…’ he felt an ache in his heart, he needed to be touched to feel Draco’s hands on his skin. Why? He never needed it like this before…

Draco smiled, ‘Alright, we can eat later.’ he shrunk the lunch basket, untransfigured the grass. Scooping Harry up in his arms and kissed him, ‘Your bed then…’

Harry blushed nodding.

Draco made his way to the rooms Harry shared with Severus and Remus. He carried Harry into the room they shared, locking and warding the door. Draco was nervous but he had wanted this in silence. Blaisé’s words had hit home too well…

Harry hid his face in Draco’s neck…

Draco sat with Harry in his lap, lifting the tiny boy’s chin to kiss him, “I love you my little snake.” his hand rubbing and caressing Harry through his uniform trousers.

Harry moaned, “Draco…oh…” the strange hardening in that part of his body was making his pants very uncomfortable.

‘I love you so much Adder…’ Draco whispered into his mind as he fondled Harry.

‘Too tight…’

Draco slowly undid Harry’s trousers, slipping his hand inside them to run his fingers over the front of
Harry’s silk underwear.

Harry whimpered, closing his eyes. Why did this feel so good? Why with every touch of Draco’s hand did he want more? ‘Draco…’

Draco smiled, he could feel how his touch was making Harry hard and the sensation was giving his little snake pleasure. Sharing the experience was making him hard as well…

It didn’t take long for Harry to orgasm, he cried out, his back arching and his head thrown back back.

Draco kissed him, ‘I love you.’ seeing Harry come like that pushed him over the edge and he lay on top of him with a smile.

Harry gasped, ‘What was that?’ he felt warm all over but his underwear was all sticky.

Draco chuckled after catching his breath, ‘I gave you your first orgasm.’

‘My first what?’

‘Taste of pleasure. I showed you what being my lover means, I can make you feel that.’

Harry blushed, ‘It felt good but I’m sticky.’

Draco kissed him banishing their clothes to the laundry basket and summoning a warm cloth. He blushed as he used the cloth to wash Harry’s intimate bits. He’d never touched Harry here before, he could feel the softness of the boy’s bits and stickiness of the spunk. Harry hadn’t come a lot, Draco had read up on the subject of bent wizards. Harry wasn’t very big yet but they were still developing. They were going to grow into their sexuality together…

Harry moaned softly as he felt the warm cloth cleaning him, Draco had always let him wash there when they bathed together. He liked it when Draco touched him like this, he felt bad because Draco was always taking care of him. When did he ever take care of Draco? He reached shakingly for the cloth in Draco’s hand, ‘Let me.’

Draco let Harry take the cloth, he wasn’t asking for anything from his little snake.

Harry smiled to himself, Draco was always so gentle when he touched him. It seemed right to be touching his boyfriend, his best friend like this, the same way. Blushing, he used it to wipe the sticky white stuff away.

Draco felt Harry’s nervousness, he smiled, ‘I love you. Thank you.’ he pulled Harry close and just held him.

Harry could feel the warmth of Draco’s body against his, Draco was taller and had more muscle. He was small and tiny compared to his boyfriend, his body was covered with scars. Draco was so good looking with those sliver grey eyes and that soft blond hair; while his hair was a permanently messy black but his eyes were green. Between them, their eyes were the colours of their House. Harry sighed contently, he always felt safe in Draco’s arms. “I love you too.”

Draco kissed his hair, ‘I’ve wanted to hold you like this for so long. Adder, you’re so beautiful.’

Draco had never lied to him but how could Draco find him beautiful with all his scars?

‘Hush love, of course you are beautiful. Your heart, your face, your eyes.’ Draco blushed cupping his bits in his hand, ‘even here.’
Harry moaned softly, ‘Draco.’

‘Just rest Adder, and let me hold you.’ letting go and moving his hand back to Harry’s waist, tugging a blanket over them.

Harry closed his eyes, ‘You’re too good to me.’ was his last thought.

‘Never, you deserve only the best. Adder.’

XoooooX

Remus came back to their rooms after classes to find Severus staring at Harry’s door in shock. He touched his lover’s shoulder lightly, “Sevy? What’s wrong?”

Severus turned, “Harry…his door is locked…Draco warded it…” he’d taught Draco long enough recognize his godson’s magical signature.

Remus laughed softly, “Sevy, Harry may look like a little boy but he is fourteen. You’ve let them share a bed and bathe together for years. They are in love, of course at some point they are going to take their relationship to a more intimate level.”

Severus paled, “You don’t think…”

Remus shook his head, “No, Draco wouldn’t move so fast. I doubt they’ve done more then we did at Christmas. Fred and George are more affectionate then Draco is with Harry. Draco’s kisses are light, barely touching Harry’s lips. They hold hands and cuddle, that’s all.” he took Severus’ hand and brought it to his lips, “We do more then that.”

Severus blushed, “You are the one who can’t keep their hands to themselves. You try to touch me at the most inappropriate times like when we’re grading papers or at dinner. Sometimes you make hard while we’re with the children.”

Remus chuckled, “But you love it, how I touch you.” his other hand coming up to tease Severus’ thigh, “The pups are occupied. Come on Sevy…come to bed…”

Severus moaned, “Remus…” he was flushed with excitement, starting to be eager. He wanted this…

Remus led him to their room, casting silencing and locking spells as well as a ward to let them know if they were needed. Then he cast a spell to keep their rooms from being entered, for a while. Remus didn’t trust Sirius not to try to enter to speak to Harry.

Severus lay back on bed, excited but nervous as was his usual reaction. It had been over a year since Remus had come back into his life. He had a lover, and they were becoming a family. Harry was starting to care for Remus and looked up to him, he wouldn’t have a relationship with Remus if Harry didn’t like him. Protecting Harry and making sure he was happy made Severus’ cold lonely life less lonely. Then he had Remus drop into his life, he didn’t want to lose this. For the first time in his life he had a family, and people who loved him. Remus had given him a courting gift, he came here to be with him and was still with him. Severus looked up at Remus, “It’s been a year…everything has changed…including me.” he smiled, “I didn’t think anyone could love me…not romantically. As a friend or a parent or a godfather I had learned I could be loved then you came. You put up with my defensiveness, my fears and now I can’t imagine my life without you. You stole
your way into my heart, Remus.”

Remus smiled down at him, “It has been a year, a wonderful year. I’ve watched you open up, learn to trust and you’re genuinely happy. I’ve always wanted to give that to you, I wanted to show you that you deserved to loved. I’ve always loved you Sevy, having you and Harry is more then I ever really dreamed. We feel like a family and that makes me happy. After I was bit, my family fell apart. All my life I wanted to have you and a family but until I heard you were with Harry I never thought I had a chance. Now I see clearer now that I have you.”

Severus leaned up to kiss him, “We are a family, legal or not we are one.”

“Does that make Harry half mine?”

Severus smiled, “You saved his life twice, you live with us and you care about him. Harry is your pup, our son.”

Remus whispered, “Our son, Lily would have approved of us, I’m sure of it. Harry is growing up, it’s amazing to see him grow and mature. Our son…”

Severus said quietly, “I almost wish I could have a child, your child. Thinking about Blaisé having children, got me thinking. I gave up on love and a family a long time ago, then I met Harry, who reminded me so much of myself. He had so much promise but it was having Draco in his life changed him. He won’t end up like I did, cold and lonely. He had people who care about him enough to notice there was a problem and save him. I never had that. He deserved better, between Pettigrew and me, we destroyed his life. I didn’t think anyone could love me or want me because of how ugly my body is. Then you came and you wanted me even after I showed you what lay beneath my glamour. You were angry at the people who hurt me…you didn’t blame me for it. You didn’t see me as weak…”

“Weak? You? You became a hero, you made difficult choices and survived. I couldn’t be prouder, I knew you were a good person. I love you so much, you saved our pup, stood up for him. Sevy, you stood up to Death Eaters. I heard what you did for Harry speaking up anonymously. If it was safe and I couldn’t pass the curse to an innocent child, I would love to have one with you. I just don’t want to put a child through that kind of pain.”

Severus sighed, “If I could find a way to cure your condition I would. I hate knowing you suffer every moon. I don’t mind treating your wounds and caring for you though. I like taking care if you.”

“I like taking care of you too, it makes me happy. I enjoy touching you, being with you. Sevy…”

Severus magiced away his clothes, “Enough talking, more touching.”

“I like a man who knows what he wants.”

A wave of sadness filled him, he was starting to know what it was he wanted. To be loved, to have a family and a child of his own. Harry was the son of his heart, his first love’s son. But Lily couldn’t be the right person for him, maybe she just safe because she would never return his affections. Remus ignored his walls, and gently earned his trust.

he moaned as he felt his lover’s fingers running up and down his badly scarred skin, “Remy…”

Remus nipped his neck, he was always careful. Exposure to Greyback during the war showed him that he could be dangerous not only around the full moon. It was not his nature to be cruel, but he wanted to be sure that his lover never had anything to fear from him. He embraced his essential human nature rather then his feral wolf, he wanted to be human because of Severus. With Severus it
felt like everything would be okay…though disappearing off the werewolf registry was helpful…

Severus moaned, gently nipping and tender caresses were very stimulating on his scarred flesh. Remus was always gentle with him, as if afraid of causing him more pain or injury. Remus understood his fears and comforted him from his nightmares. His nightmares were rare but did serve to bring them closer.

Remus gently rocked their groins together, his lover’s tormentors had caused him injury everywhere. Few would guess a werewolf could be a tender and sensitive lover; his lips pressed gently kisses to each scar he found on Severus’ chest. “I want you so much…”

Severus blushed, “I know…I want you too. I’m just not ready yet. I’m sorry.”

“Hush, I promised we would run on your time table. I won’t rush you.”

Severus smiled, “That’s one of the reasons I love you, because you won’t hurt me.”

Remus reached to run his thumb over the head of his lover’s cock, “I promised. I can’t hurt you…not without probably killing myself. I love you…”

“I can trust you to take care of me. “ he moaned, wanting a little more.

Remus kissed his hip, “Let me taste you.”

Severus blushed, “You…Remus…okay…”

Remus leaned down to lick the dripping tip of Severus’ member, “Mmm…” sucking on the head, he ran a hand up the older man’s thigh.

Severus moaned, he’d only let Remus do this a time or two. He enjoyed how good his wolfish lover was to him and he felt his prick swell. “Remy…”

Remus felt his own cock react to Sevy’s arousal, and hummed in satisfaction

Severus whimpered at the new stimulation, “Oh…”

It didn’t take long for Remus to make him come.

Remus was too greedy to let any spill, he liked the taste of his lover too much.

Severus lay back with a sigh, his whole body humming with enjoyment. “You’re too good to me.”

Remus moved to kiss him, “I love watching you come. You’re beautiful Sevy…”

Severus stiffened, “I know you aren’t teasing but it’s still uncomfortable when you say that.”

Remus cupped his cheek, “Sevy, its your heart and soul that is beautiful. You are still untainted. There are parts of you that are still innocent, I love you and I see the person inside your heart that still just wants to be loved and accepted.”

Severus kissed him deeply, reaching with his crooked fingers to stroke Remus, “You know me too well.”

It didn’t take Remus long, just a few sharp tugs and he was spilling over into his lover’s hand. He kissed Severus back, eagerly as he pulled his mate closer, ”Thank you..."
Severus closed his eyes, "I just wanted to make you feel good too..." he was still shy...he wanted Remus to make love to him, so he could know what that was like. He tried to push the idea of a child of his own away...
Chapter 9 - Charlie arrives

Blaisé waiting at the Hogwarts’ gate for his mate. The second he saw Charlie Apparate behind the Anti-Apparation wards he forgot propriety and ran forward into his mate’s arms.

Charlie barely had time to take a breath before he had a Veela holding him close, his arms wrapping around his lover in response. “Blaisé…how I’ve missed you.”

Blaisé said quietly, “I ached for you…I missed you so much…”

Charlie lifted his chin, “I missed you.” he kissed Blaisé as he fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a small wrapped package. Pressing it into his mate’s hand, he whispered, “Your first courting gift. I want to romance you love. I want you to known I care about you and I want you happy. Please don’t ever think I want you just because you can have my children.”

Blaisé felt the coolness of metal and glass on his human flesh through the paper that wrapped it. He asked softly, “A mirror?” he was confused.

“Not any mirror, not a mirror to look at yourself in though. This mirror is a communication mirror, it will allow us to have face to face conversations when I can’t be with you.”

Blaisé’s eyes filled with tears of joy, “Charlie…” he kissed him breathlessly, pent up emotions spilling into their kiss. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too.” he chuckled, “I would have been here earlier but I had to see Narcissa first. She did me a favor. I mean us a favor, I was pleased. I’ll hold onto that gift until the time is right. I want to spend the entire time I’m here with you. I have permission to borrow you from Lucius, it includes the right to take you into the Forbidden Forest and away from Hogwarts.”

Blaisé grinned, eyes still shiny, “I get to help you?”

Charlie kissed him, “Yes. Do you like your present?”

Blaisé blushed nodding, handing out a gift of his own, “I…this belonged to my father. I’ve kept it hidden away. I want you to have it.”

Charlie hugged him gently, “Then let’s open them together.”

The first courting gift is one meant to get the recipient, the person being courted’s attention.
Blaisé opened it to find trapezoidal shaped mirror, the back had intertwined snakes and birds, the mirror was silver. “It’s beautiful…” he stammered.

“Not at beautiful as you, Frumos întunecat.” Charlie murmured, holding him close and trying not to react to his mate’s nearness.

Blaisé blushed, “Open mine.”

Charlie did, he found a small penknife decorated with mother of pearl.

Blaise whispered, “From what my grandmother told me it’s attachments are designed to open any lock and untie any knot, even if they have been protected against Alohomora or such similar spells. To use the device to open a locked door, one inserted its blade into the crack between door and door frame, then slide it up and down. It was a gift he received when he became an Auror for the Italian Ministry.”

“I love it. Is this a gift so I can always visit my prince even if he is locked in a tower?”

Blaisé kissed him, “I suppose, it also is the only thing I have from my father. I want you to have it. Grandmother saved it for me.”

Charlie was touched, he knew it belonged to his mate’s father, he hadn’t realized it was all he had left of him. “Thank you. I love you, Frumos întunecat.” he was torn, should he give Blaisé the gift of their home? Or should he wait? He didn’t want to be around the 300+ people at Hogwarts. He kissed him, “Do you trust me?”

Blaisé nodded, “Yes…”

Charlie grinned, “Good. I’m taking you home with me.”

Blaisé shocked, were they going to Romania to see Dragons?"

Charlie get Blaisé tight to his chest and Apparated them away.

It was chilly, that was Blaisé’s first thought. He looked around to see Mountain on either side of them. He gasped, “Where are we?”

Charlie laughed, “Still in Scotland. Probably, not far from Hogwarts comparatively to being at Malfoy Manor. Welcome to Cairn Eerie, the tallest mountain in Scotland and unpalatable and heavily charmed. Narcissa only found this place because I told her to.”

Blaisé heard the cry of eagles, “Oh…”

Charlie smiled, “The area around the mountain would be safe to fly, if you ever wanted to. I hoped it would be enough space to stretch your wings.”

Blaisé tilted his head, “Charlie…”

Charlie turned him around to face their home; there were three visible stories and two turrets. It had an Tudoresque style, with mostly rounded windows and a small porch. There were stone steps leading up to the large double-door of the entrance, he whispered in his mate’s ear, “Welcome home love, this is Eagle’s nest.”

All Blaisé comprehended were the words ‘love’ and ‘nest’. He was overwhelmed, a home? A home called nest? Could his beloved mate be anymore perfect?
Charlie lifted Blaisé so he could carry him properly, “Let me take you inside.”

Blaisé let Charlie carry him, resting his cheek over his mate’s heart, “I’ll let you do what you like. I’m yours.” he meant every word.

Charlie smiled, “I’m yours too.” the door was opened by a house elf.

“Master? Lady Malfoy said we might be expecting you.”

“Jocy? Frumos întunecat, this was my uncles’ home. They willed it to me and it was mine on my seventeenth birthday. I was only here once, maybe twice. I think we only have two house elves.”

Jocy interrupted, “Master? We is having three house elves. Lady Malfoy insisted we taken in one named Winky.”

Blaisé blinked, “Winky? Did she used to work for the Crouch family.”

Jocy nodded, “Yes her did. She was very unhappy. She couldn’t get a position, then she tried at Malfoy Manor. Lady Malfoy said you could use her.”

Charlie shrugged, “I guess we can keep her. A third house else would probably be smart with a house this size. Where is she?”

Audy showed up with a dirty puffy faced Winky. “Winky is here Master.

Charlie snapped, “Elf, I heard you are looking for a new position.”

Winky threw herself at Charlie’s feet, “Yes. Please master let Winky stay and serve you.”

“Elf do you swear loyalty to the Prewett family? To protect and serve the owner of Eagle’s Nest, my mate and our children?”

Winky sobbed gratefully, “Yes Master. Winky promises.”

“Good. We would like tea and a bath. We will be staying here for a while. Is a room prepared for us?”

Jocy nodded, “Yes Master. Lady Malfoy had Dobby bring over a bed from Wisteria Meadows.”

Blaisé blushed thinking about that bed.

Charlie chuckled, “If it was sent over from Snape’s home it must be special.”

Blaisé said quietly, “The design is amazing, I can spread my wings in it comfortably.”

Charlie raised an eyebrow, “Your wings? I’m liking the sound of it already.”

Blaisé kissed him, “When I first saw it I fell in love with it. I wanted to give myself to my mate on it.”

Charlie kissed him back, “if that’s what you want, I promise it will be. I want our first time to be special. I didn’t want it around others and a room in Hogsmeade wasn’t good enough for you. I remember this place and I thought I might be perfect.”

“Bath ready master.”
Charlie carried Blaisé to the master suite, finding the bed on a platform. He whistled, it is gorgeous. Soon we will make love on it but not yet. I missed you too much to deny you everything. Tonight Frumos întunecat, I’ll give you your first taste of being with me.”

Blaisé’s body flushed, Charlie wanted him? His mate would make love to him on the bed he wanted?

Charlie undressed his mate, running his hands over the newly exposed skin, “Oh Blaisé, you’re incredible beautiful.” he whispered kissing his neck.

Blaisé moaned softly at the touches, “Charlie…” his body was coming alive as his mate touched him, “I wanted this so much. To feel you touch me.”

Charlie kissed him deeply, “I can’t deny us both any longer. Tonight, I’m going to touch you all over. I’m going to find out where to touch that brings you pleasure. I’ll show you I love your body the way it is and I would never change anything about it.”

Blaisé was limp in his mate’s arms, but radiating a warm glow that leapt between them, “I’m yours to touch. Yours to hold. I’m your mate, your lover, the bearer of your children. I will protect and teach our brood to respect you, my mate. I exist for you and you alone. I will never find comfort in another man’s arms because I am only yours.”

Charlie wasn’t expecting to hear his beloved say that, “Blaisé …?” he asked confused.

Blaisé smiled, “I bind myself to you and only you, my mate, my lover.” he kissed Charlie, “It’s okay to touch me as is your wish, I am just ensuring that my magic will always recognize you. Unwanted sexual attention can be dangerous, I want this, to be with you. I want to make sure my magic is never going to harm you.”

Charlie was overwhelmed, Blaisé wanted to be sure that he was safe and bound himself to him? He kissed him back, “I would never force you. All you would have to do would be to say no.”

Blaisé looked up at him, “I could never say no. It’s you. I wanted you the moment I saw you.”

Charlie smiled, “Close your eyes,” he picked up his naked lover and settled into the tub holding him. Kissing Blaisé’s neck he kneaded his shoulders, his hands dipping down to touch the place his mate’s wings emerged from his body.

Blaisé cried out in ecstasy as Charlie’s calloused fingers caressed where his wings connected to his body. “Charlie…” his body was awakening for the first time, he could feel it. His member swelled, filling with blood and started to emerge between his legs. His legs parted in reflex to the intimate caressing. He could feel warmth spreading through his body, reaching into his womb. He rest a hand on his right hip and felt gingerly, he was pleased to feel his teste was swelling in size.

Charlie kissed his neck, “Are you alright love?”

Blaisé moaned, “Yes, never felt anything like this before.”

“You haven’t masturbated?”

Blaisé shook his head, ‘I wasn’t sure how, the flock I was born to hadn’t had a Veela like me born into it before. They knew so little about me, that many Veela were distrustful of me. Besides, my body is yours to pleasure and has been since I was born for you.”

“Born for me? I like the sound of that. I can’t imagine wanting anyone else.”
If Charlie left him in any way, it would destroy him. He loved his mate so much, hungered for him alone to take his body, his virginity and bear his children. He wanted to love and serve Charlie, to care for him.

Charlie ran the pads of the fingers of his right hand down Blaisé’s spine knowing it would excite him more as he reached to circle a chocolate colored nipple with his other thumb. ‘Your skin…it’s so soft and warm…”

Blaisé felt his prick growing and saw it was now longer then one of his fingers. He couldn’t wait to feel his mate’s hand touching him there. He crooned softly, “Amante…”

Charlie pinched the nipple gently, “Yes, I love your body. So perfect, so responsive to my touch, so beautiful.”

Blaisé leaned back, “More amante…please…”

Charlie guessed where it was that Blaisé ’s tail might be and ran a finger over it in gentle circles.

Blaisé ’s eyes fluttered shut, all most all the places he mentioned sexually excited him Charlie was touching.

Charlie rolled the other nipple between his fingers, pinching it gently as he watched Blaise’s cock. It was unlike any cock he’d ever seen in his life, it wasn’t smooth. The flesh looked like it had a shimmer of down on it and was spiraled. He had an intense desire to touch it. He slide the hand from above his mate’s arse to trail his fingers over Blaisé’s hip to his groin. Charlie grasped it gently in his hand, “Blaisé …” he’d never seen or felt anything like it. He stroked it lightly, noting the differences between it and his own. Charlie had never been drawn to play Keeper during sexual relations with another male before but he wanted someday to feel this inside him.

Blaisé whimpered feeling his member being enveloped in that warm gentle touch, he knew it was Charlie, only his mate could make him feel like this. He was larger now, twice the length he’d been when he’d shown Charlie his body the first time. How big would his prick get? He stammered, “Don’t tease…please…more…”

Charlie whispered, kissing his neck, “Turn around and sit in my lap. I want to see your wings.”

Blaisé stood on shaky legs, slightly embarrassed. Because of the way his body was, the emergence of his member from his labia made it possible to see into his body a little.

Charlie saw more of Blaisé when the teen stood, he truly was a blending of genders. Blaisé had the most intriguing cock he’s ever seen or felt, a womb to bring forth their children in eggs but that didn’t matter. This was his mate, born for him and he wanted him badly.

Blaisé yelped as his wings practically flew out of his body and he fell to his knees straddle his mate’s thighs.

Charlie ran his hands up Blaisé’s thighs, “I’ve never seen anything so beautiful.” he kissed him tenderly, rocking his narrow hips against his mate’s tight firm arse.

Blaisé gasped at the two sensations, they only served to make him harder and larger, he must be close to five inches now. “Charlie…amante…”

“Yes, I am. Your lover, your mate and soon your fiancé. I want to do things right by you and our children.”
Blaisé had wider hips than any man Charlie had ever seen, probably to accommodate the size of the eggs he would lay. He knew Dragon eggs were quite large, he wondered how big the eggs his beloved would lay might be.

Blaisé whispered, “Charlie, more…I want you…”

Charlie kissed him, “Touching love. I’ll make love to you another time.” he wrapped his fingers around that cock again as he rubbed his own against Blaisé’s ass. Reaching up he examined a wing; it was thin yet muscular and covered with a fine layer of scales and then a layer of feathers. There were what seemed almost like fingers at the ends of his wings like a bat, Blaisé’s wings were like nothing he’d ever seen on a dragon.

Blaisé closed his eyes, feeling his mate caressing him this way, his prick and his wings were very sensitive. “Charlie…”

Charlie kissed him, his hand sliding down Blaisé’s member to his groin, he rocked his palm over the warm flesh.

Blaisé blushed, feeling his mate touch him there…whispering, “Oh…”

Charlie could feel the heat radiating from his lover there, with a single finger he circled the entrance to Blaisé’s womb, “Frumos întunecat…”

“Char…lie…” the teasing finger was suddenly inside him, Blaisé’s pleasure reached it’s peak and he came hard, his prick stiffening to it’s extreme of eight inches.

Charlie watched him orgasm for the first time, he’s never seen such unabashed pleasure. There was such joy and love in that face…

Blaisé collapsed bonelessly in Charlie’s lap, “Amante…” he said softly.

Charlie kissed him, “You look so beautiful when you came, I’m glad I was the first to give you pleasure.”

“Only. I belong to you. Just you.”

Charlie smiled, rocking his hips and rubbing himself against Blaisé’s arse, kissing him deeply. He held onto his mate, “I love you.”

Blaisé let Charlie hold him, “Yours…all yours…I love you…” his wings encircling them both.

Charlie came hard, holding him.

Blaisé felt the swirl of their seed in the water and would have preferred to feel his mate’s essence inside him instead.

Charlie lay back against the wall of the tub, “I missed you so much, I couldn’t refuse to worship this body of yours. I wanted you so badly. I dreamed of it. Now I have you, Frumos întunecat. I want this to be good…I wanted us to be together.”

“Now we have…” Blaisé reached for the soap, “we are…” he worked up a lather and gently washed his mate’s chest, “Let me show you how I can take care of you.” kissing him softly.

Charlie let Blaisé do as he wished, sighing contently at the touch, ”That feels nice.” it did, feeling his mate’s hands washing his body was very enjoyable.
Blaisé’s hands washed his mate’s chest, his arms, his stomach and his thighs but he was too shy to touch Charlie’s bits.

Charlie took his hand and rest Blaisé’s hand over his member, “It’s okay, I want us to be equal partners. As equal as we can be, just because you will create our children in your body doesn’t mean that you have to be the woman in our relationship. You’re my man, to have and to hold. I want to be yours as well, I love you Blaisé. I’ve never seen anything like you before. Someday, I want you to make love to me. Go ahead, see what’s different between us. I want you to know how to please me.”

Blaisé blushed, “You want me to…Charlie…” he never imagined his future mate would ever let him make love to him.

“If I ever had a serious relationship I wanted it to be as close to equals as it could be.” he kissed him, “I’m yours and you’re mine.”

“Always…” Blaisé murmured into their kiss, slowly starting to wash the soft cock in his hand.

Charlie moaned softly, “That feels good.”

Blaisé snuggled closer still touching him, “I like making you feel good.”

They gently, exploringly washed and touched one another for a while.

There was a knock on the door, “Master? Jocy is here telling you dinner is ready.”

Charlie called out, “Be right down.” he kissed Blaisé helping him up and drying them off. He dressed them in underwear and sleeping pants before leading him down to the dining room.

Blaisé let Charlie led him, his hand inside his mate’s large one. He’d never felt this happy before, he had his mate, this would be their home and he wanted it to never end.

They sat side by side, eating the food Charlie’s house elves had prepared for them.

Later, Blaise was curled up in Charlie’s lap in front of the fire that was blazing in their bedroom heath. Kissing his mate and forgetting he hadn’t pulled his wings back into his body until Charlie touched them. He gasped, eyes shutting, “Amante…”

Charlie loved how expressive Blaise was, how such a light caress could make him so responsive.

“Charlie…” his body was reacting to the touch, the signal that his mate wanted him. Blaise felt his nipples harden, blood rushing to his cock and wetness between his legs. He blushed, he was all Charlie’s…

Charlie chuckled, “That was fast. I felt that.”

“Please…don’t tease me…”

“Not teasing you I want you.’ Charlie said kissing him. “I think I want to see what you look like on that bed with your wings spread.”

Was his mate going to take him?

Charlie kissed him, “I’m still not ready to make love to you completely just yet, but I still want to touch you and share a bed with you.”

Blaise was a little worried about that but Charlie was trying so hard to make him happy that he
couldn’t find it in his heart to protest. “I love you.”

Charlie chuckled, “and I love you, Frumos întunecat.” he carried his Veela to the bed, laid him down and crawled on top of him. Kissing Blaise as he slid his hands over the teen’s chest, “So beautiful. Mine, all mine…”

Charlie explored his mate’s body, touching him until he made his beloved come. He wiped Blaise’s body with a warm cloth and curled up with him.

Blaise closed his eyes, “You make me happy.”

Charlie blinked, as the words his mate spoke ended with a soft snore. He smiled kissing his cheek, “I’m glad. I want you to always be happy. I love you, Frumos întunecat. Sleep well.”
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Pairings I know of: DracoxHarry, twincest, OliverxPercy, RemusxSeverus, CharliexBlaise, I'm going to let Bill end up with Fleur I like them. Stalker Ginny! Partial tempting to allow Seamus and Colin *hides*
Fandom : HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them. I hope the chastising of Ron make you happy.
Warning: Angst and Violence. Mother bear Hermione [Or is she a lioness? lols] rises again. first appearance of Severus 'new' patronus.

Chapter 11- Blaise is lonely, unexpected dangers and the flock unites.

It had been so hard to let Charlie go away again after finally having him here, he spent the five days Charlie was at Hogwarts beside him as much as he could. He liked watching Charlie work, talking to the centaurs and trying to find a suitable place for an encampment as well as four large enclosures. Charlie didn’t tell him what exactly he was doing there and he didn’t want to get his mate in trouble so he choose not to ask.

He lay in his bed on his side in the Slytherin dungeons and cradled the mirror in his hand, calling out softly, “Amante?”

There was some shuffling and then Charlie’s face in the mirror, “Frumos întunecat.”

Blaisé’s lips curved into a smile, “I miss you.”

“I miss you too…and our bed.”

Blaisé blushed, remembering their nights in that bed. His body ached for Charlie, “I wish you hadn’t had to go.”

“I know love. I know. It’s okay, you know I’ll be back in November for a bit and I’ve arranged to have weekends off to come see you.”

Blaisé smiled, “Really?”

“Yes, I miss you too much. I’m looking at a job closer to home so I can be closer to you.”

“I miss you too.” grateful for the privacy charm he’d cast, Blaisé sighed, “I hate being away from you.”

Charlie chuckled, “You remember how explosive our first reunion was, just imagine our second.”

Blaisé moaned softly, “Don’t tease Charlie…please…this is hard enough without you.”

“Hush babe, not trying to tease. Just being honest. I love you.”

“I love you too.” his human half understood reluctantly why Charlie wasn’t here with him but his
Veela wanted their mate. He felt unsafe without him…

“T’ll be with you soon love. Get some sleep alright?”

“I’ll…try.”

XoooooX

It was getting close to Halloween, nearly time for the other schools to arrive…

Draco and Harry were growing closer, never one without the other. They seemed to spend much of their free time kissing or having silent conversations.

Remus and Severus were growing closer much to Sirius’ dismay.

Sirius wasn’t that well liked, he made some of the students uncomfortable. Though some of the girls seemed to find him attractive. Fred and George’s little sister had taken to following him like a puppy.

To which the twins disapprove and tried to dissuade her from.

Hermione had put her Quidditch World Cup losing snitch on a chain that she wore beneath her robes. Her face had a tendency to turn red when it touched her bare skin.

When Blaisé wasn’t studying or daydreaming he was composing letters to Charlie…or reading the ones he already had received from his mate. They discussed what they wanted their futures to be like. Blaisé wrote about wanting to take his O.W.L.s and N.E.W.T.s early, wanting to shorten the time he had to be away from his mate. He was still tied for second highest marks; though he had hopes of perhaps, tying with Harry for marks in a class.

XoooooX

Blaisé was on his way to the dorms at nearly curfew…

“Zabini…”

Blaisé stiffened, Nott…this couldn’t end well.

Nott waved a piece of parchment, “You dropped this in the library freak.”

Blaisé shrugged, “What is it? Notes?”

“No. A love letter. From someone named Charlie.”

“Really? How do you know it’s mine?” the best policy with morons is plausible denialability…

“It fell out of your bag in the library freak.”

“That is the second time you’ve called me freak, I’m starting to take offense.”
“I don’t know how someone like you ended up in our illustrious house. Half-breed scum.”

Blaisé recognized the other boys behind Nott, Crabbe and Goyle. Their eyes were slightly unfocused, they wouldn’t be any help. He pinched his nose, “I don’t you what you are talking about.”

Nott’s eyes narrowed, “Don’t treat me like I’m stupid, Veela…”

Blaisé glared, “I wish you’d stop calling me that.” this was bad, he wasn’t going to back down. He couldn’t…

“You were only invited because of that Mudblood lover Dumbledore. I wonder why you were kept around.”

Blaisé snarled, “My marks probably, I have the third highest marks in our year and I’m studying for twelve O.W.L.s. I stay out of trouble and I’m in the Boy Who Lived’s circle. I haven’t done anything to warrant getting expelled.”

“I wish I’d been sent to Durmstrang, then I wouldn’t have been forced to share a room with a Freak like you.”

“I’m starting to be very angry.” Blaisé muttered, his hands buried in his robes hiding the talons that were digging into his hands.

“Be angry. Teach me a lesson.”

“No. I have no need of that.” if he touched Nott, he’d be expelled. He knew it…

There was a strangled sound and then a crash.

Nott had punched Blaisé.

If Blaisé had been expecting it, he could have stood his ground but he wasn’t even willing to fight back. He couldn’t embarrass his guardians…

Once he was on the ground, Crabbe and Goyle joined in kicking him.

Before long Nott grabbed his hair, “You want to be fucked so bad you freak? I’ll fuck you. I’ll ruin you. I’ll leave you so hideous and disgusting even your lover will abandon you.” he ripped Blaisé’s robes.

Blaisé let out a high pitch wail of terror, his body betraying him. His wings exploded from his back, throwing Nott off him as they emerged, his body changing and assuming its Veela shape. His wings cocooned his body setting up a shield. He was large in this form and took up over half the hallway.

Nott screamed in rage.

XooooooX

George was in the tower studying with Hermione, it was two days before Durmstrang and Beauxbatons would arrive.
They both heard it, a wail of terror.

Hermione blinked, “Harry?”

George shook his head, “We’ve never felt Harry…Draco does. It’s not Fred…”

Hermione’s eyes widened, “Blaisé! Something is wrong…” she grabbed her wand and ran out of the tower ignoring the irritated Fat Lady who she woke when she opened the portrait so hard it slammed against the wall.

George followed her, clutching his own wand.

They met Fred on the stairs to the dungeon.

“You felt it too?” he asked.

George reached for his lover’s hand, “Yes…”

“Let’s hope we get there in time.” Hermione said hurrying.

XoooooX

Harry was curled up in bed with Draco, their homework long finished. He moaned softly into their kiss as Draco’s hand rubbed his back.

Draco smiled, he loved the little noises Harry made…they were almost purrs of satisfaction. He was about to touch his lover more intimately when he heard a cry of terror. It wasn’t Harry yet it was familiar…

Harry whimpered, “Blaisé…someone is hurting him.”

Draco leapt from the bed, “Stay here. I’ll take care of it.”

Harry’s eyes flashed, “No. Blaisé needs both of us.”

Draco sighed, “Alright.” not wanting to argue.

They grabbed robes and wands, hurrying out of their room to find Severus and Remus almost out the door.

XoooooX

Remus had his hand in Severus’ robe, fingers wrapped around his mate’s length and kissing him, “The boys are in bed and I have you to myself.”

Severus moaned, “You’ve had me to yourself almost an hour.“ he was lying on his lover’s lap on the sofa in their rooms. Half-thrusting into the welcome touch.

They had been making out and fondling each other for a while now and Severus was quite hard.
Remus rocked himself against his mate’s thigh.

Then the scent of fear reached Remus’ nose, he stiffened, all desire forgotten. He sniffed again, Blaisé…the scent of fear strengthened and mingled with the stronger scent of Veela. Something was very wrong…then came a cry of terror.

Severus shifted nervously, “Remy? What’s wrong…”

“Blaisé…he’s in trouble. I think he transformed. He’s scared.”

Severus’s jaw dropped, “He wouldn’t transform in the castle…is he in the Forbidden Forest?”

Remus sniffed, “No. He’s in the dungeons.”

Severus leapt to his feet wincing, his wand flying into his hand. He straightened his robes, what could have happened?


Charlie was asleep, exhausted after a long day. He was supposed to see Blaisé soon and he was dreaming of him…

It was a lovely dream...at first…

Then Blaisé was torn from his arms, face contorted in terror and screaming for him, “Charlie!”

Charlie bolted awake, fumbling for his mirror, “Blaisé? Blaisé?”

No response…

His heart twisted, something was wrong with his mate. Then came the scream…

Charlie Apparated, his mind on reaching his mate in time. Blaisé, please…be okay…


Remus and Severus tore through the hallway towards the Slytherin Common Room, Draco and Harry right behind them.

Draco saw it first…

Blaisé was completely enclosed in his wings…

Theo, Crabbe and Goyle were laughing and they were kicking him. They seemed to be using him like some type of ball…

They seemed to be keep trying to cast curses at the cocooned Veela, which dissipated as they interacted with Blaisé’s wings.
Draco roared with rage, his wand shaking, “Get away from my brother.”

Harry’s eyes narrowed, “What did you do to him?” his normal shyness temporarily vanished.

Nott sneered, “We’re cleaning House. Some moron let a Halfbreed into Slytherin.”

Remus was in shock, Blaisé…the strong-protective teen who had a talent for Transfiguration that exceeded even James. Blaisé was wrapped in his wings, he’d never seen anything like it before and hoped he never would again.

Severus gasped, he’d never even seen Blaisé scared before. He glared, “Nott! How dare you! Get away from him. I do not suffer fools or bullies in my house well. Blaisé is family and I don’t appreciate you hurting him.”

“I can’t believe you let a Halfbreed in our house. Salazar would be rolling over in his grave.” Nott said aiming another spell, while Crabbe and Goyle continue kicking the now silent Veela.

Fred, George and Hermione froze at the sight.

Those were wings…Blaisé’s wings...

Hermione remembered them sheltering her from the Stunning Jinxes. He’d always seemed so brave; facing a three-headed dog, flying to capture a winged key and sacrificing himself during a chess match to help them rescue the Sorcerer’s stone. Seeing him like this after hearing or had she felt his scream? She raised her wand, “What did you do to Blaisé?” Mother bear Hermione had awoken again, “Tell me what you did to him.” she was the eldest of their group besides the twins.

“I don’t have to tell you anything Mudblood.” Nott sneered.

“Our eminent founder made mistakes as all men even great men can do. Now I’m telling you to stop.”

“Expelliarmus.” The three Slytherins’ wands leapt into Hermione’s hand, “You’ll pay for hurting my friend.” her disarming charm was so powerful sent them flying back away from Blaisé and crashing to the stone floor. “I may have dirty blood but at least I’m loyal to my House.”

As Deputy Headmaster Severus should have stopped her from casting the hex, but he wanted Nott punished.

Remus sighed, slowly taking a step towards the angry Gryffindor, “Hermione, lower your wand.” he cast the full-body bind spell on Blaisé’s attackers in time to hear a breathless voice call out.

“Blaisé!” Charlie tore through the hallways, shoving his brothers and Draco out of his way. He collapsed to his knees beside his lover and reached out touching a wing, “What happened? He was so scared. I felt him.” he whispered, “Blaisé, come back to me. Please. I’m here, Frumos întunecat. You’re safe.” a sob escaped the tanned Dragon Tamer, “Blaisé.’ he pulled his silent mate into his arms.

Hermione’s wand hand dropped to her side, “He was attacked. I don’t know why he didn’t defend himself. He called out to us, we must be his flock and he called out to you, his mate.” she glared at Nott, “You can’t attack a person like Blaisé without consequences. He seems to be in a catatonic state, I’m afraid the only person he will wake for is probably you Charlie. He may wake for his mother…but I think you are the only person he will hear.”

Draco had realized only this summer that Blaisé had always been like a brother to him and he felt
terrible that he hadn’t always treated his oldest friend properly. He moved beside Charlie and reached to touch Blaisé only to feel a shock. Draco pulled his hand back, “Blaisé, it’s Draco. You’re safe. You know I wouldn’t hurt you.”

Harry rest his hand on Draco’s shoulder, “He’ll be okay. He has to be. He’s strong. He has all of us.” he said quietly, “Perhaps, he was afraid of hurting them. Blaisé was probably stronger then he looked.

Sadly, the comment from his pup, made sense to Remus.

Severus cast a Patronus, a large wolf. He was planning on sending it to Lucisu and Narcissa. “Where should we take him?”

Charlie’s blue eyes flashed, “I’m taking him home, to Eagle’s Nest. I'm sure Dobby can find it.” he snapped, “Jocy! Winky! Audy!”

Severus sent his message to Narcissa and Lucius.

There were three faint pops and three house elves appeared.

“Yes, Master?” Jocy asked while his fellow elves stayed silent.

“We’re going home. I want you to Apparate my mate’s friends.”

Remus sighed, “Hermione will have to come with us. She may have been defending a friend but she did also cast magic in the hallway.”

Hermione growled, “Fine. They’re lucky I didn’t cast anything besides a disarming spell. I was tempted.”

Severus sighed, “I’m sure Lucius will come straight here. Narcissa will insist on trying to see if Blaisé is alright. If his magic wouldn’t recognize Draco I worry it won’t recognize Narcissa.”

Draco sighed, “We’ll help him. I can’t understand why I didn’t see this coming. I’m the Prince of Slytherin. He should have been considered under my protection. I’m the one who decides who to discipline. This went beyond discipline, this was cruel. Blaisé can handle a lot. They must have threatened him badly, he wouldn’t have let his wings out in school.”

Remus interrupted him, “Draco, he went full form. I smelled the change in his scent.”

Draco gulped, “You bastard!” he stalked towards Nott, “How dare you! What did you do to him?” he examined Crabbe and Goyle, “They were placed under the Imperious Curse. He cast an Unforgivable, I want Theo imprisoned for it and expelled.”

Severus nodded, “He probably will be. We can’t have people thinking students will be in danger here.” He levitated the three miscreants onto conjured stretchers and sent a Patronus to warn Minerva he was on his way and that Lucius maybe arriving. Hopefully, she hadn’t gone to bed early. It was past curfew now…

XooooooX

Narcissa was out of the bath and readying herself for bed, wearing a silk dressing gown over her
nightgown she was brushing her hair.

Around stroke eighty-seven, she felt a weight on her chest. Gasping, she dropped her brush.

A house elf appeared, “Mistress?”

Narcissa whispered, “Get Lucius…” something was wrong…very, very wrong. The pressure hadn’t disappeared or decreased by the time her husband reached her boudoir.

“Narcissa? What’s wrong? The elf mentioned you were in pain.” Lucius knelt at her side and took his pregnant wife’s hand.

“Lucius.” she grasped his hand like a drown man does a rope, “Something is wrong.”

Lucius remembered Draco being in pain and looking white when Harry was injured almost fatally. “Hush now. I’ll handle it.”

Narcissa heard a cry of terror, her eyes filled with tears, “Blaise. Lucius, something bad happened to Blaise. He’s frightened, I feel his need for me.”

Lucius felt a pang himself, faint but still there. He’d never really bonded to the parentless Veela in the way that Narcissa and Draco had but he had done his best to ensure that he would be a productive member of the Wizarding World. He trusted Blaise to look out for Harry and Draco. He hadn’t given the boy much thought until he’d seen Blaise carried through the Floo by Fred and George after he’d sacrificed himself for Draco’s sake. That year had woken up his paternal instincts to protect his family, he was still learning how to be a decent parent. Watching Severus had given him clues…

He was trying to calm his pregnant wife, she’d finally gotten pregnant after they’d started acting like a couple that had bonded out of love and not duty should. The last thing he knew she wanted was to lose this child…

A silver wispy wolf entered the room, he raised his wand.

Severus’ voice was heard, “Blaise was attacked by three Slytherins in his year. Hermione says he cried out for his flock. We all hurried to his side. He’s in a catatonic state. They scared him into full-Veela form. Charlie is the only one who can seem to touch him and is taking him to Eagle’s Nest. Blaise’s mate requests that Narcissa join them there, he hopes she can help. Lucius I have need of you. The boys who attacked Blaise were Nott, Crabbe and Goyle. Draco thinks Crabbe and Goyle are under the Imperious curse. As Blaise’s guardian and a member of the School Governors you need to be here.” the wolf disappeared as soon as it’s message was delivered.

Narcissa gasped, “Attacked by his Housemates? How dreadful! Charlie came? Their bond must be really strong if he felt his need for him in Romania.”

“I think I felt it too…not as strongly…”

Narcissa smiled warily, “We’re the only family he’s ever known. Of course we would be his flock.”

Lucius kissed her cheek, “Go check on Blaise. If you can’t help him, try to contact his grandmother. Surely, she can help us.”

Narcissa stood slowly, “I’ll do my best.”

Lucius snapped, “Dippy!”
“Yes Master Lucius.”

“Take your mistress to Eagle’s Nest. Look after her and follow all instructions as if they were my own. IF she sends you on an errand outside of England. You will go.”

Dippy nodded, holding out her hand, “Dippy will. Dippy proud to serve master.”

Lucius made his way to the nearest floo and his destination, Severus’ fire. The floo connection between the manor and Severus’ office or his rooms was always open.

Chapter End Notes

[Okay giving you a cliffy wasn't nice. Yes, this is a huge break from canon. This event will serve to unite the five and their guardians. Finally, Nott goes 'too far' and has to be punished. Lucius won't rest until he is.

Any input on how many eggs Blaise should have? Should this event mess with his hormones and having him fertile out of season? When do you think Severus and Remus should go all the way? Should they try for a child? As for Drarry, the possibility of a natural pregnancy might be in the cards. How soon is too soon for mama Harry? Becoming a parent will waken the lion in him I think...
Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4  
Pairings I know of: DracoxHarry, twincest, OliverxPercy, RemusxSeverus, CharliexBlaise, I'm going to let Bill end up with Fleur I like them. Stalker Ginny! Partial tempting to allow Seamus and Colin *hides*  
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Warning: Angst and Violence. Mother bear Hermione [Or is she a lioness? lols] rises again. First appearance of Severus 'new' Patronus.  

Chapter 11B- If I don’t have you  

Charlie lay in his bed holding Blaisé, whispering to his mate, hoping it would reach him. “Frumos întunecat. Come back to me. Please love.”  

Harry was sitting with Fred and George, the three of them nervous and worried as anything.  
Blaisé was always a brave one, insisting on going into danger because of Draco. He was very loyal, the only person with a similar personality was Fred. Fred was the adventuring type, while Blaisé did it out of necessity and loyalty. Harry stood up when the need required it…but he preferred to keep out of trouble.  
Draco led his mother into Charlie and Blaisé’s bedroom, “Mother’s here.”  

Charlie’s eyes were filled with unshed tears, “Please…tell me what I can do…”  

Narcissa gasped, it was never good when a Veela cocooned themselves in their wings. ‘Oh Blaisé…what did they do to you?’  

Harry said softly, “He was like that when we came. They were kicking him and trying curse him but the magic fizzled out when it hit his wings.”  

Narcissa rest her hand on his wings, and the touch was accepted, “He knows me…it was my body that kept his egg warm. I raised him…he must have truly imprinted on me.” she caressed the son of her heart’s wing, “Blaisé…it’s mother. Please…come back. You’re safe.”  

No response, Blaisé’s magic was very faint. He seemed to have cut himself from the world…  
Narcissa choked on a sob, “Dippy, I want you to go to Dalifina Forest in the Italian Alps find Signora Bianchesshi, Blaisé’s grandmother. Tell her Narcissa needs her. She should come at once.” she had been trusted with the boy and now…he was in this state. Calling for the boy’s grandmother was a last resort. She clenched her fists, how could she face the formidable woman?  
Draco rest a hand on her shoulder, “He’s strong, stronger then any of us. He’ll be alright. It’s not your fault mother. You can’t blame yourself.”  

“I sent him there…he was hurt…”
“Blaisé was hurt because Wanna-be Death Eater trash found sharing a house with a half-breed embarrassing and distasteful. He called what he did ‘Cleaning House’. I wanted to kill him. Hermione disarmed them and sent them flying backwards. I could have kissed her…but, she is like a sister.”

Narcissa said softly, “After two boys…I’d like a girl…”

XoooooX

Lucius exited Severus’ floo and made his way to the Headmistress’ office.

Hermione was waiting outside.

Lucius nodded, “They busy?”

Hermione sighed, “They are discussing Nott, Crabbe and Goyle’s punishments. I heard Snape say catus anura to gain entrance. Each Head Master or Mistress has their own quirks, while Dumbledore used candy themed passwords, McGonagall uses cat breeds.”

Lucius repeated the password and the Griffin moved granting him access, he walked up the winding staircase, his ears straining for voices and then followed them.

McGonagall looked up as he entered, “Are you here as Mr. Zabini’s Guardian or as a member of the Board of governors?”

Lucius glared, “Both. Might as well be honest. I’d have Nott’s head on a Platter if I could but I’ll settle for Azkaban.”

McGonagall yelped.

Severus nodded, “I say that Crabbe and Goyle were under the Imperius curse, I would give them detention since they couldn't control their actions but we can't let them off without a punishment. We can have an impartial Auror or Shacklebolt confirm that the Imperious was cast on them. I’d have Nott arrested for his attack, it went beyond school yard bullying to put Blaisé in a state of Catatonic shock. They did something terrible to him and I swear I’ll find out what that was.”

Lucius nodded, “I won’t fight their expulsion. I want it. Attacking a ward of the Malfoys should the last thing any true Slytherin would do.”

“Why? Because the Malfoys have power? Should be feared? Your son is a traitor. Draco surrounds himself with half-breeds, half-bloods, blood-traitors and Mudbloods. He is an embarrassment to our house.”

“Slytherins are drawn to power, I choose a more powerful master to follow.” he would have lost his sons and his best friend if he hadn’t sided with Draco, Lucius shrugged, but he wasn’t going to explain any of this to outsiders.

“If I thought I could have attacked Draco straight out I would have. His pathetic halfbreed friend shouldn’t have been so careless with his love letters.”

Severus was confused, “How did you find out Blaisé was Half-Veela?”
Nott sneered, “Not telling you.”

Severus snorted, “You will. Either with Legilimency or Veritaserum.”

“Fine. Professor Black gave me a letter. It was signed a Concerned Wizard, A.D. It told me that Snape and Malfoy were traitors to the Dark Lord. That the Malfoys were harboring a half-breed.”

Severus felt faint, “Did you pass the letter onto your father?”

Nott snorted, “Didn’t have to. He already knows you're traitors. Where were you during the World Cup? Saving Muggles.”

“I don’t think the Dark Lord will be too forgiving when he realizes that your father ran from the Dark Mark. It’s one thing to dress up as a Death Eater to cause a panic but to run from the Dark Mark…” Lucius sneered, “Either you weren’t much of a supporter in the first place or you’re a coward.”

McGonagall chewed on her lip, “A.D? You wouldn’t happen to have that letter would you?”

Nott chuckled dryly, “Perhaps, then again I might have burned it.”

Severus swished his wand, “Accio Theodore Nott’s letter from A.D.”

A parchment appeared beside him, Severus blinked at the handwriting and paled, “Albus…”

McGonagall snatched the letter, “Albus? Of all the underhanded foolish things…as if he hasn’t done enough damage. Are you sure this isn't a magical reproduction of his handwriting using a illegal forging quill?”

Severus shook his head, “This is the real thing. He instigated this. Probably as some type of revenge to get back at Lucius for ruining his life by having Harry rescued from the Dursleys, losing his position as Headmaster and being found guilty by the Wizengamot for numerous charges. He also lost his vault, wonder how he is surviving?”

“Doge. He’s living with Elphias who claims that it was all a political farce and that no one should believe Albus is anything but a saint. He says that Aberforth was making up stories because he was always jealous of Albus. That crockpot, of course he’ll believe the man who stuffs a cock up his arse.”

McGonagall gasped, “Lucius, such language…”

Severus snorted, “Former Prince of Slytherin he maybe but Lucius has always had his vulgar moments. I should have known that Albus was planning something. I wonder is the letter was given to Nott by Black if that fool is still Albus’ pet dog.”

McGonagall sighed, “I don’t like thinking anyone of us is still in contact with Albus. Then again Sirius wasn’t around when all of that happened.”

Lucius snarled, “I’d like to send that arse licking, wand swallowing, broom polishing, shirt lifting abusive worthless cunt to Azkaban myself. As for Black, I don’t know why you let him teach. I wouldn’t be surprised if he was a spy for Dumbledore.”

Severus winced, “Lucius…” having his best friend using such homophobic language was disconcerting.
Lucius shifted nervously, “Present company excluded.” he said softly, “You know I wouldn’t dare use such language regarding anyone I see as family.”

Severus wrung his scarred and badly healed hands, “I know you approve of my lover to a point. You’ve been very agreeable about it all. That doesn’t mean that such language wouldn’t offend me.”

McGonagall sighed, “So it is true…you’ve been seeing Remus.”

Severus snorted, “It’s been a year. You think he’d have made an Unbreakable Vow if he didn’t care for me?”

She looked away, “I don’t know. I never really expected you to return those feelings. I always thought you loved Lily.”

“I did. Don’t you think brooding over someone who would never love you back for over twenty years is ridiculous? She was safe, she wouldn’t like me back so I didn’t have to make myself vulnerable. In a true relationship you are equally vulnerable to each other.” Severus said quietly.

“You’re growing up to be a far more decent person then I expected when you were my student. I never expected us to run Hogwarts together.”

Lucius interrupted, “So have we sent for an Auror yet?”

McGonagall sighed, ‘I’d rather handle this quietly, our guests from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang will be arriving the day after tomorrow. I’ve heard that Beauxbatons has a Veela or two attending. That last thing I want them to know is that one was attacked. I think if we explained the situation that Minister Bones might just have Nott sent straight to Azkaban. They did it with Sirius. We have enough evidence. He can always file for a trial later, preferably when the tournament is over.”

Nott glared, “It would an honor to be where the LeStranges and Barty Crouch Jr. were held.”

Severus rolled his eyes, “You’re either foolish or crazy.”

Lucius finished reading the letter, “Severus…” he pointed to particular passage, ‘Have you noticed Professor Lupin disappearing around the full moon or looking ill? Might be something to look into.’

Severus stiffened, “That bloody bastard. I’ll kill him.”

Lucius showed the same passage to McGonagall who gasped, “Of course he’d know…he was Headmaster when they both started. Releasing private information to a vindictive student, how could he?” she looked faint.

Severus groaned, “I want him muted and incapable of writing. Hadn’t he caused enough damage? He sent me back to Spinner’s End every summer and sent Harry back to Private Drive. How could I ever have trusted him? Well, its very Slytherin to keep your friends close and your enemies closer.”

McGonagall summoned an owl sending it to Minister Bones and then sent a cat Patronus to Kingsley. Between the Head of Magical Law Enforcement and the Minister for Magic they could have this settled quietly.

XoooooX
Dippy escorted a tall formidable woman with amethyst eyes and hair like silken chocolate.

Narcissa scrubbed away her tears, rising to her feet and bowing. “Signora Bianchesshi, welcome.”

The woman’s voice was like milk and honey to their ears, “Narcissa, what happened? Why did you send a house elf to beg me to come?” her eyes lighted upon her grandson and narrowed, “Two things cause such a reaction, the death of a mate and attempted rape.”

Charlie swore in Romania, before softening his voice, “I’m not dead. I’m right here. Blaisé…Frumos întunecat. Please…come back to me. I came, you were so scared. I wanted to save you.”

Signora Bianchesshi stalked towards the bed, grabbed Charlie’s chin and looked into his eyes. There was a deep uneasy silence.

Signora Bianchesshi nodded, “You’ll do. Smart, caring and hard-working. You accept him, as different as he is.”

Charlie scowled, “He isn’t different. Blaisé is special, unique…the only person I could truly desire. I love him, seeing him like this breaks my heart.”

Signora Bianchesshi smiled wearily, “You know it won’t be easy being his mate. Being what he is, he is a rare one. Neither male nor female but both, nor is he human or Veela.”

“I want him. I was planning on us cementing our connection and mating around his birthday. I want to bond with him, our children should be hatched into a committed and legal relationship. This house is his, Eagle’s Nest. I inherited it but it was meant to be his. Why won’t he come back? I’ve been calling out for him, begging him to hear me.”

Signora Bianchesshi sighed, “I’ve never seen a reaction like this. His mother sobbed for days when she lost her Nicolo, she would have night terrors and her thrashes put her eggs in danger. Blaisé was the only one who survived.”

Charlie asked softly, refusing to let go of his mate, ‘Is there anything you can do? Please…”

“Well, there is something. It never worked when his mother reacted strongly to a trauma.” her brow furrowed and she snapped, “Blaisé Orion Zabini! Sono tua nonna Bliase. Svegliati! Stai spaventando Charlie. Stai spaventando tua madre a morte! Sveglati!”

Blaisé’s magic went from faint to normal quickly, his wings parted slowly showing his face, “Nonna?”

Signora Bianchesshi sat heavily on the bed, “Ringrazi il dio! Ho pensato che lo avessi perso anche.”

Charlie hugged him fiercely, “Blaisé. Merlin’s Beard. I was so scared I’d lost you.”

Blaisé blinked, “What are you talking about? Why are we at home?” He saw Draco, Harry, Narcissa and the twins, “Why are they in our room?” he glanced down at his torn clothes, Full-Veela bird form and wings wrapped tightly around his avian body. “I see…something bad happened.” he felt a wave of terror and turned to bury his face in Charlie’s neck, “I don’t know what happened…but I’m scared.” he couldn’t change forms, it would take too much energy.

His grandmother calmed herself, “You need rest, I have suspicions as to what happened. You need Charlie, your mate. He can help you heal. He cares for you. I’ve never seen a wizard that attached to a Veela since your father.”
Blaisé shivered, trying to be as small as possible. He was embarrassed, only his grandmother and
Draco had seen him in this form. The others had only seen him with wings or talons.

Charlie lifted the plumed and feathered head of his mate; he kissed Blaisé’s forehead, his cheeks and
the top of his beak. “Still beautiful…” he whispered. “You’re safe now. I’ll protect you.”

Blaisé was still frightened, how much of his clothes was damaged by the transformation? Normally,
is clothes simply vanished reappearing when he changed back like for an animagus. What had
happened?

Draco said softly, “The boys who attacked you…they are being dealt with and punished. Hermione
disarmed them so angrily, they were blasted backwards. I think we were all in shock. I wanted to kill
them.”

Blaisé shivered, “Attacked me? Why?”

“They found out you were a Veela and decided to do some ‘House Cleaning’.” Harry said angrily,
“You’d think Nott was Uncle Vernon and you were me. As if being Half-Veela could be as
distasteful as being born a wizard. You didn’t choose your parents, you aren’t anymore of a freak
then I am. Nott has always been a rotten git, he hasn’t gotten any better then Ron.”

The twins’ jaw dropped and Draco blinked, neither had actually seen Harry angry.

Charlie smiled, “Harry is right, Blaisé is perfect just the way he is. He’s all I want.”

Signora Bianchesshi gave her grandson a penetrating eye, “He’ll need a few days to recover, the
attack will have weakened him. He’ll be more clingy and he’ll need more reassurance then normal.
When he calms down, he can return to classes but he’ll need to have you close to him. The only way
he’ll rise above this is with support from his mate and his friends. It’s okay if you don’t remember
what happened Blaisé. In fact, it’s probably better if you don’t. Can you take time off to be with
him?”

Charlie shrugged, “I don’t care if I can or not, I’m going to, he needs me. I may go to work while he
is in classes but I’ll be home every night. I’m looking for a job closer to home. Blaisé needs me here
and here is where I want to be. Working with Dragons was a dream come true and an excuse to get
out from under Mum’s thumb. I wanted to do something that made me happy. It was a decent job for
a bachelor but not someone who is courting a delectable Veela. Being away from him hurts too
much and leaves me feeling empty.”

Signora Bianchesshi nodded, “I’m sure he’ll be fine.” she glanced at the woman who had raised her
grandson, “He’s found a suitable mate who has proved him with a luxurious home.”

Blaisé said softly, “Arrow. He’s my arrow, the guide, the person who centres me, loves me. He
means the world to me.”

Draco stood to help his mother up, “You should rest mother. Stress isn’t good for the baby.’

Blaisé let out a squawk of dismay, “Narcissa, I am sorry to have worried you.”

Narcissa shook her head, “You’re my son, the son of my heart Blaisé. Of course I’ll worry about
you. I love you just as much as Draco. After all this time, can’t you call me mother?”

Blaisé sobbed, shifting back, his torn clothes barely covering his bruised body, her hugged her
gently, “You’re the only real mother I’ve ever had.”
Narcissa saw what a bruised mess Blaisé was and held him gently, “Oh Blaisé, how could they hurt
you like that?”

Blaisé pulled away gently and covered himself with his wings, “It’s nothing…”

Draco and the twins growled at the short glimpse of their friend.

Harry seethed with rage, how long had they been using Blaisé like a football? His friend looked like
Uncle Vernon caught him.

Charlie pulled Blaisé back into his arms, “Frumos întunecat, you’re safe. I love you, no amount of
bruises could change that.”

“He said he’d make me so ugly, you wouldn’t want me.” The words fell from Blaisé’s mouth so fast
he wasn’t aware of what he’d said.

Charlie snorted, “Never happen. I’d want you anyway. When I saw you as a bird wrapped in your
wings I wanted you. I love you too much to let scars or bruise come between us.”

“Frumos întunecat, what does that mean?” Blaise’s grandmother asked.

“Beautiful Dark One, he is beautiful. Now I’d like to let him rest. You are welcome to join us for
breakfast but for now he just needs me.”

Their guests also known as Blaise’s family all left reluctantly.

Charlie conjured a camera, “Blaise love, I’m going to have to take pictures in case they need
evidence of what he did to you.”

Blaise’s ebony skin turned an ashen grey, “Charlie, please…no…”

Charlie kissed him, “Hush love, I’ll be sure to avoid shots of below your waist, that’s for my eyes
only.”

Blaise closed his eyes, shivering with dread and slowly letting his wings fold up behind him. “I…
trust you.”

Charlie reluctantly took the necessary pictures of his mate’s bruised body and torn close. He sent for
an owl and scribbled a note before giving both camera and note to the owl for Snape. The Deputy
Headmaster would use the pictures wisely. He pulled Blaise into his arms, “Let me wash it all away
and then we’ll sleep.”

A tear trickled down Blaise’s cheek, “I don’t deserve you.”

“Yes, you do. You’ve been through enough. I’m not abandoning you. You’re a brave person who
had a terrible experience. I’m going to help you through this. Tell me, what was it she said to bring
you back to us.”

tua madre a morte! Svegliati! That? Oh, it means ‘Blaisé Orion Zabini! This is your grandmother.
Wake up! You’re frightening Charlie. Scaring your mother to death. Wake up!’” he said softly.

Charlie nodded, “You were scaring me. I kept begging you to come back but you didn’t seem to
hear me.”

Blaisé clung to him, “I’m sorry, I don’t know why I couldn’t hear you. I wouldn’t have wanted to
scare you.”

“I know love. Relax, you’re safe.”

As long as he was with Charlie he was safe, he knew that. He didn’t want to be anywhere near the Hogwarts Dungeons for a very long time.
Chapter 11C

Minister for Magic Amelia Bones flooed into the Headmistress’ office looking like she’d rather being doing something else.

A rather ruffled Kingsley Shacklebolt right behind her.

Lucius’ mouth twisted into a smirk that he erased when Severus glared at him.

“Headmistress, what in the world in going on? Don’t you realize that the Triwizard tournament is beginning in a few days?” Amelia was quite perturbed.

McGonagall bowed, “I had no idea that such a terrible thing might happen. I want this dealt with quietly, we have some recent discoveries. This unfortunate incident,” she ignored the glares she received from Lucius and Severus, “was sparked by a letter we believe was written by Albus Dumbledore and delivered to Mr. Nott by Professor Black.”

“Sirius just can’t stay out of trouble can he? Spying for Dumbledore? That won’t ensure his reinstatement as an Auror.”

Lucius was still furious about that old crackpot who was still making their lives miserable. “Perhaps, you should read the letter yourself Minister.”

“Perhaps, I should,” Amelia said dryly as she took the letter, immediately noticing the familiar handwriting.

“Young Master Nott,

I hope your fourth year is treating you well. I wondered if it had come to your attention that not only has your illustrious House sheltered Half-Bloods, it is currently home to a Half-breed. A former intimate as it were, a childhood acquaintance of yours, young Mister Zabini. It has come to my attention that not only is he a half-breed he is half-Veela, a race known to uses their allure to manipulate men. Be careful not to fall under his spell, he is a close confidant of young Mister Malfoy who knows what they could do together. Surely, it would be in your House’s best interest to do a bit of ‘Cleaning’. Be wary, Mr. Zabini might use his allure to trap his fellow Slytherins in his bed against their will.
Have you noticed Professor Lupin disappearing around the full moon or looking ill? Might be something to look into.

A Concerned Wizard,

A.D”

Amelia blinked, “A.D. Dumbledore? He’s done a lot of foolish things before but this, I want to speak to Sirius.” she turned to Kingsley, “Kingsley, I want you to question the boys and see if they are all responsible for their actions.”

The current head of Magical Law Enforcement nodded, “Yes, Am..Minister.” he shuffled off to do as he was told.

Lucius snapped his fingers.

His house elf Dobby appeared, “Yes Master?”

Lucius sneered, “Go to Professor Black’s rooms and bring him here. Don’t give him any time to change. Just grab the mangy mutt.”

Dobby bowed, “Yes Master. Right away Master.” he disappeared with a pop.

Lucius licked his lips, “Now we wait for the prodigal son and hope he has some explanation for putting my son in danger.”

“Son?” Amelia asked in confusion.

“My wife raised Blaisé from a baby.” not the entire story but whatever, “She saved his from certain death, his father had been an Auror for the Italian Ministry and fell to Death Eaters there. His mother went mad from the loss and couldn’t raise him. Narcissa felt sorry for him and insisted on raising the child. I had little choice in the matter and over the years have grown to care for the boy. When Severus and I went to assist the Ministry during the Riot I left Blaisé to protect the children while we were gone. It was Blaisé who beat your chess set and his hearing that protected them against the Basilisk. He smelled Pettigrew’s lies last year if you remember.”

Amelia nodded, “I heard his marks are tied with Ms. Granger’s. Perhaps, we should expect great things from him as well.”

“If he recovers from what Nott did to him.” Severus said sadly, “He wouldn’t even react to his mate. His magic crashed…I’ve only seen Harry’s magic that weak.”

There was a pop and a growl.

A disgruntled naked and hard Sirius stood there glaring, “Unhand me elf.”

Dobby let go, “Master Lucius wants you. Dobby told to bring you right away. Dobby is a good elf. Dobby follows orders.”

Amelia turned away using a hand at the side of her face to block the sight, “Do put something on.”

“It’s that bloody elf’s fault. He didn’t give me a chance to grab trousers.” Sirius growled.

McGonagall blinked, “What in the world were you doing?”

Severus snorted, “Tossing off to fantasies of some gorgeous bint he’ll never have a chance with.”
“You wound me Snivellus. Actually, I had an actual girl with a nice tits, who thanks to Lord Malfoy will be quite unsatisfied.”

McGonagall turned red, “A girl? Please tell me it wasn’t a student Sirius.”

“She’s of age, though last I checked you could marry at 14 so that would be the legal age of consent.” Sirius drawled, conjuring wandless a pair of trousers.

Lucius sneered, “You can marry at twelve but that is rarely utilized.”

Severus glared, “Sleeping with students, how tawdry. You know Remus will be less likely to be friendly with you if he hears you called me Snivellus again.”

Sirius’ eyes narrowed, “I’m sure you’ll be sure to tell him.”

Remus was hiding off to the side listening until they decided to deal with Hermione, he hadn’t cast a disillusionment charm on himself but he had been sitting in the shadows. “He doesn’t have tell me anything Sirius. You haven’t changed at all, still chasing skirts. How old is she? Is she young enough to be your daughter? Even James would be appalled.”

Sirius growled, “Don’t talk about James to me, shacking up with James’ rival and letting this person replace James to Harry. I don’t know you anymore.”

“Severus is a better person then James ever was. He isn’t a spoiled bully. Lily was right, James was a toe rag; he was a scoundrel and a rule breaker which I should have called him on it and given him detentions but I didn’t. If you would wake up and act like an adult perhaps, we might be friends again. As long as you act like a useless todger, Harry will continue to want nothing to do with you. He is very attached to Severus and he doesn’t like you insulting his papa anymore then I do.”

Amelia cleared her throat, ‘I think we have more pressing matters to discuss. Like a letter Black is said to have given young Mr. Nott.”

Sirius rolled his eyes, “You pull me away from decent sex because of a letter? Clearly your priorities are skewed.”

Lucius stalked towards him, “That letter is responsible for an attack on my son.”

Sirius snorted, ‘Well if it brings Draco down a peg. He suffers under a delusion that he is a prince or something. No respect for authority.”

Lucius snapped, “Not Draco. Blaisé. Blaisé was attacked on his way back his common room. He’s unresponsive and…”

“He is rude and conceited. He also has no respect for authority.”

“No, he just doesn’t suffer fools gladly. He picks up magic at a faster pace then normal. He wants to take his O.W.L.S. early.” Severus interrupted.

“Really? It seems like he and Draco have a habit of walking out on Professors.” Sirius sneered.

“Did you or did you not give Mr. Nott a letter?”

Sirius snickered, ‘I have no memory of such a thing. He must be pulling your leg.”

“Then tell us how else he would get a letter from that crackpot Dumbledore?” Lucius glared.
“Albus Dumbledore is a great wizard who has been misunderstood.” Sirius said defensively.

“Albus Dumbledore is an arrogant twat. He is a manipulative bastard who uses a person’s weaknesses against them in an effort to control them. He forced the Sorting Hat to misSort students and put Harry in danger. He is responsible for Harry nearly dying at Dursley’s hands.”

“Hogwash. Dumbledore adores Harry. He wants nothing but the best for him. He sent Harry to his Aunt’s so he wouldn’t end up like Draco Malfoy. Fat lot of good it did, Harry is unfortunately trapped in Draco’s shadow. He is friends only with those Draco approves of. He has allowed Draco to take him from the tower and keep him in the dungeons.”

Amelia snapped, ‘I oversaw both trials. You haven’t seen what that Muggle Monster did to Harry. I heard the testimony of his Healers, I saw him after he was stable enough for trial. He was such a tiny, broken thing, you weren’t there.”

“Of course I wasn’t there. I was imprisoned by the Wizengamot in Azkaban with my insane Death Eater cousin and her compatriots.” Sirius growled.

“Doesn’t mean that what we say isn’t true. He was found guilty. Your cousin Andromeda brought charges against Harry and rescued him.”

“Annie did it because she owed you, you got her recognized as the Head of the Ancient House of Black. You probably guilted her into giving Harry to Snape.”

Amelia interrupted, “Excuse me, I recommended she let Snape raise him. Harry seemed fond of him and begged to stay with Papa Sev.”

“Obviously, the snake is using magic to manipulate people.”

“I am naturally immuned to Mental magic and the Imperious, I resent the implication that I am being magically controlled.” Amelia glared.

“I don’t understand why I am here, I didn’t give that snake any letter. He must be lying.”

Amelia thundered, “Sit. Severus, you are skilled at Legilimency?”

Severus nodded, “Of course.”

“Pick his brain. I want to know if he has been placed under the Imperious and is passing information to Dumbledore.”

“This is a violation of my rights.” Sirius growled.

“Legimens.” Severus purred, diving into his former tormentor’s mind, searching through memories. Snorting when he realized that Black’s dislike of him came from a deep-seated [very deep-seated] attraction. Creepy. Pure-bloods were normally open-minded about sexuality- as long as heirs were produced it wasn’t an issue. Muggle-lovers were more prone to see things the same way as Muggles. He watched Black get Imperioed by the same Glamoured voice as the one who Imperioed Lucius. Black was instructed to give the letter to Nott and then forget about it. Though he was also to give his instructor updates about Harry. Severus pulled out of his head, looked straight at Lucius, “I know who placed you under the Imperious. Dumbledore. It’s all circumstantial of course. A letter in his hand given to Black and the same Glamoured voice Imperioed Black that cursed you two summers ago. Black is also to pass information to him about Harry. I could extract the memory, then perhaps, change the instructions.”
Amelia gasped, “Lord Malfoy? Placed under the Imperious Curse?”

Lucius glared at Severus, “Couldn’t we have discussed that privately?”

Severus shrugged, “You want Dumbledore punished? Why not? This is a private inquiry is it not? Who is this room is untrustworthy besides Black and Nott? I can always remove that memory with permission from Minister Bones of course. If done properly not even the Dark Lord could retrieve the memory.”

Kingsley spoke up, “Crabbe and Goyle were under the Imperious. Nott was not though he did cast it. The attack on young Mr. Zabini was clearly pre-meditated according to his own memories. Nott memorized Zabini’s schedule and choose a time he would be alone, at the chosen time Mr. Zabini was physically assaulted. When he was threatened with disfigurement and rape, Mr. Zabini transformed into the bird form of a Veela. Rather then attacking his tormentors, the boy wrapped himself in his wings in an attempt to protect himself. Nott’s attempts to get Zabini to attack him failed. The three continued to throw curses at him but his wings protected him from their magic though I doubt they could protect him from kicks. Crabbe and Goyle are burly boys, I doubt he could have avoided injury.”

“Why didn’t he fight back?” Amelia asked blinking.

Remus looked away, “Because he was afraid he would be held responsible for a fight because of his creature blood. It would be safer to just take the beating then to chance being accused of starting it. Blaisé isn’t violent, he is just protective.”

“So the attack on my ward, my son, was premeditated and in the events leading up to it Nott cast the Imperious on his own Housemates so they were help him attack another Housemate?” Lucius asked trying to process the entire story.

“Even without the casting of the Imperious curse, Nott would be imprisoned. An unprovoked attack on a fellow student would not go unpunished. Kingsley, extracted the needed memories for evidence for a future trial in case we have to defend our actions. We need evidence to back up the sentence unlike Sirius Black’s case. As Minister for Magic I sentence Theodore Nott to Azkaban for casting of an Unforgivable. Following memory extraction you are to escort Nott to Azkaban.”

Kingsley nodded, “Yes Minister.”

“Crabbe and Goyle, will they be punished?”

“Yes, Detentions. Though not willing participants, they were still involved and injured another student.” McGonagall nodded.

“I will leave their punishment to the school. Nott is of course expelled.”

“Yes. His attack was brutal and cruel, I would not welcome him back for the sake of my other students.” Severus interrupted.

“What are you doing about Black?” Amelia asked, curious.

“Severus will assist in removing the needed memories and with permission will modify the Imperious Curse so more information will not be passed to Dumbledore. Though he had no control about following Dumbledore’s orders, he still sparked this terrible incident by delivering the letter. As distasteful as I find his intimate relations with female students, there is little I can do but inform the student’s parents and reprimand him sharply.” McGonagall stated flatly glaring at Sirius.
“Isn’t there a law against professors having sexual relations with students?” Kingsley asked.

Amelia shook her head, “I wish there was.”

Severus interrupted, “We can refuse to allow him to teach next year.”

McGonagall nodded, “Perhaps, we should.”

“What are we doing with Dumbledore?”

“Can we use Sirius to arrange a meeting?”

“Doubt it. If we could prove he cast the Imperious he would be imprisoned for life.”

Sirius growled, “Why do you have it out for Dumbledore? He is one of the greatest Wizards of the Age.”

“He was one of the greatest Wizards, Power corrupts and he’s gone a little off. He doesn’t think the rules apply to him, and he oversteps his authority.” Amelia snapped.

“He was doing what needed to be done. He was protecting Harry.”

“Harry was your responsibility. How did he know that you would attack Pettigrew and be imprisoned? He shouldn’t have decided arbitrarily that you weren’t getting Harry. James and Lily made their choices clear. He would have had an godmother if they hadn’t been in hiding. We put Harry in the custody of your Head of House while you were imprisoned.”

Sirius snarled, “Why haven’t I been allowed to sue for custody of my godson?”

“Simple, Harry doesn’t want to see you.”

“Sni…Snape is obviously telling him terrible stories about me.”

Remus growled, “My mate has done nothing of the sort, he avoids telling Harry his memories of James because he doesn’t have an pleasant ones. He tells Harry about Lily as much as he can. I’m the one who tells Harry about James, I was his friend though as an adult I don’t think much of James or you for hurting my mate. I blame myself for not defending him.”

“Whatever.” Sirius grumbled.

“I should check on my wife, she went to see if Blaise was alright. I’m worried this incident may badly affect her pregnancy. If she looses the child I will be filling a petition for a blood feud against the Nott family.”

Theodore Nott’s eyes widened in shock, “You wouldn’t.”

“If my wife loses her child and Blaisé doesn’t recover, I am sure his mate would fill on his behalf. You and your father are the last of the Nott line. It wouldn’t be hard to complete a blood feud. If it is legally documented after the blood feud is accepted legally and neither my son’s mate or I cast an unforgivable then we cannot be prosecuted. I may file for a blood feud on principle, because of the attack on my ward who I view as a son. I doubt Blaisé’s mate would fight me.”

Remus interrupted, “He is a Weasley and a Gryffindor, I don’t know if he would,”

Lucius chuckled, “When he realizes that Nott was going to rape his mate, I’m sure Charlie will be quite angry. He may file for a blood feud but he may not have the courage to raise his wand against
Amelia pinched the bridge of her nose, “A legally recognized blood feud would override a life sentence in Azkaban.”

Severus smirked, “Though there isn’t enough evidence for a trial against Dumbledore, would there be enough for a Blood feud Minister Bones?”

Amelia was stricken, “I…don’t know. During my time as Head of Magical Law Enforcement a blood feud was never filed. You can ask Barty Crouch, he would know. As detestable as the man is he has memorized every law and rule regarding any position or department he was every affiliated with. I believe he was a Ravenclaw.”

Lucius frowned, “Barty doesn’t think much of me due to my unfortunate association with the Dark Lord. Perhaps, Andromeda can ask him. She has always kept her nose clean and has no association then by blood to practitioners of the Dark Arts. I’m sure she would like to have Dumbledore punished for his attack on the heir to the House of Black.”

Sirius muttered, “Seriously considering changing my will now.”

Amelia sighed, “If you decide to file for a blood feud have the paperwork sent to my office. I will decide it myself, this is a sealed matter and not open to public knowledge.”

Lucius bowed, “Thank you Minister.”

“I’m tired. Kingsley, do give me notice when all have been arranged.”

Severus busied himself tweaking in Black’s mind, altering the curse and giving Black the knowledge of what he had done. He coughed when he realized just who Sirius Black had been banging when Dobby borrowed him; Tamsin Applebee, a chaser on the Hufflepuff Quidditch Team. Seriously, disgusting. He removed the required memories and bottled them in vials he kept on his person because of his role as Potions Master. He handed them to Kingsley, “These should suffice.”

Sirius gulped, “I did give him the letter? Merlin’s Bollocks. Sorry about that. Still don’t believe it could be Dumbledore though.” he made his way out.

Lucius headed for the Floo, “Stupid Mutt.”

Severus glared at Crabbe and Goyle, “Detention for until Spring Holidays with Filch every Thursday and Friday at Dinner. Attacking a Housemate is unforgivable. No excuses, be glad it isn’t worse. To the Dungeon with you.”

Remus interjected, “Hermione disarmed them, used magic in the corridor. Should she be punished?”

McGonagall sighed, “Probably not. Just send her off to bed.”

Amelia chuckled, “Used magic to protect her friends? She has a habit of that. I wouldn’t be surprised if she makes a career of defending people or protecting them. She’d make an excellent Barrister.”

Remus nodded, “I’ll be sure to pass it on. I’ll see her up to Gryffindor Tower before heading down to my own rooms.”

Severus grabbed Crabbe and Goyle by their robes, “Off with you. I’ll escort this fools myself. I hate having to discipline my own house.”
Yay for more Dobby! Nott is getting punished. Should Blood feuds be filed? Against just the Notts or Dumbly as well? Should Charlie join Lucius and perhaps, Andromeda in filing for the Blood Feud? Or do you feel it is against his nature?
Chapter 12 - Flying Horse-drawn Carriages and Sunken Ships

The sign that read

TRIWIZARD TOURNAMENT

THE DELEGATIONS FROM BEAUXBATONS AND DURMSTRANG WILL BE ARRIVING
AT 6 O’CLOCK ON FRIDAY THE 30TH OF OCTOBER. LESSONS WILL END HALF AN HOUR EARLY –

STUDENTS WILL RETURN THEIR BAGS AND BOOKS TO THEIR DORMITORIES AND ASSEMBLE IN FRONT OF THE CASTLE TO GREET OUR GUESTS BEFORE THE WELCOMING FEAST.

had started to look faded and torn by now. It was now the day that the other schools would arrive.

Blaisé still hadn’t returned to classes and wasn’t expected too. Hermione took notes for him in their shared electives.

Harry was eminently glad that Nott was gone, he just wished that seeing his strong brave friend with such a pained, haunted look in his face hadn’t been needed. Draco’s father assured them that Nott wouldn’t bother any of them again.

Rumors were flying from student to student like highly contagious germs: who was going to try for Hogwarts champion, what the tournament would involve, how the students from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang differed from themselves. Harry noticed too that the castle seemed to be undergoing an extra-thorough cleaning. Several grimy portraits had been scrubbed, much to the displeasure of their subjects, who sat huddled in their frames muttering darkly and wincing as they felt their raw pink faces. The suits of armor were suddenly gleaming and moving without squeaking, and Argus Filch, the caretaker, was behaving so ferociously to any students who forgot to wipe their shoes that he terrified a pair of first-year girls into hysterics. Other members of the staff seemed oddly tense too.

When they went down to breakfast on the morning of the thirtieth of October, they found that the Great Hall had been decorated overnight. Enormous silk banners hung from the walls, each of them representing a Hogwarts House: red with a gold lion for Gryffindor, blue with a bronze eagle for Ravenclaw, yellow with a black badger for Hufflepuff, and green with a silver serpent for Slytherin. Behind the teachers’ table, the largest banner of all bore the Hogwarts coat of arms: lion, eagle, badger, and snake united around a large letter H.
There was a pleasant feeling of anticipation in the air that day. Nobody was very attentive in lessons, being much more interested in the arrival that evening of the people from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang; Draco, Harry and Hermione were sad that Potions was a half an hour shorter. When the bell rang early, Harry and Draco went to put their things in Harry’s room while Hermione hurried up to Gryffindor Tower, to deposit her bag and books. As they had been instructed, they pulled on their cloaks, and rushed into the entrance hall.

The Heads of Houses were ordering their students into lines.

“Weasley, straighten your hat,” Remus poked Fred. “You’re a prefect, try to look presentable please. George give him a hand. Miss Patil, take that ridiculous thing out of your hair.”

Parvati scowled and removed a large ornamental butterfly from the end of her braid.

“Follow me, please,” Remus said. “First years in front… no pushing…”

Severus winked at his lover before making his own house line up properly.

They filed down the steps and lined up in front of the castle. It was a cold, clear evening; dusk was falling and a pale, transparent-looking waning moon was already shining over the Forbidden Forest. Harry, standing next to Draco on his boyfriend’s other side were Goyle and Crabbe in the fourth row from the front. Blaise wasn’t back yet, he was still recovering from the attack two nights ago.

“Nearly six,” Harry whispered, checking his watch and then staring down the drive that led to the front gates. “How d’you reckon they’re coming? The train?”

“I doubt it Adder,” Draco said.

“How, then? Broomsticks?” Goyle suggested, looking up at the starry sky.

Crabbe and Goyle had spent the last forty some odd hours trying to get on Draco’s good side after their non-consensual attack on Blaise.

“I don’t think so, not from that far away…” Draco muttered glaring at Goyle.

“A Portkey?” Crabbe suggested. “Or they could Apparate - maybe you’re allowed to do it under seventeen wherever they come from?”

“You can’t Apparate inside the Hogwarts grounds. Why don’t you just keep quiet, unless you enjoy making it obvious you are as stupid as you look.” Draco said impatiently.

They scanned the darkening grounds excitedly, but nothing was moving; everything was still, silent, and quite as usual.

Harry was starting to feel cold, shivering he moved closer to Draco. He wished they’d hurry up, maybe the foreign students were preparing a dramatic entrance. He remembered what Lucius had said back at the campsite before the Quidditch World Cup, “always the same - we can’t resist showing off when we get together…”

And then McGonagall called out from the back row where she stood with the other teachers, “Unless I am very much mistaken, the delegation from Beauxbatons approaches!”

“Where?” said many students eagerly, all looking in different directions.

“There!” yelled a sixth year, pointing over the forest.
Something large, much larger than a broomstick - or, indeed, a hundred broomsticks - was hurtling across the deep blue sky toward the castle, growing larger all the time.

“It’s a dragon!” shrieked one of the first years, losing her head completely.

“Don’t be stupid… it’s a flying house!” said Dennis Creevey.

Dennis’s guess was closer…

As the gigantic black shape skimmed over the treetops of the Forbidden Forest and the lights shining from the castle windows hit it, they saw a gigantic, powder blue, horse-drawn carriage, the size of a large house, soaring toward them, pulled through the air by a dozen winged horses, all palominos, and each the size of an elephant.

The front three rows of students drew backward as the carriage hurtled ever lower, coming in to land at a tremendous speed - then, with an almighty crash that made Harry’s former dorm and house mate Neville Longbottom jump backward onto a Slytherin fifth year’s foot, the horses’ hooves, larger than dinner plates, hit the ground. A second later, the carriage landed too, bouncing upon its vast wheels, while the golden horses tossed their enormous heads and rolled large, fiery red eyes.

Harry just had time to see that the door of the carriage bore a coat of arms (two crossed, golden wands, each emitting three stars) before it opened. A boy in pale blue robes jumped down from the carriage, bent forward, fumbled for a moment with something on the carriage floor, and unfolded a set of golden steps. He sprang back respectfully. Then Harry saw a shining, high-heeled black shoe emerging from the inside of the carriage - a shoe the size of a child’s sled - followed, almost immediately, by the largest woman he had ever seen in his life. The size of the carriage, and of the horses, was immediately explained.

A few people gasped.

Harry had only ever seen one person as large as this woman in his life, and that was Hagrid; he doubted whether there was an inch difference in their heights. He didn’t trust or like Hagrid, was this woman any better? As she stepped into the light flooding from the entrance hall, she was revealed to have a handsome, olive-skinned face; large, black, liquid-looking eyes; and a rather beaky nose. Her hair was drawn back in a shining knob at the base of her neck. She was dressed from head to foot in black satin, and many magnificent opals gleamed at her throat and on her thick fingers.

Severus and Remus started to clap; the students, following their lead, broke into applause too, many of them standing on tiptoe, the better to look at this woman.

Her face relaxed into a gracious smile and she walked forward toward McGonagall, extending a glittering hand.

McGonagall was average for a woman and had to stand on her toes to shake the woman’s hand. “Madame Maxime,” she said. “Welcome to Hogwarts.”

“Ma Gonagaul,” said Madame Maxime in a deep voice. “I ’ope I find you well?”

“Indeed thank you,” McGonagall smiled

“My pupils,” said Madame Maxime, waving one of her enormous hands carelessly behind her.

Harry, whose attention had been focused completely upon Madame Maxime, now noticed that about a dozen boys and girls, all, by the look of them, in their late teens, had emerged from the carriage and were now standing behind Madame Maxime. They were shivering, which was unsurprising, given
that their robes seemed to be made of fine silk, and none of them were wearing cloaks. A few had wrapped scarves and shawls around their heads. From what Harry could see of them (they were standing in Madame Maxime’s enormous shadow), they were staring up at Hogwarts with apprehensive looks on their faces.

“‘As Karkaroff arrived yet?” Madame Maxime asked.

“He should be here any moment,” Severus stepped up, and bowed over her hand, not entirely sure he was keen on seeing another former Death Eater, “Would you like to wait here and greet him or would you prefer to step inside and warm up a trifle?”

“Warm up, I think,” said Madame Maxime. “But ze ‘orses -”

“Our Care of Magical Creatures teacher will be delighted to take care of them,” McGonagall assured her, “the moment he has returned from dealing with a slight situation that has arisen with some of his other - er - charges. I heard our Thestral Herd is anticipating a new arrival.”

“Eye suppose it will doo. My steeds require - er - forceful ‘andling,” said Madame Maxime, looking as though she doubted whether any Care of Magical Creatures teacher at Hogwarts could be up to the job. “Zey are very strong…”

“If they need forceful handling I assure you that Rubeus Hagrid will be well up to the job. He is our Gamekeeper and claims to have the only trained Thestral herd in Britain” said Severus said with a smirk.

“Very well,” said Madame Maxime, bowing slightly. “Will you please inform zis ‘Agrid zat ze ‘orses drink only single-malt whiskey?”

Remus chuckled, “I’m sure he’ll be honored to care for such magnificent Animals. They must have excellent taste in liqueur.”

“Come,” said Madame Maxime imperiously to her students, and the Hogwarts crowd parted to allow her and her students to pass up the stone steps.

“How big d’you reckon Durmstrang’s horses are going to be?” Harry heard Seamus Finnigan said, leaning over to address a slightly blushing Colin Creevey.

“I don’t know. Who says they’ll have horses? They might arrive in something just as cool.” Colin said out of the side of his mouth.

They stood, shivering slightly now, waiting for the Durmstrang party to arrive. Most people were gazing hopefully up at the sky.

For a few minutes, the silence was broken only by Madame Maxime’s huge horses snorting and stamping. But then - ‘Can you hear something?’ said Draco suddenly. Harry listened; a loud and oddly eerie noise was drifting toward them from out of the darkness: a muffled rumbling and sucking sound, as though an immense vacuum cleaner were moving along a riverbed.

“The lake!” Lee Jordan, the twins’ partner in mischief with a very apparent crush on Angelina Johnson yelled, pointing down at it. “Look at the lake!”

From their position at the top of the lawns overlooking the grounds, they had a clear view of the smooth black surface of the water - except that the surface was suddenly not smooth at all. Some disturbance was taking place deep in the center; great bubbles were forming on the surface, waves were now washing over the muddy banks - and then, out in the very middle of the lake, a whirlpool
appeared, as if a giant plug had just been pulled out of the lake’s floor… What seemed to be a long, black pole began to rise slowly out of the heart of the whirlpool…

Until Draco and then Harry saw the rigging…

“It’s a mast!” Harry said tugging excitedly on Draco’s sleeve.

Slowly, magnificently, the ship rose out of the water, gleaming in the moonlight. It had a strangely skeletal look about it, as though it were a resurrected wreck, and the dim, misty lights shimmering at its portholes looked like ghostly eyes. Finally, with a great sloshing noise, the ship emerged entirely, bobbing on the turbulent water, and began to glide toward the bank. A few moments later, they heard the splash of an anchor being thrown down in the shallows, and the thud of a plank being lowered onto the bank.

People were disembarking; they could see their silhouettes passing the lights in the ship’s portholes. Some of them, Harry noticed, seemed to be built along the lines of Crabbe and Goyle- large and compact like an ox but others were built like Bill and Charlie tall and muscular. As they drew nearer, walking up the lawns into the light streaming from the entrance hall, he saw that their bulk was really due to the fact that they were wearing cloaks of some kind of shaggy, matted fur. But the man who was leading them up to the castle was wearing furs of a different sort: sleek and silver, like his hair.

“Snape!” he called heartily as he walked up the slope. “How are you, my dear fellow, how are you?”

“Exceedingly well, thank you, Professor Karkaroff,” Snape replied reluctantly hearty.

Karkaroff had a fruity, smug voice; when he stepped into the light pouring from the front doors of the castle they saw that he was tall and thin like Harry’s papa, but his white hair was short, and his goatee (finishing in a small curl) did not entirely hide his rather weak chin. When he reached McGonagall and Severus, he shook their hands with both of his own.

“Dear old Hogwarts,” he said, looking up at the castle and smiling; his teeth were rather yellow.

Harry noticed that his smile did not extend to his eyes, which remained cold and shrewd. “How good it is to be here, how good… Viktor, come along, into the warmth… you don’t mind, Snape? Viktor has a slight head cold…” Karkaroff seemed to be ignoring the Headmistress which left her appearing disgruntled.

Karkaroff beckoned forward one of his students. As the boy passed, Harry caught a glimpse of a prominent curved nose and thick black eyebrows. He didn’t need the punch on the arm Draco gave him, or the hiss in his ear, to recognize that profile.

“Harry - it’s Krum!” Draco bounced a bit in his place.

Harry noticed Hermione blushed a bit and clutch the front of her robes.

“I don’t believe it!” Draco said, in a stunned voice, as the Hogwarts students filed back up the steps behind the party from Durmstrang. “Krum, Harry! Viktor Krum!”

“Draco, I thought he was only a Quidditch player, I didn’t realize he was a student” Harry said quietly.

Hermione was blushing and toying with her autographed Snitch.

As they reentered the entrance hall with the rest of the Hogwarts students heading for the Great Hall, Harry saw Lee Jordan jumping up and down on the soles of his feet to get a better look at the back of
Krum’s head.

Several sixth-year girls were frantically searching their pockets as they walked - “Oh I don’t believe it, I haven’t got a single quill on me -”

“D’you think he’d sign my hat in lipstick?”

“Really,” Hermione said loftily as they passed the girls, now squabbling over the lipstick, she hoped he hadn’t forgotten her. She shivered thinking about the tone in his voice when he spoke to her. ‘Ahren…’

Hermione walked over to the Gryffindor table and sat down.

Viktor Krum and his fellow Durmstrang students were still gathered around it, apparently unsure about where they should sit. The students from Beauxbatons had chosen seats at the Ravenclaw table. They were looking around the Great Hall with glum expressions on their faces. Three of them were still clutching scarves and shawls around their heads.

Draco walked up to Viktor and bowed, “As the Prince of Slytherin House it would be an honor if you joined us. We have more room.” with Theo in Azkaban, Blaisé at Eagle’s Nest and Crabbe and Goyle, his supposedly loyal shadows in detention they did have more room. He leaned into whisper to the gorgeous and uber talented Professional seeker, “I can ask your Ahren if she will join us.”

Viktor’s eyes shone and a nervous smile crossed his lips, “You are her friend yes? I saw you in zee Minister’s box yes?”

Draco nodded, “It would be an honor to share a table with you. We have two seekers in our house perhaps, you can talk Quidditch with as well. I know some excellent Players if you don’t mind slumming with school players. Our Inter-house games are cancelled so I’m sure the pitch is free.”

Viktor grinned, “We shall join you.”

Draco caught Harry’s eyes, ‘Get Hermione.’

Harry giggled, ‘Sure.’

Harry skipped off to find his friend who was like a sister, “’Mione, Draco thinks you should sit with us.” he poked her in the chest brushing the snitch that she wore beneath her robe, “I think he wants to see you.”

Hermione blushed, nearly choking on her pumpkin juice, “Are you sure it’s alright? I am a lion…”

Harry nodded, “I’m a reformed Lion. Come on. Draco said you can sit with us. If the Prince invites a Lioness to sit with the snakes then the snakes have to be silent.”

Hermione followed him to the table.

Viktor turned at the soft footsteps, he got up so fast he tripped over his large feet and ended up kneeling at her feet, “Ahren…”

Hermione blushed, holding out her hand to help him up.

The Great Hall was silent in shock.

Then came the irate hissing of jealous girls.
Viktor stood slowly bending to kiss her hand, he noticed the snitch shaped bulge above her heart, “Iz zhat zee znitch?”

Hermione pulled it out, “Yes, the one you gave me.” she smiled holding it in her hand, “I almost never take it off.”

Viktor helped her on the bench at the Slytherin table, “It iz nice to cee yoo again, Ahren. I had already been chosen by zee Headmaster to attend zee Tournament ven ve met. I hope ve can get to know each other. Draco has invited me to fly with zneem. Can yoo fly?”

Hermione shook her head, “I can’t fly, but Harry and Draco can. You’re the only person I’ve seen who can fly better then Harry. Harry flies like one born to fly. I like to watch though. Harry used to play for Gryffindor before being properly Sorted to his rightful house. Lynch was decent but you were amazing…” she knew Draco flew better then Lynch because Harry pushed him to fly faster, to try harder, to see Harry fly against Viktor would be one hell of a game.

They started to eat.

Draco was in his element, greeting and introducing members of Slytherin house to the Durmstrang students. He had been schooled in various languages as a child and after a bit he was able to hold court in Russian while Hermione and Viktor tried to communicate in English. He welcomed all of the Durmstrang students, invited them to eat every meal with them and offered to show them around or answer any questions they might have. Though Crabbe and Goyle had the benefit of a pure-blood education they were terrible at languages. It seemed that Pansy, Daphne and Tracey had some knowledge of Russian and were making faltering attempts at flirting. He rolled his eyes, that is until he noticed a few boys giving Harry looks of desire.

He forced a smile while wandlessly and silently switching their matching protection rings to their left ring fingers and held Harry’s hand to his lips, “I see you have excellent taste but Adder is mine and mine alone. I have long since claimed his body and heart.” he said in Russian, there were scowls and chuckles among a few of the Durmstrang boys, “I myself and also unavailable.”

Immediately, there were also scowls from Pansy, Daphne and Tracey; all three most likely had eyes on being Lady Malfoy and the vaults that came with it.

After the meal and the students were dismissed Viktor helped Hermione to her feet, “It vould be good manners to show yoo to yer room but I do not know vere zhat vould be.”

Draco chuckled, “Adder and I would be happy to show you the way, my friend. Tomorrow is supposed to be a Hogsmeade day, do you know if you are allowed to attend?”

Viktor chuckled, “I am of age zo I do not care. Perhaps Ahren vould show me around?”

Hermione blushed nodding, “It would be an honour?”

“Zhat vould make it a date?”

Draco laughed, “Of course. Hermione is the smartest witch in her year, high marks for a girl and though she is merely a fourth year her knowledge of magic is at least at the level of the first Ministry exams. She may join us in taking it early.”

Hermione turned pink, “I like to study…”

Draco pushed her shoulder, “Come on then, let’s show Viktor how to get to Gryffindor Tower. By the way Viktor if you would like to spend a night in the castle my godfather is the Deputy
Headmaster and we have two free beds in the Dungeon.”

Viktor nodded, “Vill think on zhat.”

Draco and Harry led Viktor who had Hermione’s arm looped in his, out of the Great Hall, and up the marble staircase. They followed Gryffindors through doorways hidden behind sliding panels and hanging tapestries. They climbed more staircases, then at very end of the eighth floor corridor hung a portrait of a very fat woman in a pink silk dress.

Draco chuckled, “This would be the entrance to Gryffindor tower home to your Ahren.”

Viktor bent to kiss her hand and then her cheek, “Sleep vell, Ahren. Sveet dreams.”

Hermione hugged him impulsively before following her year mates into the Tower after Fred announced a little too loudly the first password of the year was Snidget.

Viktor chuckled asking in Russian, “Ahren is a shy girl no?”

Draco nodded, as he gave his reply in the same tongue, “Never seen her so taken with someone. She deserves someone smart, brave and hard-working. She is like a sister to me, I want the best for her.”

They made their way back to the Entrance Hall.

Viktor kissed them on both cheeks and then smiled, “Iz nice to have friends. Vhen should I meet Ahren.”

Draco laughed, “How about ten? Right here? You know girls, she’ll need time to get ready. Breakfast is from 6:30 to 8:30, perhaps you can see her meet then.”

They bid each other good night then Harry and Draco headed for their room.

Soon after arriving at Uncle Severus’ apartments Draco firecalled the manor, more specifically, his mother’s music room. He stuck his head in the fire while Harry went to get ready to bathe.

“Mother?”

Narcissa’s musical tones were heard, “Draco?”

“In the Fireplace Mother.”

“What a surprise? How are you? Blaise seems to be doing better, he might be back in school in a week or two.”

Draco smiled, “We miss him a lot. I’m calling about Hermione. She has a date tomorrow. With a Professional Quidditch Player who seems quite taken with her. I was wondering if you felt well enough to help her get ready. I’m sure Remus would allow her to floo to the Manor during breakfast.”

Narcissa grinned, “Our Hermione? Caught the eye of a Professional Quidditch Player? Ooh which one?”

“Krum, Viktor Krum. Plays for Bulgarian National. He gave Hermione the game ending snitch after the World Cup.”

“Isn’t Krum one of the youngest players? A Pureblood, is he not?”
Draco nodded, “Durmstrang’s finest. He was picked as a contender for Durmstrang’s Champion for the Triwizard Cup.”

Narcissa clapped her hand, “I’ll be glad to help. I was raised to know how to entice a Pure-blood. When I’m done with her, Krum will be thinking of Bondings, Manors and babies.”

Draco chuckled, “As long as letting Hermione have a career is in their future as well, I don’t see how she would resist him.”

“Leave everything to me, Dragon. Mother knows best. Muggleborn she maybe but when I’m finished with her, she’ll be a princess.”

“Good night mother.” ah the joys of being the Prince, he wondered how many engagements and courting would arise from this attempt at international relations.
Hermione’s first date, Quidditch and the Triwizard Cup

Chapter 13- Hermione’s first date, Quidditch and the Triwizard Cup

Draco woke at six and immediately called for Dippy and sent her to wake Hermione. His kissed his lover, “Sleep Adder.” he entered their parlor and knocked on his godfather’s door.

A sleepy Remus opened it, “What do you need so bloody early?”

“I want to send Hermione to the Manor to get ready for her date with Viktor Krum. Any objection as her Head of House?”

Remus yawned, “No, is that all?”

“Yes, thank you.”

Remus muttered, “Too blood early for questions.” as he shut his and Severus’ door firmly.

Draco chuckled his dressing gown appearing on his shoulders, he tied it securely around himself as he heard a knock on their rooms’ door. He went to open the portrait.

Hermione yawned, “What is so important?”

“I figured you would want some advice on how to dress for a date with a rich pureblood wizard. I didn’t think you wanted us boys, bent wizards or no to rip through your wardrobe. Mother kindly offered to give you advice. Trust me.” he held up his hand, “Rules of Courting don’t change. She can tell you how to entice and flirt if you are as serious about Viktor as Blaise is about Charlie.’

Hermione blushed, “I’m not planning on jumping into bed with him. I think I’m too young for that.”

“According to Wizarding Law it’s perfectly legal to marry him at your age. You’re fifteen ‘Mione, plenty old enough. That is neither here nor there. Mother wants to see you and she’ll give you plenty of advice. After raising two sons, I think she’d like to have ago with a daughter.” he tossed floo powder into the fire, “Malfoy Manor, Music room.” he turned to his friend, “In you go. Remember you’re meeting Viktor at the Entrance Hall at ten. Don’t be late and keep him waiting. I would make sure his snitch in plain sight though. He should be aware that you treasure it as his first gift and as a memory of your first meeting.”

XooooooX
Hermione entered the floor to find herself swept up in Narcissa’s arms.

“Let me see you.” Narcissa gave Hermione a critical eye, “First we’ll need a flattering hairstyle, plus make-up that highlights your high cheekbones, lovely eyes and rose petal lips.” she clapped her hands, “Totty.’

A slight familiar house elf appeared, “Yes Mistress.”

“Go see if Andre is awake, if he can come at once I’ll pay triple his normal fee. Dear me, we’ll have to start planning a coming out party my dear. Muggle-born or no you are under the protection of the House of Malfoy and that comes with expectations. You must be launched into society, you wouldn’t want anyone to think you were lower class then Pansy, Daphne or Tracey would you? Dear me of course you wouldn’t, we want your Mr. Krum to think you are a well-bred lady.”

Hermione was overwhelmed.

Before Narcissa could speak another word, the floo lit once more and a dapper young French man exited.

“Narcissa my dear, lovely to see you. ‘ow might I ‘elp you?”

Narcissa giggled conspiratorially, “Can you keep a secret?”

“You wound me.” Andre had a hand over his heart. “An ‘airdresser is like an bartender. We are keepers of many secrets.”

Narcissa chuckled, “My young friend here, a companion of my Dragon has caught the eye of a talented Professional Quidditch player. They have a date today and we wish to make sure he notices no other.”

Andre lifted Hermione’s chin, looking at her face from different angles, “A beautiful and well proportioned face. Zis ‘air is atrocious. She needs layers, zee right ‘air potion, ah and an ‘int of darker color to ‘er ‘air.” he transfigured an armchair into chair from a hair salon. “Trust me mademoiselle, your prince will see no one but you.”

Hermione was ushered into a chair, a robe set over her clothes and as she heard the snip of scissors meeting hair she winced slightly.

The combing and cutting lasted a while, finally it stopped.

“Mmm…better.”

A basin appeared beneath Hermione’s head as the chair was tilted backwards, her hair was washed with a strawberry and vanilla shampoo.

“Zis potion removes za friz and adds shine; I call it Angel. Mon petite lapin I shall turn yoo into a cygne.”

Narcissa watched excitedly as Hermione’s hair was styled.

Andre looked the teen over, “Magnifique. ‘e vill be floored.” he tugged out a box of make-up, “Vat colours did yoo plan on dressing this doll in? I vas thinking, a butterscotch eyeshadow, mascara, blue eyeliner and a touch of ice blue so mademoiselle’s eyes vich are ‘er best feature are breath-taking.
Though the knockers she is starting to be blessed with might be her second best, if I remember my training when searching for a wife breasts fit for nursing was a requirement.”

Hermione blushed, “I’m too young to be a mother. I’m not like Blaisé who sexually matures early.”

“It would be perfectly legal to Bond at your age. Why I was Bonded to my beloved Lucius when I was 16.”

Hermione stammered, “My mother and father would never let me never marry at my age. I think my father would have a heart attack.”

“Muggles, they just don’t understand anything. Just because a witch is fertile into her fifties doesn’t mean they shouldn’t start early. The sooner you find out whether or not you can carry a child to term the sooner one can use magic to fix it if there is a problem.”

“Wait what? Fertile into their fifties?”


Hermione shook her head, “It’s dangerous to have children before sixteen and after thirty; the children are more likely to be born with health problems and both mother and child are more likely to die.”

“Muggles are a strange lot. Never understood them.” Narcissa tilted her head in thought, “Should she be dressed traditionally or fashionably?”

“A young Professional Quidditch player?” Andre asked giving Hermione another long searching look.

“Foreign Quidditch Player.”

“How young?”

Hermione toyed with her snitch pendant, “18...he is still a student…”

“Not for long though, he’ll need to start thinking about a family. If he is taken with you, we’ll have to make sure he never looks anywhere else.” Andre said patting her hand, “Got to get them while they’re interested before someone else snatches them up.”

“Perhaps something a little shocking and yet tasteful, a blue pencil skirt with patterned wool tights and a curve hugging floral blouse topped with a cloak and paired with kitten heels?”

Andre clapped his hand, “Lady Malfoy, how utterly charming. You do have something like that around?”

“Oh course. I hardly wear such things anymore out of the house anymore.’ she blushed, “Though Lucius seems to like it when I do.”

Andre nodded, “Perfect. Why don’t you see to Mademoiselle’s wardrobe? I should be heading back across the Channel. It was nice seeing you again Lady Malfoy.”

Narcissa chuckled after he disappeared into the floo, “He’s a good man for a bent wizard. He had excellent taste.”

Hermione coughed, “Is it truly that common to be bent?”
Narcissa chuckled, “Except for radical families like the Blacks or Muggleborns it isn’t’ a problem to be bent. As long as heirs are provided why would it matter what gender the person you Bond with is?”

“I suppose that makes sense, so you really don’t mind that Blaise, Draco and Severus are in relationships with men?”

Narcissa laughed, “As long as they are happy, why does it matter? Severus has been lonely long enough,” her voice turned sad, “of course my Aunt Walpurga and my sister Bella would have me blasted off the Family tree for thinking such things. Bella never liked Severus, then again Bella never liked anyone.”

“You must not have had a happy family life.”

Narcissa shook her head, “I tried to be a good daughter, Annie was the headstrong one, she could have been a Gryffindor- she had the courage for it. Bella was born rotten to the core and it got worse as she got older. There is no way to help her, letting a friend of the family Bond with a Werewolf would make her insane, so would letting her nephew Bond with the enemy of the Dark Lord, not to mention raising a halfbreed as our son and letting him marry the son of Bloodtraitors.”

“She wouldn’t like me either, she’d call me a Mudblood.’ Hermione said sadly.

“I told you, Bella was born troubled. I always like Annie best and Lucius brought us back together. He really always was a good man, he just got lost along the way.” Narcissa placed a hand on her stomach, “I hoped he would wake up and be the man I fell in love with. Now lets get you dressed, we only have so much time. It’s off to raid my wardrobe.” she clapped her hands, “Tippy.”

A house elf appeared, “Yes Mistress?”

“Ms. Granger would like a picnic lunch for two prepared. She’s leaving at 9:30 so it must be ready. Blanket as well.”

“Yes Mistress.” the elf disapparated.

Hermione blushed, “You don’t have to go to so much trouble.”

“Oh hush dear, consider yourself training me to mother a girl.”

Hermione nodded, “Alright.”

They went to Narcissa’s boudoir, where the older witch found the perfect ensemble that complimented the girl’s makeup.

Narcissa grinned, “Perfect. He’ll be smitten.” she toyed the snitch lengthening the chain so it nestled between Hermione’s breasts.

Hermione looked two years older and she didn’t recognize herself. “Lady Malfoy…goodness. Mum wouldn’t know me. How will Viktor?”

“If he is meant to be he’ll not only know you, he’ll know you and like you better. A pureblood wants a wise partner; someone who will stand by them publicly even if they don’t agree with them because they are their spouse. Viktor is a profession Quidditch player, what can you offer him? You have affiliations with us and Harry, that is good for a start. You are close to Severus who holds the Prince seat, Lucius has the Malfoy seat, Harry is heir to both the Black and the Potter seats. Percy has the potential to go far in politics, Bill will probably inherit the Prewett seat. You maybe a Muggleborn
but you have connections. The Minister for Magic Madam Bones is already saying she expects great things from you. Through Oliver you have a connection to a British Quidditch Team in case Viktor decides to move to Britain and fly for a team here. You don’t have more then yourself and your future career if you wish to have one.”

Hermione bit her lip, “I was considering becoming a solicitor.”

Narcissa chuckled, “So is Draco, perhaps you can study together.”

“I hope I can handle motherhood and a career.”

“Careful, you may find you find yourself like Blaisé, handling parenthood and school.”

XoooooX

“The moment has come,” McGonagall said, smiling around at the sea of upturned faces. “The Triwizard Tournament is about to start. I would like to say a few words of explanation before we bring in the casket —”

Draco said briskly to his annoying repentant shadows Crabbe and Goyle, “If you shut up, you’ll be able to see who’s just arrived.”

He was pointing up at the staff table, the five remaining empty seats had just been filled. Ludo Bagman was now sitting on Professor Karkaroff’s other side, while Bartimus Crouch- a highly rude individual in Draco’s opinion was seated next to Madame Maxime. Lucius and Percy were sitting off to the side with Severus and Remus, the head table had been extended to include the six extra guests.

“What are they doing here?” Harry asked softly in surprise.

“They organized the Triwizard Tournament, didn’t they?” Draco chuckled, “I suppose they wanted to be here to see it start.” Hermione was going to miss the start of the tournament but she would be better served meeting with his mother.

Once the golden plates had been wiped clean, McGonagall stood up again. A pleasant sort of tension seemed to fill the Hall now. Harry felt a slight thrill of excitement, wondering what was coming. Across the Great Hall, Fred and George were leaning forward, staring at McGonagall with great concentration.

“The moment has come,” McGonagall said, smiling around at the sea of upturned faces. “The Triwizard Tournament is about to start. I would like to say a few words of explanation before we bring in the casket,”

“The what?” Harry murmured.

Draco leaned over to whisper, “It’s a wooden box, some times carried on polls. A larger version might be used to carry a dead Muggle to be buried.”

Harry nodded, “Thank you.”

“- just to clarify the procedure that we will be following this year. But first, let me introduce, for those who do not know them, Mr. Bartimus Crouch, Head of the Department of International
Magical Cooperation” - there was a smattering of polite applause - “and Mr. Ludo Bagman, Head of the Department of Magical Games and Sports. Lord Lucius Malfoy, the current President of our Board of Governors who has helped tremendously as well as his assistant, most of you remember our Head Boy last year and former prefect.”

There was a much louder round of applause for Bagman than for Crouch, perhaps because of his fame as a Beater, or simply because he looked so much more likable. He acknowledged it with a jovial wave of his hand. Bartemius Crouch did not smile or wave when his name was announced. Remembering him in his neat suit at the Quidditch World Cup, Harry thought he looked strange in wizard’s robes. His toothbrush mustache and severe parting looked very odd compared to Draco’s father prim yet stylish. Lucius stood and bowed, smiling, there was a lot more clapping for Percy though which was understandable considering the students knew Percy better.

“Mr. Bagman, Mr. Crouch, Lord Malfoy and young Mr. Weasley have worked tirelessly over the last few months on the arrangements for the Triwizard Tournament,” McGonagall continued, “Mr. Bagman and Mr. Crouch will be joining myself, Professor Karkaroff, and Madame Maxime on the panel that will judge the champions’ efforts. Lord Malfoy has generously offered to be an alternate judge if any judge is called away.”

At the mention of the word 'champions,' the attentiveness of the listening students seemed to sharpen. Perhaps McGonagall had noticed their sudden stillness, for she smiled, “The casket, then, if you please, Mr. Filch.”

Filch, who had been lurking unnoticed in a far corner of the Hall, now approached the Headmistress carrying a great wooden chest encrusted with jewels. It looked extremely old. A murmur of excited interest rose from the watching students; Dennis Creevey was helped onto Seamus’ shoulders to see it properly, while his older brother Colin was standing on the bench, his hand resting lightly on the Irish boy’s arm.

“The instructions for the tasks the champions will face this year have already been examined by Mr. Crouch and Mr. Bagman,” McGonagall continued as Filch placed the chest carefully on the a small table before her, “and they have made the necessary arrangements for each challenge. There will be three tasks, spaced throughout the school year, and they will test the champions in many different ways... their magical prowess - their daring - their powers of deduction - and, of course, their ability to cope with danger.”

At this last word, the Hall was filled with a silence so absolute that nobody seemed to be breathing.

“As you know, three champions compete in the tournament,” McGonagall went on calmly, “one from each of the participating schools. They will be marked on how well they perform each of the Tournament tasks and the champion with the highest total after task three will win the Triwizard Cup. The champions will be chosen by an impartial selector: the Goblet of Fire.”

McGonagall now took out his wand and tapped three times upon the top of the casket. The lid creaked slowly open. McGonagall reached inside it and pulled out a large, roughly hewn wooden cup. It would have been entirely unremarkable had it not been full to the brim with dancing blue-white flames. McGonagall closed the casket and placed the goblet carefully on top of it, where it would be clearly visible to everyone in the Hall.

“Anybody wishing to submit themselves as champion must write their name and school clearly upon a slip of parchment and drop it into the goblet,” McGonagall said. “Aspiring champions have a little of eleven hours in which to put their names forward. Tonight, after the Halloween feast, the goblet will return the names of the three it has judged most worthy to represent their schools. The goblet will be placed in the entrance hall tonight, where it will be freely accessible to all those wishing to
“To ensure that no underage student yields to temptation,” Severus said as he joined the Headmistress, “I will be drawing an Age Line around the Goblet of Fire once it has been placed in the entrance hall. Nobody under the age of seventeen will be able to cross this line.

“Finally, I wish to impress upon any of you wishing to compete that this tournament is not to be entered into lightly. Once a champion has been selected by the Goblet of Fire, he or she is obliged to see the tournament through to the end. The placing of your name in the goblet constitutes a binding, magical contract. There can be no change of heart once you have become a champion. Please be very sure, therefore, that you are wholeheartedly prepared to play before you drop your name into the goblet. Now, I think is all I wish to say at this point.” Severus said trying to impress upon them the seriousness of entering.

“An Age Line!” Fred Weasley said, his eyes glinting, as they all made their way across the Hall to the doors into the entrance hall. “Well, that should be fooled by an Aging Potion, shouldn’t it? And once your name’s in that goblet, you’re laughing - it can’t tell whether you’re seventeen or not!”

Draco heard them and chuckled, if Uncle Sev drew the age line based on ability then Fred and George would pass and so would they. Of course his godfather would draw a line that magically read when you were born, if you weren’t at least seventeen now it wouldn’t allow you to cross. “But I don’t think anyone under seventeen will stand a chance, not if Uncle Sev draws that line. Most students, just haven’t learned enough.” they had, but he didn’t want to enter. It would be nice to have a peaceful year without danger hovering over his boyfriend’s head.

Fred ignored Draco, and turned to Harry, “Have you changed your mind about entering Harry?”

Harry thought briefly of papa’s insistence that nobody under seventeen should or could submit their name, he wondered how disappointed and upset pap would be if someone younger than seventeen did find a way to get over the Age Line. He shook his head, “Papa wouldn’t let me and neither would Draco. I don’t want to have anything other then a peaceful year and watch someone else deal with danger.”

Draco smiled, “I wouldn’t let him try or ask anyone to submit his name.”

Pouting slightly, the twins disappeared off to Merlin knows where. Either to work on their Aging potion or to go steal a few precious moments alone since many of the older students were heading to Hogsmeade.

Draco turned to Viktor, “Excited?”

Viktor nodded, “For entering the Tournament or my date with Ahren?”

Draco laughed, “Both.”

“I am excited for bozh, I am more in shock zhat she agreed.” Viktor said embarrassed.

“Viktor.”

Viktor snapped to attention, “Headmaster.”

Karkaroff strode towards him, “Have you put your name in the goblet yet?”

Viktor shook his head, “I vas just about to. Draco and I vere talking.”
Karkaroff looked Draco up and down, “Lord Malfoy’s boy? He mentioned having a son once or twice.” a slight sneer in his eyes.

Draco nodded, “Lucius Malfoy is my father, I am heir to both his title and our seat in the Wizengamot.”

Karkaroff froze, he turned his head back to Harry and stared at him as though he couldn’t believe his eyes. Behind their headmaster, the students from Durmstrang seemed to follow his gaze. Karkaroff’s eyes moved slowly up Harry’s face and fixed upon his scar.

The Durmstrang students were staring curiously at Harry too, out of the corner of his eye Draco silently chuckled, as he saw comprehension dawn on a few of their faces. They must not have noticed last night.

“Yeah, that’s Harry Potter,” said a growling voice from behind them.

Professor Karkaroff spun around.

Mad-Eye Moody was standing there, leaning heavily on his staff, his magical eye glaring unblinkingly at the Durmstrang headmaster.

The color drained from Karkaroff’s face as Harry and Draco watched. A terrible look of mingled fury and fear came over him. “You!” he said, staring at Moody as though unsure he was really seeing him.

“Me,” Moody grimly said. “And unless you’ve got anything to say to Potter, Karkaroff, you might want to move. You’re blocking the doorway.”

It was true; half the students in the Hall were now waiting behind them, looking over one another’s shoulders to see what was causing the holdup.

Without another word, Professor Karkaroff swept his students off to the side with him, waiting for a lull to get back into the Great Hall.

Moody watched him, his magical eye fixed upon his back, a look of intense dislike upon his mutilated face.

When the way was clear, Karkaroff attempted to usher his students off to place their name in the Goblet of Fire.

Viktor sighed, ‘Be right back.” he wasn’t going to irritate his headmaster with him in this strange mood.

Draco held Harry’s hand and followed Viktor in, they watched as each Durmstrang student placed his or her name in the cup.

Someone laughed behind Draco, turning, he saw Fred, George, and Lee Jordan their partner in mischief hurrying down the staircase, all three of them looking extremely excited.

“Done it,” Fred said in a triumphant whisper to Harry, and Draco. “Just taken it.”

“What?” Harry asked.

“The Aging Potion, dung brains,” said Fred.

“One drop each,” George said, rubbing his hands together with glee, he was only going along with
this because Fred wanted to and a thousand Galleons would help them set up Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes. “We only need to be a few months older.” he hoped it worked if only to get their shop so they could have a place to be together.

“We’re going to split the thousand Galleons between the three of us if one of us wins,” said Lee, grinning broadly.

“I’m not sure this is going to work, you know,” Draco sighed warningly. “I’m sure Uncle Sev thought of this.”

Fred, George, and Lee ignored him.

“Ready?” Fred said to the other two, quivering with excitement. “C’mon, then - I’ll go first -”

Harry watched, fascinated, as Fred pulled a slip of parchment out of his pocket bearing the words Fred Weasley - Hogwarts. Fred walked right up to the edge of the line and stood there, rocking on his toes like a diver preparing for a fifty-foot drop. Then, with the eyes of every person in the entrance hall upon him, he took a great breath and stepped over the line.

For a split second Harry thought it had worked.

George and Lee certainly thought so, for they both let out a yell of triumph and leapt after Fred. Within the next heartbeat, there was a loud sizzling sound, both twins and Lee Jordan were hurled out of the golden circle as though they had been thrown knocked back with a jinx. They landed painfully, ten feet away on the cold stone floor, to add insult to injury or perhaps, Uncle Sev’s idea of a joke or would that be Remus’ influence? There was a loud popping noise, and three of them sprouted identical long white beards.

The entrance hall rang with laughter. Even Fred and George joined in, once they had gotten to their feet and taken a good look at each other’s beards.

“I did warn you,” said an amused voice, everyone turned to see Professor Severus Snape coming into the Great Hall.

Remus was standing with his hand on Severus’ shoulder and surveyed Fred and George, his eyes twinkling. “I told you Severus that using that charm to see who tried to get around your age line would be comical.”

Severus chuckled at his son’s older friends, “I suggest you both go with Professor Lupin.”

“Yes, I already tended to Miss Fawcett, of Ravenclaw, and Mr. Summers, of Hufflepuff, both of whom decided to age themselves up a little too. Though I must say, neither of their beards is anything like as fine as yours. I remember when Lily Evans created that spell back when I was a student, even James Potter and Sirius Black didn’t have the beards you did.”

Harry blinked, his mother made the bearding spell? She must have been very talented to create spells.

Fred, Lee and George set off, accompanied by Remus, who was howling with laughter.

Viktor, Draco and Harry were also chortling, as they went to sit at the Slytherin table to talk while the rest of the Durmstrang boys left with their still uncomfortable Headmaster.

The decorations in the Great Hall had changed this morning, since it was Halloween, a cloud of live bats was fluttering around the enchanted ceiling, while hundreds of carved pumpkins leered from every corner.
Dean, Colin and Seamus made their way over to Harry.

“Can we sit here?” Seamus asked Draco, “We miss Harry in the Tower.”

Draco gestured his acquiesce.

“Did you see Warrington go up early and put his name in?” Dean asked Harry.

Harry shook his head, “Which one is Warrington?” he asked Draco.

“He is that big bloke in Slytherin who looks like a sloth.” Seamus said answering for him.

“I hope someone else enters. We have more promising possibilities in our house then that.”

Harry recognized Adrian Pucey, a chaser on Slytherin’s Quidditch team walking up. He tugged on Draco’s sleeve, “Is he old enough?”

Draco shrugged, “I expect so, he has a sense of honor that one. He always ignored Flint’s encouragement to cheat.”

Adrian walked into the golden circle, there was no reaction. It was the same as when Viktor put his name in.

Draco called out, “Good luck Adrian.”

Adrian grinned, “Thanks Malfoy.”

“We’d be proud to support you.” Harry piped up.

Adrian nodded, “Too bad we don’t get to play this year, we’d win the cup with you on the team. I was hoping for Quidditch captain.”

Severus walked up, “You’re only a Sixth Year. You still have next year. We didn’t assign Quidditch captains this year to Gryffindor or Slytherin because we didn’t want to disappoint you when we announced the season was canceled.” He pulled something out of his robes, “Though, you were my choice.” he held out the Quidditch captain badge, “Not that you need any of its perks already being a Prefect. Keep up the high marks, you are still being considered for Head Boy next year. Our choices for Quidditch captains, I’m sure you’ll all be discrete.” of course they wouldn’t, that was the point, “Mr. Pucey for Slytherin and Mr. George Weasley for Gryffindor. While Mr. Davies continued to serve Ravenclaw and Mr. Diggory stayed on for Hufflepuff.”

Harry bounced on the bench, “George would be so happy and Fred would be ever so proud.”

Severus chuckled ruffling his hair, “I know.”

Dean sighed, “If a Slytherin becomes Champion I do hope it’s Pucey. You’re a decent bloke.”

“All the Hufflepuffs are talking about is Diggory,” Seamus said contemptuously, some Gryffindors hadn’t forgiven him for catching the snitch and stealing a victory when Harry fell in that storm.

“But I wouldn’t have thought he’d have wanted to risk his good looks.” Draco said, waspishly.

Earning a glare from Severus

“Listen!” Dean said suddenly.
People were cheering out in the entrance hall. They all swiveled around in their seats and saw Angelina Johnson coming into the Hall, grinning in an embarrassed sort of way. She was a tall black girl who played Chaser on the Gryffindor Quidditch team. Angelina came over to them after putting her name in the Goblet of Fire, she stood next to the Slytherin table looked at Harry and smiled as she said, “Well, I’ve done it! Just put my name in!”

“You’re kidding!” Dean said, looking impressed.

“Are you seventeen, then?” asked Harry.

“Course she is, can’t see a beard, can you?” Draco teased tickling him.

Harry writhered, “Draco…” laughing but enjoying the attention.

Draco stopped after about two minutes, he looked up at Adrian, a thought occurring to him, “Viktor you don’t have plans for next Saturday do you?”

Viktor shook his head, “Not yet.”

Draco grinned, “Good, meet Adrian Pucey, a very talented Chaser, better in my opinion then any of the Irish Chasers at the World Cup. He is an honorable man.”

Adrian coloured slightly, “Malfoy! I’m not that good.” he held out his hand nervously, “Pleasure to make your acquaintance. I was lucky enough to attend the World Cup and see you fly.”

“Nice to meet you.”

Draco chuckled, “I think that we should play that Quidditch match I mentioned last night next Saturday. “I think Adrian would serve you well. What do you say, Adrian, would you like a chance to practice captaining a team? Viktor Krum versus Harry Potter? I think I’ll play but I would like to play as a Chaser since I’m giving up my place as Seeker to Viktor. George can captain the other team, Harry can fly as Seeker,” he glanced at Angelina, “You my dear are very talented, fancy joining us?”

Angelina blushed, “An invitation to share the same sky as a professional Quidditch player? I’d be honored.”

Draco grinned, “Since we don’t have time to audition for a replacement keeper for you, I’ll have to ask Oliver to come fly with us. I’m sure he’ll agree, besides, he’d faint if I told him Viktor would be playing with us. I think with the exception of George’s captaincy that Gryffindor can play with the same team as last year. I’ll give Adrian some recommendations for who to have on our team. I’m replacing Flint, Viktor is flying in my position.” he patted the bench, “Sit down and we can talk strategy, I mean players.”

Adrian sat, excitement and nervousness had his face glowing with excitement, “I want a fair game, with as little cheating and fouls as possible. I would like it to be skill versus skill.”

Angelina grinned, “A fair match between Slytherin and Gryffindor? I’d love to see that.”

Severus was enjoying watching Draco mingle and try to make new acquaintances.

Remus returned with Fred and George.

Draco called out, “Remus, come here. We need the Head of Gryffindor.”
Remus chuckled, “I go fix up three sneaky Lions and come back to see Slytherins and Gryffindors at the same table?”

Severus pulled Remus beside him, “I think you better give George the Quidditch captain badge. Draco is arranging an exhibition game, Gryffindor versus whatever team Draco and Adrian decide on. Viktor has apparently agreed to fly as their Seeker.”

Remus whistled, “Our pup versus the Raven? I give my full support.”

Draco turned to Adrian, “Well, Miles is a decent bloke I guess and an okay Keeper but he tends to cheat too much. Maybe we should give Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff a chance to fly.”

Adrian nodded, “I suppose. You think they would agree to fly under my leadership?”

Severus chuckled, “You are a prefect, you can give their Houses points for flying well.”

Adrian grinned, “That might work. Who would be decent?”

“Grant Page of Ravenclaw was decent, he was almost as hard for you to score against as Oliver.”

Adrian nodded, “He was a decent player, better then Miles.”

“We still need a third Chaser, I tried out for both Chaser and Seeker back in 1992.” Draco added.

“What about Davies from Ravenclaw?”

“Too much ego. Stretton?” Draco offered.

Adrian shrugged, “I don’t mind. What about Beaters? It’ll be difficult to come up with people equal to the Weasleys.”

Fred chuckled, “I know this is your team but what about Maxine O’Flaherty? She maybe a Hufflepuff but she has decent aim and she’s fast too.”

George nodded, “Rickett isn’t bad either, they make a decent pair of Beaters.”

Adrian chuckled, “Helping the opposition, honorable.”

George shrugged, “I already have a team, I know our strength and weaknesses. Though we need a Keeper and you already took the second best.”

Draco chuckled, “I thought I’d ask Oliver if he wanted to come play a game against Viktor Krum.”

George grinned, “That would be awesome, one last splash. Last year’s Quidditch Cup winners versus Viktor Krum and the top flyer out of the other three Houses.”

Fred punched Lee in the shoulder, “You’ll be our commentator right?”

Severus chuckled, “Can I be the special referee?”

Remus laughed, "I want to help."

Lee smirked, “Want to announce with me?”

Severus snickered, “I remember you used to commentate yourself, rather pro-Gryffindor weren’t you?”
Remus chuckled, “Well, I would have played. I was a bit of a klutz on the ground but I was a decent beater. I just tried not to show off my strength, I usually ended up doing Peter’s duties as Manager anyway, so the position ended up being honorary for him.”

Lee held out a hand, “It would be an honor to announce with you Professor.”

Draco counted out players and positions, “Viktor as Seeker, you, Stretton and myself as Chasers, Page as Keeper, O’Flaherty and Rickett as Beaters. Sounds like a decent team to me.”

Adrian grinned, “It would be an honor to fly with Viktor. We might have to have a run around the pitch to get a feel for it as a team. We don’t have Firebolts but we all have Nimbus 2001s, you’re welcome to use one of Slytherins.”

Krum laughed, “Well I may have snuck my Firebolt on to the ship, I shrunk it to fit in my trunk.”

Draco grinned, “Oliver has a Firebolt but he’s George’s Keeper.”

They continued to talk Quidditch and how to announce the exhibition game. Each team would have one Professional player, winner would be determined on which Seeker caught the snitch first. Draco assured Viktor that he would be playing with decent Chasers that their team would have a fair shot. Harry was excited to fly and understood that this was an opportunity he couldn’t pass up, he didn’t complain about having to play against his lover.

They didn’t pay any attention when the students from Beauxbatons returned to the Great Hall. The other students gathered around the Goblet of Fire stood back to let them pass, watching eagerly.

Madame Maxime entered the hall behind her students and organized them into a line. One by one, the Beauxbatons students stepped across the Age Line and dropped their slips of parchment into the blue-white flames. As each name entered the fire, it turned briefly red and emitted sparks. When all the Beauxbatons students had submitted their names, Madame Maxime led them back out of the hall and out onto the grounds again.

XoooooX

Draco wrapped the scarf around Harry’s neck more snuggly, his lover was often cold. Not like Uncle Sev who was always freezing because he couldn’t bear the weight of heavier clothes, teasing his temple with his lips before standing behind his lover and wrapping his arms around Harry’s waist.

They were waiting with Viktor for Hermione…

Fred came down from the tower with his arm around George’s shoulder, trying to appear less intimate than they really were.

Draco chuckled, “Fred come here.”

Fred’s eyebrows rose, and he joined them, he held out his hand to Viktor, “Fred Weasley.”

Viktor smiled nervously, “Viktor Krum. Nice to meet you.”

Fred nodded, “Excellent game at the Quidditch World Cup. We would have loved to play for
Ireland. This is George, he and I are Beaters for our House. We’re Gryffindors.”

Viktor shook both their hands, “You know Ahren then.”

“Ahren?” George asked confused.

Harry giggled, “It’s his name for Hermione, like Draco called me Adder.’

“Oh, Fred calls me Forge…”

Viktor’s eyes narrowed a bit in confusion and then his face softened, “I see.” he chuckled at the closeness between the boys. “Don’t worry. I don’t care. I was raised by my papa and otec. I am very close to both of them.”

Draco raised an eyebrow, “Pureblood?” he knew that otec was both Serbian and Croatian for father.

Viktor shook his head, “Papa is, otec is halfblood. He was raised Muggle. He is better now, papa said it took awhile for him to accept them.”

Draco chuckled, “Then I am sure your otec can talk to Hermione’s parents if Bonding is on your mind.”

Viktor blushed, shifting nervously, “Well, I would like to Bond if Ahren is not objecting. Otec’s English is no good, much worse than mine.”

Draco patted him on the back, “Can he speak Russian?”

Viktor nodded, “He was raised Muggle.”

“Then mother or I can translate for him. Father can speak and understand Russian but he is usually busy with the Wizengamot or the Hogwarts’ Board of Governors.”

“What would be helpful. Thank you.” Viktor bowed slightly,

“You be good to our ‘Mione. She is like a sister.” Fred said.

“All I wish for is her smiles. I care for her very much.” Viktor said shifting nervously.

Hermione showed up, looking both beautiful and nervous at the same time, “Am I late?”

Viktor blinked, shocked, “Ahren?” satisfied it was his girl he shook his head, “Early.” he took her hand and kissed it, “You’re beautiful.”

“Thank you.’ Hermione said shyly, “Lady Malfoy helped me.”

Harry grinned, “Mione is pretty. She looks older too.”

Draco nodded, mother did well.

“I know papa and otec will love you…” Viktor said shyly.

“Otec?” Hermione asked, she didn’t know that word.

‘Papa’s husband. Zhey promised to come watch the tournament if I was selected as Durmstrang’s champion. Zhey are proud I was selected as one of the candidates. Otec was ill and zhey didn’t come to the Quidditch World Cup or I would have introduced you zhen.”
Hermione was overwhelmed, they hadn’t even had a first date yet and he already wanted to introduce her to his parents? “Are you sure they’ll approve of me? I am so much younger…”

Viktor blinked, “You are how old?”

“Fifteen.” Hermione said softly, nervously.

“That is not that much younger. I turned eighteen last May. You are smart, beautiful and even the British Minister for Magic thinks highly of you. I worry that your parents might think me too old.”

Hermione gulped, “I don’t know. They probably will.”

Viktor kissed her hand, “Then I shall have to prove I care for you very much. I want you to be happy. I would like a chance to bond with you someday, and perhaps, children when you are ready of course.”

Hermione was overwhelmed, Narcissa had been right. He was very serious in his attentions. “I am a little young to think of bonding, I like you a lot and would not object being asked later.”

Viktor pumped the air with his fist, “Then I have your permission to courz you zhen?”

Hermione blushed, “Court me? I suppose you’d have to ask my father.”

Viktor nodded, kissing her hand, “Anyzing you ask Ahren. I vant to do zhis right. So where would you like to take me on our date?”

Hermione said quietly, aware of the jealous eyes, “Hogsmeade for a while and then maybe lunch at the lake.” she pulled the shrunken picnic basket out of her purse to show him.

Viktor kissed her hand once more before holding out his arm, “Sound wonderful. Shall ve go zhen?”

Hermione took it nervously, “Yes, we can go.”

XoooooX

Draco had tracked down the Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff students for Adrian and talked them into discussing an exhibition game. He’d sent Harry off with Fred and George, he hadn’t wanted to cause a problem by keeping his boyfriend around.

Adrian held out a hand, “Adrian Pucey, Chaser and Slytherin Captain.”

Maxine O’Flaherty took it first, “Maxine but you can call me Max.”

Adrian grinned, “Nice to meet you Max. You came recommended by Fred Weasley.”

Max blushed, “Really? He is the best Beater in School.”

Draco nodded, “George said that you and Rickett were almost as good as him and Fred.”

Anthony Rickett chuckled, “They really said that? Cedric still complains they are too good.”

Jeremy Stretten was sitting to Rickett’s left, “Why do you want to fly with us?”
Adrian shrugged, “One I don’t have time to hold trials for my own House. I can’t use Gryffindors since they playing with the same team that one the Quidditch Cup last year. They get to play with Oliver who flies as Puddlemere United’s Reserve Keeper. We,’ he paused for drama, “get Viktor Krum.”

Grant Page’s jaw dropped, “You’re joking.”

Draco shook his head, “Serious as Dragon Pox. He’s out on a date with a Gryffindor Fourth Year, otherwise he would be here to confirm. He’ll show up at our first practice, he’s taking my position as Seeker. I’ll be flying in Marcus’ place, we picked Stretten over Caden Warrington. Stretten is a better player and we thought it would be better to share the opportunity to play on a team with Krum. It’s only an exhibition game which Professors Snape and Lupin agreed to. Snape will be our special referee and Lupin will commentate with Lee Jordan. George is Captaining Gryffindor and Adrian will Captain Slytherin.”

Page grinned, “It would be an honor to fly with Krum.”

The Hufflepuff Beaters nodded, “You sure we’re good enough?”

Draco chuckled, “You came recommended by the best Beaters in Hogwarts.”

Sirius walked up, “Slytherins, Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws at one table? I’ve never seen anything like it. The Weasleys twins are the best Beaters since myself and Fabian Prewett. With the exception of Last year’s Gryffindor Quidditch Team, the best team I saw play was when I was student. Longbottom was our Keeper and Captain, James Potter, Rick King and Arthur Weasley were our Chasers with Gideon Prewett as our Seeker.”

Draco rolled his eyes, “We aren’t up to anything terrible, just a student planned exhibition game. We thought we’d make up a team of some of the better players in Hogwarts and see how we far against Gryffindor.”

Sirius nodded, “I see.”

“Snape is going to referee and Lupin is commentating.”

Sirius stiffened, “I see. Lupin used to commentate when we were in school. My brother Regulus was one of Slytherin’s better Seekers.” he reluctantly added, “But my cousin Draco is better.”

Draco chuckled, “Thank you.”

“Don’t mention it…ever…” Sirius muttered. “When is the game?”

“Saturday.” Adrian grinned, “It doesn’t give us much time but we’ve played against each other, so we know our strengths and weaknesses. We just need to learn to mesh those skills together.”

“Aren’t you missing a player? I see only six.”

Draco shook his head, “I’m playing Chaser with Adrian and Stretton.”

“Who is playing Seeker then?”

Adrian looked at Draco, questioning him with his eye.

Draco shrugged.

Adrian nodded, “Viktor Krum. He agreed, we were talking earlier but he had to leave so as Captain I
thought we would see if the rest of us could get along.”

Sirius’ eyes bulged, “Merlin, you’re pulling my leg. I know he’s here and he’s been sitting at the Slytherin table.”

Draco chuckled, “We had a common interest. I helped him get what he wanted. I was going for a friendly bout of Quidditch and got this brilliant inspiration for an exhibition match. He agreed, then Adrian and I sat down and thought up the best players out of Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff and Slytherin. Hence, our mixed team. We have the best Seeker in Europe, the two best Chasers in Hogwarts besides Gryffindor’s Golden Trio; Bell, Johnson and Spinnet, I’m playing Chaser because it’s the only other position I know, we have the second best pair of Beaters in Hogwarts. Can’t take the Weasley twins because George is captaining Gryffindor.”
The Goblet of Fire

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom : HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he’s a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them. I hope the reunion of Viktor and Hermione as well as Draco’s well-meaning attempts at match-making please you.

The majority of the students entered the candle-lit Great Hall around six, and it was almost full. The Goblet of Fire had been moved when they weren't paying attention; it was now standing in front of Hogwarts’ Headmistress’s empty chair at the teachers’ table. Fred and George who were still clean-shaven, seemed to have taken their disappointment fairly well with the prospect of playing with Oliver again and George was going to play his first match as Gryffindor’s Captain.

Draco was going to announce the match later that evening, and then he’d invite a reporter for the Daily Prophet and one from Quidditch World to the game Saturday. International relations indeed, if he knew any decent Beauxbatons’ players he would have included them but he would stick with Viktor. Besides; two Slytherins, two Hufflepuffs and two Ravenclaws plus a Durmstrang student was an epic team. How often did students get to fly with a rookie Professional and the best Seeker in the world?

“I hope it’s Angelina,” Harry said as he sat down. “She’s nice.”

“Adrian is a decent bloke, he’d represent us well.” Draco nodded. “I want to see Viktor chosen as Durmstrang’s Champion. Hermione would be proud.”

The Halloween feast seemed to take much longer than usual. Perhaps because it was their second feast in two days, Harry didn’t seem to fancy the extravagantly prepared food as much as he would have normally. Like everyone else in the Hall, judging by the constantly craning necks, the impatient expressions on every face, the fidgeting, and the standing up to see whether McGonagall had finished eating yet, Harry simply wanted the plates to clear, and to hear who had been selected as champions.

At long last, the golden plates returned to their original spotless state; there was a sharp upswing in the level of noise within the Hall, which died away almost instantly as McGonagall got to her feet. On either side of her, Professor Karkaroff and Madame Maxime looked as tense and expectant as anyone. Ludo Bagman was beaming and winking at various students. Mr. Crouch, however, looked quite uninterested, almost bored. Lucius and Percy had returned as well and both looked excited.

Draco made a note to speak with them after the Selection of the Champions.

“Well, the goblet is almost ready to make its decision,” McGonagall said. “I estimate that it requires one more minute. Now, when the champions’ names are called, I would ask them please to come up to the top of the Hall, walk along the staff table, and go through into the next chamber,” she indicated
the door behind the staff table, “where they will be receiving their first instructions.” She took out his wand and gave a great sweeping wave with it; at once, all the candles except those inside the carved pumpkins were extinguished, plunging them into a state of semi-darkness.

The Goblet of Fire now shone more brightly than anything in the whole Hall, the sparkling bright, bluey-whiteness of the flames almost painful on the eyes.

Everyone watched, waiting…

A few people kept checking their watches…

“Any second,” Adrian whispered, two seats away from Harry, he was sitting on the other side of Draco.

The flames inside the goblet turned suddenly red again. Sparks began to fly from it. Next moment, a tongue of flame shot into the air, a charred piece of parchment fluttered out of it and the whole room gasped.

McGonagall caught the piece of parchment, adjusted her spectacles and held it at arm’s length, so that she could read it by the light of the flames, which had turned back to blue-white.

“The champion for Durmstrang,” she read, in a strong, clear voice, “will be Viktor Krum.”

The Slytherin table roared, Durmstrang and Hogwarts students alike.

O’Flaherty, Page, Stretten and Rickett clapped.

Hermione bounced up and down, her boyfriend was a Triwizard Champion, she was so excited that she forgot momentarily about the possible dangers.

Viktor Krum rose from the Slytherin table, walked over to Hermione and kissed her cheek, “You have brought me good luck Ahren.” and slouched up toward McGonagall; he turned right, walked along the staff table, and disappeared through the door into the next chamber.

“Bravo, Viktor!” Karkaroff boomed, so loudly that everyone could hear him, even over all the applause. “Knew you had it in you!”

The clapping and chatting died down. Now everyone’s attention was focused again on the goblet, which, seconds later, turned red once more. A second piece of parchment shot out of it, propelled by the flames.

“The champion for Beauxbatons,” McGonagall said, “is Fleur Delacour!”

Remus’ nose twitched, he leaned over to whisper to Severus, “Veela.” she was more human than Blaise but still Veela.

The girl who stood resembled a Veela from the World Cup as she got gracefully to her feet, shook back her sheet of silvery blonde hair, and swept up between the Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff tables. She walked with Blaise’s grace with hair that reminded Harry of Draco and Lucius.

“Oh look, they’re all disappointed,” Harry said over the noise, nodding toward the remainder of the Beauxbatons party.

‘Disappointed’ was a bit of an understatement, Draco thought. Two of the girls who had not been selected had dissolved into tears and were sobbing with their heads on their arms.
When Fleur Delacour too had vanished into the side chamber, silence fell again, but this time it was a silence so stiff with excitement you could almost taste it.

The Hogwarts champion next…

And the Goblet of Fire turned red once more; sparks showered out of it; the tongue of flame shot high into the air, and from its tip McGonagall pulled the third piece of parchment.

“The Hogwarts champion,” she called out, “is Cedric Diggory!”

“No!” Fred pouted loudly, but nobody heard him except George; the uproar from the next table was too great. Every single Hufflepuff had jumped to his or her feet, screaming and stamping, as Cedric made his way past them, grinning broadly, and headed off toward the chamber behind the teachers’ table. Indeed, the applause for Cedric went on so long that it was some time before McGonagall could make herself heard again.

Actually, Severus stood and held up his hands, fixing the hall with a slight glare and they were silent. He nodded to Minerva and sat down again.

“Thank you, Severus.” McGonagall called out happily as at last the tumult died down. “Well, we now have our three champions. I am sure I can count upon all of you, including the remaining students from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang, to give your champions every ounce of support you can muster. By cheering your champion on, you will contribute in a very real,”

But McGonagall suddenly stopped speaking, and it was apparent to everybody what had distracted her.

The fire in the goblet had just turned red again. Sparks were flying out of it. A long flame shot suddenly into the air, and borne upon it was another piece of parchment.

Automatically, it seemed, McGonagall reached out a slender hand and seized the parchment. She held it out and stared at the name written upon it. There was a long pause, during which she stared at the slip in her hands and glanced at Severus while everyone in the room stared at McGonagall in turn. Then she cleared her throat and read out in a shaking voice, “Harry Potter.”

Severus stormed to his feet, “Absolutely not. I forbid it. It’s too dangerous.”

Draco shouted, a very unMalfoy thing to do by the way, “Adder never went anywhere near the cup. He was with me or Fred all day and Fred couldn’t even successfully submit his name.”

Harry sat there, aware that every head in the Great Hall had turned to look at him and he tried to hide in Draco’s shadow. He was stunned, he felt numb, he didn’t enter. Draco was right, he never went near the cup, he had to be dreaming. He could not have heard correctly.

There was no applause, a buzzing, as though of angry bees, was starting to fill the Hall; some students were standing up to get a better look at Harry as he tried to hide in the Slytherin table. Up at the top table, Severus, Lucius and Remus had got to their feet and swept past Ludo Bagman and Professor Karkaroff to whisper urgently to Professor McGonagall, who bent her ear toward them, frowning slightly.

“I didn’t put my name in,” Harry whispered staring blankly at Adrian and Draco. “You know I didn’t.”

Adrian was in shock, two Hogwarts students? Harry was both too young and like Draco said never want anywhere near the cup.
Draco was angry, someone submitted his Adder’s name.

“I didn’t put my name in,” Harry said blankly. “You know I didn’t.”

At the Head Table, Professor McGonagall had straightened up, nodding to Severus, Remus and Lucius. “Harry Potter!” she called again. “Harry come up here, if you please!”

“Go on,” Draco whispered, giving Harry a slight push.

Harry tugged on Draco’s sleeve, “Only if you come with me.”

Draco sighed, “I can only go to the Head Table with you, I can’t go into the other Chamber.”

Harry got to his feet, trod on the hem of his robes, and stumbled slightly.

Only to be caught by Draco, who steadied him as he led his nervous boyfriend up to the Head Table.

They set off up the gap between the Slytherin and Hufflepuff tables. It felt like an immensely long walk; the top table didn’t seem to be getting any nearer at all, and Harry could feel hundreds and hundreds of eyes upon him, as though each were a searchlight. He felt almost as scared as when Uncle Vernon was about the hit him and he was waiting for the first blow. The buzzing grew louder and louder., after what seemed like a long time, he was right in front of McGonagall, Papa, Remus and Lucius, feeling the stares of all the teachers as well as the visiting Heads and the students upon him.

“Well…through the door, Harry,” McGonagall said, she wasn’t smiling.

Harry looked at papa, begging him to tell him to stay.

Severus nodded slowly, and Draco gave Harry a gentle push.

Harry slowly walked around the Head Table.

Hagrid was seated right at the end, next to Sirius. They did not wink at Harry, or wave, or give any of their unwelcome but usual signs of greeting. Both men looked completely astonished and stared at Harry as he passed like everyone else.

Harry went through the side door out of the Great Hall and found himself in a smaller room, lined with paintings of witches and wizards. A handsome fire was roaring in the fireplace opposite him. The faces in the portraits turned to look at him as he entered. He saw a wizened witch flit out of the frame of her picture and into the one next to it, which contained a wizard with a walrus mustache. The wizened witch started whispering in his ear.

Viktor, Cedric, and Fleur Delacour were grouped around the fire. They looked strangely impressive, silhouetted against the flames.

Viktor was hunched up and brooding, was leaning against the mantelpiece, slightly apart from the other two. He could be quite shy, he blinked up at Harry, stunned to see him.

Cedric was standing with his hands behind his back, staring into the fire.

Fleur Delacour looked around when Harry walked in and threw back her sheet of long, silvery hair. “What is it?” she said. “Do zey want us back in ze Hall?” She thought he had come to deliver a message.

Harry didn’t know how to explain what had just happened, he wasn’t even sure himself. He just
stood there, looking at the three champions. It struck him how very tall all of them were.

There was a sound of scurrying feet behind him, and Ludo Bagman entered the room. He took Harry by the arm and led him forward.

“Extraordinary!” he muttered, squeezing Harry’s arm. “Absolutely extraordinary! Gentlemen and lady,” he added, approaching the fireside and addressing the other three. “May I introduce, incredible though it may seem the fourth Triwizard champion?”

Viktor straightened up, confused, “How did you enter? Your lover is too protective, he wouldn’t have allowed it.”

Cedric looked nonplussed, he looked from Bagman to Harry and back again as though sure he must have misheard what Bagman had said.

Fleur Delacour, however, tossed her hair, smiling, and said, “Oh, vairy funny joke, Meester Bagman.”

“Joke?” Bagman repeated, bewildered. “No, no, not at all! Harry’s name just came out of the Goblet of Fire!”

Viktor’s thick eyebrows contracted slightly, that should be impossible. He had read about the Triwizard Cup before they came and there was always three Champions- hence why it was the TRI-wizards Tournament.

Cedric was still looking politely bewildered.


Harry scowled, “I’m fourteen, I’m just small for my age.” it wasn’t his fault he was starved and forced to living in a cupboard and was beaten for almost ten years.

“Well… it is amazing,” Bagman said, rubbing his smooth chin and smiling down at Harry. “But, as you know, the age restriction was only imposed this year as an extra safety measure. Since his name came out of the goblet, I mean, I don’t think there can be any ducking out at this stage. It’s down in the rules, you’re obliged. Harry will just have to do the best he can.”

The door behind them opened again, and a large group of people came in: Professor McGonagall, followed closely by Mr. Crouch, Professor Karkaroff, Madame Maxime, Papa, Remus, Percy and Lucius.

Harry heard the buzzing of the hundreds of students on the other side of the wall, before Percy closed the door.

“Madame Maxime!” said Fleur at once, striding over to her headmistress. “Zey are saying zat zis little boy is to compete also!”

Harry growled, “Papa, tell them you forbid it. I don’t want to compete. Papa please.” he was both angry and terrified.

Madame Maxime had drawn herself up to her full and considerable, height. The top of her handsome head brushed the candle-filled chandelier, and her gigantic black-satin bosom swelled. “What is ze meaning of zis, Ma Gonagaul?” she said imperiously, now that they were away from the crowd.
“I’d rather like to know that myself,” Professor Karkaroff said, he was wearing a steeley smile, and his blue eyes were like chips of ice. “Two Hogwarts champions? I don’t remember anyone telling me the host school is allowed two champions – or have I not read the rules carefully enough?” He gave a short and nasty laugh.

“C’est impossible,” said Madame Maxime, whose enormous hand with its many superb opals was resting lightly upon Fleur’s shoulder. “Ogwarts cannot ‘ave two champions. It is most injust.”

“We were under the impression that your Age Line would keep out younger contestants, Professor Snape,” said Karkaroff, his steeley smile still in place, though his eyes were colder than ever. “Otherwise, we would, of course, have brought along a wider selection of candidates from our own schools.”

Severus spoke slowly, “It’s not my son’s fault, despite his adequate magical skill I specifically cast an Age Line that verified the contestant’s age not their ability. Had I cast it to ability then Draco Malfoy, Hermione Granger, Blaise Zabini and Harry would have been capable of crossing the Age Line so would have Fred and George Weasley who did try and fail because their birthday is not until April. I utilized the list of eligible students. When a Magical child is born in Britain, their name is immediately magically recorded as a future student of Hogwarts. I programmed that line with the name and magical signature of every Seventh and Sixth Year Hogwarts student who was Seventeen as of today. My Age Line was unchallengeable.”

“Young man, he’s not my son,” McGonagall said firmly, and Severus went quiet, though his eyes still glinted malevolently at Karkaroff through his curtain of seemingly greasy black hair.

“Professor McGonagall was now looking down at Harry, who looked right back at him, trying to discern the expression of the eyes behind their spectacles.

“Did you put your name into the Goblet of Fire, Harry?” she asked calmly.

“No,” Harry said, “Papa said it would be impossible, I wouldn’t have tried. Draco didn’t want to try and I just wanted one year where I wasn’t in danger from someone. My First Year Quirrell had it in for me, Second Year the Chamber was opened and Third Year, that was a misunderstanding.” He was very aware of everybody watching him closely.

Karkaroff made a soft noise of impatient disbelief in the shadows.

“Did you ask an older student to put it into the Goblet of Fire for you?” McGonagall asked, ignoring the Durmstrang Headmaster.

“When would I have time to ask? I was with Draco or Fred and George, we were discussing Quidditch, Ask Papa and Remus, they were there part of the time. I spent most of the day in the Great Hall at the Slytherin Table or up in Gryffindor Tower. The only two people I know old enough would never have put my name it I barely spoke to them until after they entered. I didn’t even realize they were old enough until after they entered. Papa, I don’t want to be a Champion, for once I just want to be a normal Hogwarts student. I didn’t ask to be the Boy Who Lived, I’m not a hero. Being the Boy Who Lived is ruining my life.” Harry shouted.

Remus moved to pull his lover’s son into his arms, “Hush Pup.”

Percy interrupted, “Harry, I know you don’t want to hear this but when a name is placed in the cup it’s a binding magical contract. Do you understand what that means?”

Harry scowled bitterly, “It meansthat someone is trying to kill me again in a far more creative way
then jinxing my broomstick or cursing a Bludger to try to kill me.”

Viktor blinked at that Bludger comment, a Seeker had a Bludger cursed to kill him?

“Ah, but of course ‘e is lying!” Madame Maxime cried.

Karkaroff was now shaking his head, his lip curling.

“He could not have crossed the Age Line,” said Professor McGonagall sharply. “I am sure we are all agreed on thatm”

“Snape must ‘ave made a mistake wiz ze line,” said Madame Maxime, shrugging.

“It is possible, of course,” McGonagall politely.

“Headmistress, you know perfectly well Severus did not make a mistake!” Remus snapped angrily.

“Really, what nonsense! Harry could not have crossed the line himself, I watched Prefect Weasley and Captain Weasley try and fail. Severus and I believe that he did not persuade an older student to do it for him, I’m sure that should be good enough for everybody else!” he shot a very angry look at Headmaster Karkaroff.

“Mr. Crouch… Mr. Bagman,” said Karkaroff, his voice unctuous once more, “you are our - er - objective judges. Surely you will agree that this is most irregular?”

Bagman wiped his round, boyish face with his handkerchief and looked at Mr. Crouch, who was standing outside the circle of the firelight, his face half hidden in shadow. He looked slightly eerie, the half darkness making him look much older, giving him an almost skull-like appearance. When he spoke, however, it was in his usual curt voice.

“Like Perkins said we must follow the rules, and the rules state clearly that those people whose names come out of the Goblet of Fire are bound to compete in the tournament.”

Harry whimpered and pouted in Remus’ arms.

“Well, Barty knows the rule book back to front,” Bagman said, beaming and turning back to Karkaroff and Madame Maxime, as though the matter was now closed.

“I insist upon resubmitting the names of the rest of my students,” said Karkaroff. He had dropped his unctuous tone and his smile now. His face wore a very ugly look indeed. “You will set up the Goblet of Fire once more, and we will continue adding names until each school has two champions. It’s only fair, Snape.”

“But Karkaroff, it doesn’t work like that,” said Bagman. “The Goblet of Fire’s just gone out - it won’t reignite until the start of the next tournament -”

“- in which Durmstrang will most certainly not be competing!” exploded Karkaroff. “After all our meetings and negotiations and compromises, I little expected something of this nature to occur! I have half a mind to leave now!”

“Empty threat, Karkaroff,” a voice growled from near the door. “You can’t leave with your champion now. He’s got to compete. They’ve all got to compete. Binding magical contract, like Crouch said. Convenient, eh?” Moody had just entered the room. He limped toward the fire, and with every right step he took, there was a loud clunk.

“Convenient?” said Karkaroff. “I’m afraid I don’t understand you, Moody.” Harry could tell he was
trying to sound disdainful, as though what Moody was saying was barely worth his notice, but his hands gave him away; they had balled themselves into fists.

“Don’t you?” Moody quietly. “It’s very simple, Karkaroff. Someone put Potter’s name in that goblet knowing he’d have to compete if it came out.”

“Evidently, someone ‘oo wished to give ‘Ogwarts two bites at ze apple!” said Madame Maxime.

“I quite agree, Madame Maxime,” said Karkaroff, bowing to her. “I shall be lodging complaints with the Ministry of Magic and the International Confederation of Wizards -”

“If anyone’s got reason to complain, it’s Potter,” growled Moody, “but… funny thing… I don’t hear him saying a word…”

Harry growled, “I’ve been saying I don’t want to compete.”

“Oh come now, honor, glory, fame, money.”

Harry snorted, “Money? I’ve got more money then I know what to do with, ask papa. Fame? Being the Bloody Boy Who Lived is a big enough unwelcome pain in the arse. I hate that attention, why don I need glory? Honor? If I want attention, I’ll play Quidditch, which thanks to the Ministry I can’t really do this year because they decided to have this stupid tournament! Tell me who I have to hit or curse to get out of this and I’ll do it.” he hissed in Parseltongue knowing would making them all uncomfortable, “I’m a Slytherin damn it and I have a certain disregard for the rules, I say I don’t wish to compete. I didn’t enter I’m not competing. I’ll flunk the First Task because I won’t do a bloody thing.” he was acting like Dudley and he didn’t care, temper tantrums always got Dudley his way. Maybe it would work.

Percy sighed, walking up to put his hand on Harry’s shoulder, “Sorry mate, I swear as a former Head Boy, you’re stuck being a champion.”

Harry stuck his tongue out, “Fine!” crossing his arms, “I’ll keep flunking tasks until you disqualify me. It would be smart to do that sooner rather then later. I’ll be your worst nightmare. If I find out who entered me in this farce, I swear Quirrell had it easy because I didn’t fight back. Draco trained me and I’m a damn good duelist, I helped fight a basilisk and faced the Dark Lord twice. Don’t mess with me, I’m a Slytherin.” he stormed out of the Chamber, calling back, “Viktor, I’ll see you on the pitch. That’s my idea of completion, not that I’m anywhere near your level.”

The room was stunned.

Neither Severus or Remus expected Harry to throw a tantrum. Normally, he would have been too terrified to say much.

“Why should ‘e complain?” Fleur Delacour burst out, stamping her foot. “E ‘as ze chance to compete, ‘asn’t ‘e? We ‘ave all been ‘oping to be chosen for weeks and weeks! Ze honor for our schools! A thousand Galleons in prize money, zis is a chance many would die for!”

“Maybe someone’s hoping Potter is going to die for it,” Moody said, with the merest trace of a growl.

An extremely tense silence followed these words.

Ludo Bagman, who was looking very anxious indeed, bounced nervously up and down on his feet and said, “Moody, old man… what a thing to say!”
“We all know Ward Expert Moody considers the morning wasted if he hasn’t discovered six assassination plots before lunchtime,” Karkaroff loudly. “Apparently he is now teaching students to fear assassination too. An odd quality in a Wards Expert, Snape but no doubt you had your reasons.”

“Imagining things, am I?” Moody growled. “Seeing things, eh? It was a skilled witch or wizard who put the boy’s name in that goblet…”

“Ah, what evidence is zere of zat?” Madame Maxime said, throwing up her huge hands.

“Because they hoodwinked a very powerful magical object!” Moody snapped. “It would have needed an exceptionally strong Confundus Charm to bamboozle that goblet into forgetting that only three schools compete in the tournament, I’m guessing they submitted Potter’s name under a fourth school, to make sure he was the only one in his category.”

“You seem to have given this a great deal of thought, Moody,” Karkaroff said coldly, “and a very ingenious theory it is though of course, I heard you recently got it into your head that one of your birthday presents contained a cunningly disguised basilisk egg, and smashed it to pieces before realizing it was a carriage clock. So you’ll understand if we don’t take you entirely seriously…”

“There are those who’ll turn innocent occasions to their advantage,” Moody retorted in a menacing voice. “It’s my job to think the way Dark wizards do, Karkaroff as you ought to remember…”

“Alastor!” McGonagall said warningly.

Severus wondered for a moment whom he was speaking to, but then realized “Mad-Eye” could hardly be Moody’s real first name, he hadn’t remembered. Everyone called him ‘Mad-Eye’ after all.

Moody fell silent, though still surveying Karkaroff with satisfaction.

Karkaroff’s face was burning.

“How this situation arose, we do not know,” McGonagall said, speaking to everyone gathered in the room, trying to call the situation after the Fourth Champion’s premature departure. “It seems to me, however, that we have no choice but to accept it. Both Cedric and Harry have been chosen to compete in the Tournament. This, therefore, they will do…”

“Ah, but ,”

“Madame Maxime, if you have an alternative, I would be delighted to hear it.” McGonagall waited, but Madame Maxime did not speak, she merely glared.

She wasn’t the only one either. Karkaroff looked like a vein was about to burst; Snape, Remus, Lucius and Percy looked worried.

Bagman, however, looked rather excited. “Well, shall we crack on, then?” he said, rubbing his hands together and smiling around the room. “Got to give our champions their instructions, haven’t we? Barty, want to do the honors?”

Mr. Crouch seemed to come out of a deep reverie. “Yes,” he said, “instructions. Yes… the first task…” He moved forward into the firelight.

Close up, Severus thought he looked ill. There were dark shadows beneath his eyes and a thin, papery look about his wrinkled skin that had not been there at the Quidditch World Cup.

“The first task is designed to test your daring,” he told Cedric, Fleur, and Viktor- but not Harry who
had stormed off in an apparent rage, “so we are not going to be telling you what it is. Courage in the face of the unknown is an important quality in a wizard, very important. The first task will take place on November the twenty-fourth, in front of the other students and the panel of judges. The champions are not permitted to ask for or accept help of any kind from their teachers.”

Remus and Severus looked at one another and frowned,

Crouch continued, “to complete the tasks in the tournament. The champions will face the first challenge armed only with their wands. They will receive information about the second task when the first is over. Owing to the demanding and time-consuming nature of the tournament, the champions are exempted from end-of-year tests.” Mr. Crouch turned to look at McGonagall. “I think that’s all, is it, Minerva?”

“I think so,” McGonagall asked, she was looking at Mr. Crouch with mild, almost motherly concern. “Are you sure you wouldn’t like to stay at Hogwarts tonight, Barty?”

“No Headmistress, I must get back to the Ministry,” Mr. Crouch said. “It is a very busy, very difficult time at the moment…”

“You’ll come and have a drink before you go, at least?” McGonagall said.

“Come on, Barty, I’m staying!” Bagman brightly. “It’s all happening at Hogwarts now, you know, much more exciting here than at the office!”

“I think not, Ludo,” said Crouch with a touch of his old impatience.

“Professor Karkaroff, Madame Maxime, a nightcap?” McGonagall asked, trying to smooth ruffled feathers..

But Madame Maxime had already put her arm around Fleur’s shoulders and was leading her swiftly out of the room.

Lucius could hear them both talking very fast in French as they went off into the Great Hall.

Karkaroff beckoned to Viktor.

Viktor paused, “Tell Draco I will meet him on the pitch at one.”

Then they too exited, though in silence.

“Cedric, I suggest you go up to bed,” McGonagall said, smiling at him. “I am sure Hufflepuff is waiting to celebrate with you, and it would be a shame to deprive them of this excellent excuse to make a great deal of mess and noise.”

Severus reached for Remus’ hand.

Remus gave him a wary smile, gesturing for Lucius and Percy to join them.

They would have a lot to discuss.

It was looking more and more like Harry and Moody were right, someone else had to put their pup’s name in the Goblet of Fire. But who?

Chapter End Notes
Absolutely positively probably the best chapter I've written yet. I did say Harry would grow up this year right? Probably not what you expected.

Harry Does NOT WANT! Very angry Lion! Poor Fleur she pissed off Harry. Childish temper tantrum. Harry's strange childhood rears it's head, the Wizarding World fawns over Harry like Petunia did over Dudley so Harry used a Dudley trick. Fail EPIC fail as only Harry can. No Draco to see either.

Questions? Comments? Love? Hate? Went too far? Please review. I can take it...
Harry’s breakdown and discussion of the why and who would want Harry in danger

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom : HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he’s a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them. I hope the reunion of Viktor and Hermione as well as Draco’s well-meaning attempts at match-making please you.

Chapter 14 - Harry’s breakdown and discussion of the why and who would want Harry in danger.

Harry had buried himself in his bed as soon as he reaching their room after leaving the other Champions- the real ones and the judges, ignoring Draco. His guilt over his failed childish Dudley-like temper tantrum eating at him. He slept fitfully all night, haunted by nightmares. He finally slipped out of bed and went into their bathroom around four in the morning. He felt to his knees in front of the toilet and was promptly sick.

Draco hadn’t slept anymore then Harry, he felt his lover’s anger that was entwined with his fear. He said nothing, what could he do? He couldn’t make it go away or change the cruel reality that Harry was a Triwizard Champion. He followed Harry, slipped an arm around the smaller teen’s waist and rubbed his back, ‘I’m here. You’re not alone.’

Harry shook, ‘I am alone, papa can’t help me and neither can Remus. There has to be a way out of this mess.’

Draco’s voice quivered, ‘There is only one way, but I won’t let you. The only way out of a magical contract is you have to die. I almost lost you four times already I can’t handle that again.’

Harry whimpered, feeling sick again, ‘I don’t want to die. I want whoever did this to me punished. It’s not fair.’

Draco kissed his neck, casting a spell that washed Harry’s mouth out. ‘Hush love. I won’t let you die. I’ll protect you.’

Their connection had evolved so they no longer truly had to have eye contact to communicate telepathically.

Harry turned and curled up in Draco’s lap, how could Draco protect him against an invisible enemy who entered him in a contest that could see him dead?

‘Adder, trust me. We can do this. Together, like we handled Quirrell, like we handled the Basilisk. We’re partners, mates.” he kissed Harry’s ring that matched his own, then lifted his lover’s chin gently, kissing his forehead, closed eyes and nose before covering his terrified Adder’s lips with his own.
Harry let Draco soothe him, ‘Is it okay if I still fail? I don’t want the attention, everyone is already mad at me.’

Draco snorted, ‘Let them be mad! You did nothing wrong, prove to them you belong. Show them that you’re just as good as they are.’

Harry pouted ‘That blond called me a little boy. I maybe little but I’m not a little boy and being tiny isn’t my fault! It’s Aunt Petunia’s!’

Draco kissed him deeply, ‘I know Adder,’ he felt a roar of rage at Lily Evans’ Muggle family, starving his Adder and treating him like house elf. In his arms Harry was treated the way the heir to an ancient Wizarding bloodline should be. ‘You are perfect just the way you are Adder. My beautiful Harry,’ he cupped his face in his hand and kissed him deeper, filled with tongue and passion.

Harry moaned softly, ‘Dray…co…’ his beloved Draco could always make the bad things go away.

Draco scooped him up and carried him back to bed, ‘I love you.’

Harry’s arms wrapped Draco’s neck, ‘I love you too…’

‘I won’t leave you. I’ll always be with you at your side, holding your hand.’ Draco said laying him down and kissing his neck as he undressed Harry. His fingers trailing over each scar, ‘So precious, all mine.’

Harry whispered, reaching out to Draco’s mind, ‘Yours, just yours.’ Draco was the only person he trusted to see his body like this. The fall last year had broken his bones so they were healed properly for once but his skin was still criss-crossed with scars from being thrown into things, where he had been belted until blood ran, he had been hit with frying pans or whatever was handy.

Draco kissed the scars that marred the soft pale skin that covered Harry’s chest, chuckling as Harry shivered, ‘Relax. Forget everything but me.’ his hands slid up and down his boyfriend’s thighs. His own clothes magically ending up in their laundry basket and half-thrusting his prick against Harry’s thigh, Draco moaned softly.

Harry pulled Draco up to kiss him, whimpering softly as he felt Draco’s larger erection press into his. “Dray…”

Draco kissed him, holding the tiny teen close and letting his hips roll, his erection moving against Harry’s. Frotting, something they hadn’t done yet. Draco had touched Harry’s member until he came many times but he was slow to let their relationship deepen. Uncle Sev and Remus were a good example; a deeply committed couple, very much in love but they were taking it just as slowly- if you ignored the fact that they lived together and shared the same bed. Remus was getting more obvious in his affection and it would be only a matter of before he took the final step in their courtship and proposed. It would be a while before Draco took that step himself, as intimate as he and Harry were emotionally, they weren’t ready mentally.

Harry whimpered clinging to Draco, feeling Draco’s bits pressed tightly to his own and rock against him set shivers of pleasure up his spine that radiated out to the rest of his body.

It didn’t take them long to come, moaning into their kiss.

Draco vanished their cum away and the blanket covered their naked bodies. He reached for a hand, the one with the ring and brought it to his lips. “I love you, nothing will change that. I know you didn’t enter that tournament, I’ll help you. Trust me, you’ll win. If you don’t want the money we can donate it to a worthy cause. Just because we’re younger doesn’t mean anything, we could have taken
our O.W.L.S. before now but we wanted to wait. You can hold your own against Diggory, Delacour and Viktor, I believe in you.”

Harry closed his eyes, “Thank you.”

XoooooX

They spent the morning in bed, Harry curled up on Draco’s chest conversing silently. Breakfast was brought in by an elf, chocolate pancakes with strawberries.

The stress of being forced into the Tournament was making Harry sick, Draco was worried for him. Harry took one whiff of breakfast and was running to the bathroom.

Draco calmed him, “Come on love, you have to eat. You’re too skinny already.”

Harry let Draco put him back to bed, nibbling but eventually dozing off.

Draco cast a sleep charm on him, guilt wracking him because he did so.

There was a knock on the door about eleven.

Draco covered Harry with a blanket and put on his own robe before opening the door.

It was Remus.

“Oh good, you’re up. We have to talk.”

“With or without Harry?” was Draco’s quick response, he trusted Uncle Sev and Remus but right now his Adder seemed fragile.

Remus chewed on his lip, “Without for now.”

Draco nodded, “Let me dress. I’ll be right out. I’m going to cast some wards to let me know when he starts to wake.’

Remus smiled warily, ‘That’s fine.’

When Draco emerged from his room he found Severus curled up in his dressing gown on the sofa in Remus’ arms while Percy and Lucius had taken the arm chairs. He sighed, “This is about the tournament.”

Lucius nodded, “I’m suspicious that Moody is right, that entering Harry is a plot. Probably Death Eater, not that there are many of us free. It’s mostly just Nott, myself, Crabbe, Goyle, the Carrow twins, Rowle, Gibbon and Yaxley. Not that I claim allegiance anymore.”

Severus nodded, “You’re forgetting myself, Avery, McNair and Karkaroff.”

Draco blinked, “Headmaster Karkaroff?”

Lucius nodded, “He was a lower level Death Eater, he never rose very high in the ranks barely enough to get marked. Most of the ones who got away weren’t important enough to get marked.
Can’t track someone you can’t prove was a Death Eater, it was rare to actually see faces if you weren’t in the inner circle. Most Death Eaters always wore masks, even I didn’t know all of them. The names I learned I either went to school with, was recruited by or the Dark Lord knew personally. There was a special connection between Avery’s father, Bellatrix’s father-in-law, Rosier’s father, Mulciber’s father and Theo’s father. They had been with the Dark Lord since his days in Hogwarts.”

Percy was a little shocked, he’d heard rumors that Lord Malfoy was more closely aligned then he’d publicly admitted. To hear his boss admit that he knew more then he’d told the Wizengamot was shocking; but Lucius had kept Ginny’s involvement with the Opening of the Chamber of Secret from becoming public knowledge, offering him a job, introducing him to powerful people and making him the liaison between the Hogwarts Governors and the Ministry. He had a place of his own to share with Oliver and Lucius had helped them get tickets to the Quidditch World Cup as well as excellent camping spots.

Remus already knew about Severus’ involvement, it was mostly just brewing and spying on Dumbledore. Severus had sworn he never cast the Killing Curse but wouldn’t answer about the other Unforgivable curses.


His father shook his head, “Not likely, this was planned. It takes a keen mind to figure out how to make the Goblet of Fire spit out a fourth name. Moody was right, a very powerful Confundus Charm would work. All you had to do was convince it that there was a fourth school in the tournament and have Harry be the only entry from it.”

Severus nodded, “It makes sense. I could have done it,” he coloured, “I mean I would be capable of it. I wouldn’t let Harry compete though.”

Draco said quietly, “I could probably manage it.”

Lucius rolled his snake headed cane between his hands, “Of course you could, even I could do it.” he cleared his throat when Draco glared at him, “if I wanted my son to kill me that is.”

Remus shook his head, “I couldn’t, I don’t have the power. I gain strength from my Creature side but not magic. Might explain why I excel at defense but fail at potions.”

Severus squeezed his hand, “I brew well-enough for both of us.”

Remus ran his thumb over his mate’s palm, “That you do, I’m willing to fetch and carry so that you can brew.”

Draco chuckled, “You sound like his dog.”

Remus nipped Severus’ neck.

Severus yelped, “Not a dog! A Bloody randy wolf!”

“Your randy wolf.”

Draco wanted that, their closeness, he wanted the relationship they had.

Lucius cleared his throat, “Non-bent wizard here, calm down Remus. Don’t make me cast a Cold-Shower charm on you.”
Remus chuckled, “I’d get Sevy to take it off.”

“We were discussing who would enter your pup in the Tournament.” Draco interrupted.

Severus blushed, “Yes, we were.” muttering under his breath, “Stupid wolf.” only to get his arse pinched.

Percy turned to Lucius, “If you were to plan it how would you do it?”

Lucius leaned back in his chair, “Polyjuice potion. I’d brew a large batch of it.”

Severus snickered.

Lucius sneered at his best friend, “I may not be as good as you are and I trust your brewing compared to my own but I would brew the Polyjuice potion. I would kidnap someone trusted, someone whose presence near the cup wouldn’t be notice. I would hide in the shadows and confound the Goblet of Fire nonverbally. Then I would Imperio a student who could cross your Age Line Severus. You only created it to recognize only ineligible Hogwarts students knowing that the Durmstrang and the Beauxbatons students would all be of age. Likely someone was Imperioed into carrying the slip with Harry’s name on it into the circle and submitted it at the same time as their own. Best way to accomplish that would be to do it in plain sight. I’d chose a Durmstrang student, considering the fact that Dark Arts and Neutral magic are taught there, the dark Magic residue of having an Unforgivable cast on them would be less likely to be noticed.”

Draco nodded, “A decent plan, but I know Viktor wasn’t Imperioed. We spent most of the day with him. I didn’t spend as much time with the Durmstrang students so I wouldn’t know who the unlucky person would be.” he knew the signs of being Imperioed, too well…

Percy was surprised, “You see things differently.”

Lucius shrugged, “I was raised steeped in the Dark Arts as was Narcissa, the Blacks and the Malfoys were trained to cast Unforgivables since they were young.” obviously, omitting that not only could Draco cast it that he had used the Cruciatuus Curse as a form of punishment prior to Draco receiving his wand. Knowing that his son had nearly killed the Lord at almost nineteenth months made him warily of getting on the wrong side of his very powerful son.

Severus leaned into Remus, “So we know the how and perhaps the why but not the who.”

Lucius nodded, “Not all that helpful.”

Draco sipped his coffee, “On a happier note, Percy do you know if Oliver is free this Saturday? I thought maybe after seeing Viktor fly, he’d like a chance to fly with someone who flew in the World Cup.”

Percy blinked, the change of subject rather unnerving, “I think so.”

Draco chuckled, “Good, because Gryffindor needs a Keeper. Harry is going to fly as their Seeker against Viktor. We have Hufflepuff beaters, two Slytherin Chasers, a Ravenclaw Keeper and a Chaser. Adrian Pucey is captaining our team, I’m flying as a Chaser. We thought we could have an exhibition game, sort of a welcome event. Uncle Sev and Remus already approved of the event, everyone but Oliver agreed. I thought it would be interesting, besides, Oliver is a rookie and he wouldn’t have much chance of playing against Viktor for quite some time. We’d probably be too easy for them.”

Lucius laughed, “Chaser? I approve. You want media coverage?” he played Chaser for a season to
impress Narcissa.

Draco smirked, “I want Adder to have his options open, I think he could go pro. He could be the next Viktor Krum. He isn’t quite at Viktor’s level yet but I think the contrast will astonishing. Besides, as far as I know Quidditch was Quidditch the last time the Triwizard Tournament was played. It is astonishing that three of the four Champions are Seekers. Perhaps if the game goes well we can play another round and let Cedric and Hufflepuff play against a mixed team. We would only have to exchange our Hufflepuff Beaters for Gryffindor's.”

Lucius chuckled, “Using Quidditch to make things equal? I like your politics.”

Draco raised an eyebrow, “You better.” he meant it.

Chapter End Notes

Draco is so cute and protective. Aww Lucius we love you for your sneaky mind.

All equals on the Pitch

Chapter 15- All equals on the Pitch

Two Slytherins, two Hufflepuffs and two Ravenclaws were waiting on the pitch for Viktor Krum.

Viktor was wearing Muggle jeans and his Bulgarian National Jersey, his Firebolt in his hand when he stepped onto the pitch.

Harry was sitting with George and remarkably Oliver who had come to offer pointers.

Fred had Prefect duties and couldn’t make it.

Adrian chuckled, “We’re going to warm up. Draco, I want you to play as Seeker until I say stop, this is a practice snitch. Catch and release. You know how Harry flies, give Viktor a bit of a taste. I’ll try to work on passing drills with Stretton.”

The Hufflepuff Beaters looked at each other, “What about us?”

Adrian chuckled, “Max, you’re on defense. Rickett, you’re on offense.”

Draco interrupted, “If we can play as a team, then perhaps, Cedric can have a go. If Viktor doesn’t mind.”

Max crossed her arms, “Still not happy about Cheater Potter.”

Draco clenched his fists, “Harry didn’t enter and never went near the Goblet of Fire. He was never alone. Someone put his name in without his consent. If any of us were more like to enter despite the rules It would have been me but my name wasn’t entered. Professor Snape drew a line that even with my exceptional magical talents I couldn’t cross. He drew it on age not ability. Some toerag of an adult entered my lover and mostly likely used and unsuspecting student. Trust me, if I find out who did that I will get emancipated just so I can file a Blood feud against that individual and their family myself.”

Adrian sighed, “Draco, calm down please. Harry can see you. You don’t want him worrying over you right?”

Draco stiffened, “I’m sorry. I am probably overprotective.”

“He is the Boy Who Lived, why does he need protection?” Max asked with a frown.

Draco forced a chuckle, “Because, powerful people will always want something from him. Few will
care about what it is he wants. He didn’t choose any of this.”

“Still isn’t fair that someone is stealing Cedric’s thunder.”

“No it iz ant. I undurstand. I vould be bery upset if zhere vas anouzher Durmstang Champion. Izn’t in Harry’s nature to want something like this. He isn’t one for glory. He likes to be praised if he earns it.” Viktor nodded, “I know he vas vishing Quidditch mates luck. Adrian heard him, ve vere discussing Quidditch. Harry didn’t vant to participate. He zaid he would fail every task. He vad angry and scared. He was zhaking and terrified until zhat girl insulted him. Zhen he changed, he doesn’t like being called little boy.”

Draco’s eyes narrowed, “He’s just fine, he’s healthy and that’s all I ask. Being small is not his fault. If anything it’s that rotten Muggle scum’s fault.” he chewed on his lip, “Adder is just fine now; healthy, happy and very loved. I hate seeing him upset.”

“Fine. Let’s just play. We have only a few days to fly like a team people. I wouldn’t want to embarrass Viktor.” Adrian said calmly wanting to soothe ruffled metaphorical feathers.

Draco went to unleash the snitch.

Viktor flew like a bird, Draco knew he could fly well he just wasn’t on Harry or Viktor’s level.

Adrian and Stretton took about fifteen minutes to accommodate each other’s strengths and weaknesses once they worked through the ‘we play for different teams’ mentality.

They were starting to play more fluidly.

Adrian called a pause, “Lets see, chance I can get a spare Keeper, Beater and Seeker up here.”

Harry grinned, “Thought you’d never ask Captain.”

Oliver yelled, “Be an honor.” leaping on his Firebolt, he took to the air and waved at his former schoolmates as he went to guard the hoops.

“Draco, fly with Stretton. Max, you and Rickett protect Draco, Stretton, Viktor and Page. Weasley, you can protect Harry, Oliver and myself.”

George laughed, “I better protect Harry and Oliver or their boyfriends will have my head.”

Adrian pouted, “What? You won’t protect me?”

George chuckled, “Why protect my opposition? Isn’t that against the Quidditch code?”

Harry giggled, “You’re awful…”

George sung, “But you love me.”

Adrian clapped his hands, “Let’s play.”

Blushing Harry joined Viktor in the search for the Snitch after the older Seeker released it.

Draco and the Chaser on loan from Ravenclaw took some time to get accustomed to playing together and were doing their best to keep the Quaffle away from Adrian.

Adrian and Stretton had an advantage of a year or more at playing the position compared to Draco who hadn’t played the position before, well not in a serious manner.
George and Oliver weren’t doing that bad with their loaner snakes.

Oliver laughed, “I haven’t had this much fun in ages.”

George flew by and punched him in the shoulder after aiming the practice Bludger at Draco. “We missed you too mate.”

Viktor chuckled after beating Harry by a heartbeat to the Snitch, “More fun zhen I had in months too.”

Draco called out, “I’m telling Ahren.”

Viktor blushed, “I mean on zhe pitch Draco.” he held out the snitchless hand to Harry, “I don’t zhink I’ve ever had completion like zhis. You are really good. I vant to play against you professionally.” he called out, “Oliver? You play Professionally?”

“Puddlemere United. Reserve Keeper.”

“Too good for zhat. You play better zhen zhe Keeper on my zeam at home. You make Keeper and when Harry graduates you make sure he is zigned to your zeam. I vant to face you at zhe next World Cup. Harry iz zoo smart. He wouldn’t fall for zee Wrontski Feint. He iz zee best Seeker I’ve played with in my life. Ve all play zith our hearts Saturday yes?”

Adrian chuckled, “Harry has been stealing victories since he was a First Year, he was Oliver’s pet. I’m sure he’d like to bring Harry to Puddlemere.”

Oliver chuckled, “You’re a decent Chaser yourself Pucey. I would rather have you on my team then scoring against me. I’ll do my best to see if our team Manager and Coach will watch Harry. Though a recommendation from the great Viktor Krum would mean more.”

Draco laughed, “Viktor can do that if he likes. After all Quidditch World will be covering the game I think.”

“I might say he has given me zhe most competition. Zhat perhaps, England would be smart to watch him.” Viktor smirked, “I may zay zhat I hope to zee you at zhe next World Cup Harry on zhe pitch. I can zee you vill be great. I don’t know if I vas az good az you are now when I vas your age.”

Harry blushed, “I’m not that great.”

“Harry you are born zo fly. It would be a tragedy ef you do not play for England or even Scotland.” Viktor insisted.

Draco grinned, “This match will be quite fun.”

Viktor smiled, “Ahren vill come right?”

Harry nods, “She’s never missed a Quidditch match. So what color will your team play as?”

Adrian chuckled, “Perhaps, we should wear black. It isn’t Slytherin’s colour.”

“It’s Hufflepuff’s.” Max said quickly.

“Durmstrang’s colours are green, red and gold.”

“George’s team is playing under Gryffindor’s colors. Since green is Slytherin’s colour, I don’t think anyone besides Draco and myself would agree to play wearing Slytherin uniforms.”
Page looked ill at the thought of flying wearing a green and silver Slytherin Quidditch uniform.

Oliver chuckled, “Why play under house colours? Hey George, want to play under Puddlemere’s colours?”

George grinned, “Sure why not, navy blue is a decent color.”

Viktor grinned, “I can get uniforms for our team, Vood, can you get uniforms for yours?”

Oliver blushed, “I can try. I’m just the Reserve.”

Draco smirked, “Please, Puddlemere will trip over their brooms when they hear you’ll be playing against Krum.”

Oliver smirked, “Perhaps.”

Percy called out from the ground, “Should have seen Ollie when I told him about the match. He turned five shades of red and danced a jig.”

Oliver yelped, “Perce!”

Draco snickered, “Well well came to see your Ollie fly?”

Percy blushed, “Never missed his games before.”

George laughed, “Saved his life when he tried to drown himself in the showers after our loss to Hufflepuff.”

Oliver growled, “We still won the Quidditch Cup and I still got signed by Puddlemere.”

Percy smiled, calling up, “I was never prouder.”

“We know,” George teased, “you kissed him, in front of the whole school.”

Oliver chuckled, “I was shocked and pleased.”

George was jealous of them, being together was right for them and he liked seeing Percy happy. He wondered if pursuing an intimate relationship with Fred was wrong. He could never be as obvious in their affection, it would always have to stay a secret. Fred could never bond with anyone. It would be too dangerous to have children considering how closely related they were and was he really enough?

Gryffindor wouldn’t need as much practice, just time to get reacquainted with the broom and make sure they were all still in sync.

After all, Oliver could give George advice. The advantage George’s team had was they knew each other very well, the team had played together over four years…
Sunday dinner at Eagle’s Nest

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Pairings: DracoxHarry, twincest; OliverxPercy, RemusxSeverus, CharliexBlaise, ViktorxHermione, future BillxFleur. Future Stalker Ginny! Seamus and Colin *hides*
Fandom: HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he’s a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 16- Sunday dinner at Eagle’s Nest

Following the morning meeting at Hogwarts’ regarding Harry’s status as a Triwizard champion, Percy had gone home to tell Oliver about the Quidditch Match. He barely had time to firecall Charlie about the attack. He had been so busy with preparations for the Tournament that he hadn’t had a chance to check on Blaisé.

Lucius had told him during dinner at Hogwarts on Halloween after McGonagall’s welcome speech. He had been in shock, he had thought that Ron’s attack on Hermione had been one of the worst acts of violence at the castle.

As Prefect and then as Head Boy, he had become rather fond of the talented wizard, especially, after hearing about the way they faced and defeated a Basilisk. They had kept Ginny mostly out of trouble for her part in opening the Chamber of Secrets and setting the monster within on the students. He also owed them for being good influence on his twin brothers, Fred was a prefect and George was Captain of Gryffindor’s Quidditch team. Lucius had mentioned snidely that Head Boy was between Fred and Adrian Pucey of Slytherin.

Head Girl wasn’t decided yet…

Honestly, Percy was surprised that Cedric hadn’t been considered for Head Boy next year. He was an honorable bloke, even Oliver thought so.

Back to Blaisé, he was very talented wizard, Percy had never seen his older brother so taken with anyone. There were obviously very strong feelings between them, after the riot Charlie was reluctant to part with him. He knew that Charlie had spent the night in the Malfoy tent. Fred had told him that Charlie had slipped out, he had Apparated to Oliver’s parents’ place after the riot was quelled to tell them it was safe to return.

Oliver’s arms slipped around his waist, “Thinking again Perce?”

“Yeah, about Charlie. I’m worried about him. Before Blaisé, he only cared about Quidditch and Dragons. I heard mum’s reaction to them from George.” Percy leaned back into that muscular chest.

“You mentioned it before. I remember, it wasn’t much better then her reaction to us.”

Percy relaxed against his lover, Oliver always managed to take his stress away. “I wish she would realize I’m happy. You’ve always made me happy. I didn’t have a friend until you.”
Oliver lifted his chin and kissed him, “You deserve to be happy. You’re shy, you feel lost in your brother’s shadows, you used academics and rules to make yourself stand out. I liked you from the beginning, I was saddened when no one wanted to be your friend. You’ve changed since we were Sorted, you’ve gotten more confident and you’ve always looked sexy with a tie.”

Percy blushed, “Ollie, we’ll be late to dinner. Charlie said he was sending a house elf. I’ve never been to Eagle’s Nest.”

Oliver chuckled, “I’ll have fun taking that outfit off later.”

There was a pop that interrupted them.

“Master Percy? Jocy sent by Master Charlie to take your to Eagle’s Nest.”

Percy smiled, “We’re ready.”

Jocy gripped both their arms firmly and Apparated them to the front parlour. “Master Percy and his consort Wood.”

Oliver chuckled. “I’m his consort?”

Charlie chuckled, “Jocy is a Prewett elf. He thinks you’re joining our Family.”

Percy blushed, “I was considering becoming a Wood.” There were six boys after all, he didn’t need to be a Weasley after they bonded.

Oliver smirked holding him close, “Haven’t asked you yet.”

Percy blushed, “You will, I know it.” he looked at Blaisé who was curled up in Charlie’s arms, “Blaisé, how are you holding up? Lucius told me about what happened the other day.”

Blaisé stiffened, “I’m not looking forward to going back.”

Percy nodded, “Understandable but you should finish your education. There is the Yule Ball, I think you would enjoy taking Charlie with you. I’m sure we could arrange for you to have private rooms if being near the Slytherin dungeons upsets you.”

Charlie kissed him, “I’m supposed to be at Hogwarts in two weeks, we can stay in a private suite together.”

Blaisé snuggled, “I won’t mind going back if I can stay with you.”

Charlie kissed his cheek, “I don’t want you to sleep alone. I want you to feel safe. I love you, Frumos  întunecat.”

Blaisé blushed, “You’re too good to me Amante.”

Oliver chuckled, “Interesting, how both the last three Gryffindor captains are bent.”

Charlie laughed, “Perhaps, then again it is interesting that we are all related. I may decide to follow Percy’s lead. Maybe I’ll take Blaisé’s name.”

Blaisé blushed, “Charlie.” they had barely begun courting, knowing that Charlie wanted to Bond with him meant a lot.

Audy popped into the front parlour, “Dinner ready sir.”
Charlie nodded, help Blaisé up, “We’ll be right in.”

Blaisé clapped his hand, “Salmon, potatoes, salad and chocolate cheesecake.”

The meal was served by lumos-lit candles.

They ate, comparing stories about living with their lovers.

The attack wasn’t mentioned.

Not wanting to upset Blaisé, Percy pretended it hadn’t happened. “So Blaisé, tell me about your house. What do you like about it? Any plans to decorate? How long of a courtship are you planning?”

Blaisé smiled, “We’ll have to decorate a nursery soon. I won’t know what I will have; most likely girls but males run strongly on both sides of Charlie’s family.”

“Kids so soon?” Oliver asked, a little shocked.

Blaise blushed, “I’m half-Veela, I’ll be fertile and I’ll give birth. I can’t promise they will be born viable.” his way of saying that he was worried he wouldn’t lay fertile eggs.

Percy nodded, ‘I see.’ his older brother was going to have kids with a mate who was younger then he was. Oliver had only asked to court him, they hadn’t discussed kids yet…

Oliver smiled, “It would be interesting to see you be a dad Charlie. Never would have thought it.”

Blaise brought Blaise’s hand to his lips and kissed it, “Never thought much about it until Blaise. What about you, you thinking about little ones yet?”

Percy blushed, “Charlie!”

Oliver laughed, “We’ll see. I want a complete relationship with Percy. I have an inheritance from my grandmother I can’t have until I Bond but I am in no hurry to do so. Percy deserves romance, not me marrying him to inherit. I love him too much.”

Percy yelped, Oliver didn’t say he wanted kids.

“So is that a yes or no to little ones?”

“Yes, but only if Percy wants them. I can’t carry them for a few years myself due to my career as a professional Quidditch player.”

Percy said quietly, “Does mean I’d have to carry them?”

Oliver kissed his cheek, “I wouldn’t ask you to do that, if you didn’t want to. I’m sure Lucius might give you time off.”

Percy blushed, “I’ll think about it.”

Oliver smiled, “I want to do things right, I want us to be Bonded first.”

Charlie smiled, “I want that too, courting Blaise is an honor. Being trusted by him makes being together worth it.” Granted, since the attack he was hesitant to push intimacy. He kissed him, cuddled him but he was worried they had left his mate with emotional scars he was worried about opening if he made any sexual advances.
Blaise smiled, “If we have two, I think it would be nice to make you godparents to at least one of our
children. I want Draco and Harry to be godparents to one of our children, Draco is like my brother
and I would like to have him be involved in our family.”

Charlie smiled, “I don’t mind, I always liked Oliver.”

Oliver chuckled, “We’re practically family anyway.”

Charlie smiled, “When we Bond, Percy, will you be my witness?”

Percy’s jaw dropped, “I thought you would ask Bill.”

“You know Blaise and you like him. It would be mean a lot if you would.”

Percy smiled, “It would be an honor.”

Oliver chuckled, “Will you stand up for me? My best friend is Percy and he can’t be a witness at his
own Bonding.”

Percy pouted, “Then who could stand up for me?”

Charlie smiled, “Ask George?”

“Well it is better asking Fred.”

Percy snorted, “Fred is the troublemaker of the two.”

“I guess I can ask him.”

“I’m sure George,

Blaise shook his head, “Don’t ask George. Ask anyone but the twins. It would break his heart.”

“Why?”

“Because, George will never be able to legally Bond. Asking him to participate would be like a slap
in the face.” Blaise said softly.

Percy blinked, “That would only be the case if…” his eyes went wide, “Oh.” The person George
was closest to Fred, and their mutual refusal to tell Mum who they were seeing. George must love
Fred very much to sacrifice that much. His twin brothers could never Bond, they might never have
children. No one would brew a male pregnancy potion for them, being brothers and identical twins it
would be too dangerous.

Oliver’s jaw dropped, “I don’t know why I didn’t guess.”

Blaise shrugged, “No one did. I figured it out last year and called them on it. They relaxed more
around us when they didn’t have to keep it a secret. Fred has always looked out for George. He
loves him a lot.”

Charlie sighed, “Mum can never know.” he wasn’t sure how he felt about the truth of his brothers’
imtimate relationship.

"They share a dream, to open their joke shop; I hope they get it. They would be so happy to find that
sense of freedom. Freedom to be themselves.” something Blaise was finally understanding.
Chapter End Notes

I hope you like this brotherly bonding between Charlie and Percy.
Weighing of the Wands

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom : HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he’s a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 17- Weighing of the Wands

A knock on the dungeon door burst in on Harry’s thoughts.

It was Colin Creevey; he edged into the room, beaming at Harry, and walked up to Severus’ desk at the front of the room.

“Yes?” Severus said curtly.

“Please, sir, I’m supposed to take Harry Potter upstairs.”

Severus stared down his hooked nose at Colin, whose smile faded from his eager face.

“Potter has another hour of Potions to complete,” Severus coldly. “He will come upstairs when this class is finished.”

Colin went pink. “Sir - sir, Mr. Bagman wants him,” he said nervously. “All the champions have got to go, I think they want to take photographs…”

Harry would have given anything he owned to have stopped Colin saying those last few words; papa and Draco’s reaction when Colin wanted to take his picture before was still clear in his mind.

“Very well,” Snape snapped, his voice softened when he looked at his son, “Harry, leave your things here, I want you back down here later to test your antidote.”

“Please, sir. he’s got to take his things with him,” Colin squeaked. “All the champions,”

“Draco, cast stasis charms on your potions. I’ll be up as soon as I can. Hopefully, Lucius will be there. I don’t like publicity. I guess you’ll have to take your bag.”

Harry swung his bag over his shoulder, got up, and headed for the door.

“It’s amazing, isn’t it, Harry?” said Colin, starting to speak the moment Draco had closed the dungeon door behind him. “Isn’t it, though? You being champion?”

“No it isn't. I didn't want this at all.” Harry said heavily as they set off toward the steps into the entrance hall. “What do they want photos for, Colin?”

“The Daily Prophet, I think!”
Draco stiffened, “They’ll have to wait for us. Harry needs permission from his Head of House for interviews. We’ll have to firecall Aunt Annie.”

Colin protested, “Mr. Bagman said.”

Draco held Harry’s hand, “You are a Muggleborn, but surely there are things you need parental permission for correct?” he led them to Uncle Severus’ office, “Lavender Vale.” he said as he tossed floo powder into the fireplace and stuck his head in, “Aunt Annie?”

“Draco is that you?”

“Yes, father told you about Harry being entered in the Triwizard Tournament?”

“Yes, terrible thing that.”

“Is that Draco?”

Harry called out, “Hi Uncle Ted.”

“Harry dear, how are you holding up? Have you talked to your healer about this?”

Harry blushed, “Not yet. I slept through my last session.”

Draco squeezed Harry’s hand, “They want to interview him about the Tournament.”

“Of course they do.”

“Well, Harry isn’t of age. We need your permission to participate.”

Andromeda chuckled, “Of course. I’ll be right through.”

Draco and Harry moved away from the office’s hearth.

Two minutes later, Andromeda stepped out, “Well, we best be on our way. I’ll look after you.”

Draco smiled, “Thanks Aunt Annie.”

Andromeda turned the tiny lion, “Lead the way, young man.”

Colin led them to the right room, “Good luck!” Colin said when they had reached it.

Andromeda knocked on the door to announce them and then entered with Draco and Harry following at her heels.

It was in a fairly small classroom; most of the desks had been pushed away to the back of the room, leaving a large space in the middle; three of them, however, had been placed end-to-end in front of the blackboard and covered with a long length of velvet. Five chairs had been set behind the velvet-covered desks, and Ludo Bagman was sitting in one of them, talking to a witch Harry had never seen before, who was wearing magenta robes.

Andromeda’s eyes narrowed, “Skeeter. What is she doing here? This isn’t her type of story.”

Viktor was standing moodily in a corner as usual and not talking to anybody.

Cedric and Fleur were in conversation. Fleur looked a good deal happier than Harry had seen her so far; she kept throwing back her head so that her long silvery hair caught the light.
A paunchy man, holding a large black camera that was smoking slightly, was watching Fleur out of the corner of his eye.

Bagman suddenly spotted Harry, got up quickly, and bounded forward. “Ah, here he is! Champion number four!”

Andromeda stepped between them, “Why was I not informed? Harry is under age and I am the Head of the House of Black and the custodian of his estate. He is under my authority.”

“Mistress Black, it is not a serious event. Surely, it’s nothing to fuss about. It’s just the wand weighing ceremony, the rest of the judges will be here in a moment,”

“Regardless, I still should have been informed. Surely, you remember that underage wizards require the consent of the Head of their family to participate in interviews and have their photo taken. I resent the implication that I wasn’t needed to be informed. In light of the insult, I have half a mind to forbid Harry’s interview.”

Bagman held out his hands, “My apologizes Mistress Black, but as a Champion he is required to participate.”

Percy walked into the room, “Actually, he is only required to attend the Wand Weighing. The rules do not state he must participate in the interview.”

Lucius snickered, “I am surprised you didn’t think to inform Mistress Black about the Ceremony. I tried to catch her at the Ministry myself.”

“We simply must have an interview with our youngest Champion.”

Andromeda’s eyes narrowed, “I request the long held tradition of pure bloods, I want to oversee the interview and read it before publishing.”

Rita Skeeter waved her hand dismissively, “As you wish Mistress Black.”

“Wand weighing?” Harry repeated nervously.

“We have to check that your wands are fully functional, no problems, you know, as they’re your most important tools in the tasks ahead,” Percy nodded, a reassuring hand on Harry’s shoulder. “The expert’s upstairs now with McGonagall I’m sure I so them. Like you heard there’s going to be a little photo shoot. This is Rita Skeeter,” he added, gesturing toward the witch in magenta robes. “She’s doing a small piece on the tournament for the Daily Prophet…”

“Maybe not that small, Ludo,” said Rita Skeeter, her eyes on Harry. Her hair was set in elaborate and curiously rigid curls that contrasted oddly with her heavy-jawed face. She wore jeweled spectacles. The thick fingers clutching her crocodile-skin handbag ended in two-inch nails, painted crimson.

“I wonder if I could have a little word with Harry before we start?” she said to Bagman, but still gazing fixedly at Harry. “The youngest champion, you know, to add a bit of color?”

“Certainly!” Bagman cried. “That is, if Harry has no objection?”

“I do and that’s what matters.” Andromeda growled. “I agree on conditions, I am present and you will NOT use a Quick Quotes Quill. I have get authorize questions, you will write only what Harry says, no exaggeration.”

“Lovely,” said Rita Skeeter, and in a second, her scarlet-taloned fingers had Harry’s upper arm in a
surprisingly strong grip, and she was steering him out of the room again and opening a nearby door before Andromeda or Draco could stop her.

“We don’t want to be in there with all that noise,” she said. “Let’s see… ah, yes, this is nice and cozy.”

Harry gulped, shaking slightly as he wrenched away from her and tossed himself into Draco’s arms.

Draco was furious, why here? He hated cupboards, he associated them with his abusive childhood.

“Come along, dear - that’s right - lovely,” said Rita Skeeter again, perching herself precariously upon an upturned bucket and closing the door, throwing them into darkness. “Let’s see now…” She unsnapped her crocodile-skin handbag and pulled out a handful of candles, which she lit with a wave of her wand and magicked into mid-air, so that they could see what they were doing.

“Aunt Annie, what’s a Quick Quotes Quill?” Harry asked softly.

“A Quick-Quotes Quill is a quill that writes exaggerated answers to interview questions. It interprets what a person is saying to what it thinks should be written, often resulting in mere sensationalism. At least that is what Rita Skeeter’s detractors would say, of course she is a professional and would never dream of such things.”

Rita Skeeter’s smile took a strained look, at the comment.

Harry counted three gold teeth.

She reached again into her crocodile bag and drew out a long acid-green quill before before returning it to her bag exchanging it for a Peacock feather quill and a roll of parchment, which she stretched out between them on a crate of Mrs. Skower’s All-Purpose Magical Mess Remover. She put the tip of the peacock quill into her mouth, glaring at it, before placed it upright on the parchment and tapping it, “Rita Skeeter, Daily Prophet reporter. Interview with Harry Potter, the unexpected Fourth Triwizard Champion.”

Harry looked down quickly at the quill.

Rita Skeeter scribbled down her own words, a slight grimace in her gaze. “Lovely,” said Rita Skeeter, as she leaned toward Harry and said, “So, Harry, what made you decide to enter the Triwizard Tournament?”

“I didn’t enter. Didn’t see the point of the Tournament.” Harry protested from Draco’s arms. Even though he wasn’t speaking, it was dashing across the parchment, and in its wake he could make out a fresh sentence:

An ugly scar, souvenir of a tragic past, disfigures the otherwise charming face of Harry Potter, whose eyes –

“Excuse me, Ms. Skeeter. Stick the facts.”

“Ignore the quill, Harry,” Rita Skeeter said firmly.

Reluctantly Harry looked up at her instead.

“Now be honest why did you decide to enter the tournament, Harry?”

“I didn’t,” Harry protested. “I don’t know how my name got into the Goblet of Fire. I didn’t put it in
Rita Skeeter raised one heavily penciled eyebrow. “Come now, Harry, there’s no need to be scared of getting into trouble. We all know you shouldn’t really have entered at all. But don’t worry about that. Our readers love a rebel.”

“But I didn’t enter, Papa’s age line wouldn’t have let me in.” Harry repeated. “I don’t know who,”

“If I did know, I would drag them over hot coals, beat them with a snake and boil them in a boil-creating Potion.”

“Young Master Malfoy, you’re not being interviewed. How do you feel about the tasks ahead?” said Rita Skeeter. “Excited? Nervous?”

“Terrified. I didn’t sign up for this. I don’t want any part of the Tournament. I want out and because of some evil git I’m trapped by a magical contract that I have to die to get out of. I just wanted to have a safe and sane year.” Harry said while his insides squirmed uncomfortably as he spoke, he was feeling ill again.

“Champions have died in the past, haven’t they?” Rita Skeeter said briskly. “Have you thought about that at all?”

“I told you, I don’t want to be a part of this farce. I’m not a hero or a champion, I’m just Harry. I want to get out of this, I don’t want to participate.” Harry said quietly.

The quill kept scribbling away

“Of course, you’ve looked death in the face before, haven’t you?” Rita Skeeter said, watching him closely. “How would you say that’s affected you?”

Draco felt Harry stiffen, and he held him close, “Not part of the Tournament. As Harry’s beau I insist you keep the topic of the interview to the Tournament.”

“Do you think that the trauma in your past might have made you keen to prove yourself? To live up to your name? Do you think that perhaps you were tempted to enter the Triwizard Tournament because, “

“We said he didn’t enter.” Draco growled, starting to feel irritated. He was wanted to hex her tongue and fingers off.

“Can you remember your parents at all?” Rita Skeeter said, talking over him.

“I don’t remember them and I don’t care.” Harry said quietly, “I have papa and Remus, Draco, Narcissa, Lucius, Aunt Annie, Nymphadora and my friends. I have a family to replace the parents I don’t remember.”

“How do you think they’d feel if they knew you were competing in the Triwizard Tournament? Proud? Worried? Angry?”

Harry was feeling really annoyed now. “I don’t care what they would have thought, I didn’t enter. My mother would be proud her Bearding jinx was used in the age line to show who tried to cheat. Mother would have been furious someone entered me without my consent. As for my Father, I’m sure he’d be stupid and convinced I cheated somehow. He had no respect for rules or people’s feelings. He would have tried to enter just because he was told he couldn’t. I’m not like that. I prefer to stay out of trouble.” He could feel Rita Skeeter watching him very intently. Frowning, he avoided
her gaze and hooked down at words the quill had just written:

Tears fill those startlingly green eyes as our conversation turns to the parents he can barely remember.

“Harry does NOT have tears in his eyes!” Draco said loudly.

Before Rita Skeeter could say a word, Andromeda snapped, “That’s it. We’re done here. All you’ve done is accuse him of cheating without proof and upset him.” she snatched up the quill and the parchment, drawing thick lines through the parts that weren’t accurately recorded. “I won’t be allowing Harry to sit for any more interviews if you can’t follow the rules of common decency. Come on Draco, let’s get Harry out of this closet and so he can get some air.”

“Very well! I can see you have no respect for journalism.” Rita Skeeter cried, with every appearance of pained resignation but Harry noticed that her quill and the parchment had suddenly vanished from the box of Magical Mess Remover, and Rita’s clawed fingers were hastily snapping shut the clasp of her crocodile-skin bag.

The door opened and Severus stood there, his eyes widened at Harry’s shaking form. He was very distraught, “I’m afraid the Weighing of the Wands is about to start, and it cannot take place if one of our champions is hidden in a broom cupboard.”

Very glad to get away from Rita Skeeter, Harry leapt into his papa's arms, “Papa. I don’t want interviews anymore. Please, Aunt Annie, don’t let them interview me anymore.

Severus glared at Rita Skeeter and held Harry close, “You’re okay. We need to gojoin the other champions alright?”

Harry nodded as he slid until his feet touched the floor, “Okay.”

Draco took one hand and Severus the other as they led him away from the broom cupboard.

The other champions were now sitting in chairs near the door, and he sat down quickly between Cedric and Viktor, hooking up at the velvet-covered table, where four of the five judges were now sitting; Lucius and Percy were sitting off to the side observing. Professor Karkaroff, Madame Maxime, Mr. Crouch, and Ludo Bagman.

Rita Skeeter settled herself down in a corner; Harry saw her slip the parchment out of her bag again, spread it on her knee, suck the end of the acid green Quick-Quotes Quill, and place it on the parchment.

“May I introduce Mr. Ollivander?” McGonagall said, taking her place at the judges’ table and talking to the champions. “He will be checking your wands to ensure that they are in good condition before the tournament.”

Harry hooked around, and with a jolt of surprise saw an old wizard with large, pale eyes standing quietly by the window. Harry had met Mr. Ollivander before, he hadn’t liked him then either. Ollivander was the wand-maker from whom Harry had bought his own wand over three years ago in Diagon Alley.

“Mademoiselle Delacour, could we have you first, please?” Mr. Ollivander said, stepping into the empty space in the middle of the room.

Fleur Delacour swept over to Mr. Ollivander and handed him her wand.
“Hmm…” he said. He twirled the wand between his long fingers like a baton and it emitted a number of pink and gold sparks. Then he held it chose to his eyes and examined it carefully.

“Yes,” he said quietly, “nine and a half inches… inflexible… rosewood… and containing… dear me…”

“An ‘air from ze ‘ead of a Veela,” said Fleur. “One of my grandmuzzer’s.”

So Fleur was part Veela, thought Harry, making a mental note to tell Blaise… then he remembered that Blaise wasn’t at Hogwart’s.

“Yes,” Mr. Ollivander said, “yes, I’ve never used Veela hair myself, of course. I find it makes for rather temperamental wands… however, to each his own, and if this suits you…”

Mr. Ollivander ran his fingers along the wand, apparently checking for scratches or bumps; then he muttered, “Orchideous!” and a bunch of flowers burst from the wand tip.

“Very well, very well, it’s in fine working order,” Mr. Ollivander said, scooping up the flowers and handing them to Fleur with her wand. “Mr. Diggory, you next.”

Fleur glided back to her seat, smiling at Cedric as he passed her.

“Ah, now, this is one of mine, isn’t it?” Mr. Ollivander said, with much more enthusiasm, as Cedric handed over his wand. “Yes, I remember it well. Containing a single hair from the tail of a particularly fine male unicorn, why it must have been seventeen hands; nearly gored me with his horn after I plucked his tail. Twelve and a quarter inches… ash… pleasantly springy. It’s in fine condition, you treat it regularly?”

“Polished it last night,” said Cedric, grinning.

Harry looked down at his own wand, Draco had taught him to care for his wand properly, they polished it twice a week. It had been polished Sunday night and he carried it in a side holder since he’d lost it during the riot. He stored it in a little wand case at night that he kept next to their bed, both of which had been presents from his boyfriend.

Mr. Ollivander sent a stream of silver smoke rings across the room from the tip of Cedric’s wand, pronounced himself satisfied, and then said, “Mr. Krum, if you please.”

Viktor got up, hunched over and barely managing not to trip as he shuffled over towards Mr. Ollivander. He thrust out his wand and stood scowling, with his hands in the pockets of his robes.

“Hmm,” Mr. Ollivander said, “this is a Gregorovitch creation, unless I’m much mistaken? A fine wand-maker, though the styling is never quite what I… however…” He lifted the wand and examined it minutely, turning it over and over before his eyes. “Yes… hornbeam and dragon heartstring?” he shot at Krum, who nodded. “Rather thicker than one usually sees, quite rigid, ten and a quarter inches… Avis!”

The hornbeam wand let off a blast like a gun, and a number of small, twittering birds flew out of the end and through the open window into the watery sunlight.

“Good,” Mr. Ollivander said, handing Krum back his wand. “Which leaves… Mr. Potter.”

Harry got to his feet and walked past Krum to Mr. Ollivander. He handed over his wand.

“Aaaah, yes,” Mr. Ollivander said, his pale eyes suddenly gleaming. “Yes, yes, yes. How well I
Harry could remember too. He could remember it as though it had happened yesterday…

Four summers ago, on his eleventh birthday, he had entered Mr. Ollivander’s shop with Hagrid to buy a wand. Mr. Ollivander had taken his measurements and then started handing him wands to try. Harry had waved what felt like every wand in the shop, until at last he had found the one that suited him - this one, which was made of holly, eleven inches long, and contained a single feather from the tail of a phoenix and a dragon heart string. Mr. Ollivander had been very surprised that Harry had been so compatible with this wand. “Curious,” he had said, “curious,” and not until Harry asked what was curious had Mr. Ollivander explained that the phoenix feather in Harry’s wand had come from the same bird that had supplied the core of Lord Voldemort’s and the dragon that gave heartstring for Draco’s blackthorn wand also gave one to the only duel core wand.

Harry had never shared this piece of information with anybody. He was very fond of his wand, and as far as he was concerned its relation to Voldemort’s wand was something it couldn’t help. He preferred to remember that it was a brother to Draco’s rather as he couldn’t help being related to Aunt Petunia. However, he really hoped that Mr. Ollivander wasn’t about to tell the room about it. He had a funny feeling Rita Skeeter’s Quick-Quotes Quill might just explode with excitement if he did.

Mr. Ollivander spent much longer examining Harry’s wand than anyone else’s. Eventually, however, he made a fountain of wine shoot out of it, and handed it back to Harry, announcing that it was still in perfect condition.

“Thank you all,” McGonagall said, standing up at the judges’ table. “You may go back to your lessons now - or perhaps it would be quicker just to go down to dinner, as they are about to end-”

Feeling that at last something had gone right today, Harry got up to leave, but the man with the black camera jumped up and cleared his throat.

“Photos, Headmistress, photos!” Bagman excitedly cried. “All the judges and champions, what do you think, Rita?”

“Er - yes, let’s do those first,” Rita Skeeter said, whose eyes were upon Harry again. “And then perhaps some individual shots.”

The photographs took a long time. Madame Maxime cast everyone else into shadow wherever she stood, and the photographer couldn’t stand far enough back to get her into the frame; eventually she had to sit while everyone else stood around her.

Karkaroff kept twirling his goatee around his finger to give it an extra curl.

Viktor, whom Harry would have thought would have been used to this sort of thing, skulked, half-hidden, at the back of the group.

The photographer seemed keenest to get Fleur at the front, but Rita Skeeter kept hurrying forward and dragging Harry into greater prominence.

Until Andromeda threw a fit, “Absolutely not, he may be the smallest but he deserves better then to be treated like a wizard-created creature to be gawked at. I insist you treat them equally.”

Then Rita Skeeter insisted on separate shots of all the champions. At last, they were free to go.

Andromeda placed a hand on Harry’s shoulder, “Come on. Let’s go out to dinner. We need to get
you out of this place.”

Draco smiled, “He needs that, to get out of here and away from this circus.”

Severus smiled, “If Remus can come, we’ll gladly accept your offer.”

Lucius smirked, “Narcissa is having supper with Charlie and Blaisé so I am free.”

Percy bowed slightly, “It’s my night to cook so I have to go home. I’ll see you at the Manor tomorrow morning.”

Lucius nodded, “Make it ten. I want to try to meet with Charlie first.”

Percy left.

They went as a family to dinner, but Harry fell asleep in his dessert and Draco had to carry him home.
Quidditch Exhibition Match

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom: HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 18 - Quidditch Exhibition Match

Lucius had the newspapers arranged to attend the match that Draco arranged. He had announced it at dinner on Tuesday giving the students time to get excited. Nothing like this had ever happened at Hogwarts.

Remus and Lee Jordan were very excited as they took their places.

Severus was refereeing as arranged.

The stands were filling with students; Hogwarts, Durmstrang and Beauxbatons but Professor Flitwick had to enlarge the stands to accommodate the larger crowd.

“Welcome to the First Quidditch Exhibition match here at Hogwarts.” Remus began.

“Yes, our first team flying under the colours of Puddlemere united we have our Faithful Lions. Captained by our very own Beater George Weasley, at his side his wingman fellow Beater and our Prefect Fred. The ever talented Golden trio of Chaser Lionesses Bell, Johnson and Spinnett. Returning to grace our humble pitch, is Reserve Keeper of Puddlemere United and our very own former Quidditch Captain Oliver Wood. A one day only return to the Lion ranks.” there was a lot of screaming for the Lions. “You know him, you love him. Gryffindor’s talented Seeker who helped them win the Quidditch cup last year, Harry Potter.”

“Our second team captained by none other then Adrian Pucey, the relatively dashing Chaser of Slytherin. His fellow Chaser Draco Malfoy, former Slytherin Seeker- Lord Malfoy spent one year as a Chaser so it maybe in the blood. In a striking choice rounding out the Seeker is Ravenclaw Jeremy Stretton. A pair of Beaters out of Hufflepuff rumored to be the greatest pair of Beaters in Hogwarts next to the Human Bludgers themselves known as the Weasley Twins. That’s right, it’s Max O’Flaherty and Antony Rickett.”

Hufflepuff shouted themselves hoarse.

“Our Keeper, probably the best Keeper in Hogwarts with Wood graduated, Grant Page.” Remus continued.

“Last but by no means least, the most famous Seeker in the world and who recently flew at the World Cup, Durmstrang’s own, Viktor Krum.”
Severus held up his hand and the stadium quieted, “First team to catch the snitch wins regardless of points. Though the snitch is still worth one hundred and fifty points. Captains shake hands. Good clean game.”

George held out his hand, “We’ll play clean if you do.”

Adrian grinned as he shook it, “We’ll give you one hell of a game. We’ve got Viktor.”

Viktor flew up to Hermione, kissed her hand, “I’ll bring you the snitch.”

Hermione leaned up to whisper, “Catch the snitch and I’ll let you kiss me.”

Grinning Viktor landed near his team that was dressed in Bulgarian Quidditch robes.

Severus snapped the box of regulation Professional level Quidditch balls releasing them to the sky. It was a test of skill, only Draco knew they would be playing with Pro balls.

“And they’re off.”

Harry and Viktor took off after the snitch.

Adrian caught the Quaffle first, weaving a few feet before sending it straight to Draco who with some instinctual evades managed to score the first goal less then two minutes into the match.

“Pucey with the Quaffle.”

“No now Malfoy has it. Closing in on Wood. Malfoy shoots.”

“Wood dives and... Malfoy scores the first point.”

“Pretty fine moves for his first game as a Chaser.”

"Indeed. Not all players are so versatile."

Harry and Viktor shadowed each other across the pitch.

Fred and George took turns hitting Bludgers at the other team.

The Golden Trio managed to get the Quaffle, just shockingly not at often as Adrian’s team. Adrian and Draco made quite the dynamic duo, not that Stretton was a bad choice or a bad player.

Within forty-five minutes, Adrian’s team was up by sixty points; George’s team had thirty points and Adrian’s had ninety.

Harry spotted the snitch and tore after it, Viktor not far behind. Nimbus 2001 versus the Firebolt.

The crowd was torn between cheering for Harry and for Viktor.

A well-aimed Bludger scattered them both and they lost the snitch.

Good move, Draco thought. He wanted the game to take time and not be over too quickly.

The Golden Chaser Trio versus Slytherins’ Silver Pair and Stretton was a very good match up.

Before the game, Draco had temporarily removed the speed limit charm cast on the student brooms. They weren’t quite as fast as the Firebolt but they were professional grade when they stepped out on the pitch.
“Adrian’s team flying under Bulgaria’s colours has just scored their one hundred and twentieth point.”

“Is it possible that this mixed team might possibly beat the best team Gryffindor has had in recent memory?”

“I don’t know Lupin. I’m a little surprised this mixed bag team has managed to trounce them like this. For every goal the Gryffindor’s golden trio scores Slytherin’s Silver Pair scores twice. I’ve never seen a game this exciting.”

Remus chuckled, “Not at Hogwarts, perhaps, the World Cup comes close.”

“Surely, not. The only professionals on the pitch are Wood and Krum.” Lee protested.

“They are quite capable, many of them of going pro. That is if they don’t have other dreams. James Potter was one of the best Chasers I saw and the six Chasers in the air have him beaten. All four of the Beaters are better then Professor Black was when he flew. I never saw such flying by Seekers, not even Regulus Black of Slytherin was this good.”

“Well, I saw Charlie Weasley, former captain and Seeker fly for two years. I don’t remember flying of this caliber and he had offers to fly for four teams when he graduated.

Remus’ keen eyes spotted a flash of gold, “Is that the snitch?”

The words barely left his mouth when Harry and Viktor dove.

This was the moment of truth, who would win? Neck and neck they flew at the ground, this was no Wronski Feint, this was real but the steepness of the dive terrified more then a few of the girls.

Hermione was terrified for both of them and didn’t dare blink or breath for fear of missing something.

The whole stadium froze; Players and spectators alike.

Harry leaned forward hand outstretched.

Then the unthinkable happened Harry’s hand closed over Viktor’s; the snitch trapped between their palms.

The crowd roared.

Lee was floored, "Who won? Who caught the snitch?"

Remus amplified his voice louder with a cast of his wand, “It looks like both Krum and Potter have the Snitch. I’ve never seen anything like it. Severus, we’re waiting on the verdict.”

Severus had been watching his son and his godson with pride. He fly towards Harry and Viktor. He examined their hands and then the placement of the snitch between them. “Viktor had the snitch first but Harry kept it from escaping. One Hundred and fifty points to both teams.”

Remus yelled, “Before the snitch, George Weasley’s team had one hundred points, while Adrian Pucey’s team had one hundred and sixty. Final tally; Weasley- two hundred and fifty points. Pucey- Three hundred and ten. The game goes to our mixed team flying under Bulgarian National colours.”

Severus held up the snitch. “According to the International Quidditch rules, a rare but not impossible double catch allows for the duplication of the Snitch.” he cast the spell and held one that recognized
Harry to him and the one that registered Viktor as it’s capturer out to Durmstrang’s Champion.

Viktor flew to Hermione and held out the snitch, “For you Ahren. From now on, I fly for you.”

Hermione turned pink and kissed him, “I’m honored.”

She held out a gift, “I was going to give this to you after the game.”

Viktor unwrapped it, “Ahren.”

Inside was a scarlet knitted scarf, one end bore Durmstrang’s crest, while the other had the symbol of Bulgarian National.

Viktor stammered, “Yoo made zhis? For me?”

Hermione nodded, “Just finished it last night.”

Viktor pulled her onto his broom, “I vant to introduce you.”

Hermione clung to the Firebolt, conscious of Viktor’s arms around her as her boyfriend flew towards the Durmstrang students.

Viktor landed into from of two handsome men, one of whom looked very much like Viktor except for the nose. Viktor helped Hermione down, “Papa, Otec, zhiz iz Ahren.” he explained himself in Russian for them both, they spoke Russian at home.

Viktor could speak fluent Russian, Serbian and Bulgarian- he had been raised in Bulgaria after all, it was his English needed work.

His fathers looked pleased, the one who resembled Viktor the most placed a hand on each of Hermione’s shoulders and kissed her cheeks.

“Ahren, zhiz iz Damitar Krum. He iz my fazher.”

Hermione curtsied politely, speaking slowly, “Hermione Granger.”

Damitar slowly tried to reproduce the strange name, “Hermine?”

Hermione smiled, close enough, nodding as she looked up at the tall man. Well, she knew what Viktor would look like older.

“Zhiz iz otec, Nebojsa.”

“Sine, she is zhe von?”

Viktor nodded, “Ahren iz dusho moja.”

Nebojsa smiled, “Velcome.”

Damitar placed an arm around Nebojsa’s waist and leaned into to talk to him, smiling at Hermione.

All Hermione heard clearly was, ‘sércce moje’, she turned to Viktor and asked softly, ”what does ‘sércce moje’ mean?” she asked stumbling at the unfamiliar sounds of the words.

Viktor chuckled as he noticed his otec blush, “Papa calls otec zhat, it means my heart I zhink.”

Hermione asked softly, “Can you teach me? I’d like to learn how to talk to them.”
Viktor kissed her hand, before pulling out his wand and signing the snitch; ’to Ahren. In memory of my greatest match and when you met my fathers.’

Hermione read the tiny writing and hugged him as she added it to her necklace, “Thank you.”

“You are velcom Ahren. I am glad zhat zhey like you. Zhough I zhink Draco would be best to teach you how to speak Russian.”

“I thought you were Bulgarian.”

“I am. Russian is more widely used. Better to learn.” Viktor smiled at her.

Hermione nodded, “Then I’ll learn Russian.”

Viktor took her hand, speaking slowly, “Prijatno poznakomit'sa.”

Hermione did her best not to stumble over the words.

Nebojsa’s eyes lit up, “Očen' prijatno ung kvinna.”

Hermione glanced at Viktor.

“Otec said nice to meet you young lady. He used zhe less formal phrase.”

Damitar was impressed by the girl his son was so taken with, “Kak požyvajete.”


Hermione repeated the phrase as carefully as she could.

Damitar clasped his son on the shoulder, “Vill do fine. Ve like her.”

Viktor said something to his father in Bulgarian, their smiles grew.

Hermione waited until they finished speaking. “Did I do okay? Do they like me?”

“Otec is very fond of you. He said he is excited to have you visit. Zhey are happy I found someone so beautiful and smart. Papa seems to share Otec’s good opinion of you.”

Hermione blushed, “I like them. They seem very nice. I was so nervous.”

“You did vell Ahren.”

Hermione said quietly. “I just hope introducing you to my parents will go over just as well.”

“I vant to court you, you said I have to ask. I vill do vhat it is you ask to prove myself.” Viktor said quietly.

Xooooox

Harry flew into Draco’s arms, “My half of the Snitch, I want you to have it.”

Draco lifted his chin and kissed him softly, “I'll treasure it.”
“I wouldn't have gotten to fly without you. This game was all your idea.”

“I wanted to see who would end up the better Seeker, you or Viktor. It seems a tie, but then you are still young.”

XoooooX

By the time Harry, Draco and Viktor reached the ground of the pitch, reporters and scouts were waiting for them.

“Potter, how does it feel to fly against the best Seeker in the World?”

“Krum, how does it feel nearly losing to a boy four years younger?”

“Krum were you going easy on the kid because he is younger?

“Aren’t you both Triwizard Champions?”

“Potter are you still nervous about facing older, more skilled wizards?”

Draco held up his hands, “Quiet. One person at a time.”

He pointed to one, that man he knew was a scout, “You can ask first.”

The man chuckled, “Darien Ambrose, scout from the Appleby Arrows. I have a question for Mr. Krum were you going easy on the kid because he is younger?”

Draco chuckled speaking before Viktor could, “All brooms and balls were of Profession grade.”

The assembled crowd started to talk very fast.

The five other Chasers, the four Beaters and the Ravenclaw Keeper were dumbfounded, they played that well on a professional level?

Draco put up his hand to silence the crowd, “I’m sure Viktor would like to answer Mr. Ambrose.”

Viktor spoke haltingly, “I heard about Harry’s skill as a Seeker. Ze game vas Draco’s idea to pass ze time and zo meet more people. I vanted zo fly fair. I have never flown vith a more skilled Seeker. I hope to fly against him at ze next World Cup.”

“Mr. Wood, is it true you used to be Mr. Potter’s captain? Did you discover him?”

Oliver shook his head, “Harry was discovered his First Year by our former Head of House who is now Headmistress. She brought him to my attention. He caught a Remembrall that fell fifty feet and managed to pull out of a dive without crashing. It was his first time on a broom.”

Remus spoke up, “Actually, I remember his godfather sent him a toy broom for his first birthday. His father James mentioned that he used to try to fly it. They didn’t mention his flying until their last letters.”

Harry blinked, his face ashen. Sirius gave him his first broom? Draco had his Broom altered to fly against Viktor? He caught a snitch that flew as fast as the one at the World Cup? He was both
pleased with himself and upset Draco did this behind his back.

Draco pointed to another person, “You, next question.”

The man bowed his head, “Jake McKean, from Quidditch World. Potter, how does it feel to fly against the best Seeker in the World?”

Harry smiled, “Viktor is very nice. I was impressed by his flying at the World Cup and I was really happy Draco arranged the match. I was sure he would get the snitch. The tie was a surprise.”

“Thomas Laughlin from the Chudley Cannons. Pucey, you captained the Team that flew under the Bulgarian National colours?”

Adrian grinned, “Yes I did.”

“Knowing the rivalries between Hogwarts' Quidditch teams, how did you manage to make such a team work?”

“Hard work. We’ve played against each other and so we knew each other’s weaknesses as well as strengths. We managed to blend together. Draco and I wanted to put together a team worthy of Viktor Krum. We choose the best players and asked them to fly with us. We all wanted to prove we were good enough to play with him. It was an honor I won’t soon forget. I have always tried despite my being a Slytherin to play fairly. I’m sure that helped gain my team’s trust.”

“You are Slytherin’s Quidditch captain? How do you feel about the season being canceled?”

Ambrose from the Appleby Arrows asked.

Adrian shrugged, “I am pleased to have a chance to fly as a captain despite the cancellation, Draco Malfoy is quite the persuasive young man. If you think about it, technically, this match is scheduled on the same day the Gryffindor vs. Slytherin match would have taken place. I am pleased to have Malfoy on my team. He will be replacing Marcus Flint as Chaser on our team next year. As for the Tournament, I had hoped to represent Hogwarts myself but between Diggory and Harry I’m sure we’ll be fine. Harry is an honorable person, I will vouch that he never attempted to go near the Goblet of Fire. As the person with the second highest status in Slytherin House, I give Harry Potter my full support.”

Draco smirked, “Any other questions?”

“Keiran Branagh of Puddlemere United, Wood do you think that Potter’s skills have improved since his first year?”

Oliver grinned, “Playing on a Professional level today was something I hadn’t expected. The talent I saw when I taught him about Quidditch was astounding. He won us the Quidditch cup two years in a row during my term as captain of Gryffindor’s Quidditch team, though the first time we did tie for it with Slytherin. I hate to say it but he is better then Charlie Weasley, Charlie was the person I inherited the captaincy from. Charlie was offered a place as a Reserve Seeker by Puddlemere United, Chudley Cannons, Appleby Arrows and the Wimbourne Wasps. You said he could have played for England, and maybe he could have. If you still think he is worth his weight in Galleons, I have it on excellent authority he is moving back to England. Perhaps, you can resubmit your offers of a place on your teams.”

Draco smirked to himself, Oliver was a good friend. Charlie was moving back for Blaise, though whether or not Charlie would be interested in Quidditch he didn’t know.

Oliver chuckled, “He is here I saw him. Hey Charlie, come down here.”
Draco had been sure that Charlie and Blaise would come to support them.

Charlie walked onto the pitch, his arm around Blaise’s waist. “Ollie, who made you my manager?”

“No one, just shamelessly praising my former captain.” Oliver teased, he was going to be family to his old teammate.

Thomas Laughlin from the Chudley Cannons spoke up, “You are returning to England?”

Charlie nodded, “I am courting a ward of Lord Malfoy. He has been ill lately and I want to move closer. Besides, dealing with dragons is too dangerous an occupation for a man considering Bonding.”

“The ward is?”

“Blaise Zabini. I am looking for career opportunities here in England. I was considering joining the Control of Magical Creatures Department at the Ministry. I am somewhat of an expert on Dragons after four years at the Preserve in Romania.” Charlie smiled, Blaise’s warm side pressed against him.

“Gwenog Jones, Daily Prophet’s Quidditch Special Correspondent. The Professional Season started back in October, are you regretting not attending open tryouts in July?”

Charlie shrugged, “I have been quite busy both professionally and personally since May. I haven’t had time to really look for a new position. I hadn’t decided to move back to England permanently until late August.”

Jake McKean, from Quidditch World asked, “Are you considering a return to Quidditch?”

Charlie shrugged, “I haven’t discussed it with my intended.”

Blaise smiled, “I’ll support any career Charlie chooses. I didn’t get a chance to see him fly before he graduated. If he really is that good, I would be proud to be Bonded to a Professional Quidditch player.”

Charlie squeezed Blaise’s hand, he was considering it.

Draco grinned, “Anymore Questions?”

Gwenog Jones asked, “Was this really your first game as a Chaser?”

Draco nodded, “My father played for our house team as a Chaser for one year. I flew as a Seeker for two. Now that Harry is in Slytherin, I would never be more then a Reserve Seeker. If Harry is just below Viktor talent-wise, I’d probably be closer to Lynch from Ireland; not quite in the same league. I can put on a good show but in a fair match I would never win. I have never won against Harry.”

Jake McKean, from Quidditch World raised his hand, “How many of you who flew today would be considering professional careers with the exceptions of Wood and Krum who are already signed to teams.

Katie Bell, Adrian and Draco raised their hands.

Keiran Branagh of Puddlemere United asked, “Potter, why aren’t you considering flying professionally?”

Harry blushed, “I hadn’t thought about it. Draco said I could. Viktor said if I was as good as everyone said I might have a chance. I’m only a Fourth Year, I don’t know what I want to do after
Hogwarts yet.” besides Bonding with Draco of course…

“Captain Weasley, are you related to Charlie Weasley?” Thomas Laughlin from the Chudley Cannons called out.

George nodded, “He is my brother.”

“Why aren’t you considering flying professionally?”

George laid an arm on Fred’s shoulder, “While hitting Iron balls at people we don’t like is fun.”

“We have a different dream.” Fred continued.

“we’ve decided our talents would be better used,”

“opening our own joke shop.”

“like Honeydukes meets Zonkos only better.”

“You are passing up a Quidditch career to sell sweets and tricks?” Gwenog Jones asked shocked.

Fred nodded, “It’s what we decided. We decided we wanted to do that when we were eight.”

Charlie laughed, “Through it would have been fun to fly for Chudley Cannons together. That is the family team.”

“So even if the three of you were offered places by Chudley Cannons you wouldn’t accept?”

Thomas Laughlin from the Chudley Cannon was floored.

George and Fred looked at each other, tilting their heads in thought.

“If it was a serious offer, “ Fred shrugged.

“we might consider it but only for a year or so.” George was the practical one.

“You need a lot of money to open your own business.”

“We’re the type who like to work hard for what we want.”

Draco checked his watch, “Looks like it’s getting closer to dinner. I’m sure we would love to stay and chat but we’re exhausted and in need of a shower.” he winked at Gwenog Jones, the captain and Beater for the Holyhead Harpies.

Gwenog chuckled, “You boys aren’t bad Beaters for wizards, be a shame if you don’t try to prove that you can hold your own against us Harpies. If the so-called Gryffindor’s Golden Trio is interested in playing with us, I suggest that you attend our Open try-outs in June. We might find a place for you.”

Ambrose spoke up, “Those of you sixth and seventh years should consider attending Open-Try outs for the Arrows as well. If this is the only match you play this year, it was enough to get you noticed.”

Draco smirked, mission accomplished. He led Harry off to shower, still holding onto the Snitch.

“Excellent game Adder. I was proud of you. I knew you had it in you. Great flying Viktor, thank you for what you said about Harry.”

“You all flew vell. I vas pleased. He is good. I vould like to play him at ze next World Cup.” Viktor
“Well done everyone.”

Page glared, “Do you have any idea how dangerous it was to making our brooms Professional grade? It's illegal for Students. You could have gotten us killed Malfoy.”

“I knew we were capable of it. Why do you think I asked the best students I could find? Everyone on the Pitch today was chosen because I saw they had potential. I made sure that reporters and scouts were here to watch us. Could we have shown them a match like that if I hadn’t? They are watching every single one of us for potential offers. Those of us who raised their hands when asked if we were considering playing professionally are most likely to be considered. Adrian might be offered a place as a first string Chaser.”

Adrian gasped, “First-string Chaser?”

Draco nodded, “Puddlemere United and Appleby Arrows seemed to be the most interested in you. The Cannons and Puddlemere are interested the Weasley brothers; all three of them, they still remember Charlie and were very pleased about how the twins played today.”

George blushed, “I’m not sure I want to play Professionally.”

Fred hugged him, “I believe in you.”

Draco was pleased how today ended up, a second match might not be a bad idea. Perhaps, Hufflepuff deserved a shot to play against Viktor. Did he want to give all of them the same chance? He would have to arrange this all again. He wasn’t sure he wanted to.

Chapter End Notes

Should the Weasley brothers consider flying together? Should Charlie work for the Ministry or Fly? Does anyone like Draco's interesting way of building allies and bridges? Should Cedric and Hufflepuff have a chance to fly against Adrian, Draco and Viktor?
Chapter 19- Blaisé returns to Hogwarts, Blood Feuds and Blood Oaths

It was November 15th when Blaisé felt well enough to start attending classes rather then just doing assignments.

Charlie flooed with him into Severus Snape’s office.

Severus was meeting them during breakfast. “Morning. How are you feeling Blaisé?”

Blaisé smiled, “I’m doing better. Charlie has been taking good care of me.”

Charlie kissed his cheek, “It was an honor. I have to go back to Romania for the day. I have some things to finish up.”

Severus nodded, “I found him a set of rooms on the fifth floor near the library, behind a painting of Professor Vindictus Viridian and the password is Felix Felices. If you want Charlie, you are welcome to let your house elves attend to him. It is a courtesy to Bonded couples; you maybe only courting but in in light of recent events it is my determination that granting you the rights and privileges of a Bonded couple is in Blaisé’s best interest.”

Blaisé’s dark face paled slightly, “In light of what…?” being reminded of the attack unsettled him.

“Draco told our House that someone wanted to cause disorder in the house and Nott who was already unstable took the bait. Nott attacked you, he gave no details and said the next person who tried, he would get declared an adult just for the purpose of declaring Blood Feud. He promised to hunt down every member of the family; dead or alive, even down to descendants of squibs to erase them as if they had never been born. He promised to utterly destroy them and every family who had joined blood with them. He declared you family, he said if he was Prince of Slytherin; Harry was his consort and you were to be considered a prince in your own right,. He said you were to be treated as a pureblood but illegitimate child of Lucius Malfoy. The House swore you were untouchable after that.” Severus was actually quite proud of how Draco handled it, “The house has also rallied in support of our unhappy Champion. Someone put Harry’s name into the Goblet of Fire, he is now legally and magically bound to participate in the Triwizard Tournament.”

Charlie stiffened, “No. That can’t be. Talented as Blaisé assures me he is, he can’t.”
Severus put up his hand, “Charlie, I appreciate your concern. That subject is a matter of discussion if I am not present. I am aware of Tournament and the Tasks. Trust me, I am both terrified and furious about my son being forced into this. I would almost use the killing curse on the person. Now after you see Blaisé to your rooms, Lucius would like to see you before you Apparate to Romania.”

“I’ll see what I can do.” Charlie shrugged giving a non-committal answer.

Severus shook his head, “Lord Malfoy has requested your presence. I would go as soon as you see Blaisé to his rooms. Refusing an audience would make him very angry, he is already having to deal with a lot of things. He is requesting your presence because you are courting his ward.”

Charlie stiffened, he had forgotten briefly that he was courting the ward of pureblood who held a lot of an old-fashioned ideals. “I will floo to his office in twenty minutes. My apologies for not realizing the seriousness of his request.”

Lucius was going over the paperwork to file for Blood Feud against what was left of the Nott family.

There was a flash of fire in his office Floo and Charlie Weasley stepped out.

Just in time for Lucius’ assistant, Percy to show up.

Lucius sipped his coffee, “Perfect timing, I was going over paperwork to file for a blood feud.”

Percy’s eyes widened, “Blood feud?” Lucius must be very angry about the attack on Blaisé, a blood feud could only be because of that attack.

Charlie was unfamiliar with the term, “What is a blood feud?”

Lucius chuckled, “Percy, since you seem to know, enlighten your brother.”

“A blood feud is an ancient tradition, usually only enacted by purebloods. When one family wrongs another, there ways to gain restitution. Some wrongs can be solved by fines and paying large sums to the wronged family. Some cases they see are too big for money and they are out for blood. The Head of the wronged family files for a blood feud and then swears a blood oath on their magic to enact vengeance.” Percy recited nervously.

“Blood oath?” Charlie asked, slightly intrigued.

Lucius was only too keen to explain, “A blood oath in this case might be between you and me, if Draco was of age he would take it with us. As Blaisé’s intended, any acts of vengeance must be done by your consent. Your participation in the enacting of the Blood Feud is not mandatory but you have the right to a say in the matter. I am filing a Blood Feud against the Nott family; being that Theo and his father Frederick at all that is left of their family aside from those who married into other families, vengeance should be swift. As Blaisé’s intended, all assets of those who attacked your husband according to the strict dictates of Blood Feuds will revert to you. Should you retract your courtship or sever your bond with Blaisé, the assets revert to me as Head of his House. A Blood Oath, is an ancient pureblood ceremony we take a blade that is kept for such a purpose, we slice our forearms deep enough to bleed and allow it to mix together in a goblet of the oldest wine. The mixing of magical blood and swearing of a Blood Oath is almost more binding then the Unbreakable
Vow. You would swear fealty to the House of Malfoy, promising to do all in your power to protect the sons of this house, and to ensure that vengeance is brought to those who attack us. To seal the Oath we would each have to take one sip of the wine.”

Charlie nodded, “So you are determined in this course of action? Filing for Blood Feud? I am not a killer.”

“It is not killing, at no time is the casting of the Unforgivable curses allowed. There are many ways to punish and his attack on Blaise was not quick and painless therefore his punishment will not be slow and painful. It will be documented and overseen by an Auror as is custom. We will show that we are as powerful as ever, as we take attacks against our own seriously. I would do the same for anyone who comes under the Protection of the House of Malfoy; Remus, Severus, Narcissa, Draco, Blaise, Harry, yourself and any of my son’s friends.” Lucius was very set on this course, he would not be dissuaded. “You saw what they did to your mate; the bruises and the torn clothes. If Blaise hadn’t transformed out of fear, Nott would have raped him. For that, he must be punished.”

“Why do you have to kill his father as well?”

“A Blood Feud must be completed. Leave even one member alive and they will want revenge. I have the right to and a time limit to file but I must have your consent.”

Charlie sighed, “I will agree to it. I won’t fight it. If this is how you handle attacks on family I won’t say anything against it. I want Blaise to feel safe. If making a statement is your way of giving him that then I have no problem with your methods. I will take the Blood Oath, I want Percy to keep it a secret from the others.”

Percy nodded, he hadn’t expected Charlie to agree. The things we do for love.

Lucius held out the quill, “Sign.”

Charlie signed, his mouth set in a firm line. “I need to get to the Preserve. I’m already late. Let me know if it’s approved.” Charlie turned on his heel and showed himself out.

Lucius nodded, sealing it with the Malfoy signet. “Percy, deliver this directly into Minister Bones’ hand, only to her. If you have to wait for her I don’t care but give this to her directly.”

“Yes sir.” Percy bowed and left.
Dragons and Blood Oaths

Chapter 20 - Dragons and Blood Oaths

Charlie was exhausted, having to Apparate back and forth between his duties as a dragonologist and his mate was difficult. The main issue with the tournament was transport of the dragons. The preserve was not happy when he informed them that an unprecedented fourth champion had been selected and that a fourth dragon must be sent.

Dragomir Ionescue, the current director of the Harvey Ridgebit's Dragon Sanctuary was most displeased that they hadn’t been informed until the day the team left with the dragons. Politicos didn’t understand what an undertaking transporting dragons from Romania to Scotland was. It was a four-minute trip by International Portkey and a seven to ten minute trip by floo depending on traffic. Flying though natural for dragons was too dangerous, too many issues with anti-Muggle security. Travel by magical ship was out, forcing dragons even those under powerful stasis charms or anti-fire wards would go out of control if in contact with water for too long.

They were forced to travel by rail which unfortunately meant a 45 minute trip by underwater train from Calais, France to Dover, England. Hiding a Dragon Preserve in a Volcanic Range, part of the Maramures region in the Oriental Carpathians was difficult. Honestly, after this trip Charlie would very glad to see the back of this place. As the only Brit, some of his colleagues saw the failure of the British Ministry as a reflection of himself. Charlie was not happy…

In fact, he had already turned in his resignation; effective December 1. As much as he enjoyed working with dragons with the exception of being able to spend time with his mate nothing about his job seemed to matter much. He was actually looking forward to not having to go to work when Blaise went into breeding season, it would give him more time to get to know his mate.

He had reluctantly spent one night away from Blaise, it was late, very late when their train pulled into Hogsmeade Station.

He helped off-load the train, the dragons were very unhappy. The fire-breathing creatures had not responded well to the trip from Calais, France to Dover, England. The trip to the clearing he had selected was not far from the station, so easy access to the village for the Sanctuary Staff. He had only been assigned this task because he was the only staff member with intimate knowledge of
It was nearly two in the morning when he managed to make it the room he was to share with his Blaise. He stumbled into the castle with a yawn, making his way to the fifth floor. He was forced to wake a disgruntled former potions master probably a Slytherin who he politely told the password.

The first thing he heard was whimpering.


Charlie’s heart raced, the privacy ward on their room only worked at keeping the sound inside. Blaise’s whimpering terrified him, Nott was in Azkaban. How could he hurt Blaise?

Blaise was in bed, thrashing. His whimpers getting louder, “Stop! Charlie, help me. Charlie!”

Charlie moved to try to wake him.

Blaise flinched at the touch, his body curled up in a ball, “Don’t do this. Stop hurting me.”

Charlie muttered, “Excitare.” casting the charm that would wake his lover.

Blaise woke gasping, “Merda! Dove si trova? Ero solo dormendo? Charlie? Tu sei qui. Grazie Merlin.” He was shaking, he didn’t often speak in Italian, just when he was upset or excited, or talking to his grandmother.

Charlie didn’t know what Blaise was saying, he kissed his hair, “Talk to me Blaise. What happened?”

“Charlie. It was awful, he had me. I couldn’t get away. I was so scared.”

Charlie rubbed his back, but he was carefully avoiding the places that would sexually excite his mate. “You’re safe. I’m here now. Tell me what happened?”

“I started feeling sleepy right after dinner. I came back to our room and passed out. I found myself in my dream. In the dark, tied down and naked. Nott was there. Someone broke him out and he said he would finish what he started, he cast something that trapped my magic. I couldn’t transform. I was helpless as he beat me, called me names and then…he started forcing things inside my body. All the while telling me he was going to rape me.” Blaise broke down into sobs, “I couldn’t wake up, I was trapped. I was so scared it was real. Thank you for waking me.” he clung to his mate.

Charlie was furious, Blaise had been doing so well and now this? Something was wrong, Hogwarts was supposed to be the safest place and twice now Blaise had been hurt here. He growled, “Jocy.”

The house elf appeared, “Tell Severus I need him.”

“Yes master.”

It took ten minutes for the portrait to swing open.

Severus and Remus stepped into the bedroom.

Severus sensed Dark Magic as soon as he entered, he examined Blaise very carefully, “Someone cast a Dark spell. He shows traces of a Sleeping draught but not one of mine. This potion works with the dark spell.” he pointed his wand at Blaise, “Aperio caligo.” he read the spell’s residual magical signature.
“What did you cast?” Charlie snapped.

“Relax. It’s a spell of my own creation. It reveals Dark Magic. Someone cast a nasty curse on Blaise: the Nightmare Curse.” Severus said quietly.

Remus grumbled, “Not even safe at Hogwarts? This supposed to be peaceful. Isn’t He Who Must Not Be Named dead?”

Severus shook his head, “Reared his snakehead back in 1991. Tried to take the Philosopher’s stone for it’s immortal qualities. The boys also helped destroy a Horcrux the Dark Lord made using a fang from Slytherin’s Basilisk.”

Blaise whispered from Charlie’s arms, “You forgot Harry. Dark Lord made him a Horcrux too.”

Charlie looked at Severus, still irate. “How do I protect him? Can you tell me who cast this curse?”

“What was the nightmare?”

‘Nott escaped Azkaban. Kidnapped Blaise. Tortured him. Threatened to rape him.” Charlie snarled as he tried to calm his shaking mate.

Severus looked at Remus, “Someone who knows about the attack, used it against Blaise. Knowing that Blaise wouldn’t have forgotten the incident. He has only been back two nights.”

Remus nodded sadly, “He is in the castle or has access to someone who does.”

“Who? Who did this?” Charlie was being highly protective of Blaise, seeing his mate terrified again was like a knife to his heart. He leaves Blaise’s side and he is attacked. Why? What did hurting Blaise accomplish? He understood why Lucius was out for blood. He wanted this person, this monster who took pleasure in tormenting his mate dead. If only so Blaise would be free to recover from this trauma.

“We think Albus Dumbledore was behind the first attack. Nott received a letter in Dumbledore’s handwriting and it was the reason for why Blaise was cornered.” Severus began.

“Why Blaise? What did he do to the former Headmaster?”

Remus shrugged letting Severus explain.

“He sent Harry to an abusive Muggle family. He tried to manipulate Harry’s friendships. Confounded the Sorting hat to place Harry in Gryffindor when he belonged in Slytherin. He is suspected of placing both Lucius and Sirius under the Imperius curse. Lucius was instrumental in the dismissal of Dumbledore as Headmaster and the Wizengamot case. Dumbledore was fired as Headmaster, fined by both the Wizengamot and the Gringotts. He is left practically penniless. He must be using Blaise to get to Lucius.” Severus said sadly.

Charlie was furious, “Professor Dumbledore is after my mate? He’s putting Blaise in danger? I’ll kill him. I can’t let anyone hurt my Blaise. He’s suffered enough.” he would get Lucius to help him file a Blood Feud against just Dumbledore, not the family. There was no one left right?

Remus was shocked, Charlie seemed like an even-tempered guy usually. Now, the dragon tamer was out for blood.

Severus nodded, “We’ll see you later. Blaise needs rest.”
Charlie held Blaise close as their guests showed themselves out. “I won’t let anyone hurt you again. I already turned in my resignation to the Sanctuary. I will be jobless as of the beginning of December.”

Blaise closed his eyes, “Thank you for waking me.”

“I’m sorry I wasn’t here for you love. Rest. I’ll protect you. I swear.” He would…

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Lucius was sitting at breakfast on November 17 when a barn owl landed near him, he held out a bit of sausage before he opened the parchment.

‘I, Emelia Measa Bones, Minister for Magic do authorize Lucius Malfoy, guardian to Blaise Zabini and Charles Octavian Weasley, the intended of Blaise Zabini the rite of Blood Feud. Activities of said Blood Feud must be documented as dictated by the rite. All assents of the Nott family is to be placed in trust for Mister Blaise Zabini. At the event of his Bonding, said assets revert to the care of Mister Charles Weasley.

Blood Feud activities must be overseen by Head of Magical Law Enforcement Kingsley Shacklebolt. He will make the necessary arrangements at Azkaban.’

Lucius smirked, “I knew she would approve of it.”

Narcissa raised an eyebrow, “Approve what?”

“Charlie and I filed for the Right of Blood Feud against Nott.” Lucius sipped his coffee and tapped the parchment.

Narcissa blanched, “Blood Feud?”

“After what he did and tried to do to Blaise does he deserve any less?”

“I thought you were only considering it.” Narcissa said quietly.

“I decided that I wanted to make a show of force, so few will challenge us. I am making a statement. I protect my own and I see attacks on honorary members just as if they attacked blood family.”

“I see. You won’t leave it alone and let it go?”

Lucius stared at her, “He attacked our family, that comes with consequences. For every bruise he made on Blaisé’s body, Theodore Nott will pay in blood.”

Narcissa’s heart twisted, Theo had grown up with her sons. To know that Theo had done that to Blaise broke her heart, if Theo’s mother had lived would she have allowed him to turn out this way? How could Theo turn on Blaise like that? Her eldest son was shy, slightly drawn into himself thanks to his dead father and a birth mother who didn’t remember him. “You are my lord.” her eyes filled with tears, she knew her husband’s hands were stained with blood but this was blood she knew.

Lucius sighed, “You never liked Nott anyway. You said he was an the most insufferable fool and worshipped the Dark Lord’s shadow too much. You warned me to be careful of him. You were right.”
“I didn’t want to be right.” Narcissa stood and left the dining room, heading for her music room.

Charlie stormed in, “There was an attack on Blaise last night.”

Lucius was stunned, “What?”

Charlie poured himself coffee, “Professor Snape said it was the Nightmare curse. Blaise dreamed that Nott kidnapped him, beat him and raped him with objects while threatening to rape him, himself.”

Lucius hissed, “Dumbledore.”

“I want his head. If he did this, the only way to stop him is to kill him.”

Lucius tapped the parchments, “The Blood Feud against the Nott Family has been approved.”

“Can we file against Dumbledore? If he is the one behind attacks on my mate, I want his blood.”

Lucius was surprised at Charlie’s vehemence, “I thought you weren’t interested in participating in a Blood Feud.”

“I wasn’t until I came home to Blaise so terrified he flinched when I tried to touch him. Someone cursed him into a nightmare of being tortured by a boy who attacked him. He was just starting to get past it. I was gone for one night and this happened.” Charlie paced. “I will be free from my obligations to the dragon sanctuary as of the first of December since I turned in my letter of resignation. Blaise needs me too much.”

“Don’t coddle him. He has been through something terrible but he needs to rise above it and prove he isn’t weak.” Lucius said sipping his coffee.

“Blaise isn’t weak! He is traumatized. I love him and he needs me. I’ll do anything so he feels safe. If making sure Nott can’t hurt him again help him, I’ll do it. If Dumbledore is behind this, I want his blood.”

Lucius held up his hands, “Alright. We need to investigate more. This second attempt gives us more time to prove he is behind the attacks on Blaise. You can claim the rite of Blood Vengeance against Dumbledore.”

“What is that?”

“It takes less evidence to gain authorization for and considering that his brother Aberforth was instrumental in the case against Albus, a Blood Feud would be foolish. They are estranged and I doubt Aberforth would lift a finger in retribution.” Lucius shrugged.

“Find where Dumbledore is. I want him to suffer if he did this to my mate. Blaise doesn’t deserve this. He is highly emotional, it’s his first breeding season and I don’t like him terrified. He needs me to support him now.” Charlie snapped.

Lucius nodded, “Very well. You handle him. Tomorrow. Be here at four in the afternoon. We must begin our Blood Oath just after sunset and it must be concluded before Moonrise.”

Charlie stalked out, “Very well.”

Perhaps, there was more to this Weasley then meets the eye…
Lucius had prepared everything; the ancient wine, the cup and the knife. He had scrubbed himself and put on a clean robe.

He had water simmering over an open flame, a cleansing potion beside and a coarse brown robe for Charlie.

Charlie wandered into the ceremonial space in the Manor’s dungeons, “Lucius I am here.”

“Hurry, strip and wash. We haven’t much time.”

Charlie washed, dried himself with a cleaning spell before putting the robe on. He stood at the edge of the circle.

Lucius stood in the center of the pentacle within the circle burned into the floor of the room. “Did you review the ritual I sent you?”

Charlie nodded.

At four fifteen exactly, Lucius lit the blue candle that rest on a crude wooden table that also bore the Chalice of Loyalty and Dagger of Shadows. “Speak your Oath to the Bones of my Ancestors.”

“I, Charles Octavian Weasley, second son of Arcturus Caius Weasley, do swear fealty to the House of Malfoy. I will protect the members of this house regardless of relation by blood, marriage or adoption equally. My Bonding to Blaise Zabini will serve to strengthen my tie to this House. I will protect them with the sweat of my brow, the upmost limits of my magic and my own blood if needed. An attack on one, is an attack on all. I seal this oath with my blood.” he sliced his palm, letting the blood mix with the wine in the goblet.

“I, Lucius Abraxus Malfoy, Lord and Head of the House of Malfoy do hear and accept your oath. This oath knows no limit and needs no renewal. The shedding of your blood and mine makes us kin. You are charged to defend those I deem family. I accept your request to Bond with my ward Blaise Zabini. Your Oath to protect us, I deem binding. if you do knowingly break of this oath, you shall suffer terrible wounds which may not be healed for seven years and seven days. I seal this oath with my blood, the blood of the House of Malfoy.” Lucius also took the blade drawing his own blood, when the desired amount joined Charlie’s blood and the wine he reached to press his bleeding palm to Charlie’s before he held the goblet to Charlie’s lips to drank.

Charlie drank and then held the chalice to Lucius’ lips.

Lucius drank the last of the blood and wine. “As it is sworn, so let it be.”

A flash of silver chains wrapped around their wrists, as the Malfoy family wand leaping to circle both hands and chalice.

There was a thunderous cry, ‘purity always conquers’.

Lucius smirked, “Blessed by the Family wand. I knew the Blood Oath and Feud was the right choice. Purity of action and honor always conquers would be an interpretation of the motto that Draco would approve of.”
A second date and Dragons

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom: HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 21 - A second date and Dragons

Charlie had escorted Blaisé to his first class the day after he swore his Blood Oath, hugging him gently, “Stay close to Draco. Everything will be fine. We’re going out to dinner, Severus recommended a nice place. Then I have something I want to show you.”

Blaisé bit his lip, “I’ll go to class. Just don’t be gone long.”

Draco slowly put an hand on Blaisé’s arm, “We’ll look after him. We don’t want anything else to happen to him either.” Draco had raged his displeasure to his House, Slytherins from every year had been told that morning, 'Once a Slytherin, always a Slytherin. Attack on one is an attack on all. One stepped out of line and injured another. The one thing Slytherin House always had was it's loyalty to one another. This breach made it hard to trust the family that Slytherin House was.'

Harry smiled, “We’ll look after him. We love him too.”

Charlie smiled, “I know you do.” it was easy to trust them, they had proven to be very protective of Blaisé. “I’ll pick you up at five for an early dinner.”

Blaisé blushed, stand up on his tiptoes to kiss Charlie. He didn’t care Charlie was older or a Gryffindor, or that members of his House were here. “I’ll be good. I’ll stay with them. I can’t wait until dinner.”

Pansy and Daphne pouted. Clearly, they had designs on marrying the boys in their year.

Charlie kissed him lightly, “I’ll be back soon. Don’t worry, I’m not leaving the grounds.”

Draco gently prodded Blaisé into Herbology.

XoooooX

Charlie picked Blaisé up at their rooms, he pulled his mate into his arms kissing him, “How was your day, love?”
Blaisé snuggled into Charlie’s chest, “I spent the day with Draco and Harry, nothing happened today.”

Charlie smiled kissing him gently, “I’m glad. Ready to go out to dinner? Snape arranged for us to take a boat ride. He’s busy with Lupin tonight.”

Blaisé nodded, “It’s the full-moon. Remus spends it in his office. I guess they warded it so Severus can stay with him.”

Charlie smiled, “So Remus is a,”

Blaisé gulped, “Please, you can’t tell anyone. Remus wouldn’t hurt anyone. As long as he takes his potion, he is safe. He loves Severus and Harry so much.”

Charlie sighed, “If you say so, I have to trust you. You are the Magical Creatures expert, I’ll defer to your opinion.”

“Well you are family. I made an oath to your guardian to protect you and all members of your family. If Severus Snape is family, then so is Remus. I’ll have to keep the secret. Come on, let’s go to dinner.” he held out his arm.

Blaisé slipped his arm in Charlie’s and leaned against him, “A second date? How will you top giving me our home?”

Charlie chuckled as they made their way out of the castle and to the lake, “I have my ways. ” He helped Blaisé into the boat, placed an arm around his waist. “It’s pretty out tonight.”

Blaisé snuggled, “It is nice.” the moon was out and they could see pretty far across the lake. The moonlight was shining off the lake, the stars were starting to come out. Blaisé blushed, Charlie was being so good to him, it was easy to almost forget the other night.

The boat ride to Hogsmeade went smoothly, the lake was calm and the wind was barely strong enough to ruffle their hair.

Charlie helped Blaisé from the boat and tied it, taking his mate’s hand and leading him towards the restaurant Snape recommended.

Blaisé smiled to himself, the place was nice; not expensive but pleasant.

Charlie pulled out Blaisé’s chair for him, kissing the top of his head, “Order anything you want.”

Blaisé bowed his head embarrassed, he knew Charlie worked for a living and he was embarrassed. He had been raised to a certain lifestyle, and he worried about if Charlie could afford to treat him like this.

“Don’t worry, I promise I can afford this.” He was going to receive the Nott Fortune on top of what he already had from the Prewett’s as well as what he had meticulously saved from his job at the Preserve. What was left of the Prewett Fortune had been split between himself and Bill. The family’s Wizengamot seat was going to Bill and a house called Shell Cottage, which was on the outskirts of Tinworth, Cornwall, near the coast. Of course, he wouldn’t gain access to most of it until he was Bonded. He wanted to enjoy getting to know Blaisé, he did want their children to be hatched in a committed relationship but he wasn’t interested in rushing things. He wanted their courtship to be
perfect, something that they could tell the kids. Blaisé deserved the best, not because he was raised that way but because of his pure spirit.

Blaisé nodded, “I would like the Salmon and a salad.”

Charlie chuckled, “Alright.” bringing his mate’s hand to his lips, “Anything you want.” after the last few weeks Blaisé needed this, he was sure of it.

Blaisé laughed, “Kiwi juice please.”

Charlie grinned, ordering a steak for himself and the salmon for Blaisé. They choose a salad first course.

Their salad and drinks came first.

They had a quiet table on the veranda, very private.

Charlie wondered, if Christmas would be too soon to ask Blaisé to Bond with him...

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Charlie tied up the boat, helping Blaisé onto the bank, “Trust me?”

Blaisé said softly, “Always.”

“I want to show you something.” Charlie entwined his fingers with Blaisé’s taking his hand, “Come on.” he really did want to show Blaisé this but he hoped his mate might tell Harry. Harry didn’t deserve to go in blind, especially not against dragons. Dragons were dangerous even to experienced Dragonologists.

Blaisé pouted when he sniffed, “Hagrid. What is he doing here?”

But then they had walked so far around the perimeter of the forest that the castle and the lake were out of sight...

Charlie sighed, “He’s always been obsessed with…wait how do you know Hagrid is here?”

Blaisé shrugged, “I smell him. “

“Wair is it you are taking me, ‘Agrid?”

“Yeh’ll enjoy this,” Hagrid said gruffly, “worth seein’, trust me. On’y - don’ go tellin’ anyone I showed yeh, right? Yeh’re not s’posed ter know.”

“Of course not,” came a barely feminine sounding voice.

There was a large flash and then Blaisé heard something.

Men were shouting up ahead…

Then came a deafening, ear-splitting roar…and then more roars, each with a different tone.

Charlie groaned, “The Horntail is at it again. Come on. Stay close to me.”
Blaisé watched as Hagrid led his large female companion, he thought it was Madam Maxime who he had only seen during meals, around a clump of trees and came to a halt.

Blaisé hurried up alongside Charlie - for a split second, he thought he was seeing bonfires, and men darting around them - and then his mouth fell open. Dragons.

Four fully grown, enormous, vicious-looking dragons were rearing onto their hind legs inside an enclosure fenced with thick planks of wood, roaring and snorting - torrents of fire were shooting into the dark sky from their open, fanged mouths, fifty feet above the ground on their outstretched necks. There was a silvery-blue one with long, pointed horns, snapping and snarling at the wizards on the ground; a smooth-scaled green one, which was writhing and stamping with all its might; a red one with an odd fringe of fine gold spikes around its face, which was shooting mushroom-shaped fire clouds into the air; and a gigantic black one, more lizard-like than the others, which was nearest to them.

Blaisé recognize them from pictures in the Fantastic Beasts and Where to find them textbook; a Hungarian Horntail, a Chinese Fireball, a Swedish Short-Snout and a Common Welsh Green.

At least thirty wizards including Charlie, seven or eight to each dragon, were attempting to control them, pulling on the chains connected to heavy leather straps around their necks and legs.

Mesmerized, Blaisé looked up, high above him, and saw the eyes of the black dragon, with vertical pupils like a cat’s, bulging with either fear or rage, he couldn’t tell which by the smell…

It was making a horrible noise, a yowling, screeching scream.

“Keep back there, Hagrid!” Charlie yelled near the fence, straining on the chain he was holding. “They can shoot fire at a range of twenty feet, you know! I’ve seen this Horntail do forty!”

“Is’n’ it beautiful?” Hagrid said softly.

“It’s no good!” another wizard yelled. “Stunning Spells, on the count of three!”

Blaisé watched from Charlie’s shadow and saw each of the dragon keepers pull out his wand.

“Stupefy!” they shouted in unison, and the Stunning Spells shot into the darkness like fiery rockets, bursting in showers of stars on the dragons’ scaly hides.

Blaisé watched the dragon nearest to him teeter dangerously on its back legs; its jaws stretched wide in a silent howl; its nostrils were suddenly devoid of flame, though still smoking - then, very slowly, it fell. Several tons of sinewy, scaly black dragon hit the ground with a thud that watched as it made the trees behind him quake.

The dragon keepers lowered their wands and walked forward to their fallen charges, each of which was the size of a small hill. They hurried to tighten the chains and fasten them securely to iron pegs, which they forced deep into the ground with their wands.

“Wan’ a closer look?” Blaisé rolled his eyes as Hagrid asked Madame Maxime excitedly.

The pair of them moved right up to the fence, but Blaisé was on the other side of it.

The wizard who had warned Hagrid not to come any closer turned; it was Blaisé’s mate, Charlie.

“All right, Hagrid?” he panted, coming over to talk reaching into the darkness for Blaisé. “They should be okay now - we put them out with a Sleeping Draft when we got nearer to Calais, France.
We also weren’t sure they would behave well during the forty-five minute trip beneath the English Channel. The director thought it might be better for them to wake up in the dark and the quiet. Like you saw, they weren’t happy, not happy at all,”

“What breeds you got here, Charlie?” Hagrid said, gazing at the closest dragon, the black one, with something close to reverence.

Its eyes were still just open, Blaisé could see a strip of gleaming yellow beneath its wrinkled black eyelid; he already knew what the breeds were.

“This is a Hungarian Horntail,” Charlie said. “There’s a Common Welsh Green over there, the smaller one; a Swedish Short-Snout, that blue-gray; and a Chinese Fireball, that’s the red.”

Charlie looked around; Madame Maxime was strolling away around the edge of the enclosure, gazing at the stunned dragons.

“I didn’t know you were bringing her, Hagrid,” Charlie said, frowning. “The champions aren’t supposed to know what’s coming - she’s bound to tell her student, isn’t she?” he was annoyed, he wanted Harry to be the only one to know.

“Jus’ thought she’d like ter see ‘em,” Hagrid shrugged, still gazing, enraptured, at the dragons.

“Really romantic date, Hagrid,” Charlie said, shaking his head, he was annoyed that Hagrid had the same idea.

“Four…” said Hagrid, “so it’s one fer each o’ the champions, is it? What’ve they gotta do - fight ‘em?”

“Just get past them, I think,” Charlie said. “We’ll be on hand if it gets nasty, Extinguishing Spells at the ready. They wanted nesting mothers, I don’t know why… but I tell you this, I don’t envy the one who gets the Horntail; it’s a vicious thing. It’s back end is as dangerous as it’s front, look.”

Charlie pointed toward the Horntail’s tail, and Blaisé saw long, bronze-colored spikes protruding along it every few inches. He shivered, only of the horns on it’s tail could puncture even his Veela skin.

Five of Charlie’s fellow keepers staggered up to the Horntail at that moment, carrying a clutch of huge granite-gray eggs between them in a blanket. They placed them carefully at the Horntail’s side.

Hagrid let out a moan of longing.

“I’ve got them counted, Hagrid,” Charlie said sternly, he remembered Hagrid moaning that he always wanted a dragon when he was in school.

“Fine,” Hagrid pouted, but he was still gazing at the eggs.

“I just hope Harry is still fine after he’s faced this lot,” Charlie said grimly, looking out over the dragons’ enclosure.

Blaisé wasn’t sure whether he was glad Charlie had shown him what Harry was facing or not. Blaisé sensed Dark Magic, he looked around and then in the darkness he recognized the goatee… it was Karkaroff. A Dark Wizard…

Karkaroff seemed very suspicious, looking around in the darkness. Then he crept back under the cover of the trees and started to edge forward toward the place where the dragons were.
Blaisé moved closer to Charlie, silently reminding him he was here. Perhaps this way was better; Madam Maxime would tell her champion and Karkaroff the sneaky ex-Death Eater that he was would tell Viktor if Harry wouldn’t.

Charlie nodded to his fellow dragonologists, reaching for Blaisé’s hand and lead him back to the Castle.

Once they were alone in their room Blaisé stood on his toes to kiss Charlie, “I can’t believe you showed me dragons and I got to see you work with them.”

Charlie chuckled, “Didn’t intend for you to see me working.”

Blaisé licked his lips, “You were hot…”

Charlie hadn’t expected that reaction, “Blaisé…” he was wary of doing anything sexual since Blasé was attacked.

Blaisé deepened the kiss, “Amante…” pressing his body to Charlie’s, he needed this.

Charlie kissed him back, unsure of what to do. If he pushed Blaisé away he knew that it would upset Blaisé, but he wasn’t sure his mate was ready for this.

Blaisé pulled him back to their bedroom, slowly undressing. He was shaking, he needed to prove he was still desirable, that Charlie still wanted him. Charlie barely touched him after the attack, had Nott succeeded? Did Charlie not want him anymore? Were his bruises and emotional scars for hideous that his mate changed his mind?

Charlie bit his lip, “Blaisé, wait. Are you ready for this? It hasn’t been that long since you were attacked, I don’t want you to make a choice, you’ll regret it.”

Charlie’s words broke his heart, Blaisé closed his eyes, pulled away, diving into the bed and pulling the blanket around him. “It’s true.” he started to shake, “You don’t want me.” he was going into shock, he could feel his body temperature dropping. Rejection by one’s mate could emotionally and physically cripple a Veela, it could even kill them.

Charlie pulled him into his arms, “No, that’s not true. I want you so much. Blaisé I love you. I want to Bond with you. I want to raise our children together.” he opened his hand, showing his mate the scar he sliced into his own hand during the Rite of Blood Oath, “I took a Blood Oath to avenge you. I signed my name to a Blood Feud against the Nott family. I want you to be safe. I’ll find the man who did this to you, who hurt you and make them pay. It’s not fair that when this person hurts you, they are attacking you when I’m not here to protect you. I can’t believe anyone would hurt you, it hurts me knowing you can targeted in one of the safest places I know of. Blaisé, don’t you know how much I love you?” He could feel a crushing sensation on his chest when Blaisé reacted as if he had rejected him.

Blaisé whispered, “You want me? You still want me?” he almost didn’t dare believe him.

“You’re beautiful, you told me once that you were born for me remember? I’ve been wondering when I should propose? I want us to be Bonded before our children are born.”

Blaisé’s eyes filled with tears, “You want to be Bonded to me? Before our children hatch?”

Charlie kissed his neck, “Of course I want that, I love you.”

Blaisé shivered beneath his lips, “Then why won’t you,”
“because, I don’t want you to panic if we get intimate too soon. When you had your nightmare because of the curse I tried to wake you and you pulled away from me. It broke my heart, you were afraid of me…”

Blaisé shook his head, “Not afraid of you. I just couldn’t tell the difference between your touch and the touch in my dream. I couldn’t be afraid of you, you would never hurt me. You couldn’t.”

Charlie nodded, “I swore a Blood Oath to protect you.”

“I didn’t mean that; to hurt me is hurt yourself. We’re mates, we’re connected. What happens to me is supposed to affect you.”

“That’s why when you were attacked, you showed up in my dream screaming for me.”

Blaisé nodded. “Yes.”

“Then why didn’t I know anything was wrong when you were under the Nightmare Curse?”

Blaisé turned and curled up against him, “I don’t know. I’ve never heard of the curse before, I didn’t dabble in the Dark Arts. I was more interested in Neutral Magic when I was growing up. Lucius made Draco learn though. You really mean it? You want to be Bonded to me?”

Charlie lifted his chin and kissed his beautiful naked mate, “Yes, more then anything. I’ve filed papers with the ministry that say I am your intended and informed mum that you will be family. I have a house that is yours too, how could I be with anyone else when you were born for me?”

Blaisé relaxed in his arms, kissing him back, “Please, I’m not asking for more then we’ve done already. I need you Charlie, please just be with me.”

Charlie kissed him, “If you flinch or tell me to stop I will. I could never force you to do anything I promise.”

Blaisé grabbed Charlie’s shirt, “I need you, I need to feel your body next to mine.”

Charlie whispered a spell that would send his clothes to the laundry basket for his house elves. He kissed Blaisé, holding him close, “I love you.” he was getting aroused and it was pressed to Blaisé’s thigh.

Blaisé blushed, moaning softly. “Amante.” he could feel his own arousal growing, his cock emerging from his body.

Charlie kissed his neck, ”Remember only me. Only my touch. Just me.”


Charlie rocked his hips, rubbing his arousal against Blaisé’s thigh, his calloused hands running up and down his mate’s flat chest, pausing ,circling the dark chocolate areolas.

Blaisé’s breath caught, “Amante.”

Charlie pinched a nipple.

Blaisé whimpered, arching against him. “Charlie. More.” his member swelled, filling with blood and emerged more; his legs parted in reflex to the intimate caressing. He could feel warmth spreading through his body, reaching into his womb. He rest a hand on his right hip and felt gingerly, he could
feel his teste was swelling in size. Blaisé was relaxed enough to be this aroused meant that his mate was helping him and that he really wanted this. He crooned softly, “Amante…”

Charlie nipped his neck, reaching for his lover’s unique cock; it looked like it had a shimmer of down on it and was spiraled rather than smooth.

Blaise whimpered, thrusting into his mate’s touch, “Merlin. Don’t stop.”

Charlie rocked against Blaise’s thigh as he stroked him, “I love you so much.”

“Amante ti amo. Ho bisogno di te. Charlie, make me come please.”

Charlie slipped a single finger inside Blaise, whispering in his ear, “Come for me, frumos întunecat…”

Blaise closed his eyes, cried out as he orgasmed, “Charlie.” there was warmth in his womb and he felt seed explode from his body in streams.

Charlie felt his own orgasm as he watched Blaise come, “I love you.”

Blaise snuggled, “I know.”

Charlie vanished their semen, “Sleep well.”

They fell asleep in each other’s arms.

Chapter End Notes

So what do you think of how Harry will find out about the dragons? I'm sure you saw it coming. I'm surprised Blaise didn't figure it out on his own.
Chapter 22- Blaisé tells Harry about the Dragons, Blood Feuds and fair play

Blaisé wouldn’t go into the dungeons except for Potions so this week’s study group was in his rooms.

Charlie looked at his watch, “You said they would join you for breakfast?”

Blaisé nodded, “yes.” he asked quietly, “You’re leaving?”

Charlie knelt and kissed him, “Lucius and I need to clear up a loose end. I’ll be back. I promise. Draco will keep you safe. I love you.”

Blaisé kissed him back, “Don’t be gone too long.”

George and Fred came in carrying hampers of food while Draco held the portrait open for them.

Charlie nodded to Fred, “Keep him safe. I only trust Lucius, Remus and Snape with my mate. No other adults.”

Hermione asked quietly, “What about Viktor?”

“Could he have cursed my mate?” Charlie asked looking protective

Blaisé shook his head, “No. He is safe. I can smell it. I wouldn't have said he was Hermione's destined mate if he was dangerous. He is the Crow.”

“Very well, Viktor is fine. He is a student. Severus thought the person who cast it was an adult.” he kissed Blaisé, “I would prefer it if you stayed here. You’re safest in a defendable place. Safety in numbers. I’ll be back as soon as I can.”

Blaisé reluctantly let him leave, he turned to Harry, “You know I feel a little foolish.”

Draco chuckled, “Foolish? Why?”

“For not realizing why Charlie was here.’ Blaisé said sheepishly, “He’s not just here for me. I never really thought about why he would be here. I know what Harry’s first task is; the Beauxbatons girl and Viktor probably heard this morning
Harry dug into the basket of food, “What about Cedric? Shouldn’t he know?”

Blaisé shrugged, “Probably, but I won’t tell him, not that he would believe me anyway. Besides, you’re the youngest and you were forced into this. He volunteered.”

Harry still thought Cedric should know…

XoooooX

Charlie met Lucius at the edge of Malfoy Manor property, his fingers gripping his wand.

Lucius nodded at him, “You sure you want to do this? I won’t think less of you if you change your mind. Your family with not approve of this. They will say I’ve corrupted you.”

“This is my choice. I want him to suffer for what he’s done. Blaise didn’t deserve any of this. The only way he’ll move on is when he knows Nott can never hurt him.”

Lucius nodded, “I guess you aren’t so bad for the son of blood traitors.”

“You aren’t completely evil for a former Death Eater.” Charlie shrugged.

“I'll meet you near the boat to Azkaban.”

They both Apparated to the northern end of Scotland that was the closest Apparatable point to the island prison, they stepped into the magically propelled boat that brought them to the dock on the island that house Azkaban and where they were met by Kingsley.

“Lord Malfoy. Mr. Weasley. A chamber has been prepared and warded against Dementors.” the Head of Magical Law Enforcement said quickly.

Lucius nodded, “Thank you.”

They were led to a stone chamber excavated deep into the bedrock of the island.

Lucius banished the chains, “Levicorpus.”

Nott was pulled upside down into the air, hissing, “Traitors. Fools. The Dark Lord will rise and you will be punished for your betrayal Malfoy, you and your family will be killed. Every single member of your bloodline will be killed.”

“I have been granted the Rite of Blood Feud against you and your blood. It is you who will die.” Lucius’ eyes narrow with hatred, “Sectumsempra.” his wand swishing as if it were a blade first slicing the youth’s cheeks and then his thighs.

“Orinithes Areos.” a flock of birds dove towards the cursing teen, each flap of their wings sent feathers flying and they became sharp as darts piercing flesh.

“Axelo.” a nasty curse from his Death Eater days, Lucius remembered it be Antonin Dolohov’s favorite curse. One that he had used against Charlie’s Uncles Fabian and Gideon.

“Avis oppungno.” Charlie’s previously casted birds dove beak first at the Nott boy, his curses were not as deep or as dark as Lucius.
Lucius adapted Bellatrix’s favorite object destruction curse, “Ossa perfines.”

Nott screamed, his bones shattering at once.

Charlie ignored the screams, “bhei.” gusts of air formed fists and smashed into the tall gangly teen’s body. He was giving Nott bruise for bruise what he gave his mate.

“Bombarda.” Lucius exploded each fist of air after it landed its punch, adding to the pain.

Normally, Kingsley would protest such treatment of a child. Nott’s mouth and his attack did nothing to prove he was innocent.

“Aperio.”

Nott’s tattered robes vanished.

“Flagellum.” a cat o’ nine tails whip came down on the teen’s bare back and chest.

“Ruptispecktis.” Charlie muttered, the power he threw behind the curse not only blinded Nott but nearly severed his eyes.

Lucius snarled, “Confringo.” what little clothing Nott had set itself on fire.

Charlie cast his mother’s special hex, the bat bogie hex which caused Nott’s bogies to grow bat wind and attack the burning boy.

“Volvulus mteranea.” a nasty hex that caused violent twisting of the intestines, its brother hex wasn't far behind, “Extorqueo mteranea.” it ripped them out his mouth.

“Everte Statum.”

Lucius held up his hand, “For improper use of your tongue, you lose it. Extorqueo lingua.” Nott’s tongue joined the mass of bloody tissue on the ground. “For using your hands to hurt my son you lose them. Sectumsempra.” he sliced off the teen’s hands.

Charlie growled, “For threatening to rape my mate, I won’t rape you but you will lose that which you would use to rape him. Extorqueo genetatus.”

“For kicking my son. Sectumsempra.”

Nott’s feet landed in the bloody pile.

“He has paid for the terror he afflicted and I am satisfied.” Charlie muttered, he wasn’t cut out for this torture business. He used mostly common curses and hexes, he didn’t really know nasty ones besides the Unforgivables which he heard you actually had to mean to use..

Lucius was pleased Charlie had lasted as long into this had he had. He glaring at the silently sobbing boy, “For use of magic against my son.”

Nott’s eyes filled with both anger and terror.

“Extorqueo magia.” Lucius used the wrenching hex to tear away Nott’s magic, only a blood relative could truly remove one’s magic and thankfully he wasn’t related to the creep. He turned to Kingsley, who looked rather pale. “I am satisfied. If I do not use the killing curse may I kill him now?”

Kingsley nodded.
“Sectumsempra.” Lucius used the spell to remove Nott’s head. “Librecorpus.” both head and bloody body landed on the bloody mess on the stone floor. “When I get around to dealing with Lord Nott, you will accompany us?”

Kingsley looked at the bloody mess that had once been a Fourth Year Slytherin, “Yes.” he wasn’t at all sure he could watch them do such a thing again.

Charlie staggered, the reality of his actions finally slammed home and he felt ill. “I…should go.”

Lucius acquiesced, “Very well. We both need a drink and a bath to wash Nott’s presence away.”

Charlie didn’t have the energy to protest.

XoooooX

Harry asked quietly, “So how do you defeat a dragon?”

Blaisé chuckled, “Well, their hide is highly resistant to magic which is why we use it for vests, jackets and boots. It takes about five or six wizards to subdue one with a stunning spell. A stunning spell doesn’t last long and though you have the knowledge and magical ability, I doubt you have the will power to cast it on your own.”

“Can ya put it at sleep?” Fred asked.

“Fed it a sleeping potion? Haven’t got time to brew a strong enough one. Besides it takes about six wizards…”

George interrupted, “Six if you force the dragon to drink it. One if you cast the potion into their stomach.”

Draco nodded, “True but from what I understand, he is only allowed his wand.”

Hermione was reading the rules, “He is only allowed to enter the enclosure with his wand. It doesn’t say he can’t use his wand to bring him things. Seriously, aren’t dragons considered to be known wizard killers? Why would they be pitting proverbial children against them?” Hermione was furious, thinking about Harry and Viktor having to face dragons terrified her.

“They must want them to think outside normal conditions. How does one face a dragon?”

“Muggle stories say that there are two options when facing a dragon; though they don’t usually believe they are real. One is to die and the other is to kill the dragon. Since neither is an option I have little to offer. Though according to ‘The History of the Triwizard Tournament’; ‘though attempts are made to keep champions in the dark regarding their tasks, cheating has always been a large part of the Tournament.’ So much for honesty.”

“Like Muggles don’t cheat.” Draco sneered.

“I didn’t say that.” Hermione pouted.

“Well I for one don’t see the point in letting them ambush you with something like a dragon. The last Tournament had a Cockatrice get loose and attack the judges right? Who choose such a beast? Magically created creatures are amoung the most deadly and the hardest to control. Who did they
have guarding the creature Hagrid?” Blaise knew dragons were extremely dangerous and he had no love for the dragon-obsessed oaf of a grounds keeper and gamekeeper.

“Oh honestly, Hagrid isn’t that old.” Hermione scoffed.

George tilted his head, “He has a point. The reason the magical community is so small you see is that we tend to get reborn and only to the bloodline from whence we came. If the blood line is distorted or lost so is that soul. It is possible that Hagrid was technically alive during the last tournament. If we had been born after our uncles Fabian and Gideon died, it would have been possible for their souls to have been born into these bodies. Twins were usually born with twin souls, definition of twin souls varied. One claimed they were two souls that were always born together. Another view was that they were a single soul that had been divided as surely as a fertilized egg was divided to create identical twins.”

“Yeah, the more males born into a line, the more likely only male souls will return.” Fred nodded.

“Wizards have strange ideas about death.” Harry muttered, he didn’t remember much about the Dursleys’ views on life and death beyond that he was barely worth being a servant and surely would be better off dead. As a rule, the Dursleys were something called agnostic but they attended church on religious holidays such a Christmas and Easter because it was the thing.

“The Veil is only a transition place. It isn’t meant to hold souls indefinitely. Besides, it isn’t large enough for that.” Blaise knew what he knew from reading, it wasn’t like Lucius or Narcissa took the time to tell him.

“So if the last of the bloodline is killed or dies then no one in that family can even be reborn?” Hermione asked, letting the knowledge sink in.

Draco nodded, “Breeding too young or marrying relatives that are too closely related causes madness. The madness is a result of being reborn to quickly, a soul needs time to recover and heal between lifetimes you see. I think Aunt Bella’s soul was forced to be reborn right after a death. There were always too many Blacks alive at once. It was tradition to make them marry young and often to cousins. If you try to force a birth it can cause issues. Births have to happen when they are meant to.”

Hermione was overwhelmed, “I see.”

George said quietly, “That is why couples like us aren’t usually allowed to procreate. It’s too dangerous.”” it was unfair, he loved Fred so much. He wanted whatever person in love should be allowed to want, a child with the person he loved. Sadly, it wasn’t something he would be allowed to have.

Fred sensed the sadness in his beloved, pulling George into his arms, “Hush now. All that matters is you. We discussed this.” of course he wanted children, what wizard truly doesn’t want progeny? Who would inherit their shop if one of them didn’t have a child? Fred didn’t want anyone else and paying a woman to carry his child would destroy George even if he didn’t sleep with the woman. Any child belonged to it’s sire, if the sire wasn’t alive to claim it then the child was the property of the head of his family. He knew that George wanted a child, he would find away to give his beloved that. It was one thing to say that he was with George and that he loved him, that nothing was going to stop him from loving him. All of which was true, but that didn’t stop him from wanting a child with George.
Lucius Side-Along Apparated Charlie to the manor, leading him inside to his study and depositing the man in a chair beside the fire. “Stria!”

“Yes, Lord Malfoy. Stria here.”

“I believe Mr. Weasley could do with a bit of toast. I would like a nice chicken sandwich.”

“How can you eat after that?” Charlie muttered.

“Practice. When you are taught things you should not be taught and use house elves for targets for curse and hex practice as a child you learn to stomach these things. It is the Malfoy tradition to both beat and use the Cruciatus curse for punishment. A practice I intend to end with me, I sincerely doubt after what Harry has been though he or Draco would ever stomach such punishment for their children.”

Charlie’s eyes narrowed, “Did you,”

Lucius held up his hand, “I never did just a thing to Blaise. What I did was possibly worse, I mostly ignored him. He was lucky he got any education, Severus and Narcissa had a hand in that I am sure.” he never beat Draco but in his foolishness he had used the Cruciatus to punish his son without leaving a mark.

He regretted it strongly, though whether that was because Draco could easily kill him or because of paternal feelings for that lad he wasn’t entirely sure. As for his Narcissa’s child soon to be born, he had sworn to her that they would be better parents to it, that he would be a better father. When they had Bonded and discussed their future they had discussed what type of parents they wished to be. They both had cruel fathers and had wished to be kinder parents, Narcissa blamed Bella’s madness on their father’s instance they learn the Imperious and the Cruciatus. They were taught casting and not resistance which is where their fathers differed from himself, he had punished Draco with the Cruciatus while challenging him to fight it. He poured them both two fingers of Ogdens’ over conjured ice and handed one to Charlie. The glasses were charmed to refill itself until he removed the charm.

Charlie downed the glass and the refill, feeling a little steadier. He could hardly believe what he had done, he was glad Nott was dead and was punished but still torture wasn’t something he was made for.

Lucius thanked the elf with a dismissive nod as he start to nibble at his sandwich, while torture was not one of his preferred hobbies there were moments he quite enjoyed it. He almost wished he could have struck back at his father but unfortunately his ancestral magic wouldn’t have allowed such a thing. If a Malfoy attempted Patricide the house elves would be immediately released from their bond to the family, the vaults would be closed to the individual and the house would refuse to grant them entrance if they left.

Once Charlie calmed down, he excused himself to return to his mate.

XooooooX

It was barely after noon when they heard the portrait open.
Blaise sensed his mate was in distress and rose, “Charlie?”

Draco decided that it was probably best if they left and started to pack up.

Harry was confused but then realized that Blaise and Charlie needed to be alone.

George moved towards his older brother, “Charlie are you alright?”

Blaise smelled the whiskey, “What’s wrong love?”

Charlie let Blaise embrace him, “Lucius and I…enacted the Rite of Blood Feud against Theo Nott.”

George paled, “Did you participate?”

Charlie nodded slowly, “Yes.”

Blaise sighed, “Amante, you didn’t need to do that.” he was pleased that his mate had gone to such lengths to be sure he was safe. Theo could never hurt him again.

Fred rested a hand on Charlie’s shoulder, leaning in to whisper, “I would have done the same thing if someone had attacked mine.”

George blushed as he heard the words Fred spoke, Fred would do such a thing for him?

Fred chuckled, “We trace our lineage back to knights who served Merlin. I am sure we’ve had a few people who are less refined and courtly. Sometimes justice is not the one that needs to be served, sometimes it vengeance that must be served. I for one refuse to judge you for doing what you felt must be done.”

George was embarrassed that Fred would consider going so far for him.

Fred reached to squeeze George’s hand, ‘I’d do anything to keep you safe Georgie.’

Charlie smiled wearily, “Thank you for understanding.” he wasn’t so sure that Percy would, what he had done though not illegal would be considered by some distasteful.

His mother would not approve, then again if his grandfather Lord Prewett hadn’t died before his sons, he would have had cause to file Blood Feud against the Death Eater who viciously slew Gideon and Fabian. Molly Weasley, nee Prewett while protective like Hermione would let justice handle such things. He wasn’t even sure if if his father would accept his choice, he hoped that his father would. As he and Blaise became more serious he would have to speak to his grandfather Septimus and his father about Blaise. By marriage his father was the default head of the Prewett family that would pass to Bill unless his grandfather Septimus chose to grant the headship of the Weasley family to his father, while it was tradition to award headship to the eldest son it wasn’t mandatory. It might pass to one of his father’s brothers. If it passed to Arthur’s line it would be granted most likely to a son. Ancient customs stated that when the husband assumed the lordship of a family by marriage that the title would be passed the second son and the husband’s birth title to the eldest barring death or imprisonment. He would feel more worthy of Blaise due to his mate’s relation to the Malfoys if he gain one of the titles he was mostly to obtain. He would prefer the Prewett mostly because it would become Zabini upon his assumption while the Weasley title would stay Weasley which would make it more appropriate to be granted Bill who would Bond with a witch.
worthy of becoming Lady Weasley. If he did assume the lordship then Blaise would be his consort…

XooooooX

Harry was about to follow Draco down the hall past the library when he spotted Cedric, he tugged on Draco’s sleeve, ’Just a minute.’

Draco saw Cedric and sighed, ’Do what you think is best.’

By the time Harry weaved his way through the crowd of students heading to and from the library, Cedric was nearly there. He was with a handful of sixth-year friends. Harry didn’t want to talk to Cedric in front of them; they were among those who had been grumbling about Rita Skeeter’s article, which was mostly about him rather then the three real Champions. Harry pulled out his wand, and took careful aim. “Diffindo!”

Cedric’s bag split; parchment, quills, and books spilled out of it onto the floor. Unfortunately several bottles of ink smashed.

“Don’t bother,” Cedric said in an exasperated voice as his friends bent down to help him. “I’ll be right along, save me a place at the table…”

This was exactly what Harry had been hoping for, he slipped his wand back into his robes, and waited until Cedric’s friends had disappeared into the library. Before he hurried up the corridor, which was now shockingly empty of everyone but himself and Cedric. Well if you ignored the fact that Draco and possibly Hermione who were somewhere behind him.

“Hi,” said Cedric, picking up a copy of A Guide to Advanced Transfiguration that was now splattered with ink. “My bag just split… brand-new and all…”

“Cedric,” Harry said quietly, as he absently banished the spilled ink and mended the bag, “the first task is dragons.”

“What?” Cedric said, looking up.

“Dragons,” said Harry, speaking quickly, in case anyone came out to help Cedric in the event they thought he took too long. “They’ve got four, one for each of us, and we’ve got to get past them.”

Cedric stared at him.

Harry saw some of the panic he’d been feeling since Saturday night flickering in Cedric’s gray eyes.

“Are you sure?” Cedric said in a hushed voice.

“Dead sure,” Harry said. “I’ve…seen them.”

“But how did you find out? We’re not supposed to know…”

“Never mind,” Harry said quickly - he worried Charlie would be in trouble if he told the truth- he was suspicious that Charlie told or showed Blaise so Blaise would tell him. “But I’m not the only one who knows. Fleur and Krum will know by now - I have it on good authority that Heads Maxime and Karkaroff both saw the dragons too.”
Cedric straightened up, his arms full of bent quills, parchment, and books, his repaired bag dangling off one shoulder. He stared at Harry, and there was a puzzled, almost suspicious look in his eyes. “Why are you telling me?” he asked.

Harry looked at him in disbelief, he was sure Cedric wouldn’t have asked that if he had seen the dragons himself. Harry wouldn’t have let his worst enemy face those monsters unprepared - well, perhaps Nott or Ron…

“It’s just… fair, isn’t it?” he said to Cedric. “We all know now… we’re on an even footing, aren’t we?”

Cedric was still looking at him in a slightly suspicious way when Harry heard a familiar clunking noise behind him. He turned around and saw Mad-Eye Moody emerging from a nearby classroom.

“Come with me, Potter,” he growled. “Diggory, off you go.”

Harry stared apprehensively at Moody, shifting backwards. Had he overheard them?

Draco strode to his lover’s side, “He doesn’t need to go anywhere with you. You maybe the school’s Ward specialist but you are not a professor.”

“Never mind that, Malfoy, This doesn’t concern you. Potter. In my office, please…”

Draco wrapped a possessive arm around his lover, “Harry being officially courted by my gracious self, not that it is any of your business. I believe that his business is my business and that if you have anything to say to him do the right and proper thing and request an audience from one of his guardians, either from Deputy Headmaster Snape or Mistress Black-Tonks.”

Moody scowled, “Perhaps, I wanted to offer some advice to the boy.”

Draco snorted, “You’re a Gryffindor aren’t you and a retired Auror? You’re not supposed to condone cheating. Why don’t you skiv off and check the wards or something and leave Harry be? He’s got enough to worry about.”

“So Skeeter’s right? You’re a brat with a control fetish. Harry should be removed and given to his godfather.”

Harry shook, “No! Don’t want Sirius. Want Papa. I want Draco.”

Draco glared, “You upset him! Good job. Pat yourself on the back.”

“But you dare talk back to me Malfoy? I’ll show you!” Moody’s wand was out and it was pointing right at a pure white ferret, which was shivering on the stone-flagged floor at Harry’s feet.

Harry watched in horror as Draco shrunk in size until he was no longer then Harry’s tiny forearm. He whispered, “Draco?”

Hermione gasped and ran in search of Professor Snape or Remus…

Harry growled at the former Auror, “You give me back my Draco.”

The ferret Draco, which gave an indignant screech and seemed to be trying to change back. The ferret spun in the air, its legs and tail flailing helplessly.

“I don’t think so!” roared Moody, pointing his wand at the ferret again - it flew ten feet into the air before it fell with a loud smack to the floor, and then bounced upward once more to strike the stone
ceiling. “I don’t like people who talk back to their elders,” growled Moody as the ferret bounced higher and higher, squealing in pain. “Stinking, childish, scummy thing to do…”

Harry yelled so loudly that the entire library could hear him, “I don’t care who you are! You give me back my Dragon!” his wand leapt into his hand, “Stop hurting him!” his eyes were filled with tears from Draco’s muffled cries of pain.

Ms. Prince was stalking toward them.

Blaise stormed out of his rooms, his hands clenched, his taloned nails digging into his palms and drawing blood. His wings arched behind him like a cape, “You heard the Lion, unhand his Dragon! You are barely staff and not a Professor! You aren’t allowed to punish him. Transfiguration is a fine art and should not be used as a form of Punishment!” he was righteously indignant that his beloved subject was being used to brutalize his brother.

Severus and Remus hurried up the library corridor, with Hermione behind them.

Severus snapped, “Mad-eye!” his trained healer eye saw Draco was injured and his heart twisted with every thud of his tiny body.

Remus’ wand was in his hand, “Mad-eye! How dare you!”

“I’ll deal with Malfoy scum as I see fit! They are all loathsome cowards.”

“Expelliarmus.” Harry growled, finally angry enough to attack the man. “Touch my Draco again and I’ll kill you.”

Draco crashed to the floor with a whimper.

“Get out! Leave the castle at once!” Severus thundered rushing to his godson’s side.

Moody snorted, “I am here on the Minster’s orders.”

“I am Lord Prince and the Deputy Headmaster. Leave my school at once. Dobby!”

“Yes master?”

“Escort this old fool of a wizard to his home and leave him there. You are no longer welcome. Well Lord Malfoy hears of this, you will be lucky if he doesn't kill you. Your things will be returned to your house by the Hogwarts elves.” Severus was furious.

Remus whispered, “Finite Incanteum.”

Draco lay there crumpled, robes torn and bloody. His nose was broken, his eyes were swelling and quickly bruising,

Harry started to sob, Draco looked awful. It was all his fault! Draco was only trying to protect him…

Draco’s arms and legs were a shattered mess and Severus suspected more internal injuries. He gently levitated the teen to a stretcher that Remus conjured, giving his mate a small grateful smile.

Remus glanced at Ms. Prince, “It is all in hand. You can forget about it now. The disruption has been dealt with.”

She sniffed contemptuously, “Yelling, near a library. How tawdry.”
Remus’ eyes flashed gold, “His near fiancé was attacked without cause. Any decent human being would be angry.”

Severus placed a hand on his shoulder, “Come on. I need you to go get Lucius. I will take Draco to the infirmary. What I need is there. Please, love, she is not an enemy. She is just unenlightened.”

Remus stalked off to do as his mate requested, informing Lucius that his son had been attacked by Mad-eye Moody would be a far from pleasant task.

Severus led the way to the infirmary on the first floor, Harry, Hermione, Blaise and the three Weasleys not far behind.

Hermione had an arm around her shaking friend, “He’ll be alright. Your papa will take good care of him.”

Harry looked up at her with watery eyes, “It’s all my fault. He was protecting me. Why do I have to be so pathetic that he is always protecting me?”

Hermione hugged him, “Not pathetic. Draco protects you because he loves you very much.”

Severus moved Draco gently from the stretcher to a waiting bed, glaring at Madam Pomfrey when she moved towards him, "I am the only one allowed to treat Draco. You may assist me only if I require it.” he banished Draco’s clothes, "Take Harry to sit down. He doesn't need to see this.”

Harry protested, "He needs me. Please."

Draco coughed, "Adder…"

Severus shook his head, "Don't try to speak yet. Let me fix you up."

Draco weakly caught his godfather’s eye, ‘Let him stay with me please? He’s not a child. I want him with me.’

Severus sighed, “Fine. Harry you may stay, Draco needs you.”

Harry sniffled, trying to wipe away his tears hurried forward to stand at Draco’s side. Forcing himself to look calm, Draco didn’t need to see him crying.

Severus muttered, “Epiksey.” pointing at his godson’s nose, “Woman, bring me Skele-grow. I need three painkiller potions, a calming draught and two dreamless sleep potions.”

Madam Pomfrey snipped under her breath at being bossed around in her own infirmary but did as ordered.

Severus gently cradled the back of Draco’s head and starting giving him potions to help him heal, “Harry, please for Draco’s sake take the calming draught. It will help you relax.”

Harry knew he couldn’t worry Draco and drank the potion without protest.

XoooooX

Remus stormed into Malfoy Manor, “Lucius? Lucius!”
Dippy appeared hands on her hips, “What do you need Mr. Remus? Master doesn’t need shouting.”

Lucius could hear Remus even upstairs in his study and made his way down. “What is it?”

Remus gasped catching his breath, “Come quickly. Some thing’s happened.”

Narcissa appeared at Lucius’ side, “What happened? What’s wrong? I know something is wrong.”

Lucius worried, the look of anger and panic was not something one wished to see on a werewolf’s face. “Cissy darling, you should be resting.”

“You can’t keep me chained to a bed when Severus’ lover storms into our home and starts yelling for you.” Narcissa was a little perturbed at her bonded.

Lucius sighed, “I’m sure everything is fine and it’s just school business.”

Remus glanced at Narcissa’s pregnant stomach and paled. “Yes, school business.” he maybe near panicked and angry but he wasn’t cruel enough to mention to a seven-month pregnant witch that her firstborn was lying bruised and broken at Hogwarts from a retired Auror who was quite mad. Though he did worry she wouldn’t forgive him if he kept it from her, he chewed on his lip, “There’s been a bit of an accident, Draco’s been hurt but Severus is tending to him. I’m certain he’ll be alright.” Remus was worried, Draco looked far worse then he ever had even when his wolf was angry.

Narcissa grabbed the railing, “Accident? Draco’s been hurt?” her son was powerful and could protect himself. Pregnant she maybe and she maybe easily upset but she was a Black damn it! “Remus, you tell me the truth! What happened to my son?”

“Hermione said that Moody wanted to talk to Harry. Draco told him that Harry didn’t need to speak with him. Moody called Draco controlling and said that Harry would be better off with Sirius. Harry got upset, Draco tried to protect him and then Moody transfigured him into a ferret…and started bouncing him like a ball.”

Lucius’ eyes narrowed, “Mad-eye Moody? That bastard. How dare he?”

Narcissa paled slightly, “I want to see my son.”

Lucius placed a gentle hand on her arm, “Cissy, you should rest. I’ll see to Draco. You need to take care of the baby.”

Narcissa crossed her arms, “I want to see our son.”

Lucius held up his hands in defeat, “Very well.” it wasn’t often that she defied him and almost never if they weren’t alone.

XoooooX

Lucius, Remus and Narcissa entered the Hospital wing to find Severus hovering over Draco.

Severus was using complex spells to tried to heal the internal damage. Being slammed against stone-flagged floor and then against a stone ceiling quite hard many times had cracked Draco’s ribs as well as shattered his arms and broken his legs. There was a lot of internal bleeding and damage, he may
have been injured while being a ferret but the injuries carried over to his human self just Remus’ did when he transformed back after the full moon. He had never seen his mate this badly injured, in fact he hadn’t seen anyone look this awful since he’d seen Harry after Dursley practically tried to kill him.

Narcissa went to see her son and gasped, how could someone do this to her dragon? It was monstrous…

Severus had made sure he remembered every broken one and bruise knowing that Lucius would want a complete report. He absently summoned a calming draught from the batch he had brewed for Narcissa and handed it to her, “You need this.”

Harry was trying to be strong and brave for Draco but it broke his heart to see his boyfriend who was always protecting him look like this. Even Blaise hadn’t looked like this after his attack. He clenched his tiny hands into fists…

There was a crack of fire and there flapping her wings was Benia. She deposited Orion Harry’s puppy into his lap and perched the metal head of Draco’s bed. Benia softly sang and cried over her master.

Draco felt the pain begin to lessen, he hated worrying his Adder but earlier he couldn’t get out of the ferret form. Moody was insane…

Severus let the Phoenix do as she wished, the song though sad relaxed them and staved off their panic.

Lucius was still angry and wanted Moody’s head on a platter, as protective as he found himself with Blaise he was ten time worse when it came to his biological son.

Remus felt his anger washing away, his wolf lulled to peacefulness. It was a strange feeling…

Severus was soon satisfied Draco’s bones were knitting together properly.

Draco knew that bones regrowing hurt, he’d watched Harry suffer after that fall but between Uncle Sev’s potions, Benia’s song and tears he couldn’t really feel it. He said with a cracked voice, “Adder come here.”

Severus didn’t protest, though as a healer he should if it were Remus lying in that bed he would want to be with him.

Remus moved behind Severus, wrapping his arms around his mate’s waist and rest his chin on the older man’s shoulder. “You did well. He’ll be okay.”

Remus’ words gave him comfort…

Harry held on tight to his puppy as he went to curl up next to Draco, “I’m sorry you got hurt trying to protect me because I got scared. I’ll try to be braver.” he sniffled, Orion whined licking them both.

Lucius snorted, “It’s perfectly fine to be frightened or feel uneasy around Mad-Eye Moody. He makes it a fine art to disturb people.”

Hermione asked quietly, “Is Draco going to be alright?”

Severus nodded, “He’ll be fine. He can either go spend some time at home or he can spend the night in our rooms.”
Draco said quietly, “I don’t care where I spend the night as long as I have Harry.”

Harry whispered fiercely, “I’m not going to leave you. I’m going to stay with you. I want you to be okay.”

Narcissa chuckled, they were even closer then she had been with Lucius at their age. Granted, she and Lucius had been engaged and planning their Bonding when she was a Fourth Year.

Charlie rubbed Blaise’s back, “See? He’ll be fine. Professor Snape took good care of him.

Blaise relaxed in his mate’s arms, “I hate seeing him like that. He’s always the strong one; the brave one.”

Charlie chuckled, “I remember it being someone’s idea to search for a Phoenix and to face a Basilisk blind.”

Blaise flushed, “Charlie.”

“You’ve had too much excitement. You’re going back to our rooms.”

Blaise gasped as his mate carried him off.

Narcissa started to calm herself, Draco would be alright. His face was gaining some color, he was naturally pale but he had looked awful when she arrived.

Lucius went to rest a hand on her shoulder, he probably shouldn’t have let her come but he knew Narcissa would have worried herself sick if he hadn’t.

Draco wanted to hold Harry but his arms hadn’t healed enough and it angered him. Why had Moody done that? Attack a student for no reason? In front of Harry no less, Harry didn’t need that kind of trauma with the First Task approaching. Harry was finally growing emotionally and he worried that this would set his lover back.

Remus worried not only for his mate’s sake but for the boy he was growing closer to. He couldn’t love Harry anymore then he already did if the tiny teen was his son by blood.

Severus worried about how his son would handle Draco being attack in front of him…Harry took things too much to heart. He just hoped that he would be alright…
Chapter 23- A wrench in the works as Remus would say or Murphy's Law

Lucius had left early to meet Auror Shacklebolt at the family seat in Nottingham Forest, he was still trying not to Apparate to Moody's residence and torture the man for what he had done to Draco. If he couldn't punish Moody for the unwarranted attack on Draco, he would take it out on Nott. Both were his boys technically…

When he Apparated to the edge of Nott's Property, he was met by Shacklebolt to whom he nodded and strode onto the property.

They were met at the door by a house elf, "Master is not being here. Master said not to receive visitors."

Lucius growled, "Where is he?"

"Is not knowing. Master say to stay here and not look. We not seen Master since April. Master is not coming back when Little master was arrested. Is not even coming back when little master is no more."

Kingsley blinked, "house elves know if someone in the family dies?"

Lucius snorted, the man must not have house elves. "Do you know that a Blood Feud has been in acted against your master?"

"Yes but is serving master until master is no more. Won't serve new master until master is not needing me."

Lucius rolled his eyes, house elves could be dangerously loyal. "Very well," this was not a good day. He still wanted Frederick Nott dead and he wanted Moody writhing at his feet in pain.

He stalked off, glancing briefly at Kingsley, "If you value the life of your former comrade warn Moody to stay away from me and mine. I won't forgive his blatant attack on my child. He could have killed my son. Attacking an heir is supposed to be against the rules without filing a registered blood feud. Control your people." he Apparated away.

XoooooX
Harry was worried about the dragon he had to face but he was more worried about Draco. He really loved his best friend and watching him get hurt protecting him upset him so much. How could he let that happen? Why couldn't he protect Draco? He helped wrap his lover's arms so they healed properly, feeding Draco blood replenishing potions and pain killer decoctions. He curled up at his lover's side trying not to cry, he needed to be braver for Draco. He didn't know what to do, why did he have to face a dragon? A real one when his place was at Draco's side?

There was a quiet yip and Orion jumped on the bed with him and snuggled close trying to make Harry feel better.

"You know you can't hide your worries from the dragon, lion."

Harry sighed, "I know. But it's my fault. He got hurt because of me."

There came a soft protest, "No. I was protecting you. If he did this to me for protecting you, who knows what terrible things he might have done to you. The pain is worth knowing he didn't hurt you."

Draco was wrong, Moody hurt him but attacking his Draco. He understood why Draco was so protective after seeing what Uncle Vernon did to him. Harry wasn't good with words like Draco and didn't know how to express himself.

Benia tried to change the subject, "Little lion did you read the book Draco gave you on Muggles and magical creatures."

Harry nodded slowly, "Yes?" confused.

"Remember balance? How do you balance a Dragon?"

"With a lion?" Draco teased.

Benia glared, "I am being serious Dragon."

Harry grinned in spite of himself, "The Dragon is male."

"Of course I am."

"A dragon needs a phoenix."

"Then to deal with your dragon obstacle?"

"I call you?" Harry asked quietly.

XoooooX

Lucius sent owls to his spies, he kept tabs on his enemies and his allies with his collection of those with access to information. He offered all of them a high price; 500 Galleons for information that could be used to locate Frederick Nott. A thousand to deliver the man to him. That should make them work hard for it…
The Malfoy fortune was immense, that much money could prove useful for many things…

The probability of one of his spies actually delivering Nott to him was slim.

He'd have better luck finding Moody and cursing him into the Vale, then again if Moody was the last of his line then the odious man would never return.
The First Task

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4  
Fandom: HP  
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 24- The First Task

Harry's nervousness returned in full measure, however, on that morning. The atmosphere in the school was one of great tension and excitement. Lessons were to stop at midday, giving all the students time to get down to the prepared 'stadium' to watch the Task. Harry felt oddly separate from everyone around him, whether they were wishing him good luck or hissing 'We'll have a box of tissues ready, Potter.' as he passed.

It was a state of nervousness so advanced that he wondered whether he might just lose his head when they tried to lead him out to his dragon, and start trying to curse everyone in sight while he ran to hide.

Time seemed to be behaving rather peculiarly, rushing past quickly, so that one moment he seemed to be sitting down in his first lesson, History of Magic, and the next, walking into lunch… and then Papa was hurrying over to him in the Great Hall while lots of people were watching.

Where had the morning gone? The last of the dragon-free hours? By that he didn’t mean his boyfriend.

“Potter, the champions have to come down onto the grounds now. You have to get ready for your first task.”

“Okay,” Harry stood up, his fork falling onto his plate with a clatter.

“Good luck, Harry.” Draco whispered, hugging him and brushing his cheek with a light kiss. “You'll be fine!”

“Yeah,” Harry said in a voice that was most unlike his own.

He left the Great Hall with papa, he didn’t seem himself either; in fact, he looked nearly as anxious as he felt. As he walked him down the stone steps and out into the cold November afternoon, he put his hand on his shoulder.

“Now, don’t panic,” Severus said, “just keep a cool head. We’ve got wizards like Charlie standing by to control the situation if it gets out of hand. The main thing is just to do your best, and nobody will think any the worse of you. Are you all right?”
“Yes,” Harry heard himself say. “Yes, I’m fine Papa. I already know what I’m facing.”

“Oh, I should have expected my Slytherin son to discover that.” he was leading him toward the place where Blaise told him the dragons were, around the edge of the forest, but when they approached the clump of trees behind which the enclosure would be clearly visible, Harry saw that a tent had been erected, its entrance facing them, screening the dragons from view.

“You’re to go in here with the other champions,” His papa said, in a rather shaky sort of voice, “and wait for your turn, Harry. Mr. Bagman is in there and he’ll be telling you the...the procedure... Good luck.”

“Thanks,” Harry’s voice was flat and distant.

Severus left him at the entrance of the tent reluctantly; he’d heard of leaving your child to the wolves but he felt safer leaving Harry with his werewolf lover then abandoning his son to dragons which were considered to be a known wizard-killer after all they’d killed more wizards throughout history then werewolves.

Harry went inside; he found Fleur Delacour was sitting in a corner on a wooden stool. She didn’t look nearly as composed as usual, but rather pale and clammy. Viktor looked even gruff than usual, which Harry supposed was his way of showing nerves. When Harry entered, Viktor gave him a small smile, which Harry returned, feeling the muscles in his face working rather hard, as though they had forgotten how to do it. Cedric was pacing up and down.

“Harry! Splendid!” said Bagman happily, looking around at him. “Come in, dear boy and make yourself at home!” Bagman looked somehow like a cartoon figure from Dudley’s old comics that had been forgotten in his cousin’s second bedroom, standing amid all the pale-faced champions. The former professional Beater was wearing his old Wasp robes; well, they resembled the robes Harry had seen on members of the Wimbourne Wasps in Quidditch through the ages which Draco owned. “Well, now that we’re all here, it’s time to fill you in!” Bagman said brightly. “When the audience has assembled, I’m going to be offering each of you this bag” - he held up a small sack of purple silk and shook it at them, “from which you will each select a small model of the thing you are about to face! There are different varieties, you see. And I have to tell you something else too; your task is to collect the golden egg!”

Harry glanced around. Cedric had nodded once, to show that he understood Bagman’s words, and then started pacing around the tent again; he looked slightly green. Fleur Delacour and Viktor hadn’t reacted at all. Perhaps they thought they might be sick if they opened their mouths; that was certainly how Harry felt. But they, at least, had volunteered for this…

In no time at all, hundreds upon hundreds, though it sounded like a thousand of pairs of feet could be heard passing the tent, their owners talking excitedly, laughing and joking.

Harry felt as separate from the crowd as though they were a different species. Then it seemed like about a second later to Harry, Bagman was opening the neck of the purple silk sack.

“Ladies first,” he said, offering it to Fleur Delacour.

She put a shaking hand inside the bag and drew out a tiny, perfect model of a dragon - a Welsh Green. It had the number two around its neck And Harry knew, by the fact that Fleur showed no sign of surprise, but rather a determined resignation, that Blaise had been right: Madame Maxime had told her what was coming.

The same held true for Viktor; he pulled out the scarlet Chinese Fireball. It had a number three...
around its neck. He didn’t even blink, just sat back down and stared at the ground. He hadn’t seen
Viktor nervous before a Quidditch Match but he wasn’t excited, Viktor looked resigned.

Cedric put his hand into the bag, and out came the bluish-gray Swedish Short-Snout, the number one
tied around its neck. Knowing what was left because Blaise told him, Harry put his hand into the
silk bag and pulled out the Hungarian Horntail, and the number four. It stretched its wings as he
looked down at it, and bared its minuscule fangs.

“Well, there you are!” said Bagman. “You have each pulled out the dragon you will face, and the
numbers refer to the order in which you are to take on the dragons, do you see? Now, I’m going to
have to leave you in a moment, because I’m commentating. Mr. Diggory, you’re first, just go out into
the enclosure when you hear a whistle, all right? Now. Harry dear boy. Could I have a quick word?
Outside?”

“I guess,” Harry said blankly, he got up and went out of the tent with Bagman, who walked him a
short distance away, into the trees, and then turned to him with a fatherly expression on his face. One
that left him feeling cold and uncomfortable, he had a father. Well two if you included Remus who
had saved his life twice; once from Dementors and the second time when he fell from his broom
during that storm.

“How are you feeling Harry, my boy? Anything I can get you?”

“What?” said Harry. “I’m fine. I don’t need anything.”

“Got a plan?” Bagman said, lowering his voice conspiratorially. “Because I don’t mind sharing a few
pointers, if you’d like them, you know. I mean,” Bagman continued, lowering his voice still further,
“you’re the underdog here, Harry. I’ll do anything I can do to help…”

“No,” Harry said so quickly he knew he had sounded rude but Bagman was irritating him, “No. I
know what I’m going to do.”

“Nobody would know, Harry,” Bagman said, winking at him.

“No, I’m fine,” Harry said, wondering why he kept telling people this when they asked. He was still
wondering whether he had ever been less fine, four days ago he found out he was facing dragons and
a few hours after that Draco was brutally attacked by that monster Mad-Eye Moody. Draco was still
limping, and he worried so much about him. The last thing he wanted was to be away from his lover.
“I’ve got a plan worked out, I,”

A whistle had blown somewhere.

“Good lord, I’ve got to run!” Bagman said in alarm, and he hurried off.

Harry walked back to the tent and saw Cedric emerging from it, greener than ever. Harry tried to
wish him luck as he walked past, but all that came out of his mouth was a sort of hoarse grunt. Harry
went back inside to Fleur and Viktor. Seconds later, they heard the roar of the crowd, which meant
Cedric had entered the enclosure and was now face-to-face with the living counterpart of his model.

It was worse than Harry could ever have imagined, sitting there and listening. The crowd
screamed… yelled… gasped like a single many-headed entity, as Cedric did whatever he was doing
to get past the Swedish Short-Snout. Krum was still staring at the ground. Fleur had now taken to
retracing Cedric’s steps, around and around the tent. And Bagman’s commentary made everything
much, much worse… Horrible pictures formed in Harry’s mind as he heard: “Oooh, narrow miss
there, very narrow”… “He’s taking risks, this one!”… “Clever move - pity it didn’t work!”
After about fifteen minutes, Harry heard the deafening roar that could mean only one thing: Cedric had gotten past his dragon and captured the golden egg.

“Very good indeed!” Bagman was shouting. “And now the marks from the judges!”

But he didn’t shout out the marks; Harry supposed the judges were holding them up and showing them to the crowd.

“One down, three to go!” Bagman yelled as the whistle blew again. “Miss Delacour, if you please!”

Fleur was trembling from head to foot; Harry felt more warmly toward her than he had done so far as she heft the tent with her head held high and her hand clutching her wand. He and Viktor were left alone, at opposite sides of the tent, avoiding each other’s gaze. Both to nervous to speak even though they could be considered friends being far closer then Harry was with his fellow Hogwarts’ Champion Cedric Diggory.

The same process started again…

“Oh I’m not sure that was wise!” they could hear Bagman shouting gleefully. “Oh… nearly! Careful now, good lord, I thought she’d had it then!”

Ten minutes later, Harry heard the crowd erupt into applause once more… Fleur must have been successful too. A pause, while Fleur’s marks were being shown, then more clapping and for the third time, the whistle.

“And now Mr. Krum!” Bagman cried.

Viktor slouched out waving before the tent flap closed, leaving Harry quite alone.

He felt much more aware of his body than usual; very aware of the way his heart was pumping fast, and his fingers tingling with fear. Yet at the same time, he seemed to be outside himself, seeing the walls of the tent, and hearing the crowd, as though from far away.

“Very daring!” Bagman was yelling, and Harry heard the Chinese Fireball emit a horrible, roaring shriek, while the crowd drew its collective breath. “That’s some nerve he’s showing, and yes, he’s got the egg!”

Applause shattered the winter air like breaking glass; Viktor had finished and it would be Harry’s turn any moment.

He stood up, noticing dimly that his legs seemed to be made of jelly. He waited. And then he heard the whistle blow. He walked out through the entrance of the tent, the panic rising into a crescendo inside him. And now he was walking past the trees, through a gap in the enclosure fence.

He saw everything in front of him as though it was a very highly colored dream.

There were hundreds and hundreds of faces staring down at him from stands that had been magicked there since he’d last stood on this spot. There was the Horntail, at the other end of the enclosure, crouched low over her clutch of eggs, her wings half-furled, her frightening, yellow eyes upon him, a monstrous, scaly, black lizard, thrashing her spiked tail, heaving yard-long gouge marks in the hard ground. The crowd was making a great deal of noise, but whether friendly or not, Harry didn’t know or care. It was time to do what he had to do to, focus his mind, entirely and absolutely, upon the thing that was his only chance.

He raised his wand. “Accio Benia.” would she come? Draco’s familiar was a very independent bird.
There was a crack of fire and there stood his lover’s phoenix, she chuckled loudly enough for the others to hear her, “Magic is about balance. What is the opposite of a dragon?”

Harry smiled, “To some cultures the Dragon is male and the Phoenix female. Balance in all things.”

“Very well little Lion. What is you desire?”

“The Golden egg. Will you retrieve it for me?”

Benia nodded, “A dragon’s flames won’t burn me.” she disappeared with a flash of flame only to reappear behind the Hungarian Horntail where she snatched up the golden egg with her talons disappearing with a crackle of fire before the dragon noticed her.

Harry was excited, she landed on his shoulder and held out the egg. He found Draco in the crowd and grinned waving the egg. He wanted to hold his boyfriend’s hand just to reassure himself that Draco was safe.

It was as though somebody had just turned the volume back up; for the first time, he became properly aware of the noise of the crowd, which was screaming and applauding as loudly as the Irish supporters at the World Cup -

“Look at that!” Bagman was yelling. “Will you look at that! Our youngest champion is quickest to get his egg! Who would have thought to use a Phoenix? Well, this is going to shorten the odds on Mr. Potter!”

Harry saw the dragon keepers including Charlie rushing forward to subdue the now angry Horntail, and, over at the entrance to the enclosure, Headmistress McGonagall, papa, and Remus were hurrying to meet him, all of them waving him toward them, their smiles evident even from this distance. Benia’s talons dug into his shoulders as she flew him back over to the stands, the noise of the crowd pounding his eardrums, and came in smoothly to land, his heart lighter than it had been in weeks. He had got through the first task, he had survived.

Severus pulled him into his arms, “I was so worried Harry. Draco’s phoenix was pure genius.”

Remus ruffled his hand, “Brilliant pup. Just brilliant.”

Harry looked up and there was Draco, his eyes shining with pride.

“Come here, Adder.”

Harry leapt into his waiting arms careful not to knock him over and forgetting the entire crowd, kissed Draco.

Draco held him close, “I knew you could do it. I’m proud of you.”

There were three disgruntled faces at their intimate moment…

“Harry, you were brilliant!” Hermione said squeakily. There were fingernail marks on her face where she had been clutching it in fear. “You were amazing! You really were!”

But Harry was looking at Viktor, who was very pale and staring at Harry as though he were a ghost.

“Harry,” he said, very seriously, “whoever put your name in that goblet zey underestimate you. Why would someone vant you dead?” a tournament where the first task was against dragons and Harry ended up with the most dangerous one implied that people wanted the teen dead.
“Caught on, have you?” Draco chuckled.

Hermione stood nervously between Harry and Viktor, looking from one to the other. Viktor opened his mouth uncertainly.

“It’s okay,” Harry said, smiling and nudging Hermione in Viktor’s direction. “Come on ‘Mione, don’t you know brave champions deserve a kiss? Did you give him a favor? Something of yours for luck?”

Hermione blushed taking three steps towards her boyfriend, Narcissa had been helping her dress more flatteringly. She looked less like a bookworm and more mature these days.

Viktor leaned down to kiss her lightly, “I said you were my luck.” he smiled, “you may need to turn this necklace of yours into a bracelet. When I no longer need this golden egg Ahren, it’s yours.”

If the female half of the student population wasn’t irritated enough at Harry and Draco’s public display of affection they were incensed at Viktor’s infatuation with the young bookish gold-digger Hermione Granger. Well that was unfortunately what they thought, though it couldn’t be more untrue.

“Harry, come on, they’ll be awarding your scores in a minute,” Draco said holding him close.

Holding the golden egg and leaning against his lover, he was feeling more elated than he would have believed possible an hour ago. Harry looked up at the judges, Draco by his side, talking fast.

“You were the best, you know, no competition. Cedric Transfigured a rock on the ground into a dog. he was trying to make the dragon go for the dog instead of him.”

“Yes, it was a decent bit of Transfiguration, which did work because he did get the egg, but he got burned as well. The dragon changed its mind later and decided it would rather have him than the Labrador; he only just got away.” Blaise said appearing out of nowhere.

“That Fleur girl tried a charm I haven’t seen before, I think she was trying to put it into a trance. It actually worked. I was surprised. It went to sleep but then it snored a jet of flame and her skirt caught fire. She put it out with water from her wand, I think she used aquamenti.” Draco continued.

Hermione was holding her boyfriend’s hand, “He was probably the best before you, I’m not sure who was more impressive now” she was loyal to both of them and well, she couldn’t chose between them. “He hit it with a hex in the eyes that I didn’t recognize. Only thing is, it went trampling around in agony and squashed half the real eggs. They took marks off for that, he wasn’t supposed to do any damage to them.”

Viktor shifted nervously, “I didn’t zink it vould react like zat.”

Draco drew a breath as they reached the edge of the enclosure.

Now that the Horntail had been taken away, Harry could see where the five judges were sitting, right at the other end, in raised seats draped in gold.

“It’s marks out of ten from each one,” Draco said, and Harry squinting up the field.

The first judge was Madame Maxime, she raised her wand in the air. A long silver ribbon shot out of it, which twisted itself into a large nine.

“Not bad!” Draco said as the crowd applauded.
Mr. Crouch came next. He shot a number nine into the air.

“Looking good!” Draco yelled, hugging Harry in excitement.

Next was McGonagall, she too put up a nine.

The crowd was cheering harder than ever.

Ludo Bagman - ten.

“Ten?” Harry said in disbelief, he still couldn't believe that, he used a Phoenix to get the egg.

“What’s he playing at?”

“Harry, don’t complain!” Draco yelled excitedly, he was proud of his lover; his attack quite forgotten for the moment.

Karkaroff raised his wand, he paused for a moment and then a number shot out of his wand, a five.


But Harry didn’t care, he wouldn’t have cared if Karkaroff had given him zero; Draco’s indignation on his behalf was worth about a hundred points to him even though the last time Draco got incensed on his behalf he was turned into a ferret and used like a ball in an arcade machine. He didn’t tell Draco this, of course, but his heart felt lighter than air as he turned to leave the enclosure. It wasn’t just Draco… those weren’t only Slytherins and Gryffindors cheering in the crowd. When it had come to it, when they had seen what he was facing, most of the school had been on his side as well as Cedric’s. He didn’t care about the Hufflepuffs or the Ravenclaws, he could stand whatever they threw at him now.

“You’re tied in first place, Harry! You and Krum!” Charlie said, hurrying to meet them as they set off back toward the school. “That was unbelievable!” he snuck a quick kiss from Blaisé, “Oh yeah, they told me to tell you you’ve got to hang around for a few more minutes. Bagman wants a word, back in the champions’ tent.”

Draco and Hermione said they would wait, so Harry and Viktor re-entered the tent, which somehow looked quite different now: friendly and welcoming. He thought back to how he’d felt when facing the Horntail, and compared it to the long wait before he’d walked out to face it. There was no comparison; the wait had been immeasurably worse.

Fleur and Cedric all came in together.

One side of Cedric’s face was covered in a thick orange paste, which was presumably mending his burn. He grinned at Harry when he saw him. “Good one, Harry.”

“you too,” Harry said, grinning back.

“Well done, all of you!” Ludo Bagman said, bouncing into the tent and looking as pleased as though he personally had just got past a dragon. “Now, just a quick few words. You’ve got a nice long break before the second task, which will take place at half past nine on the morning of February the twenty-fourth but we’re giving you something to think about in the meantime! If you look down at those golden eggs you’re all holding, you will see that they open. See the hinges there? You need to solve the clue inside the egg; because it will tell you what the second task is. Thus, enable you to prepare for it! Understood? Sure? Well, off you go, then!”
After Harry left the tent with Viktor, they rejoined Draco and Hermione. The four of them started to walk back around the edge of the forest, talking fast; Harry wanted to hear what the other champions had done in more detail. Then, as they rounded the clump of trees behind which Harry had first heard the dragons roar, a witch leapt out from behind them.

It was Rita Skeeter. She was wearing acid-green robes today; the Quick-Quotes Quill in her hand blended perfectly against them. “Congratulations, Harry!” she said, beaming at him. “I wonder if you could give me a quick word? How you felt facing that dragon? How you feel now, about the fairness of the scoring?”

“Yeah, you can have a word,” Harry said savagely. “Good-bye.”

That reporter witch had managed to twist his words even though she had been unable to use a Quick Quotes Quill. She had claimed Draco and Andromeda bullied her and kept him from answering questions. That he was such a sad tragic figure who must be using the Tournament as a way to get out from under their thumbs. Speculating that he was planning use his Triwizard cup winnings to emancipate himself so he would be free of their overbearing ways. Surely, the famous Boy Who Lived deserved better. She had made the majority of her article about the Triwizard Champions about him. Andromeda was suing her, the article that she had approved of was not the one the Daily Prophet printed and you didn’t cross a Slytherin…

Harry set off back to the castle with Draco.

Charlie seemed to have disappeared with Blaise and Hermione had walked off with Viktor a bit ago…

Chapter End Notes

What do you think? Did I do it justice? I wanted it to be a bit different from canon...okay a lot different. Got to love Benia...

I didn't mention Skeeter's article sooner so I thought I'd throw it in here. This fic has so much happening at once I'd be lost without my timeline.
Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom : HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 25-

Slytherin and Gryffindor United

Sure enough, when they entered the Great Hall it exploded with cheers and yells again. There were mountains of cakes and flagons of pumpkin juice and butterbeer on the two tables. The room was decorated only in Slytherin and Gryffindor colours. Lee Jordan had let off some Filibuster's Fireworks as soon as Harry and Draco entered so that the air was thick with stars and sparks. Dean Thomas, who was very good at drawing, had put up some impressive new banners, most of which depicted Harry and Benia versus the Hungarian Horntail, though a couple showed Cedric with his head on fire. Which Harry wasn't so amused at but some Gryffindors still held the defeat by Hufflepuff against Cedric.

Harry helped himself to food; he had almost forgotten what it was like to feel properly hungry, and sat down with Draco, Fred and George. He couldn't believe how happy he felt, he'd gotten through the first task, and he wouldn't have to face the second one for three months.

"Blimey, this is heavy," Lee Jordan said, picking up the golden egg, which Harry had left on the table beside him, and weighing it in his hands. "Open it, Harry, go on! Let's just see what's inside it!"

"He's supposed to work out the clue on his own," Hermione said swiftly. "It's in the tournament rules…"

"I was supposed to work out how to get past the dragon on my own too without knowing what it was," Harry muttered.

"Yeah, go on, Harry, open it!" several people echoed.

Lee passed Harry the egg, and Harry dug his fingernails into the groove that ran all the way around it and pried it open.

It was hollow and completely empty but the moment Harry opened it, the most horrible noise, a loud and screechy wailing, filled the room.

Blaisé curled in on himself yelling, "Close it!" he was suspicious that horrible noise was Mermish… what else could nearly deafen a Veela?

Charlie winced at the noise rubbing Blaisé's back.

"Shut it!" Fred bellowed, his hands over his ears.
"What was that?" Seamus Finnigan said staring at the egg as Harry slammed it shut again.

"Sounded like a banshee." was Gregory Goyle's interpretation.

"Maybe you've got to get past one of those next, Harry!" Vincent Crabbe's comment.

"It was someone being tortured!" said Neville, who had gone very white and spilled sausage rolls all over the floor. "You're going to have to fight the Cruciatus Curse!"

"Don't be a prat, Neville, that's illegal," said George.

"Yeah, they wouldn't use the Cruciatus Curse on the champions." Fred chuckled.

"Here and I thought it sounded a bit like Percy singing." Charlie teased.

"You're funny Charlie." George laughed.

"Maybe you've got to attack him while he's in the shower, Harry."

"Want a jam tart, Adrian?" said Fred trying to change the subject.
Adrian looked doubtfully at the plate he was offering him.

George grinned. "Captain to captain, I promise they're all right,"
Fred said. "I haven't done anything to them. It's the custard creams you've got to watch."
Neville, who had just bitten into a custard cream, choked and spat it out.

Fred laughed. "Just my little joke, Neville."

Hermione took a jam tart. Then she said, "Did you get all this from the kitchens, Fred?"

"Yep," said Fred, grinning at her.

Fred put on a high-pitched squeak and imitated a house-elf so well, reminding Harry of Dobby.
"Anything we can get you, sir, anything at all!"

"Yep, they're dead helpful alright." George nodded,

"Would get me a roast ox if I said I was peckish." Fred smirked.

Just then, Neville caused a slight diversion by turning into a large canary.

"Oh - sorry, Neville!" Fred shouted over all the laughter. "I forgot it was the custard creams we hexed -"

Adrian smirked, the shy innocent Gryffindor made a cute canary.

The expression didn't go unnoticed by Draco.

Within a minute, however, Neville had molted, and once his feathers had fallen off, he reappeared looking entirely normal. He even joined in laughing despite his shyness.

"Canary Creams!" Fred shouted to the excitable crowd. "George and I invented them - seven Sickles each, a bargain!"
It was nearly one in the morning when Draco finally Levitated- he couldn't carry him right now, Harry to their rooms in the dungeons. Before he joined Harry in bed, he set his lover's tiny model of the Hungarian Horntail on the table next to their bed, where it yawned, curled up, and closed its eyes.

Chapter End Notes


I wanted the celebration to be cute and to include as many of Harry's two houses as I could.
Winter parties?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4  
Fandom : HP  
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 26- Winter parties?

The start of December brought wind and sleet to Hogwarts. Drafty though the castle always was in winter. Harry was glad of its fires and thick walls every time he passed the Durmstrang ship on the lake, which was pitching in the high winds, its black sails billowing against the dark skies. He thought the Beauxbatons caravan was likely to be pretty chilly too. Hagrid, he reluctantly noticed, was keeping Madame Maxime's horses well provided with their preferred drink of single-malt whiskey.

XoooooX

"Potter! Malfoy! Will you pay attention?" Severus' irritated voice cracked like a whip through the Potions' Dungeon on the first Thursday of December.

Harry and Draco both jumped and looked up blushing guiltily.

It was the end of the lesson; they had finished their work; the potion they brewed today was sitting on Severus' desk.

Goyle's and Crabbe barely managed half marks today.

Draco and Harry had copied down their homework from the blackboard, 'Describe, with examples, reasons and instances when the Dreamless Sleep potion maybe used.'

The bell was due to ring at any moment, so Harry and Draco, who had been having a sword fight with a couple of Fred and George's fake wands at the back of the class, looked up. Draco was holding a tin parrot, while Harry ended up with a rubber haddock.

Severus looked at the pair of them as the head of Harry's haddock drooped and fell silently to the floor, Draco's parrot's beak had severed it a moment before, "I have something to say to you all. The Yule Ball is approaching which is why a traditional part of the Triwizard Tournament and an opportunity for us to socialize with our foreign guests. Now, the ball will be open only to fourth years and above - although you may invite a younger student if you wish."

Daphne Greengrass let out a shrill giggle.

Pansy Parkinson nudged her hard in the ribs, her face working furiously as she too fought not to giggle. They both looked around at Harry, Severus ignored them, which Harry thought was
distinctly unfair, as he had just told off him and Draco.

"Dress robes will be worn," Severus continued, "and the ball will start at eight o'clock on the Winter Solstice, finishing at midnight in the Great Hall. Now then," He stared deliberately around the class. "The Yule Ball is of course a chance for us all to relax a bit and have fun" he said, in a disapproving voice.

Daphne giggled harder than ever, with her hand pressed hard against her mouth to stifle the sound.

"But that does NOT mean," Severus went on, "that we will be relaxing the standards of behavior I expect from my House. I will be most seriously displeased if a Slytherin student embarrasses the school in any way."

The bell rang, and there was the usual scuffle of activity as everyone packed their bags and swung them onto their shoulders.

Severus called above the noise, "Potter - a word, if you please."

Assuming this had something to do with his headless rubber haddock, Harry proceeded gloomily to the papa's desk.

Severus waited until the rest of the class had gone, and then said, "Harry, the champions and their partners -"

"What partners?" said Harry.

Severus looked suspiciously at him, as though he thought he was trying to be funny. "Your partners for the Yule Ball, Harry," he said coolly. "Your dance partners."

Harry's insides seemed to curl up and shrivel. "Dance partners?" He felt himself going red. "I don't dance," he said quickly.

"Oh yes, you do," Severus said irritably. "That's what I'm telling you. Traditionally, the champions and their partners open the ball."

Harry had a sudden mental image of himself in a top hat and tails, accompanied by a faceless girl in the sort of frilly dress Aunt Petunia always wore to Uncle Vernon's work parties back when he lived with them and shivered. "I'm not dancing," he said, he didn't want to go with anyone besides Draco.

"It is traditional," Severus said firmly. "You are a Hogwarts champion, and you will do what is expected of you as a representative of the school. So make sure you get yourself a partner, Harry."

"But I don't know how to dance…" Harry said quietly.

Draco chuckled, "Well I do. Mother insisted I have lessons. I've been quite the exceptional dancer since I was seven."

Severus smirked, "Don't have to look far for a date do you? I don't think Draco would let you take anyone else."

Draco snorted, "No one is going with my Adder but me."

Harry had never known so many people to put their names down to stay at Hogwarts for winter holidays. This year, however, everyone in the fourth year and above seemed to be staying, and they all seemed to Harry to be obsessed with the coming ball - or at least all the girls were, and it was
amazing how many girls Hogwarts suddenly seemed to hold; he had never quite noticed that before. Girls giggling and whispering in the corridors, girls shrieking with laughter as boys passed them, girls excitedly comparing notes on what they were going to wear on Solstice night…

XoooooX

Draco remembered Father speaking of Professor Slughorn, Uncle Sev's predecessor and his Slug Club. The mingling of hand-picked students destined for greatness and with the cream of political and Professional circles. He smirked, the day after Uncle Severus had told Harry about having to dance. He was going to start his own little club of pets, Dragonlings if you like. If he was supposed to have something to do with the Wizarding World's future he should start created debts…

He flooed home, entered his mother's music room with a swagger. "Mother, I just had the most wonderful Idea."

Narcissa beamed, "Really Dragon? Do tell."

"I want to start having an annual Winter holiday party on the day after Solstice. We used to throw the best parties when I was younger and I want to do so again. I have some prospects whose acquaintances I choose to cultivate. I want to invite powerful people and introduce them, you remember what Father said about the Slug Club. This will be my pet project, anyone who will be anyone will make my list. I expect Bondings, job offers and the like to come from my parties. Perhaps, I may decide to have monthly get-togethers but for now I'll be satisfied with my Quidditch Exhibition Match and this party. I'll take care of the guest list if you will deal with the decorations and the refreshments."

"Any decoration requests Dragon?"

"Red lions for Harry and green dragons for me. If we nudge Charlie, perhaps, he'll propose."

Narcissa grinned, "Does that mean I get to plan a Bonding?"

Draco chuckled, "Mother, you know very well the Bonding is planned by the couple. You would be allowed to plan the reception I am sure."

"Of course, how silly of me."

"Don't forget, we're technically Uncle Sev's only family. I am sure Remus is getting ready to propose himself."

"What about you and Harry, Dragon?"

"I plan to marry young like you did Mother but I'm not planning on proposing until Harry and I are fifteen."

Narcissa chuckled, "You'll be a big brother by then."

Draco was glad to find her so happy, she had quite the matronly glow. Mother was quite satisfied, Father was solicitous and they were expecting their second child. Even though she was about eight months, his mother was not the sort of woman to stay in bed. Narcissa Malfoy preferred to stay busy, with an army of House elves to boss around there was little she would actually have to do but organize. "Well, you have barely three weeks to plan so I better let you start. I'll be inviting the Minister for Magic for Percy and various Quidditch managers for my list of mostly likely to make a splash flying professionally. The Malfoy name has enough power that if we give just enough support to certain talented youths there is no reason they can succeed and owe us a little."
"Indeed, quite the Slytherin you are my Dragon."

Draco disappeared into the Floo, calling Dobby.

"Yes young Master Draco."

"Go at once to Amanuensis Quills in Diagon Alley, I want Emerald green ink and set of invitation self-addressing quills also a set of dictating quills. Then go to 94 Diagon Alley, to Papyria, the paper shop. Order me 200 sheets of fine linen paper. I will need them for party invitations that must be addressed tomorrow. Be sure to mention you are a Malfoy elf." he handed the house elf a bag of just enough gold to cover it. "Here is a note for the Post office in Hogsmeade securing the services of two hundred owls two days from now.

"Yes, Master Draco." Dobby bowed taking the bag of money to pay for his errands and

Draco sat down to make a list, Harry was napping so he was writing quietly at the desk in their room.

Emelia Bones - Minister for Magic
Kingsley Shacklebolt - Head of Magical Law Enforcement
Rufus Scrimgour- Head Auror
Arnold Peasegood- Head Hit Wizard
Madam Edgecombe - Head of the Department of Magical Transportation

Minister Bones was for Percy's benefit since it was the Malfoy family's intention to get the young man into her office as a secretary. Percy had the intelligence and currently the support to go far in the Ministry. He might become the youngest department head. He nearly wrote down Bagman but decided the man wasn't worth his time…

Arthur Weasley- member of the Misuse of Magical Artifacts office

Arthur may not have much standing in the Ministry but for Blaise's offsprings' sake he was willing to see if father could get the man promoted. Besides, if Charlie decided to propose the more family that was present the better.

Bill Weasley, he remembered hearing the man was Curse Breaker for Gringotts. That was a dangerous and well paid position that promised a decent sized vault for a future Bonding. The eldest Weasley also had inherited a house in Cornwall, a decent sized place from rumors.

Gwenog Jones- Special Quidditch Correspondent, Daily Prophet and Captain of the Holyhead Harpies
Thomas Laughlin- Chudley Cannons
Keiran Branagh- Puddlemere United
Darien Ambrose- Appleby Arrows
Jake McKeans- Quidditch World

Draco smirked, thinking about Colin Creevey's attachment to his camera. Perhaps, the exuberant little Gryffindor might have some use. He wanted access to every single photograph the boy had taken. He intended if he suspicions were correct to exhibit them…

Barnabus Cuffe, editor in chief of the Daily Prophet went on his list, surely the Daily Prophet could use a skilled photographer.
Janus Cronkite- Editor of the Evening Prophet
Celestina Warbeck- singer
Okay that one was mostly a Solstice gift for his mother…

Adrian Janson- a famous photographer
Damocles Belby- the potioneer who created the Wolfsbane Potion

He wanted Uncle Sev to met him, perhaps, Severus could brew a more intricate potion to help Remus if he could talk brewing with a moderately talented Potions Master. Though Damocles' current position as of head of Werewolf support services made him quite interesting.

He reread his list

Emelia Bones - Minister for Magic
Kingsley Shacklebolt - Head of Magical Law Enforcement
Rufus Scrimgour- Head Auror
Arnold Peasegood- Head Hit Wizard
Madam Edgecombe - Head of the Department of Magical Transportation
Arthur Weasley- member of the Misuse of Magical Artifacts office
Gwenog Jones- Special Quidditch Correspondent, Daily Prophet and Captain of the Holyhead Harpies
Thomas Laughlin- Chudley Cannons Scout
Keiran Branagh- Puddlemere United Scout
Darien Ambrose- Appleby Arrows Scout
Jake McKean- Quidditch World
Barnabus Cuffe, editor in chief of the Daily Prophet
Janus Cronkite- Editor of the Evening Prophet
Celestina Warbeck- singer
Adrian Janson- a famous photographer
Damocles Belby- the potioneer who created the Wolfsbane Potion

For comic relief he added;

Xenophilius Lovegood- Editor of the Quibbler

Though the Quibbler published little of actual importance, the Lovegoods were an old family. Demeter Lovegood, Xenophilius' deceased wife worked for the Ministry’s Experimental Charms Department. Lovegood maybe a bit daft but he was said to be a magizoology expert.

That would do for the special guests, now for his special students.

Adrian Pucey- Slytherin sixth year Prefect, Head Boy Candidate, Quidditch Captain
George Weasley- Gryffindor Quidditch Captain, Beater, Prankster Extraordinaire

He had been impressed by the fake wands and the Canary creams…

Fred Weasley- Gryffindor sixth year Prefect, Head Boy Candidate, Beater, Prankster Extraordinaire
Katie Belby- Gryffindor Chaser, Golden Trio
Angelina Johnson- Gryffindor Chaser, Golden Trio
Alicia Spinnet- Gryffindor Chaser, Golden Trio
Rodger Davies- Ravenclaw Quidditch Captain, Chaser

Though he didn't think much of Rodger's personality, he had to admit the Ravenclaw had talent.

Jeremy Stretton - Ravenclaw Chaser
Grant Page- Ravenclaw Keeper
Cho Chang- Ravenclaw Seeker
Cedric Diggory- Hufflepuff Quidditch Captain, Seeker, Triwizard Champion
Maxine O'Flaherty- Hufflepuff Beater
Anthony Rickett- Hufflepuff Beater

Brecc Montague- Slytherin Chaser; the bloke had brains and brawn despite how Marcus insisted on running the team. Plus, he had the added benefit of being Adrian's best friend.

Draco reluctantly added the most eligible heiresses to the list…

Maia Greengrass- Third Year Slytherin
Georgette Goyle- Third Year Slytherin
Millicent Bulstrode- Fourth Year Slytherin P
Teàrlag [Tracey] Davis- Fourth Year Slytherin
Daphne Greengrass- Fourth Year Slytherin
Pansy Parkinson- Fourth Year Slytherin
Elaine Vance- Fourth Year Slytherin
Hippolyta Flitwick- Fifth Year Slytherin
Kevyn Bletchley- Fifth Year Slytherin
Drusilla Rosier- Fifth Year Slytherin
Giselle Goyle- Fifth Year Slytherin
Gemma Farley- Sixth Year Slytherin
Lysippe Flitwick- Sixth Year Slytherin
Imogen Stretton- Sixth Year Slytherin
Desdemona Melflua- Seventh Year Slytherin
Luna Lovegood- Third Year Ravenclaw
Padma Patil- Fourth Year Ravenclaw
Morag MacDougal- Fourth Year Ravenclaw
Iyzebel MacDougal- Fourth Year Ravenclaw
Amanda 'Mandy/ Brocklehurst- Fourth Year Ravenclaw
Lisa Turpin- Fourth Year Ravenclaw
Marietta Edgecombe- Fifth Year Ravenclaw
Isabelle Farley- Fifth Year Ravenclaw
Pari Patil- Sixth Year Ravenclaw
Felicity Eastchurch- Sixth Year Ravenclaw
Talitha Vector- Sixth Year Ravenclaw
Parina Patil- Third Year Hufflepuff
Lynette Farley- Third Year Hufflepuff
Hannah Abbott- Fourth Year Hufflepuff
Susan Bones- Fourth Year Hufflepuff
Megan Jones- Fourth Year Hufflepuff
Leanne Runcorn- Fourth Year Hufflepuff
Salma Smith- Fourth Year Hufflepuff
Lina Tandel- Fifth Year Hufflepuff
Deborah Smith- Sixth Year Hufflepuff
Tamsyn Inglebee- Sixth Year Hufflepuff
Maxine O'Flaherty- Sixth Year Hufflepuff
Nimue Aubrie Wood- Sixth Year Hufflepuff
Sage Brown- Third Year Gryffindor
Ginevra Weasley- Third Year Gryffindor
Lavender Brown- Fourth Year Gryffindor
Faye Dunbar- Fourth Year Gryffindor
It was a rather short list, purebloods were rather small in number these days. In a school that had around one thousand students, there were only fifty pureblood heiresses who were between their Third and Seventh Year. That was a very small number…

Perhaps, his guest list would be smaller then he though…

He focused on other talented students now…

Hermione Granger
Harry Potter

Not that Harry really needed an invitation but if he didn't have one it would look bad.

Blaise Zabini
Neville Longbottom

Though the Longbottom heir seemed unexceptional, he was shockingly talented at Herbology though he couldn't brew to save his life. Longbottom also seemed to have a good sense of humor, after all Fred and George's Canary Cream turned him into a canary. Draco would have to be blind not to notice Adrian watching him. That would be an interesting pair, there seemed to a succession of Slytherin and Gryffindor relationships; first himself and Harry, then Remus and Uncle Sev, Blaise and Charlie, now perhaps Adrian and Neville.

He scribbled down more names…

Fleur Delacour
Viktor Krum
Severus Snape
Lucius Malfoy

Not that he needed to invite them but he would anyway, he wanted to keep the by invitation only impression- though the invitations would admit invitee plus one.

That brought the guest total to 85; perhaps his little soiree would be smaller and more intimate then he expected, if they all brought a date and not each other then he might have nearly two hundred.

XooooooX

The last week of term became increasingly boisterous as it progressed. Rumors about the Yule Ball were flying everywhere, though Harry didn't believe half of them unless confirmed by papa or Draco. There was a rumor that Headmistress McGonagall had bought eight hundred barrels of mulled mead from Madam Rosmerta. It was a fact, however, that the Hogwarts' Governors had booked the Weird Sisters. Apparently, Draco's cousin Nymphadora Tonks had gone to school with them and had strangely enough remained friends with bassist Donaghan Tremlett. Interestly enough most of the band were Hufflepuffs…

Some of the teachers, like little Professor Flitwick, gave up trying to teach them much when their
minds were so clearly elsewhere; he allowed them to play games in his lesson on Wednesday, and spent most of it talking to Harry about the perfect Summoning Charm Harry had used during the first task of the Triwizard Tournament. Draco had taught him the Summoning Charm a long time ago. Other teachers were not so generous. Nothing would ever deflect Professor Binns, for example, from plowing on through his notes on goblin rebellions - as Binns hadn't let his own death stand in the way of continuing to teach, they supposed a small thing like Christmas wasn't going to put him off. It was amazing how he could make even bloody and vicious goblin riots sound as boring as a paper written by Crabbe or Goyle.

Remus insisted they work hard but they also had fun too. Remus conned Fred into making a ticking smoke bomb, they played a game where they had to say a magical creature they had learned about or a location one could find them and hand it off quickly. No one wanted to be the one holding the bomb when it went off. It would reset itself immediately. A rather remarkable piece of magic…

Papa wouldn't let them play games in class willingly anymore than Sirius would adopt Draco. Glaring at them, he informed them that he would be testing them on poison antidotes during the last lesson of the term. Draco chuckled, Slytherin and Hermione would do well of course…

The shocking dates to the Yule ball kept coming.

XooooX

Adrian walked right over to the Gryffindor table and ran a canary feather over Neville's bare neck. The Herbology loving Gryffindor yelped, spinning around and blushing when he saw the Slytherin Quidditch captain.

Adrian chuckled, "Do you have a date to the Yule ball Neville?"

Neville shook his head, he hadn't had the courage to ask anyone.

"Good, I hope your gran remembered to send you dress robes. I want you to come with me."

There was some irate hissing at the Slytherin table.

Neville asked quietly, "Is this a joke?"

Adrian took his hand and kissed it, "I would never do that to you, canary. I'll pick you up on the seventh floor?"

Neville nodded dumbly, his cheeks flush. He had a date to the Yule ball? With a Quidditch captain?

Seamus chuckled, "Good for you Neville. I don't think he's ever asked anyone out before. Sort of keeps to himself." he glanced at Colin, "You'll go with me right?"

Colin giggled, "I was hoping you'd ask."

Dean gulped, "Finnigan, you're gay?"

Seamus shrugged, "You got a problem with it?"

Dean shifted nervously, "No."

Fred caught George's eye, "We're going stag. Why tie ourselves down?"
George didn't really want to go...he'd have to act like Fred's brother and not his lover. He mumbled, "Sure but events like that aren't my thing."

Draco chuckled, he loved being right. He knew who they would be taking to his little soiree.

Owls arrived.

There were squeals.

"Oh no! I only brought one set of dress robes."

"Me too."

"Did you get an invitation?"

"Yes! I can't believe Malfoy invited me."

"Who do I take as date?"

Adrian opened his invitation after the owl landed on his shoulder, he smirked and turned back to Neville, "I would appreciate your company here as well. I'd like to take you out shopping,"

Neville blushed, "You can't be serious." taking him to a party at Malfoy Manor? He wasn't even sure gran would let him go. "I don't think gran would let me go there.

Adrian chuckled, "We'll see. Because I plan on taking you to that party. You and no one else. So plan on going."

Colin and Seamus both had invitations.

Seamus leaned over to whisper, "Come with me?"

Colin blushed nodding. "Wouldn't go with anyone else."

Seamus chuckled squeezing his hand and bring it to his lip, "I'm glad. I would be very jealous if you did."

Dennis giggled, "Colin's got a boyfriend."

Seamus smirked, "I intend to be more then that."

Ginny Weasley was surprised to be invited...she stared over at Harry Potter and felt her heart beat faster and her mouth went dry. What was so special about Malfoy? She wanted to be the one at Harry's side, she knew deep down he wanted a women. Even Professor Sirius admitted he was attracted to guys but was satisfied by a woman. There was supposed to be a Lady Potter, everyone knew that. Besides, Malfoy already had a title, why did he need another? She needed to get close to Harry Potter, to make him fall in love with her.

George shivered, he had a bad feeling.

Fred pulled him close, "You're safe."

George let him hold him, "I am. I just think someone else isn't."
Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom: HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 27- Plots, twists and arranged Bondings

Ginny stayed after Transfiguration, "Professor Black?"

"Call me Sirius." he winked at her.

"Is it true you're Harry's godfather?"

The man nodded, "Yes. But Lucius has the Ministry and my cousin in the palm of his hand. They are controlling Harry, and he is surrounded only with people that Draco approves of. I can't take him away because Lucius has Andromeda convinced that Snivellus is good for him. I don't see why that snake could be. He's got Remus so twisted around that he's forgotten his loyalties."

"I want Harry to take me to the Yule Ball."

"That will happen when Dragons breath ice."

"You have to know some way. Please, if he falls in love with me he'll stand up to Draco." honestly, she thought Mr. Moody was right to punish Draco. Too bad Harry didn't see that, but he would. She would show him what he was missing with her.

"Well, first he would have to see you as a friend."

"He's barely spoken to me." Ginny said sadly.

"Well, we'll just have to come up with…" his black eyes twinkled, "Gregory the Smarmy's Unctuous Unction, I'm sure I can find someone to sell it to me. I remember some less then reputable sources from when I was an Auror. Some people still think I'm a Muggle Killer so it might be easy to obtain."

"I don't want to use potions on him. I want him to like me." Ginny said sadly.

"He will. We just have to get him to trust you. Then you can convince him that Draco is using him, that he only wants his money and his title. Then he'll come crawling to you for comfort."

There was a knock on his office door, then it was thrown open. "Sirius! Secreted with another female student?"
Sirius glared, "I was just offering her advice."

"Really? I am sure that Arcturus Weasley and his sons would be quite angry you were alone with Ginevra."

Ginny pouted, leaving. She didn't think much of the woman who had Custodianship of Harry, his title/Wizengamot seat and his wealth.

"I wasn't planning on seducing her. I have other plans."

"No you don't. Her future is between her and her parents, not you. Now as the Head of your House, I am here to discuss your future."

Sirius glared, "What about my future? I'm only here to spend time with my godson if his jailers would let me but I do want to return to be an Auror."

"Harry has made it quite clear he wants nothing to do with you. He doesn't trust you and I for one can't blame him. You were having sex with a student?"

"So what? You have your own pet Hufflepuff."

Andromeda's eyes flashed, "Ted is not my pet. He is my Husband, my Bonded. I really think that you should watch your language."

"Why? You're only here because Lucius complained about me."

The former Queen of Slytherin snapped, "Actually, Minister Bones told me to deal with you. She wants this handled quietly, if the parents find out they would want you removed. Frankly, I wouldn't blame them. If Nymphadora was still a student I wouldn't trust you around her either."

"A bint is a bint."

"Watch your language Sirius. You have one choice, accept the Bonding I have arranged or you will be disowned without vault or dwelling. Both the Headmistress and Deputy Headmaster has expressed doubts about allowing you to remain as a professor next year but if you refrain from unsavory relations with students they might reconsider. You are also to give Harry a large berth, he still refuses to have anything to do with you."

"The Malfoys are fucking jailers. That ferret Draco deserved what he got. He had to asked for it somehow."

Andromeda slapped him, "How dare you? Poor Cissy was beside herself, she's eight months gone and seeing her son like that not two weeks ago was difficult. Then a month before that Blaisé was attacked twice. She could have lost her baby."

"Arrogant bastards the both of them and they needed to be brought down a peg."

"Blaisé was almost raped and Draco was almost killed in front of Harry. Surely, you care about the affect that would have on him?" Andromeda was incensed.

"Care? They control him. He has no life or friends that they approve of. Harry would be better off without them."

"You'll never have Harry, I can promise you that. You will be Bonded by myself two weeks from today to Charity Burbage of Hufflepuff, currently serving as the Professor of Muggle Studies. She
heard somehow that I was seeking a wife for you and offered herself. She comes from a modest but
pureblood background; she has blonde hair, grey-blue eyes and a decent dowry. She has been in
love with you since forever and never believed you killed Pettigrew or betrayed Lily and James. She
was the same year as you and Narcissa, if you hadn't gotten disowned the summer before your sixth
year, she would have begged her father to ask Aunt Walpurga if she could marry you."

'Why should I Bond to her? I've barely spoken to her at all. Besides, she's Snivellus' friend. If
Snivellus wasn't seducing Remus then I'd think he was screwing her. I don't even like her."

"You will bond with Charity, I approve of her. If you don't; you'll lose everything, your vault, your
residence, your job and I am sure if you don't clean up your act then you will not be allowed to
return as an Auror."

"Lucius! He's set out to ruin me. He's taken away Harry. He's using his pet Snivellus to seduce
Remus and control Harry. He has Draco seducing Harry, poor thing probably thinks Lucius Junior
loves him."

"You didn't see Harry after Lily's brother-in-law beat him almost to death. I did. I saw his friends;
Hermione Granger and the Weasley twins bring him into St. Mungos'. Draco was half dead from
worry, he fainted when Harry was hurt. He and your godson have a deep connection, when Harry is
hurt or scared Draco comes to him immediately. Draco nursed Harry back to health, when we were
sure we would lose him. Draco was there for him when he had to tell Madam Bones what Dursley
did to him. No one expected him to, then Draco told us he wanted to but only if Draco could come.
Draco held him in his arms, I had never met Cissy's son until that terrible day in St. Mungos; but I
have been impressed by him, he has Cissy's heart."

"Whatever."

"You are the worst kind of fool. Two days. Grimmauld Place. You will be bonded or you will lose
everything you have."

XooooooX

Adrian received special permission to leave Hogwarts and Apparated to Longbottom Hall, he
knocked on the heavy wooden doors.

"Yes? Who would you be?"

"Adrian Pucey. I wish to speak with Lady Longbottom, if she isn't busy. I should have owled but
since we have never met and I have business to discuss, I would prefer to speak face to face. It is
about an important matter."

"Wait here. I'll be telling Missus." the house elf regarded him suspiciously.

Adrian was a Slytherin, one who had always gotten what he wanted. He wanted Neville and he was
going to convince his Gran that his intentions were honourable.

The house elf returned, "Missus will see you. She says for a short interview."

Adrian nodded, "That will be fine."

"Come."

Adrian followed the house elf.
"Missus is in the parlour."

Adrian nodded and entered to find a formidable woman in a long green dress with iron gray hair. He bowed slightly, "Thank you for seeing me madam. I hope I am not intruding too badly."

"Pucey? Are you Tiberlus' son? There was a Tiberius Pucey who went to school with my Franciscus, they were Quidditch rivals."

"Yes, Tiberius and Faith are my parents. I came to speak to you about your grandson."

"What about Neville?" her brow furrowed.

"I would like to ask your permission to court him."

Augusta Longbottom looked floored, "What did you say?"

"I said as the current head of his family," by default actually with Neville's parents seemingly gone, "I would like you permission to court him."

"Why Neville?"

"He is cute, funny and wicked at Herbology. I think he just needs encouragement to come out of his shell. He comes from an excellent family, I see no problems with joining our Houses and bloodlines. Unless you have other plans for him."

"No, does he accept your intentions?"

Adrian smirked, "He didn't refuse me when I asked him to the Yule Ball." he hadn't given the shy Lion a choice really. "I wanted your permission to take him to an exclusive party that he received an invitation to. He was sure you wouldn't allow him to attend. I have it on great authority that the Minister for Magic as well as many other leading citizens will be present. It is being held by Draco Malfoy who will be attended with his intended Harry Potter."

Augusta's eyes narrowed, "Draco Malfoy? The nephew of Bellatrix Lestrange? That woman put my son and his wife in the Janus Thickey ward. What makes you think I would let you take him to Malfoy Manor?"

Adrian held out his hands, "I promise you I would never let anyone hurt him. I'll make the Unbreakable Vow if you don't believe me. I've never been interested in anyone before and I have my sights set on your grandson."

"What do you have to offer him?"

"I am the Captain of Slytherin's Quidditch team, I am also a prefect and my name has been mentioned as a possible candidate for Head Boy next year. I am being considered by two professional Quidditch teams as a Chaser, I was considering playing a few years before accepting our seat in the Wizengamot. I would also like to raise a family with at least two sons to inherit both titles."

"If Neville refuses to carry a child?"

"Then I will. I would only consider having a family with him. I would agree to carry half our future children if he wished it." Adrian said honestly.

"If it's what he wants. I want to hear it from Neville himself."
Adrian laughed, "Honestly, I think he is a little frightened of you. He respects you a lot and worries about disappointing you. Sometimes, I think he is afraid he is invisible to most students. I intend to change that, with the right encouragement I think he could go into Herbology as a career."

"It is the only subject he succeeds at." Augusta admitted. "I haven't heard him really mention any friends. How did you meet anyway? I thought that Gryffindors and Slytherins were still at odds."

Adrian smirked, "Well, I think Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy ended that. Then Severus Snape, Harry's guardian and the Deputy Headmaster started being courted by the current Head of Gryffindor, Remus Lupin. Charlie Weasley is courting Blaisé Zabini, a ward of the Malfoys. I think that Neville just needs attention and encouragement, though some affection wouldn't be amiss if it came from the right person."

"Very well, he may attend the Malfoy party as your date and I will agree to a conditional courtship that maybe ended at anytime."

"With your permission then, I would like to take him shopping for a second set of dress robes. Neither of us would want the Longbottom heir to seem poor, he should have more then one set and I would like to find something flattering."

"I will send an owl to Professor Lupin informing him that you have permission to take Neville from Hogwarts on weekends as long as his marks don't suffer."

Adrian chuckled, "I'll make sure his marks go up, I saw what encouragement did to the Weasley twins. They went from barely passing to top marks in their house, it is difficult for even myself who has had perfect marks to keep up with them."

Augusta nodded, "See that they do go up. I would hate to have his future spoiled because he received a poor or troll when he attempted to get his O.W.L.s."

Adrian stood slowly, lifting the regal woman's hand to his lips out of politeness, "I have no intention of doing less then brightening Neville's life."

Adrian arrived at Hogwarts, making his way to the Gryffindor table and tapped Neville on the shoulder smiling. "I spoke with your Gran." he said as the younger teen looked up at him.

Neville's eyes widened.

"Yes, I did. I have permission to take you to Draco's Christmas Party and shopping."

Neville asked quietly, "Why would she say that?"

Adrian leaned over to lift his chin, "Because." his voice, a mid-range bass, was louder so at least two tables could hear him, "I asked permission to court you. I am taking you to the Yule Ball and Draco's Party as my date. I'm taking you to Diagon Alley tomorrow to buy something flattering for us to wear to Draco's party and perhaps, dinner."

The Great Hall was filled with whispers and shrieks.

Neville stammered, "Court me? Why? I'm nobody."

"You're not nobody. You're Neville Longbottom, son of Aurors Frank and Alys, grandson of Lady Augusta. You have a talent at Herbology, you are the next Lord Longbottom and the future consort..."
of the next Lord Pucey. Behind your shyness beats the heart of a brave lion, you wouldn't be a Gryffindor without it." Adrian bent to kiss his cheek, "We're going to Diagon Alley tomorrow, I'm taking you after breakfast."

Neville blushed, "I'll...I'll go. I promise. I'll...give you a chance." he was shy but he wanted to be loved and accepted like everyone else did. Since Adrian asked him to the Yule Ball Seamus and Colin had been really friendly, taking time to notice him. He almost felt like they were friends...

Draco patted Adrian on the back, "Good for you. Don't let anyone tell you it's not okay. It's always been okay for wizards to Bond, as long as there are heirs who cares who carries them."

Harry hugged Neville, "I think Adrian really likes you. Give him a chance." he said quietly, "Everyone deserves to be loved."

Neville remembered the equally shy boy who had also been a target of Ron Weasley, their former dormmate's bullying. How Harry had protested he wasn't too good for them that he wasn't good enough. Or how he just wanted to be normal, to be treated like everyone else. Harry was treated like that for the most part, Draco had helped Harry and protected him. The two had been inseparable since Harry's second year. "I'll give him a chance." what would a prefect and a Quidditch Captain see in him?

Ginny was irritated, Draco Malfoy was perverting another Lion. He really needed to stop it. She'd seen her brother Charlie attached to that black snake Blaisé and now he was corrupting another Gryffindor? Why did no one but Professor Black see a problem with this? Little Colin Creevey who was in her year was seeing Seamus Finnigan, why? There were plenty of good looking girls! Much be Draco's influence somehow. Fred had that gorgeous Angelina lusting after him and he never noticed, if he didn't watch out stupid Lee Jordan was going to steal her away. Besides, it had to be all Draco's fault that Percy ran away from home to be with Oliver. Why? That stupid snake was corrupting her family! Percy should be seeing that nice Penelope Clearwater, they had so much in common. Oliver should be with Katie Bell who clearly adored him. Alicia was always watching George, why was George so oblivious? Who were the mystery boys her twin brothers were seeing? It couldn't be Lee Jordan because he was chasing after Angelina who wanted Fred.

George noticed Ginny's glare, and shivered, something was very wrong.

Chapter End Notes

Blaisé's fifteen birthday, beginning of Breeding season and plotting

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom: HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 28 - Blaisé's fifteen birthday, beginning of Breeding season and plotting

Blaisé woke up on his birthday, December 17, to smell salmon, fruit and a chocolate milkshake.

Charlie was sitting on the bed with a tray in his lap, "Happy birthday Frumos întunecat."

Blaisé stretched, blushing as he realized his body was already extremely sexually aroused. Oh, Breeding season. He knew without touching it that his teste was swollen to proportions he hadn't felt before and his cock was already half it's aroused length. He blushed, pulling the sheet around himself.

Charlie chuckled, "Blaisé love, you don't need to hide from me. I've seen everything. You spent most of the night aroused and having interesting dreams I expect because you were moaning my name and begging me to do things to you."

Blaisé gulped, twisting the sheet in his hands, "I did that? I must...have entered the hormonal rush of the beginning of the breeding season."

Charlie licked his lips, Blaisé was gorgeous all flush and eager. He could smell the unique scent of his Veela mate's arousal. "That means you need us to physically and sexually couple?"

Blaisé nodded, "It's the only way my first clutch will have a chance of hatching. My hormones won't let me not care for them."

Charlie ran a calloused thumb over a dark nipple, "I can tell how much you want me."

Blaisé moaned softly, "I don't just want you Amante. I need you."

Charlie kissed him, "Eat first love."

Blaisé's eyes were dilated with desire, "Need you more then food."

"Perhaps, but you need to eat so you stay healthy." Charlie held out a bite of salmon patty, "Come on."

Blaisé was surprised how good it was and moaned softly.
Charlie snickered, "No distracting me. Food first."

Blaisé nodded slowly, letting his mate feed him.

Charlie was little nervous about going all the way, considering a male Veela is truly more hermaphrodite then anything and he was all instinct with Blaisé. For a guy who had always been attracted to males to be mated to a male Veela was different. Granted they could have sex the way that seemed more natural for Charlie but that wouldn't fertilize Blaisé's eggs. He was both nervous and eager for this.

Blaisé waited until the food was gone before kissing Charlie softly, "Thank you." he was also nervous, he had not sexual experience and he worried he wouldn't be good enough.

Charlie wandlessly sent the tray to rest on the floor, pushing his naked lover back on the bed, "I want you."

Blaisé could feel Charlie's arousal against his leg, he moaned, "I want you so much. Please. Take me."

"No so fast. I want this to be good. Perfect. It's our first time." Charlie whispered, kissing and nipping the Veela boy's neck, teasing Blaisé's nipples with pinches ad he rocked against his thigh.

The overwhelming sensations made Blaisé's arousal even more apparent. "More please. Amante."

"Frumos întunecat." stroking the teen's cock, enjoying feeling of the soft down and the unique texture of it. "Someday, I want this inside me."

Blaisé was still in awe that Charlie still said that, "Perhaps, but for now I need you…please…don't tease." he could feel the familiar wetness inside himself and the overwhelming hunger and need for Charlie to be inside him.

Charlie kissed him, "Don't rush." he wanted inside him…

"Don't know what to do. Tell me."

Charlie chewed on his lip, he wouldn't hurt Blaisé so he…used a spell to remove the barrier inside his lover. He wasn't going to penetrate that and make Blaisé bleed or cause him pain, especially since there wasn't going to be anyone checking to see if Blaisé was virgin. He kissed Blaisé, "Probably best if you rode me. Just until you feel comfortable…"

Blaisé blushed, "Are you sure?"

Charlie nodded, asking quietly, "Do you know if you're allergic to ingredients in lubrication charms or lubrication potions?"

Blaisé shook his head, "I don't think so. Never brewed any or used that charm."

Charlie smiled, "Alright." silently casting the charm as he flipped them over, so Blaisé was sitting/lying on top of him. "Merlin, do you know how much I want you?"

Blaisé blushed, "If it's the same as how I much I want you then, yes." he moved until he could feel Charlie's hardness beneath him. Spreading his legs he lowered himself and felt Charlie's impressive girth enter him, he gasped. "Amante." feeling his body filled like that quickened his heartbeat. He had worried that Charlie was resisting going all the way because of how different his body was from other males.
Charlie had never felt anything like the warm embrace of Blaisé's body, he groaned as he kissed him. He still had designs on his mate's ass like any other bent wizard would, but this did feel good. Because it was Blaisé, he wouldn't do with this with anyone else.

Blaisé rode Charlie, crooning at how the size of his mate's member fit inside him; Charlie was thick…

Charlie reached for Blaisé's spiral, down covered cock, stroking him, "Yes…that feels good." he kissed him deeply, silently reminding himself that this was Blaisé and not a female.

Blaisé didn't take long to come with Charlie inside him, he cried out as he felt the rush of his orgasm. Charlie watched his mate, breeding season made Blaisé all the more beautiful when he came. He came right after Blaisé did, filling his body with seed. He wanted it to fertilize Blaisé's eggs, the last thing he wanted was for his mate to lose his first brood.

Blaisé curled up on Charlie's chest, "Thank you."

"We both wanted it. I'm glad you enjoyed it." Charlie smiled, making sure he teased Blaisé's avian erogenous zones, "We'll have to do that again, because I wanted you to have your wings out when I made love to you properly."

Blaisé groaned feeling himself harden, "You…must…really like my wings."

"Never seen anything like them."

Blaisé closed his eyes and let out a cry as his wings burst from his body.

Charlie whistled, what a picture; dark chocolate skin, barely a dusting of body hair, light chocolate nipples, those sexy wings could wrap around them both and a cock that haunted his dreams.

Blaisé shifted nervously, "Charlie." craving and being used to attention are two different things.

"What can I say? You're hot and we'll be doing a lot of this now." Charlie teased.

XoooooX

Sirius was furious, trapped in a Bonding he didn't want and forced to move to a married couple's apartments. Stupid Charity always doting on him. He smirked when he reached his office to find a package on his desk, inside was a vial of Gregory's Unctuous Unction, Felix Felices and Amortentia. He had Third Year Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs next and he would be sure to give these to Ginny Weasley.

There was a knock on his door, "Professor?"

Sirius recognized the voice and smirked, "Come in."

Ginny shut the door behind her, "I was wondering if the potions arrived."

Sirius nodded, "Just did. The small gold one is Felix Felices and is known as liquid luck. The pink one is the strongest love potion in the world, Amortentia and the yellow green one is Unctuous Unction."

Ginny grinned, "Thank you professor." she charmed them unbreakable and stuck them in her bag. She knew just how to use them…she had a plan.
Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom: HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he’s a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 29A- Ginny’s plan, Blaisé interferes and Arthur takes a stand

Harry was sitting at the Slytherin table with Draco, Blaisé, Charlie, Hermione, Viktor and Adrian two days after Blaisé’s birthday.

Adrian was watching Neville and not paying attention to the conversation.

“Harry?”

Harry looked up to see a red-haired, blue-eyed girl in Gryffindor colours that he barely recognized.

Charlie blinked, “Ginny?”

Harry glanced between the two, “Ginny? Ginny who?”

Ginny’s heart sank, how could he forget about her? They were supposed to be together! Ignoring her devastated feelings, she stuck to the plan, holding out a box of chocolate frogs, “Merry Christmas.” some had Amortentia and the others, Unctuous Unction.

Harry was confused, “For me? Why?”

Ginny shifted her weight from foot to foot, “Because I like you.’

Draco’s eyes narrowed.

Blaisé’s nose twitched, he smelled Charlie’s unique scent, the smell from the Quiddich World Cup stadium, summer at Malfoy Manor, the Forbidden Forest and sex coming from the box. He then noticed Harry’s bracelet glowing, he was the third best at potions for a reason, he knew that meant as he smacked the box from the tiny teen’s hand. “Harry don’t.”

Ginny’s eyes filled with tears, “How could you be so mean? Charlie? He ruined my present.”

Charlie stared at this strange girl who shared his last name.

Harry’s bracelet’s gems stopped flashing when the box of chocolates left his hands.

Draco was furious; Blaisé’s reaction and the flashing gems mention potions. He growled at the
Gryffindor girl, “What in Merlin’s name were you trying to do? Poison my Adder?”

“Harry isn’t yours, you disgusting snake! You leave Harry alone. I wouldn’t be surprised if you and your snake friend weren’t both taking advantage of poor Harry.” Ginny glared.

Blaisé was angry and was about to defend himself when he was overwhelmed with cramps. He staggered, grabbing Charlie’s arm.

Charlie caught his mate, pulled him close asking softly, “Is it time?”

Blaisé blushed nodding, “It feels like it.” he needed to change to his full-Veela form, his eggs were so large that his humanish body couldn’t handle laying them.

Draco yelled, “Professor Snape! Professor Lupin! Come here.”

Charlie carried Blaisé back to their rooms. They needed to be alone…

Severus and Remus were already on their way when the disturbance started.

Severus asked quickly, “What is the meaning of this?”

“Malfoy and his friend are being rude. Zabini is running away and he tossed my present to Harry.”

Remus smelled dishonesty and his eyes narrowed, “Are you sticking to that story?”

Ginny gulped, she’d taken liquid luck, why was nothing going according to plan? She nodded.

Severus turned to Draco, “Since it seems that Blaisé is indisposed, you will have to tell me what happened.”

“Weasley showed up, offered Harry a box of Chocolate frogs. Blaisé must have thought something was wrong with them. Harry’s bracelet lit up and Blaisé knocked them out of Adder’s hand.” Draco hissed glared at the girl as he pulled Harry close so fast his recently shattered arms ached.

Harry noticed the wince and snuggled, “It’s okay. I’m safe. Don’t hurt yourself. Not for me.”

Severus summoned the smashed box into his hand, opened it to find chocolates. He took one and sniffed, mixed with chocolate were the smell of night air, Remus and he blushed, the scent of their room after sex. They hadn’t gone all the way yet so it must be the mix of sweat and their mixed seed on the sheets. He muttered, “Amortentia.” he held the chocolate out to Remus, “Smell.”

Remus’ nose twitched, he smelled Severus, the cucumber shampoo his lover used, the aroma of calming draughts and sex. “I smell a lot of things besides chocolate.”

“Why were you trying to trick my son into eating chocolates laced with a love potion? How did you get it?” Severus growled.

Harry blinked, Weasley? Fred, George and Charlie’s sister tried fed him a love potion? He held onto Draco, “I don’t want to be made to love anyone. I love Draco.”

Ginny’s left eye twitched in irritation. “I didn’t know they were there?”

Severus summoned a silver knife, he hated using it because of Remus’ allergy to it but it worked so well for some potions. He cut a different frog, it had a mother-of-pearl sheen. He slice open each frog and half of them had a different potion. He glared at the girl, “What is the second potion?”
“You’re the potions master, you tell me.”

Fred smacked her upside the back of the head, “How dare you speak to the Deputy Headmaster like that! What have you done?”

“I was giving Harry a present, a Christmas present.” Ginny protested trying to appear innocent.

George shook his head, he may not be a true seer by he got impressions and now he understood his unease the other day. “She’s lying. She was using potions to separate Draco and Harry.”

Fred glared, “I haven’t been so disappointed since Ron disrespected Percy last year in front of the entire school.”

“Percy is a fool, he let some worthless snake convince him that he was bent and is ruining his life.” Ginny said crossing her arms.

“Percy is in love and don’t call Draco a fool.” Harry snapped, “You leave him alone. He’s mine and I don’t need anyone else, especially, some fool of a girl who thinks I’m so naïve that I’ll eat chocolates from someone I don’t even know.” Harry looked up at Draco, “He’s courting me, I accepted and my guardians agreed. I’m not going to lose Draco, I need him.”

Ginny’s eyes filled with tears, “He’s just using you. Why can’t you see that?”

“He was almost killed by Mad-Eye Moody trying to protect me. Whenever I’m scared or in danger Draco is there to protect me. He’s saved my life and he loves me.” Harry gripped his wand tightly as he held on to Draco.

Fred glared, “Wait until Mum hears what you’ve done. You’ll be in so much trouble.”

“How do you know the Malfoys aren’t feeding him potions?”

Harry held out his wrist, “My bracelet’s jewels light up if potion-laced food or drink are served to me. Narcissa gave it to me.”

Ginny cursed to herself, why would Lady Malfoy give Harry that? Why would it work?

“I’m suspending you Weasley. If this second potion is what I think it is then you will be in serious trouble.”

Draco held Harry close, “What could it be?”

“A potion to make Harry believe the giver is their friend and that they trust them.” Severus glared at the girl.

Ginny turned white, this wasn’t supposed to happen. Why wasn’t the liquid luck working?

“Then it is Unctuous Unction. That is a highly regulated substance, you need Ministry of Magic permission to purchase, how did you, a third year acquire it?”

Fred was furious, “It’s bad enough Ron embarrassed the family but you too?”

“Embarrass the family? I think you, George, Percy and Charlie are the ones embarrassing us. Flings with wizards, you should be planning for your futures, not playing around.”

George’s eyes filled with tears and he ran.
Fred threw up his hands, “Let Mum deal with you. I wash my hands of you, Ginny. I’m sure Charlie and Percy will say the same thing.” he spun on his heel and took off after George, damn that girl! Why did Mum want one so badly? With the exception of Hermione, he thought they were all nuts.

XoooooX

Charlie sat at the edge of the bed after helping Blaisé to their room, “I’m here. It’s okay.”

Blaisé chewed on his lip, moaning softly, laying eggs was uncomfortable usually and sometimes painful. He closed his eyes, letting his form waver until it was his avian form. His wings folded at his side, he tried to remember what his grandmother told him and bore down pushing. He wanted them out of his body, he couldn’t handle the cramps.

Charlie stroked the feathered head of his mate, as he drew nearer, “Not alone.”

Blaisé crooned; sadly, it could take hours to lay eggs. He wanted Charlie’s children, he was doing this for Charlie but damn it, it hurt.

Charlie lay beside his mate, gently massaging where he sensed the cramps were.

XooooooX

Fred from George sobbing in the dark in their special secret passage, he pulled his lover, his brother into his arms, “Hush. I’m here. Don’t listen her. Ginny is just being hateful. I don’t know why she and Ron are like that. I’m here, I love you.”

“I’m not playing around. I love you. Why is that wrong?”

Fred kissed him, tears and all, “I don’t care if anyone thinks it is. What matters is that I love you, Georgie and no one is going to change that.”

“Freddie.” George threw himself in his lover’s arms, “I feel like I’m being selfish, that I’m upsetting your future.”

“Don’t care. I can lose everyone else I’m close to but I can’t lose you. Who else would help me dream up Fever fudges, Ton-tongue toffees and Puking pastels? Or our joke wands?” Fred soothed.

“Dunno Lee Jordan maybe?” George sniffled, he was almost seventeen and he still cried like a baby it was embarrassing.

“Perhaps, but you and I are always on the same wave length. We share random bursts of genius together. It’s like we share a brain the same way we share a heart.” Fred laughed.

George let Fred comfort him, to have his baby sister scorn him like that hurt.

XooooooX
Severus marched Ginny up to McGonagall, Remus not far behind, “I think we need to call Ms. Weasley’s parents and Shacklebolt. Someone procured some highly regulated potions for her to use against Harry.”

McGonagall’s left eyebrow rose, “Really? I would have thought after your first year that you would have stayed out of trouble. Six months of scrubbing bedpans without magic is a rather trying detention.”

Ginny tried to avoid looking at Professor Black, why did this happen? She wasn’t supposed to get caught. Harry was supposed to be hers!

Sirius ignored her, IT wasn't his fault if she got caught.

McGonagall rose, “I suppose we should deal with it as soon as possible.”

They made their way to the Headmistress’ tower.

McGonagall tossed floo powder into the fire, “The Burrow.” there was a flash of green flame as it connected.

Molly Weasley was seen in the kitchen. Minerva sat on a stool beside the fire and stuck her head in the flames, “Mrs. Weasley?”

Molly Weasley stiffened and turned to the fire, “Yes?”

“Headmistress McGonagall. I need you and your husband to join us at Hogwarts.”

“Are Fred and George in trouble? Did they blow up a bathroom? Is this about their pranks?”

Remus snorted, their pranks were rather minor this year because of their status as Prefect and Quidditch captain. He hadn’t really disciplined them at all.

“No. It’s about Ginny.”

Molly sighed, “Ginny? I’ll be right through. Let me get Arthur and send Ronald to his grandfather’s.”

Severus glared at Ginny.

Ginny glared back, she never liked him. Like Sirius, she blamed him for her favorite teacher losing his best friend.

XoooooX

Draco led Harry back to their rooms.

Harry asked, ‘Why would someone do that? Why did she do that? I don’t even know who she is.’

‘I don’t know Adder. I wish I did.’ Draco was furious, how dare she do that! Using potions on his Harry, how tawdry.
Harry clung to Draco, curled up against him on their bed. ‘I don’t want to lose you. I love you. I need you.’

‘I know Adder. I need you too.’

‘It’s not fair! Why do people want us to stop seeing each other? Why isn’t it okay to love who you love? Why did Ginny say those things about her own brothers? They’re family!’

Draco kissed his hair, ‘I don’t know. Probably, because some people have no respect for others and think they should have the right to decide people’s fates. Parents, siblings, society all try to dictate who we are and who we should be. You saw how Molly treated her sons.’

Harry nodded, ‘Papa is much nicer. He listens and encourages us, he helps us with our studies. I want to be just like him when I grow up.’ Harry said quietly, ‘I want to help people. Maybe I’ll be a healer and take care of kids.’

‘He’ll like that. Your papa is a wonderful person who deserves to be happy.’

‘I like Remus. You think he’ll marry papa and be my dad?’ Harry asked softly.

Draco smiled, ‘I’m sure of it. They are getting so close that I’m sure that it won’t be long now.’

XoooooX

Molly and Arthur exited the floo to find an upset Ginny who ran towards her mother crying, “It’s not true. I didn’t do anything.”

Arthur wasn’t surprised at all, he knew she had a tendency to push blame for her actions on others, mostly her brothers Fred, George and Ron.

“What happened Ginny?”

McGonagall cleared her throat, “Excuse me Mrs. Weasley but I called you here. I want to explain Hogwarts’ stance on her behavior and then our punishment.”

Molly was irritated at McGonagall’s tone but nodded in agreement.

McGonagall turned to Severus, “Professor Snape will explain.”

Ginny was sobbing in her mother’s blouse.

Severus snorted, “Ms. Weasley approached Mr. Potter and offered him a Christmas present, a box of chocolate frogs. A clever student with a keen sense of smell, Mr. Zabini recognized the characteristics of a certain potion and prevented Mr. Potter from eating a Chocolate frog. Mr. Potter also wears a bracelet that was a gift that warns one to the presence of potions in food or drink. Examination of the chocolate frogs showed that they had been laced with Amortentia and another potion, most likely Unctuous Unction. The later is highly regulated.”

Arthur looked from Ginny to Professor Snape; Percy, Fred and George spoke highly of him. They trusted him, Percy credited Professor Snape’s influence for Fred and George’s significant increase in marks and positions of authority. Ginny was spoilt, the only female Weasley in six generations and the youngest of seven children. Seven was proof that he was still madly in love with his Molly-
wobbles after a thirty year relationship and a twenty-odd year marriage at least until his wife's conception of Ginny. His wife was blind to their youngest’ faults and still believed the twins were the troublemakers. Really, Fred and George were just harmless pranksters who probably got their rule-bending and inventiveness from himself. He had always known that the twins weren’t stupid, just unmotivated at school work because they didn’t see the point of it. Molly’s only fault was that she thought she had the right to meddle in her adult children’s lives because she didn’t seem them as anything but children and thought they still needed guidance when they were successful on their own.

Arthur still had doubts whether he should take her to the Boxing Day party at Malfoy Manor, she wasn’t all that polite around the Malfoys. Lucius was very good to Percy; offering him a position as his personal assistant, a flat, introducing him to well-positioned people, taking him to meetings of the Wizengamot and Hogwarts’ Board of Governors. He’d heard that the Hogwarts Governors appointed Percy Special Liaison to Barty Crouch’s department and he had be very helpful with the Triwizard Tournament. Percy had spent his winter and spring breaks getting a feel for his position and setting up his flat rather then coming home. Sadly, they hadn’t seen much of their brilliant son since Molly hadn’t taken his relationship with Oliver well.

After musing he said quickly, “She gained access to highly regulated potions, how?”

Severus was pleased at Arthur’s treatment of the situation, “That we don’t know. We were waiting on you to question her.”

“Isn’t it possible that she bought the chocolate frogs and wasn’t aware that they contained the potions?” Molly asked trying to soothe Ginny, “I can’t believe she would do something like that.”

“She used a Basilisk to attack her fellow students, one was a Hufflepuff and the other a Gryffindor from her own year.” Severus snarled.

“She wasn’t in control on her actions, she was possessed by a Dark Artefact.”

“A Horcrux Ms. Weasley, one that contained a shard of the Dark Lord’s soul. An Artefact that was placed in her possession by the manipulative Albus Wulfric Brian Dumbledore.”

“It couldn’t have been a Horcrux, Dumbledore is a good man. Why would he want to give my Ginny a dangerous Dark Artefact?”

“Just imagine the damage it would do or what Rita Skeeter might say; Ginny Weasley, only daughter of the Weasley family found attacking Muggleborns. One wonders just what is taught in their crooked little house. Now, she might say Ginevra Weasley, only daughter of Arthur and Molly Weasley, accused of using potions to seduce the Boy Who Lived.” Remus said quietly.

“You’re exaggerating. Ginny would never do something like that. She isn’t advanced enough to brew Amortentia. Only a potion’s master could brew something as complex as Unctuous Unction. She couldn’t have gotten them herself, no one would sell them to someone her age. Someone must be setting her up.”

“I didn’t do it Mummy. Honest.”

“Ginevra Mary Weasley! Stop lying to your mother. I’ve had enough of your behavior. You really think we’re too stupid to realize you’re playing a game? How many times have you blamed your mistakes and wrongs on your brothers? I’ve had enough. You sit down and be quiet.”

Molly blinked, looking from her husband to her daughter, “Arthur? You really think she could do
“such a thing?”

Arthur snorted, “Of course I do, but I can’t believe she thought she could get away with this. Using Potions on Harry Potter? You can’t make someone love you. Love is something to be cherished.”

“How am I different then Malfoy? He’s been controlling Harry for years just like Snape. They choose his friends, his classes and they dramatically exit classes the first day if DRACO doesn’t approve of the professor. I thought I could separate them so Harry could think for himself!”

Arthur slapped her while Molly gaped at him in shock, “How dare you! Draco has always been there protecting Harry. Fred and George.”

“Are brainwashed! Draco convinced them, Percy and Charlie that they were bent! They aren’t.” Ginny snapped.

“Yes they are! Charlie has been wanking to his posters of Chudley Cannons since he was fourteen. I overheard him a few times, and Draco had nothing to do with that, they hadn’t even met until this summer. I have nothing bad to say about Zabini. If Charlie loves him, then he must be very special indeed. As for Percy, you’d have to be deaf and blind not to realize that Percy has been love with Oliver since he was twelve. I said nothing because it was up to him to tell us. As for Fred and George, they are special. I think they are closer then I ever saw Fabian and Gideon but they are very bright, they may have a slight disrespect for the rules but they would never knowingly hurt someone. They are pranksters and inventors, the twins are probably my favorite sons.” Arthur’s eyes flashed, “Trust me. I know my sons and I love them as they are. I would never try to change them.”

“How can you say that! Percy can never be truly happy with Oliver. He needs a wife and children.” Molly protested.

“I didn’t realize I married a bigot.”

Molly turned red.

“I take it that she is suspended and even if she had a date would not be allowed to attend the Yule Ball?” Arthur asked.

Severus nodded, “I would like to know how she got a hold of such potions.”

Ginny sneered, “Don’t have to tell you. You’re nothing but a sniveling snake. Professor Black is right, the is nothing redeeming about you.”

Severus stiffened, “That…answers that question.”

Remus asked quietly, “I see. So Sirius had a hand in this.”

Ginny’s eyes widened in shock.

Remus sighed, “I see. So he turned you into one of his little playthings. I hope being Bonded would cure him of that.”

Molly stiffened, “Playthings?” surely not…

“Don’t worry, he won’t be invited back. He has taken a few students to bed. I didn't think he would go after a girl so young.” Remus said sadly, “Sometimes, I am ashamed I was ever his friend.”

Ginny yelled, “You’re his friend, how can you say such things about him? Professor Black is a good
teacher. He cares about us and he worries about you. It’s all your fault Snape. You turned Professor Lupin against Professor Black.”

Molly burst into tears, how did her baby end up like this?

“I don’t know what’s wrong with you! We didn’t raise you to treat your professors like this. You don’t have the right to say such things.” Arthur snapped. “You’ve been Black’s plaything? You tried to use potions to force a traumatized boy to become infatuated with you. Why do you think it’s your right to choose who a person can love? You’re a child and a foolish spoilt one at that. I am embarrassed to be your father.” He stood up, “You deal with her Molly. I want nothing to do with her. That is no daughter of mine. Suspend her. Expel her. Turn her over to Aurors to explain herself. Put her in the Janus Thickey ward for all I care. I’m going to see if Charlie will allow me to stay at Eagle’s Nest. He mentioned that he was living there.”

Molly reached for him, “Arthur wait.”

“We have five talented young men and you do nothing but tell them they aren’t doing enough. You tell them that they can’t love the person they love. I blame Ginny’s attitude and behavior on you. You let both her and Ron get away with anything, they are spoilt brats, lazy and cruel bullies. You would be ashamed of Bill, Charlie, Percy, Fred and George but I am ashamed of Ronald and Ginevra. We have two Head Boys, a prefect and two Quidditch captains. Bill is a Curse Breaker for Gringotts, Charlie was a Dragonologist but is probably going back to Quidditch, while Percy is Lord Malfoy’s personal assistant and the Hogwarts’ governors’ special representative to the Ministry regarding the Triwizard Tournament and you want me to be ashamed of them? As for the twins who waste their time and talents according to you; they are inventors, innovators and absolutely brilliant but you can’t see it Molly. For that I am sorry. I am proud of what my five older sons have accomplished and I look forward to seeing what they will do with their lives. Pardon me while I go check on my son.”

Ginny glared at Severus, “This is your fault! You and the Malfoys! Why can’t you leave our family alone? You’ve turned my father against us.”

McGonagall sighed, “I believe your daughter is out of control, Mrs. Weasley. Perhaps, it would be better for all concerned if you took her home. I will have Prefect Johnson gather up Ms. Weasley’s things and a House Elf will deliver them to The Burrow.”

Molly wiped her eyes, overwhelmed. What was happening to her family? Why would Arthur talk to her like that? “Yes, I should take her home.”

McGonagall held out her hand, “For now it is only a suspension but, I request Ms. Weasley’s wand.”

Ginny snapped, “It’s bad enough you snapped Ron’s wand. Don’t think you’re getting mine.”

Molly snatched it from her daughter, “You won’t be needing it or using it at home.” handing it to the Headmistress. “I think she is being influenced. Perhaps, by Professor Black. I really don’t think she is all at fault for this.”

Severus snorted and Remus rolled his eyes.

Molly tugged her protesting daughter into the floo.

McGonagall glared at the cold fireplace, “I’ve never seen a parent that naïve. How could Bill, Charlie, Percy, Fred and George be so intelligent and talented but have such worthless younger siblings? Molly Weasley was a Prefect, I would have expected more from her.” she locked up Ms.
Weasley’s wand, “Is Harry alright? He’s been through so much especially with Zabini and Malfoy being attacked and being forced into the Triwizard Tournament.”

Severus glanced at Remus, “He has us and Draco, he’s recovering. He is still attending his Mind Healer appointments. I’m sure he’ll be fine. He isn’t alone.”

Remus took Severus’ hand, “We should go check on our pup.”

Severus nodded, “Yes. I’m glad we have you.” Remus was a wonderful addition to his family with Harry, his lover was falling into the role of a father figure for Harry quite easily and Harry really seemed to like him. He wondered briefly if Remus had Bonding or children on his mind.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 29B- Blaise's first brood, Neville's real problem/first date, Company

Arthur knew from Charlie’s infrequent letters that he was staying with Blaisé in a couple's apartment near the library. He felt terrible for not coming sooner but there had been a number of raids around the time his son’s lover was attacked. He found the portrait that he was sure hid the entrance to their room, “Would Charlie and Blaisé be in?”

The portrait glared at him, “Who would you be? They are busy at the moment.”

Arthur attempted a smile, “I’m Charlie’s father and I would like to speak with him.”

“Not sure now is a good time but I’ll ask.”

The frame was soon empty and Arthur was staring at an unfamiliar landscape.

XooooX

“Young Masters?”

Charlie looked up at the portrait from which came Professor Viridian’s voice, “Yes?”

“Apparently, your father is outside in the corridor wishing to see you. Should I tell him that you are otherwise occupied?” the portrait of the Slytherin former Potion’s master sneered.

Blaisé yelped, “It will be some time. They won’t really be born until they hatch but if you want him here. I won’t complain.” if Narcissa wasn’t so far along he would want her with him.

Charlie kissed his lover’s feathered head, “I’ll be back soon. Let me know if you get closer.”

Blaisé knew it was supposed to hurt bringing children into the world but he wished it didn’t. He loved his mate and wanted these eggs, their first brood so much.

Charlie reluctantly left Blaise, his father had probably come because of Ginny’s actions at Breakfast.
Why was he here? He opened the portrait, “Come in.”

Arthur let out a sigh of relief when Charlie came, “It’s good to see you. Where is that adorable mate of yours?”

Charlie heard a whimper and wanted to race to Blaise’s side but this was part of who his mate was. He couldn’t do much for him but be there for him, “Blaisé is…indisposed.” He hadn’t really explained the realities of Blaisé being a Veela to his father.

“I see. I hope I am not interrupting anything. I…sort of left your mother and don’t have anywhere to stay. I was hoping I could stay at Eagle’s Nest. For a brilliant woman, your mother is extremely narrow-minded. I blame Molly’s insensitive and homophobic remarks for Ginny’s recent actions. I apologize for not taking her to task for her reactions to yours and your brothers’ relationships. I honestly thought she would come around. I should have checked on your mate myself, how is he? I heard he was attacked.”

Charlie winced, “His attackers have been properly punished and his honor was preserved because Blaisé transformed. His wings protected him from their curses and hexes, Nott threatened to rape him.”

“Was Nott imprisoned?” Arthur asked.

“Yes but he is dead.”

Arthur blinked, “Dead?” how does a fourteen year old boy die in Azkaban.

“Lucius and I filed for the Rite of Blood Feud against the Nott family. I don’t expect understanding or forgiveness for my actions. I did it to make my mate safe. He was attacked and threatened with rape because he was a Veela. That bastard Dumbledore did that, he instigated it. Then someone cast the Nightmare curse on Blaisé.” Charlie was shaking with rage and sorrow, “I was angry. I don’t think I could do that again but it was worth it knowing that Blaisé has nothing to fear; that Nott couldn’t escape and attack him again.”

“I guess I can see why you would be angry enough to do that.” Arthur said quietly, a teenage boy who was almost raped was cursed with the Nightmare Curse? Who would do that? Surely after the whole issue with Harry, Dumbledore would have wanted to disappear? “Is Blaisé doing better emotionally?”

Charlie smiled, “He is still very emotionally attached to me but he is attending potions class. I have been staying with him to make sure he isn’t targeted in Hogwarts again.” he glanced towards the bedroom, “With Blaisé in breeding season, leaving him right now would hard.”

Arthur was immediately concerned, “He’s Ron’s age. Are you sure children would be responsible?”

“He was going to lay eggs anyway. He is the only surviving child of his parents, he would be drawn to care for the eggs and it was our worry that if they didn’t hatch because they were unfertilized that he would believe that he hadn’t cared for them properly. I love him father, he is special. He needs me, in fact I should be with him.”

“You seem worried, what is wrong with Blaise?”

Charlie smiled, “He’s in our bed trying to lay his first clutch...”

“Charlie!”
Charlie leapt to his feet and ran into their room.

Blaisé felt the egg pass, groaning, “If only there was just one…” that was most unlikely, he would probably have two, that meant one more.

Charlie knelt beside Blaisé, kissing the feathered head, “I’m here.” he reached beneath his mate, pulling out the egg. He felt an attachment to the child that would grow inside it.

Blaisé was eager to see it, it was pale green which meant it was healthy. He had been worried.

“It’s huge.”

Charlie glanced at his father, “I’ve seen bigger; it’s only about eight pounds or half a stone. Looks like it’s 30 cm by about 18 cm.” he was in awe that Blaisé could push something this big from his body. “Are you okay love?”

Blaisé glanced up at him, “I think I have one more…I was hoping for just one since it’s my first breeding season. Doesn’t feel like I’m that lucky.”

“I wasn’t aware mixed Veelas laid eggs. How long until they hatch?”

Blaisé chirped, “Not sure. Grandmother said mother’s should have been four months. We hadn’t had a Veela mate a wizard in her flock until my mother. I was placed in stasis and hatched out of season. Apparently, my father died right after I was hatched. As long as we care for it properly it should hatch when it’s ready. Probably in spring, around March I expect. Might be longer though since I'm half human.”

“Aren’t you a little young?” Arthur asked worried.

Blaisé pouted, “I’m of age for Veela. Mother mated late, she was nearly twenty. Grandmother worried she didn’t have a mate, which is ridiculous. All Veelas have mates, one our souls recognize the moment we meet them. I knew Charlie was mine…” He groaned at another painful contraction.

Arthur asked softly, “Can I hold it?” it was after all his first grandchild, “Do you know what it would be?”

Blaisé raised his wings in a shrug, “I don’t know. Veelas normally only have females but Charlie said that males are very common in your family.”

“Ginevra was the first girl in at least seven generations. I’ve about disowned her for some of the terrible things she said. She blames Draco for you thinking you were bent.” Arthur said gruffly.

Charlie scoffed reluctantly handling his first child to his father, “Really? I’ve know I was bent since I was,”

“You were beating off to your Chudley Cannons posters at thirteen.” his father interrupted.

Blaisé chuckled, “What is it with your Weasleys and the Cannons? They aren’t even remotely good.”

Charlie blushed, “Family team. Weasleys have always supported the Cannons,” he hadn’t realized his father knew he had been beating off to the Cannon Chasers.

“Your grandfather Septimus has season tickets. He was most distraught when you turned down a place as their Seeker.”
“Did I tell you? They are reconsidering me. They want Fred and George to fly for them. They saw the twins in Draco’s Exhibition Game and were quite distraught when Fred told them they wanted to open up a joke shop. They have to be the most visionary Weasleys, Zonko’s meets Honeydukes? I’ve never heard of anything like it. It would be nice to fly with them for a while even if it was just a year.” Charlie had missed flying with his brothers, he had known they were amazing and had just said they were on the team. It had made some disgruntled until they faced Slytherin and the twins sent the Snakes crawling back to the dungeon to lick their wounds.

Blaisé smirked, “With Adrian as Captain maybe I should try out next year. They’ll need a two new chasers when Adrian and graduate. I’m more of a Chaser,” he blushed adding, “on the pitch.” he was the Keeper in their relationship and he was fine with that.

“Couldn’t talk you into flying for the Cannons?” Charlie teased.

Blaisé snorted, “If the three Weasley brothers can save them from their twenty plus year losing streak, I might consider it if they offer me a place. Adrian will probably fly for the Appleby Arrows which isn’t a bad team. Between Viktor and Oliver’s endorsement as well as the amazing show Harry gave the crowd that day he might end up flying for Puddlemere if not England.”

“Well it is nice to know that my sons are so good at Quidditch, Charlie was an excellent Seeker, the twins are brilliant Beaters and Bill was a decent Chaser wasn’t he?” Arthur asked.

“He did fly for Gryffindor until his Seventh Year, he stopped Flying because he was Head Boy.” Charlie nodded, mostly because mother forced him to resign as captain.

“I was Chaser one year, I tried to impress your mother. But Lucius Malfoy and Tiberius Pucey were far better.” Arthur said, glancing down at the egg in his arms. It was strange to realize that out of it would hatch his first grandchild.

Blaisé nodded, “I think he is second generation Quidditch Captain.”

“I remember Tiberius Pucey, decent captain. Frank Longbottom was an excellent captain himself.”

Blaisé chuckled, “Interesting that you mention them both in the same breath, because their sons are courting.”

Arthur chuckled, “Really? I think Tiberiuswas a perfect. He was a year behind Lucius I think. Strange that Tiberius’s son is older especially considering that Lucius and Narcissa spent her last few years as married students.”

“I hope Neville is happy. He lost his parents young and I’m sure they would be pleased. I remember Tiberius as an honorable person I wish he hadn’t been neutral but as a Slytherin I suppose it was his smartest choice. Until I met Lucius and found out he was looking after Percy and was giving him encouragement I might not have believed he was under the Imperious curse.” Arthur just held the egg, he’d never really talked like this with Charlie and he wondered why.

Blaise knew that that was Lucius’ excuse but wouldn’t say anything. He groaned again pushing, and a second egg slowly slipped from his body to the bed.

Charlie reached beneath Blaisé to retrieve the egg, running a hand over Blaisé’s back, trying to soothe him, “Think that’s the last one?” it was about the same weight and size as the first egg, the colouring was the same too.

Blaise nodded, shifting back to his human form and curled up, “Thank Merlin I only have to do that once a year.”
Charlie kissed him lightly, “I’m sorry that it hurt.”

“I knew it would. I just didn’t realize how much. I really wanted them.” Blaise said quietly.

Lying there his son’s mate looked so young, too young to have technically given birth. Arthur glanced at his son, “You are planning on getting Bonded aren’t you?”

Charlie said with quiet fervor, “Yes. Lucius already agreed to let me court him, we’ve only been courting since September. I was thinking about asking him around Christmas. It would be a short engagement since I’d want to be Bonded before they hatch. The latest we could Bond would be February.”

Blaise blushed, “I’m worried that your mother won’t come. It wouldn’t be right to Bond without your family.”

“Your mother probably won’t come either, it’s fine.”

“That’s different. Your mother remembers who you are.” Blaise said pulling the second egg to his chest to warm it.

Arthur blinked at the information, but ignored it, “Don’t worry about Molly. If she comes to her senses then it will take a while. I don’t really care, I don’t see how she could not realize that she really does have four bent sons.”

Charlie looked at Blaise, now would not be the time to mention to their father about Fred and George if ever. “Yes, I knew it. Well, I was suspicious about Percy and George. Fred I recently realized is.”

“Do you know who the twins are seeing?”

Charlie bit his lip, “That’s not my place to tell.”

Arthur nodded, ‘I was suspicious. I should probably let Blaise rest he looks exhausted. I remember when Molly had you that she just wanted to sleep.’

“About you needing a place to stay, you are welcome at Eagle’s Nest unless Blaise objects. I gave him the place as a Courting gift.”

“Don’t mind.” Blaise said drowsily.

“Alright then, let me summon Jocy.” Charlie smiled.

Arthur nodded.

It didn’t take long for the senior house elf to appear, “Yes master?”

“My father will be staying at Eagle’s Nest until further notice. You are to make sure he has everything he needs. Tell Winky to pack him lunches, it will do her good to have someone to look after.”


Charlie nodded, “She was freed by Crouch, she ended up at Malfoy Manor. I guess she was a friend of their elf Dobby and Narcissa sent her along to me. There are three house elves at Eagle’s Nest, Jocy, Winky and Audy. Serving you should be no trouble at all.”

“Jocy happy to serve Lord Prewett. Jocy will have Audy prepare a room and then return to Apparate
“No need for an escort, I remember how to get there. We had Friday dinners there with Fabian and Gideon. I’m not keeping the title of Lord Prewett, I’ll be passing it on eventually. Probably sooner since you are settling down, I was giving it to the first one of you to settle down. I expected Bill but I think Father is giving him the Weasley title. It doesn't have to go to a son, he always did like Bill the best out of the grandchildren until you almost played for the Cannons.” Arthur protested, it was only his because Fabian and Gideon died, leaving it to Molly who didn’t want it.

“Blaise will be receiving his own title soon so it would be interesting being both a Lord and a Consort like Draco and Harry will be to each other. I was going to take Blaise’s name but if I’m inheriting the Prewett title I might become a Prewett-Zabini.” Charlie smirked.

“I’ll go. I should pack some things from The Burrow.” actually he wanted to clean out his shed before Molly did and retrieve his car.

“Don’t bother, you can send Jocy and Audy after them. He’ll know what is yours.” Charlie was eager to help his father, he was surprised that his father would stand up to his mother and leave her because she was refusing to accept her sons’ relationships.

“I suppose. Molly doesn’t like house elves.” he was too angry with her to really care. “I should go,” handing the egg he had forgotten he was holding to his son. “It was an honor to be here Blaise. I approve, I think you’ll make a fine consort for my son and don’t let anyone tell you any different.” he left.

Blaise smiled, “He’s nice. I’m glad he likes me.” he yawned falling asleep.

Charlie chuckled, “Always liked dad.” he slipped the second egg beneath Blaise’s arm and spooned his mate.

XoooooX

Adrian had the afternoon off from Prefect duties and was helping Neville with his charms, the boy was convinced he was hopeless.

"I know you're trying Adrian but I'm little better then a Squib." Neville moaned after his epic fail at a Summoning charm.

"If you were a squib why are you tutoring Hufflepuffs in Herbology? Squibs fail at every branch of magic. Your parents were too skilled to have a squib and the Longbottoms have never married close cousins which encourages both Squibs and madness. Let me see your wand."

Neville handed him it, "Why?"

"I wonder if it's not you, if it's the wand. Wands can be like horses, you have to break them in. If they don't accept you, they won't work for you. What is it?"

"Black Willow with Phoenix Feather." Neville said quietly.

"Temperamental mix. I wouldn't recommend it not for a young wizard. Try mine. Cherry and Dragon Heartstring."
Neville mumbled the charm, "Acio."

Adrian shook his head, "You have to say it clearly." he pointed the black willow wand at the charms text, "Ah-see-oh Neville's Charms text." slowing down the pronunciation so Neville could hear the difference, the wand twitched as if trying to fight him but Adrian didn't change his determination. The book slowly hovered into his hand. "You try it now."

"Ah-see-oh Charms text." Neville said slowly,

The book twitched in Adrian's hand and then zipped into Neville's chest.

Adrian smiled, "It seems you don't lack magical ability, you lack a useful wand. You don't have the confidence to bend it to your will just yet. It tried to resist me and I'm older."

Neville glanced from Adrian's cherry wand to his father's black willow, "You mean it? That my terrible spell work is because of my wand?"

Adrian nodded, "I'm sure of it. I bet Ollivander would never recommend a wand like this to you. I have permission to take you away from the castle on weekends, you don't have any homework and practising spell work with this wand is useless. We can go to Diagon Alley right now, consider it a courting gift."

Neville was awed, "You aren't just wanting to tutor me, you want to buy me a wand? One that works for me?"

Adrian smiled, "With your O.W.L.s coming up you can't rely on that wand, you would get terrible marks and it wouldn't be your fault." he used a switching spell to switch Neville's books for his coat and his coat for his quill and parchment. Holding out the coat, "We can get a butterbeer at the Leaky Cauldron and maybe pick up some potions ingredients. I'm a sixth year and I have access to the student potions lab, we can work on your brewing. Brewing doesn't require a wand usually but it does require focus and finesse."

"Professor Snape is scary." Neville said quietly as he put on his coat.

"He can be but he's only that way with potions. If we work on your brewing skills then you'll be more confident. Besides, he may have a bad way of showing it but what he yells at you tells you when you went wrong. If you listen to his words and not his tone you'll be better at brewing. When it comes to brewing, he is the best." Adrian replied gently holding out his hand, "I have permission to use Professor Snape's floo. Come on."

Neville blushed letting Adrian take his hand and lead him.

They made their way to Professor Snape's family quarters in the dungeons.

Adrian addressed the portrait, "Is Professor Snape in?"

"Yes."

"Can you ask him if we can speak with him?"

"I'll see."

Adrian waited anxiously.

The portrait's occupant returned and swung open, "He'll see you."
Adrian led the shuddering Neville inside, he grinned at their Heads of House; Professor Snape was relaxed and leaning into Professor Lupin's side on the settee.

Severus wasn't all that surprised to see Adrian, "What do you need?" he was surprised that his House's Quidditch Captain and most respected prefect would set his sights on such a dunderhead.

"You offered us your floo and I wanted to take you up on it. Neville and I are in need of visiting Ollivander's. His grandmother sent him to Hogwarts with a black willow and phoenix feather wand. I'm sure she forgot what it was, it needs a firm hand and Neville doesn't have the confidence for it. Only a wizard of perhaps your caliber could handle such a wand." Adrian knew that the compliment would put Professor Snape in a good mood.

Severus blinked, "Black willow and a Phoenix feather? I always considered Frank Longbottom to be a decent wizard but I never expected that was what his wand was. I'm surprised you were able to face a boggart with it."

Neville shifted nervously, "I actually managed a summoning Charm with Adrian's wand on my second try."

"I think his problem is mostly his wand but secondarily it's confidence. I'm going to see about helping him with his brewing. You can be rather imposing Professor." Adrian teased.

Severus huffed, "If he concentrated, it's not like I assign potions he needs a wand for."

"Being a failure at potions doesn't make you a failure at other subjects. I can't brew very well without a highly talented partner, so I never attempted my N.E.W.T. in Potions. Severus can brew decently enough for three people and amazingly for one. You aren't that bad at defense, you obviously study and a decent wand would be more helpful as we move more into defensive and offensive magic."

Adrian grinned, "So can we use the floo? I figured we'd make a date of it since I don't have a prefect duties and there's no practice."

"Sure but be back before nine. You have to have returned Neville to his respective Common Room by then." Severus smirked.

"Behave yourselves. Look after Neville, he was still getting lost when I started teaching." Remus gently teased.

Adrian tugged Neville's hand lightly, "Thank you." grabbing a handful of floo powder, he pulled Neville into the floo, "Diagon Alley."

"Have fun." was the last thing they heard before they heard.

They exited the floo nearly Flourish and Blots.

Adrian led the way to Ollivander's remembering vaguely when his proud parents purchased his wand.

They were greeted by the the tiny strange old man.

"Young Mr. Pucey, I remember you. Cherry and Dragonheart? I remember every wand I sell. Did I tell you that?" Ollivander said rubbing his hands together.

"Yes, you did tell me you remember every wand you sold. Perhaps, you remember a black willow and Phoenix feather one?" Adrian asked, the man still gave him the willies.
"A black willow and Phoenix feather? That would have been Franciscus Longbottom. A little springy but needs a firm hand. Decent for Transfiguration in the right hands. Why do you ask?"

Adrian placed an arm around his boyfriend's shoulder, "You see, Neville here was sent to Hogwarts with it and it's been giving him trouble. He didn't have quite so much trouble with mine. I thought I would buy him a wand that suited him better for Christmas."

"I never thought a Pucey would buy a Longbottom a wand but no matter. I would have thought Lady Longbottom would have sent you with your mother's, a fifteen inch White Ash with a Unicorn hair core."

"My mother's wand was destroyed during her last duel." Neville said quietly.

"I see. I didn't realize, your grandmother wouldn't part with her wand I imagine. Chestnut and unicorn hair, twenty inches I believe. Great for Transfiguration but not so much for Charms." Ollivander said as he went digging through various boxes.

Neville was handed about twenty before one shot off red and gold sparks.

"Interesting. Very interesting."

Adrian raised an eyebrow, "Really?"

"While not sharing the same core, both your wand Mr. Pucey and young Mr. Longbottom's came from the same tree. Not quite brothers but definitely closely related." Ollivander put the other wandboxes back.

"We'll take a wandcase, a care kit and a wand holster." Adrian said reaching into his robes for his pouch of money.

"All together it will be nine galleons, five sickles and four knuts." Ollivander grinned.

That grin was creepy, it wasn't often that wandmakers made sales outside summer but Adrian paid the requested sum without complaint.

Neville was overwhelmed, his wand and Adrian's were related? They came from the same tree? Wait, a wandcase, a care kit and a holster? He didn't need so much...

Adrian held out the holster, "Here, you can wear it properly." the others he slipped into a pocket in his robes for Neville to take later. He smiled at the young lion, "So what who would like to do next? Eat? Or pick up Potion supplies? or something else?"

"I...sort of ruined my last cauldron. I didn't tell Gran yet." Neville said quietly.

"Then we can't practice your brewing without a cauldron." Adrian chuckled.

"You can't buy me a cauldron! You just bought me a wand." Neville protested.

"Hush. I'm courting you, I'm allowed to buy what I want as gifts. You're a student, you don't seem the type to want expensive gifts. So I'm buying you what you need; a decent wand, a new cauldron and common potion ingredients. I will buy you other things but for now this a decent start." Adrian insisted.

"Oh." Neville sighed.

"So we get a cauldron first and then potions ingredients. What would you like for dinner?" Adrian
"I don't know. Whatever they have at the Leaky Cauldron? You promised me a Butterbeer." Neville said smiling, he was a little cold.

Adrian grinned, "I suppose the Leaky Cauldron works."

They visited Potage's Cauldron shop and purchased a new pewter cauldron for Neville. Then they were off to Slug and Jigger's Apothecary where Adrian selected a variety of potions ingredients that he needed to help Neville work on his brewing.

Neville started to shiver.

Adrian had their packages in the cauldron which was shrunk to be a quarter of it's size while he held it in his left hand and pulled Neville close with his right. "Let's get you to the Leaky Cauldron to eat and get warm."

Neville had to admit he liked the attention.

They reached the Leaky Cauldron and found an empty table.

Adrian set the cauldron against the wall, "Do you know what you're hungry for?"

Neville said quietly, "Fish and chips? Always wanted to try it but Gran never let me."

"Fish and Chips it is. Let me go order." Adrian made his way to the bar, "Two Butterbeers. A shepherd's pie and fish and chips."

Tom, the barman nodded. "Sure thing." he scribbled down the order and then turned to get two butterbeers handing them to Adrian. "I'll pass your order off to the cook. Shouldn't be too long."

Adrian took the butterbeers and headed back to Neville setting them down. "Drink up. If you want anything else just tell me."

Neville sipped his butterbeer, "This is fine."

it didn't take long for Tom to deliver their food.

Neville stared at his fish and chips, "That looks so good."

"Eat up Nev." Neville was adorable, Adrian thought as he started to eat his pie.

Neville started to eat, it was really good. He still could hardly believe that someone like Adrian would be interested in him much less realize that he wasn't really little better then a squib, he just had problems with his wand. He hadn't even considered that that what his problem was, he just assumed his marks were bad because he was almost a squib.

After two Butterbeers and dinner, Adrian grinned, "Would you like to have dessert?"

Neville's eyes lit up at the prospect of dessert. "Dessert?"

"They have Bread Pudding, Brownie with Ice Cream and Stickey Toffee Pudding I think." Adrian enjoyed that Neville was so easy to get to smile.

"Stickey Toffee Pudding? It's too cold for ice cream." Neville said with a shiver.
"Two Stickey Toffee Puddings then." Adrian went to get more butterbeer and order their dessert.

Neville took out his new wand and admired it, Adrian must really like him to spend this much time and money on him.

"Knut for your thoughts?"

Neville blushed, "Just thinking about...how much easier classes will be with this."

"I doubt that's exactly what you were thinking but I'll accept it." Adrian laughed, handing Neville a warm butterbeer.

They ate their Puddings silently after they arrived, Adrian checked his time piece, "It's after eight, we should head back to school."

Neville's face crumpled with dismay, it was already time to got back to the castle? He was really enjoying Adrian's company, maybe being courted by such a smart and talented Slytherin.

Adrian tipped Tom and got permission to use his floo, they returned to their Heads of House's suite. He called out, "We're back thanks." they left with their packages, Adrian escourtad Neville back to the Seventh Floor, "We'll practice using your new wand tomorrow. If we'd had more time we would have visited Madam Malkin's or Twilfit and Tatting's to see about a second set of dress robes for us. Perhaps, we'll go tomorrow." He said leaning down to kiss the teen's cheek, handing him the wand care items. "I'll keep the potions things. Good night Neville."

Neville stared after him a while, his fingers brushing where Adrian kissed him. The Slytherin who was courting him was really nice, not terrible at all like some people like Ron maintained. He could really like him...

He fell asleep later his new cherry and unicorn hair wand in it's case beneath his pillow and under his hand.

XoooooX

Harry nudged Draco, "You think we should check on Blaise?"

Draco smiled, "I guess, he disappeared so fast after that red-head twit said those nasty things. We should see if George is okay too. Fred's tough but thier terrible sister needs a paddling. I hope she gets one."

"How can Charlie, Percy, Fred and George be such wonderful people while Ron and Ginny are such mean spirited bullies?" Harry asked softly.

"I don't know. Probably the same reason Mother and Aunt Annie are nice people but my Bellatrix and your godfather Sirius aren't." Draco said helping Harry to his feet after putting down his N.E.W.T. Potions study guide. "We'll go see how my brother is. I wonder if they left because he needed to lay his eggs. I could be almost an uncle."

They made their way to Blaise and Charlie's fifth floor apartments.

Fred and George had beat them there first.
Harry left Draco's side to hug George, "Don't listen to Ginny. We love you and we think you're just fine the way you are."

George smiled ruffling his hair, "You're a good friend Harry."

"Yeah. A definite keeper." Fred teased.

Charlie opened the portrait, "Shush. Blaise is resting. I'll have to wake him up to eat." he ran his hand through his hair, "I really hated seeing him in so much pain but Dad was really good."

"Wait! Dad was here?" Fred blurted out interrupting him.

"Keep it down!" Charlie hissed, "Yes, he's staying at Eagle's Nest. He left Mum and good for him."

George whispered, "Left Mum?"

"Yeah. He came here to ask me if he could stay at our place and Blaise said it was fine. Dad was here when Blaise laid his first eggs. He even held one, Dad said I should hurry up and Bond with Blaise. He wants to come to our Bonding, Blaise isn't sure how long it will take for the eggs to hatch so we'll have to bond around February." Charlie said quickly gesturing for them to take seats while he sat on the hearth.

Draco asked excited, "How many?"

Charlie grinned, "Just two. I wonder what they'll be. Veelas normally have girls but Weasleys have boys."

Harry smiled, "Between you and Blaise, they'll be really good looking."

George nodded, "Yeah. They'll be brilliant flyers too."

"How big are they? The eggs I mean." Fred asked.

"About 30 cm by 18 cm and weight about half a stone, 8 pounds. They're a pale green colour."

Draco nodded, "That's the colour they are supposed to be. Mother will be pleased, she's looking forward to grandchildren. My nieces or nephews will be about the same age as my sister. I think it's funny."

Charlie smiled, "I wanted to be a father. I just never really expected to find someone like Blaise. I really love him."

Fred smirked, "I know you do."

"Charlie?" came a sleepy voice from the bedroom.

Charlie left them, returning ten minutes later with a yawning Blaise and two pale green eggs.

George smiled, "I can't wait to see what your kids look like. Being an uncle like Draco said will be fun."

Fred noticed the small amount of pain and sadness in George's voice, he'd had to reassure him later.

Harry grinned, "Congratulations. You must be really happy."

Blaise smiled, "I am. I have my mate, this is our first brood and we have you, our friends and
family."

"You got that right. I like the sound of Uncle Fred." Fred grinned.

Charlie transfigured a coat into a basket and put a blanket in it, "If we put the eggs in here we can take them with us to dinner."

Blaise smiled, tucking the eggs in and casting a warming charm on the blanket. "You're brilliant.

Chapter End Notes

Harry, Draco, Blaisé, Fred, and George changed into their dress robes in Harry and Draco’s room, all of them but Draco looking very self-conscious.

Hermione was being looked after by Narcissa and Viktor was picking her up here. Charlie was going to meet Blaisé and escort him to the Ball after seeing to the eggs.

George was wearing an old set of dress robes that probably belonged to one of his uncles, either Fabian or Gideon and was pouting as Blaisé styled his hair, he really didn’t want to go. He didn’t like this, he didn’t want to go to the Ball. Why couldn’t he and Fred spend the night somewhere alone? How could he have fun surrounded by couples when he wasn’t even able to touch his lover? No dancing, no kissing and he doubted he would be held the way he wanted to be.

Blaisé curled both twins’ hair, working on emphasizing the natural waviness of their red hair. He didn’t think much of George’s dress robes.

Fred knelt resting a hand on George’s thigh, lifting his chin a little, “Georgie please. Just for a while, I promise we’ll find time to be together.”

“It’s so hard. Being near you and I can’t show how much I care. Why does it have to be so hard? Why is how I feel wrong?” George was the younger twin by a minute and twenty-six seconds and he was the more sensitive one.

Fred sighed, “Georgie, I feel the same way. I love you. That’s not going to change. Please, we only have to go to put on an appearance. We don’t have to stay.” he wanted to graduate early, because having to hide their relationship was tearing George apart. Very few people would be able to deal with them being lovers. He loved George, he didn’t want to be with anyone else. Who else could understand him? Would want to share the dream of making people laugh? The pure joy of a well executed prank?

Blaisé changed their dress robes to a shade blue that matched their eyes. Then he added silver vines as a decoration to the velvet robes, he smirked, “Much better.”

Draco chuckled, “I thought you were god at Transfiguration not Charms.”
“Oh do be quiet, Draco. Perfection takes time.”

Draco used some rather amazing hair pomade to get Harry’s wild black hair to behave, giving it a more wavy then its normal freshly shagged appearance. Harry was wearing some rather lovely emerald green robes that matched his eyes, while he himself had a set of silver dress robes over a rather old-fashioned tux.

Harry blushed, looking up into the mirror, “Draco.” he could hardly recognize himself.

Draco smirked, “You look gorgeous.” lifting Harry’s chin and kissing the boy.

“You’re sure I’ll do okay? I’m not as good a dancer as you are.” Harry said quietly.

“Just follow my lead, a good dance partner can make anyone look good.”

“You’re always looking out for me.”

Draco chuckled, “Yes, because I like keeping you happy.” it had been a month since Moody attacked him and he was feeling more like himself.

Blaisé straightened his own green and silver dress robes, his curly black hair was straightened so it cascaded to his shoulders. He used a charm to lengthen his hair a bit and his hair potions made it shine. He was excited.

The three Slytherins ignored the twins.

George was in Fred’s arms and they were kissing. George was blushing, starting to relax…

There was a knock on the bedroom door and the twins broke apart.

Blaisé opened the door, to find Remus standing there smirking.

Remus was wearing black robes with red and gold phoenixes while Severus who was just behind him was wear black robes with green and silver serpents.

Harry giggled, “Papa looks nice.”

Remus smirked, “He looks more then nice.”

Blaisé wielded his wand, “He isn’t ready yet. Let me at him.” putting his hands on his hips, “You know you can alter that glamour at will, now you make your hair look as nice as mine and I want more roses in those cheeks. You need to look good on Remus’ arm.”

Severus blushed, manipulating his glamour as Blaisé ordered. He knew his godson’s brother was only trying to help.

Remus whistled, “Merlin, Sevy…” turning to kiss the older professor, “You’re bloody gorgeous,”

The fireplace burst into green flames, Narcissa’s head appearing, “Now boys, no laughing. She looks perfect.”

Draco chuckled, “I’m sure she does, send her through.”

Hermione stepped through, royal blue velvet robes that resembled a gown Harry had seen on Princess Diana on the telly once. It was more like a ball gown then robes. Harry smiled, “You look really pretty.”
Hermione blushed, “You think so?” her hair was in a stylish up-do that was supported by blue rose pins and clips, her honey colored hair cascaded over one shoulder.

Blaisé chuckled, “Couldn’t have done a better job myself. I leave the attempts at perfection among females to females. Now, I am sure Viktor will be very pleased.

Draco wasn’t attracted to anyone but Harry, he could admire how amazing Hermione looked, her dress robes were form fitting showing off her developing curves, the dress has a soft v bodice that showed a bit of her bosom and the sleeves just barely graced her shoulders. The robes were charmed with what appeared to be silver shooting stars.

Hermione smoothed out the dress and tried to get the last of the soot off, “You really think it looks alright?”

Severus nodded, “We got special permission to allow Colin Creevey to take pictures of couples. I am sure that you won’t object, I thought you and Viktor would like to preserve a memory of tonight.”

Remus reached for Severus’ hand and brought it to his lips, “I know I will.”

There were voices in the hall outside the rooms.

Blaisé grinned checking himself before hurrying to open the door, “Charlie!”

Charlie had an armful of excited Veela, “Blaisé, You look amazing.”

Blaisé smiled, “I’m glad you could come.”

Severus smiled, “There was nothing in the rules that said that one had to be a student to be the date of a student.”

Blaisé turned and mouthed, ‘thank you’.

“The eggs will be fine, I left them in our bed with a warming charm. My father is watching over them. He knows they have to stay a certain temperature. We aren’t staying for the whole ball anyway.” Charlie said quietly.

Blaisé nodded, “I trust you.” Charlie was a dragon keeper, he knew about eggs. Granted Veela eggs didn’t have to stay as hot as Dragon eggs but the principle was the same if they didn’t stay the right temperature they wouldn’t survive to hatch.

Charlie held out an arm, “It would be an honor to escort you the Great Hall.”

Viktor was shifting back and wearing his red Durmstrang dress robes that had a fur-trimmed half cape. He looked up to see Hermione and gaped, “Ahren.” in his shaking hand was a crystal rose pin for her dress robe.

Hermione caught it before it slipped from his grasp, “Oh Viktor.”

“I wanted you to have somezhing nice for Christmas.” Viktor stammered.

Hermione cradled it in her hands, “It’s beautiful.”

Viktor gently pinned it to her right shoulder and then offered her his arm, “Shall ve?”

Draco took Harry’s hand, “Let’s go.”
Harry spotted Crabbe and Goyle who were attending with Pansy Parkinson and Elaine Vance. Two of the other three female Slytherins in their year; Tracey Davis and Daphne Greengrass were attending with Durmstrang boys who met them at the Grand Staircase. While Millicent Bulstrode had appeared with an unfamiliar blonde witch.

Lavender Brown was on the arm of a vaguely familiar Hufflepuff while her friend Parvarti was with Dean Thomas. The other two Gryffindor girls from Harry’s year; Alice Tolipan and Faye Dunbar had seemed to come as a couple in matching scarlet dress robes.

Seamus was standing with Colin as the tiny Gryffindor Third Year snapped pictures of everyone as they entered the Great Hall through a side-door.

Adrian true to his word had shy Neville Longbottom on his arm; Adrian was wearing a silver tux with a green bowtie and a matching green cape while Neville was wearing a traditional tux and tails. Adrian leaned down to whisper something that made Neville blush. They were to be seated with Blaisé and Charlie as well as Seamus and Colin, well Colin was still running around taking pictures.

Fleur and her date prefect and Quidditch captain Roger Davies of Ravenclaw entered the Great Hall first. Fleur was wearing silvery robes that glowed, while Davies was wearing a tux with a blue and silver cape.

Blaisé sneezed, she was using her allure a bit.

Behind Fleur and Roger were Viktor and Hermione.

There was plenty of twittering, it wasn’t unexpected but for those who hadn’t seen her and Viktor on their date, Hermione’s appearance was shocking. Jealous girls like Pansy and Lavender who dared to call her plain were shocked into silence. They were considered rather decently looking but were overshadowed Hermione. She wasn’t in the same league as Fleur but that didn’t matter, ‘Mione didn’t need to look ethereal and delicate to be stunning.

Cedric well not quite as good looking as Draco, had height and muscle that Draco hadn’t acquired yet because of his youth. His partner Cho Chang, the Ravenclaw Seeker, was rather exotic looking if that was your taste.

Everyone in the Great Hall applauded as they entered and started walking up toward a large round table at the top of the Hall, where the judges were sitting. The walls of the Hall had all been covered in sparkling silver frost giving the appearance of entering a icy, winter wonderland, with hundreds of garlands of mistletoe and ivy crossing the starry black ceiling. The House tables had vanished; instead, there were about a hundred smaller, lantern-lit crystal ones, each seating about a dozen people.

Draco lead Harry inside the Great Hall to the current head table at the front of the room. Few were shocked at their arriving together, but some were upset. Two of the most eligible heirs to wealthy inheritances were only interested in each other. They were the only same sex couple among the champions.

McGonagall smiled as the champions approached the top table, but Karkaroff wore an expression of disdain as he watched Viktor and Hermione draw nearer. Ludo Bagman, was in of bright purple robes with large yellow stars, was clapping as enthusiastically as any of the students; and Madame Maxime, who had changed her usual uniform of black satin for a flowing gown of lavender silk, was applauding them politely. But Mr. Crouch, Harry suddenly realized, was not there. The other four seats at the table was occupied by Lucius and Narcissa as well as Percy and Oliver. When the champions and their partners reached the table, Draco nodded to his parents as he pulled Harry’s
chair out for him at the Champions table, brushing Harry’s cheek with his lips. Percy, was wearing brand-new, navy-blue dress robes and an expression of such happiness. Oliver looked quite nervous to be surrounded by those around them but seemed pleased to be there with Percy at the same time, was wearing off-black robes and a tux.

Harry sat down blushing, as Draco sat beside him.

Draco glanced at the table, “Where’s Crouch?”

Lucius spoke up, “I’m afraid to say Mr. Crouch isn’t well, not well at all. Hasn’t been right since the World Cup. Hardly surprising - overwork. He’s not as young as he was, though still quite brilliant with languages and all. I am here in his stead. My lovely Narcissa agreed to join me for dinner.”

“I’ll be going home right after. I’m too far along to stay for more then one dance.” Narcissa smiled, nodding at the vision she created of Hermione. She had done well, Viktor Krum seemed quite smitten.

There was no food as yet on the glittering golden plates, but small menus were lying in front of each of them. Harry picked his up uncertainly and looked around, there were no waiters.

Lucius however, looked carefully down at his own menu, then said very clearly to his plate, “Pork chops!”

And pork chops appeared, getting the idea, the rest of the table placed their orders with their plates too.

Harry glanced up at Hermione to see how she felt about this new and more complicated method of dining but she was deep in a conversation with Viktor and hardly seemed to notice what she was eating.

Draco lifted up a menu and chuckled, “Steak.” he had a fondness for it.

Harry said quietly, “Pork chops.” he did enjoy them himself…

Narcissa seemed to order a chicken salad as did Fleur but she didn’t seem to eat the chicken.

Viktor was speaking very enthusiastically, “Veil, ve have a castle also, not as big as this, nor as comfortable, I am thinking,” he was telling Hermione. “Ve have just four floors, and the fires are lit only for magical purposes. But ve have grounds larger even than these - though in vinter, ve have very little daylight, so ve are not enjoying them. But in summer ve are flying every day, over the lakes and the mountains -”

“Now, now, Viktor!” Karkaroff said with a laugh that didn’t reach his cold eyes, “don’t go giving away anything else, now, or your charming friend will know exactly where to find us!”

Severus smirked, “Igor, all this secrecy, one would almost think you didn’t want visitors.”

“Well, Snape,” Karkaroff said, displaying his yellowing teeth to their fullest extent, “we are all protective of our private domains, are we not? Do we not jealously guard the halls of learning that have been entrusted to us? Are we not right to be proud that we alone know our school’s secrets, and right to protect them?”

“Oh I would never dream of assuming I know all Hogwarts’ secrets, Karkaroff,” Severus said amicably.
Harry snorted into his plate of potatoes, but Harry could have sworn papa had given him a very small wink. Remus was getting him to open up a lot…

Meanwhile Fleur Delacour was criticizing the Hogwarts’ decorations to Roger Davies. “Zis is nothing,” she said dismissively, looking around at the sparkling walls of the Great Hall. “At ze Palace of Beauxbatons, we ‘ave ice sculptures all around ze dining chamber at Chreestmas. Zey do not melt, of course, zey are like ‘uge statues of diamond, glittering around ze place. And ze food is seemply superb. And we ‘ave choirs of wood nymphs, ’oo serenade us as we eat. We ‘ave none of zis ugly armor in ze ‘alls, and eef a poltergeist ever entaired into Beauxbatons, ‘e would be expelled like zat.” She slapped her hand onto the table impatiently.

Roger Davies was watching her talk with a very dazed look on his face, and he kept missing his mouth with his fork. Harry had the impression that Davies was too busy staring at Fleur to take in a word she was saying. “Absolutely right,” he said quickly, slapping his own hand down on the table in imitation of Fleur. “Like that. Yeah.”

Harry looked around the Hall. Hagrid was sitting at one of the other staff tables; he was in a horrible hairy brown suit and gazing up at the top table. Harry saw him give a small wave, and looking around, saw Madame Maxime return it, her opals glittering in the candlelight.

When all the food had been consumed, McGonagall stood up and asked the students to do the same. Then, with a wave of her wand, all the tables zoomed back along the walls leaving the floor clear, and then she conjured a raised platform into existence along the right wall.

Professor Flitwick and some students with instruments ascended the platform, “Would the champions and their companions please take the floor to lead us in the first dance?” the tiny professor asked.

Draco helped Harry to his feet and led him out to the floor, “Follow my lead.”

Harry nodded.

The other champions took their places but Harry had eyes only for Draco, Harry placed his hands on Draco’s shoulders. His Slytherin lover was about five and half inches taller then himself. It was a bit of a stretch to reach Draco’s shoulders but he felt so safe and happy when the blonde’s hands slipped around his waist and blushing.

Draco recognized the tune as the Founders’ Waltz, and led Harry in a sweeping waltz.

The other champions and their dates followed suit.

It was soon apparent despite Harry’s meager dance skills that they were the more skillful pair.

Hermione managed to make her and Viktor look more graceful, though the Bulgarian Seeker was more graceful in the air then the ground, he was an accomplished dancer. One wondered what other lessons Narcissa Malfoy had been giving her...

Fleur was a fine dancer but Roger was too enthralled to dance properly; in contrast Cedric and Cho were a fine pair.

It didn’t take long for Blaisé and Adrian to led their Gryffindor dates to the floor, the other students following suit.

Lucius and Narcissa stepped to the floor to have their dance while Percy paired off with his lover Oliver.
Karkaroff held out his hand reluctantly to McGonagall asking her to dance; while Severus also reluctantly asked Madam Maxime to dance. Severus was so dwarfed by her that if he had been wearing a hat it would have barely tickled her chin; however, she moved very gracefully for a woman so large.

Remus looked a little jealous but he knew it was only courtesy that had his mate dancing with the large headmistress.

XoooooX

The twins slipped out into a nearby chamber while no one was looking.

Fred pulled George to his chest, kissing the younger twin’s neck, “Told you we’d find time to be alone.” his hands resting on the hips he knew so well.

George blushed, wrapping his arms around Fred’s neck.

Fred whispered, “Dance with me.”

George let Fred led him in a gentle waltz, he always felt safe and loved in those arms. When he was younger he had been terrified of thunderstorms and Fred would comfort him, telling him that the storm couldn’t hurt him. Fred was brash with everyone else at times and stubborn as hell but with him he was gentle and caring. It was that side of Fred that he loved, though the creative, rule-breaking one was a very close second.

Fred liked the feel of George in his arms, his twin was more sensitive then most realized. He had always loved George, he wanted to keep him safe and happy. George was always worrying and second guessing everything including his own feelings. He knew that George worried that he was giving up a normal life to be with him. Sure it was George who confessed first but he had been suspicious of their mutual feelings. It’s hard not to notice when you wake to hear your twin moaning your name in his sleep and feel their erection when you share a bed. They always shared a bed, they never stopped. Besides, they had more room that way and he relished the closeness they had when they slept together. For them a bed was relaxation, they never made love in a bed except at Wisteria or the Manor. They never felt safe enough at school or the Burrow, George was always too scared to do something that they would get caught and get him in trouble. He hated upsetting George and making him worry. Asking him to come with him to Yule Ball had been hard but a stolen moment like this was worth it. In the excitement, no one would notice their absence and if they did they would be expecting them to be off planning a prank.

He had considered doing something special but it was more important for him to spend time with George.

George was happy, Fred hadn’t done the proper thing and taken someone else. He had give him this precious memory…

Fred whispered just over the music, “Come on, they’ll be down here for hours. Our secret passage will be safe, no one will walk by either entrance.”

George blushed and let his lover lead him away.

XoooooX

Lucius escorted Narcissa back the floo and then home, kissing her good night before returning to oversee the Yule Ball.
It wasn’t hard for Blaisé to follow Charlie’s lead, it was easy. Although he had learned how to dance by being taught to lead, it was more his style to let Charlie lead. He practically worshiped the dragon tamer, the older man’s exotic and dangerous job as well as those fire-burnished looks had won his heart. He was fifteen and he could feel the influence of his Veela hormones. He needed Charlie to dominate him and he needed to submit, he truly with every bit of himself had enjoyed it when Charlie made love to him on his birthday and every time since then. He was still in the flux of breeding season, even though he had laid his first clutch on eggs.

Charlie felt Blaisé’s warmth in his arms, his Veela mate was still in the near-constant state of arousal that had existed since his birthday. Which meant if they weren’t eating or sleeping they were making love. He was sure that breeding season would be over in another week but he was enjoying the new level of intimacy they shared.

Blaisé said quietly, “Let’s go back.” he didn’t really need to stay, besides it was too cold for him with all the ice. He’d constantly been casting warming charms on himself.

Charlie noticed him shivering and nodding, pulling his mate close enough to share his own body heat as they returned to their own rooms to relieve his father from egg sitting and see about satisfying his mate.

Remus waited until Hagrid stepped in to ask Madam Maxime to dance before stealing Severus away. He said in his lover’s ear, “You’re an excellent dancer but I don’t like sharing you.”

Severus chuckled, “Don’t have to share me. I’m yours. I was just being polite.”

“I know. Doesn’t mean I like it.” Remus growled in his ear.

To Severus, Remus’ possessiveness was intoxicating. He rather liked being wanted like that; after his abusive childhood and adolescence as well as his years with the Death Eaters he hadn’t had much positive encouragement or affection. Even Dumbledore had failed him or been abusive himself. Severus hadn’t even known Remus could dance until recently, maybe he could see if Remus would take him dancing because he really started to like it.

Remus smirked, “Too bad you have to stay here. I’d rather take you back to our room and ravish you.”

“You’re such a wolf. You haven’t ravished me yet but I am very tempted to let you.” Severus laughed

Remus’ eyes took a golden tint, “You better not be teasing me.” he hadn’t pushed Severus but he had been overly patient. He had been courting his mate over a year and they still hadn’t gone all the way yet.

Severus pouted, “Why would I tease you about that? I’ve made you wait so long because I was scared and nervous. It’s Christmas, it wouldn’t be right to make you wait much longer. Besides,” he said quietly, “I’m really starting to be curious what it would be like to let you.” as good as Remus was with those hands of his, his lover was gentle with him. His body was sensitive because of his
scars and due to his favoring of one side versus the other when he injured it, it was easy for his muscles to twist into knots. Remus was very good and helping him relax and stay warm, Remus made sure he took relaxing baths, gave him massages as well as satisfied his sexual needs that he had ignored most of his life. Remus had shown that not only was he worthy of being loved that he could also be desirable. Besides, his scarred body was no less ugly then Remus’. Remus’ werewolf attacked itself to take its aggression out on someone.

XoooooX

After two dances, Percy was winded and wanted to sit.

Oliver sat beside him at the head table, a hand on his thigh, just resting nothing sexual.

“I’ve been thinking, if you really want to…I guess we could have a child before I start working for the Ministry officially.” Percy said just over the orchestra, Dad had come over for dinner the other day and mentioned Blaise laid his eggs and that he would be an uncle in a couple of months.

Oliver turned to him grinning, “You mean it? Of course I wouldn’t want them be born if we weren’t Bonded. You know I want nothing more then to be Bonded to you.”

Percy blushed, “Wouldn’t be Bonded to anyone else.” it was true.

“I’ll have to get a ring and ask you properly.” Oliver smirked, bringing Percy’s hand to his lips.

Percy stiffened as he felt a hand on his shoulder.

Lucius sipped his mead, “Good for you. I wondered how long it would take you to decide. If you want to take time off for a honeymoon at least wait until after the Tournament is over when your special liaison status isn’t needed.”

“If Percy decided to have a child?” Oliver asked nervously.

“I see so knowing that Charlie will be a father soon is making you want children?” Lucius smirked, “Very well, I can arrange paternity leave to be added to your job.”

“Thank you sir.” Oliver said excited.

Before they could continue the orchestra was exiting the platform, Professor Flitwick was speaking, “The band that needs no introduction!”

The Students screamed.

Oliver grabbed Percy’s hand, “Come on. It’s the Weird Sisters!”

Every student was dancing and screaming.

XoooooX

[Begin twincest lemon- skip if you don’t like]

Fred undressed George, kissing him deeply, “Merry Christmas.”

George knew that the Weird Sisters, Fred’s favorite were supposed to perform tonight and Fred was here. He kissed his lover back, “Merry Christmas.”
Fred transfigured their dress robes into a bed and pushed George down onto it. He cast spells he’d learned by pilfering a book on safe sex for bent wizards when Mum wasn’t watching. They relaxed George’s muscles and lubricated him as well as made sure that they were both clean and fresh. The last thing Fred wanted was to hurt George, he wanted their infrequent and all too brief moments of intimacy to be something they both cherished.

George felt the familiar tingle of the spells, one that left him clean inside and out, another that relaxed his sphincter so Fred could enter him without wasting time prepping him and the lubrication charm. He liked that Fred made it part of their routine, they didn’t bother with Muggle condoms mostly because they had vanishing spells and they’d never been sexually involved with anyone else so the probability of either having a sexually transmitted disease was minuscule.

Fred spread George’s legs and pushed them gently to the younger twin’s shoulders as he lay between them. Kissing his lover deeply he slowly thrust into George’s heat, the relaxation charm only worked on sphincter muscles and left the natural internal tightness intact.

George groaned softly as he was stretched and filled, he never felt more complete then when they were truly one like this. This is what he was born for to complete Fred; to be his soul mate, his companion, his lover, his confidant and partner in all things. He was Fred’s…

Fred took his time, slow thrusts and strokes, they didn’t have to hurry they had until midnight to make it back to the Tower.

George said quietly, “More, please. Who knows when we can be together like this again. I want to remember this. I want to feel your touch everywhere. So please Fred, harder.”

Reluctantly Fred gave in, thrust deep inside George aiming for his prostate. His hand pumping his lover’s prick, pausing to tug the foreskin back so he could stimulate the sensitive head.

George cried out with each deep thrust, gasping, “Fred. Yes.” Fred knew just how to touch him, he always knew how to give him pleasure. No one could know him better then Fred…

They were identical in every way but personality, talents and the burn that only one had, yes they were even identical to the size of their pricks.

Fred kissed him, “You look so hot.” this wasn’t narcissism, this was the deepest intimacy you could get. He could feel even their souls and magic reverberating together as they made love.

George gasped rocking into Fred’s thrusts, “I’m coming.”

Fred kissed him, still pounding his twin, “I love you.” his own seed spilling inside George.

George looked very sated and debauched.

Fred vanished their cum and redressed them both, “I should take you to the tower and put you in bed.”

George said quietly, “Only if you stay.”

“Of course I’ll stay.

Xooooox
Neville could feel Adrian holding him close, pressing tight against his arse. They were bumping and grinding to the Weird Sisters’ hit ‘Do the Hippogriff.’ he shyly ground back.

“Sexy. You’ve got a nice arse Nev.” Adrian smirked, nuzzling his neck as they danced.

Neville blushed, the way he said that sounded almost sexual.

Being seventeen and constantly horny was uncomfortable at times, Neville was only fourteen. There was no way with a grandmother like Augusta Longbottom Adrian was going to push Neville to has sex before he was ready. Didn’t mean he didn’t wank to the adorable shy lion he was courting.

Neville was slightly nervous, he could feel Adrian was hard as the Slytherin ground against his arse. He was aware he was starting to get hard just from feeling Adrian’s prick rub against his arse. He pulled away…

Adrian pulled Neville back to him, wrapping his arms around the young Gryffindor’s waist. “Having fun?” he asked loudly in the boy’s ear.

Neville turned to look up at his date, smiling nervously and nodding.

“Wouldn’t hurt you. Relax.” Adrian said before going back to nuzzle his boyfriend’s neck.

XoooooX

Around ten thirty Harry was starting to tire and Draco took him off to bed.

No one noticed when Viktor escorted Hermione to the tower.

XoooooX

When the Great Hall was finally empty, it was nearly one and Remus was worried that Severus might have change his mind.

Severus moved to slip his arms around Remus’ neck, “Bed. It’s late and I need you.”

Remus scooped the thin man up and with faster then human speed all but ran him to their room in his excitement. Kissing his mate’s neck and whispering, “You don’t know how long I’ve wanted you. Merlin Sevy, are you really ready for this?”

“I’ve been ready for a while. I was just waiting for the right time.”

“Solstice is the perfect time Sevy.”

“Merlin Remy, I want you to take me. Just be gentle. I know it’s awkward but I’m still a virgin.”

“It’s an honor to be your first Severus. I’ve always dreamed of being the first person to give you pleasure.”

“You’re the first one to show me love…”

XoooooX
“Hopefully, the only one. All I want is to be your mate and make you happy.”

Severus smiled up at his lover, “You already make me happy. Now I want you to take me, mate with me.”

“I want nothing more then to sink into that sexy arse of yours Sevy.” Remus growled and nipped his mate’s shoulder.

Severus blushed, “I want you inside me.” he’d never imagined really craving sex or contemplating carrying a child until Remus. He didn’t think he was worthy of a family until Harry and then Remus; they were his world, his family.

Remus eagerly cast the spells he’d been waiting his entire life to use on Severus.

Severus closed his eyes sighing as he felt the warm rush of Remus’ magic flow through him and swift disappearance of their clothes.

*Begin Lemon*

Remus knew he would have be very gentle with Severus because of how sensitive his mate’s body was; between the scars from his abuse in his youth and the fact that despite his gruff ways Sev was a very horny person who just hadn’t had an outlet for his sexual urges until they got together.

“Remus just hurry. I need you.” he did, he wanted that prick buried inside him. Just how long had he been sexually attracted to Remus? He wondered if he’d stalked the Marauders more because of Remus then because James was in love with Lily.

“You want me bad don’t you?”

“That is a very stupid question Remus.” he spread his legs more and wiggled his arse, “Come on, we know you want me. I’ve made you wait a very long time.”

Remus leaned over Severus kissing him, “Just relax Sevy.” slowly thrusting into the warmth of his lover’s ass, he’d dreamed of this moment most of the time they’d known each other.

Severus kissed his lover back, whimpering slightly as he was entered. The spells relaxed him, but Remus felt so big. His lover was hung; Remus’ size when aroused was a little intimidating, it was one reason he’d waited until he couldn’t stand it. “Move damn it. I can take it.”

Could Severus take it? He wasn’t sure but he wanted him badly, knowing that Severus had a sensitive, deeply scared body made him want to be a gentle lover but his wolf wanted to leave an impression on Severus’ body so it would remember who it’s master was. He started with slow gentle thrusts and bent to lick Severus’ leaking prick smirking down at his mate.

Severus was nearly undone, Remus was inside him and was just teasing him. Merlin! He wasn’t sure how long he would last. He’s heard that guys normally don’t last long their first time but he didn’t want to disappoint Remus. His mate/boyfriend was turning him into randy sex fiend and he didn’t mind.

Remus kissed Severus eagerly, his lips stained with his mate’s pre-cum and his hand wrapping around the older man’s prick. He pumped his lover’s erection the way he knew pleased the Slytherin, he wasn’t too rough or too gentle. The werewolf wouldn’t last long, he was too excited about this and it was his first actually experience.

It didn’t take long for them to come, Severus came first and Remus howled as he filled his mate’s
Remus lay still inside Severus, “You look gorgeous just shagged.”

Severus snorted, “I better, you just shagged me, it’s embarrassing being a thirty-six year old virgin.”

“Well I haven’t been with anyone else either so you’re just mine.” he was the only one to know Severus intimately made him happy. Severus was all his, he was a lucky man, his mate was a very talented wizard whose skills weren’t limited to potions.

Severus pulled Remus tight against him and closed his eyes, “You’re going to have to make an honest man of be soon since you took my virtue,” he said with snark before falling asleep.

Remus smirked snuggling, “Oh I intend to…”

Chapter End Notes

Draco's Solstice Party

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom : HP
Summary: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Notes: This ch is dedicated to LadyPhoenix731, Suto-Chan, karone-sakura, Alrisce,Silver Tongue theangelgirlmax, neongreenleaves, LadyPhoenix731, angelsarah22, yukino89, A Being Of Violet Fire, alice22, BronzeButterfly18, Kichy-chan and littlesprout

Chapter 30- Draco's Solstice Party

Despite the late night, Draco woke early. He stretched pulling his Adder close, kissing his cheek as he summoned their robes and wands. Smirking, he called for Dobby.

"Yes young Master Draco?" the house elf squeaked.

"Apparate us to the Manor."

"Yes Master Draco sir."

Within mere seconds they were in their rooms at the Manor, Draco kissed Harry and lay him in their bed before making his way to the small dining room.

The table was set with a pot of steaming coffee, a pot of tea, ham, eggs, sausages, toast and pancakes as well as a lot of fruit.

He poured himself coffee and nodded at his father.

"Morning Draco. Late night?"

"Not really, Harry started getting tired at ten so we went back early. I don't think Blaisé and Charlie stayed long either, Blaisé doesn't like to be away from his eggs long. I was surprised he was willing to attend the Yule Ball at all having just laid his eggs recently."

"We raised him properly, it would have been bad form not to attend even for a few minutes with his future brother-in-law and myself in attendance. Besides, he had to attend because of Harry, it would look bad not to support a Slytherin Triwizard Champion."

Draco sat, "True. Is the Ballroom ready?"

"I believe so. Your mother has been running the house elves ragged trying to make everything perfect. It has been a good distraction since I have been busy with Tournament Business myself. By the way I happen to have been sitting next to Percy and Oliver last night after I escorted your mother home."
"Oh really? We didn't talk much."

"They decided that they want children. They will probably be asking Severus about the pregnancy potion."

"Good for them. Percy would be carrying right?" Draco was sure that since Oliver was playing his first season as Reserve Keeper that he wouldn't want to go on paternity leave just yet. Besides, his father was pretty open-minded right now and seemed to approve them so he would be letting Percy have time off.

"I said he can have as much leave as he needs when the time comes. I am sure Oliver being the responsible future Lord Wood would be sure to do the proper thing before their children are born." Lucius said with a knowing smirk.

A very pregnant Narcissa waddled into the breakfast room, "Dragon darling, I didn't expect you so early."

"We always eat here the day after Solstice, since solstice is varies from father's birthday to the day after. Harry is upstairs resting still, I had Dobby bring us over. Did you know that Arthur watched the eggs while Blaisé and Charlie attended the Ball for a while?"

Narcissa clapped her hands, "That's wonderful, so he's accepted them?"

"Didn't Blaisé tell you? Arthur was there for the birth of their eggs, he spent the time to get to know Blaisé. Charlie was really pleased about it, Arthur left Molly because of Ginny's little stunt." Draco said filling his plate.

"They are coming tonight aren't they?"

"Aren't who coming?"

"Master Blaisé, I was about to announce you."

"This is my home still Tippy, I don't need to be announced." Blaisé smirked, the eggs were in a special carrier resting on his stomach beneath his robes.

Charlie bowed his head in greeting, "Blaisé woke up bright and early insisting we join you for breakfast. I'm starving."

Blaisé punched his mate playfully in the arm, "Hush now. You're always hungry."

"Where are my grandbabies?" Narcissa said looking very much the stately matron.

"Right here mother." Blaisé opened his robes to show her the carrier as he made his way to Narcissa's side.

Charlie pulled the basket he'd ordered for them and set the basket beside her, "I thought since you would most likely be observing most of the party like the queen of the occasion that you could watch the eggs while we mingle."

Narcissa's eyes sparkled, Blaisé called her mother, something she never asked him to. "You'll let me watch them?"

Blaisé smiled, "Of course, you know how to care for them. I turned out alright." he placed the eggs in the basket beside Narcissa and covered them with the charmed blanket.
"I owe you my mate's life, I would never not trust you with our children." Charlie wrapped his Blaisé's waist, kissing his neck.

"It would be an honor to watch them." Narcissa said, gently caressing the shells of the son of her heart's first children. It wouldn't be long before her Blaisé was bonded…

They all started eat...

"Eating without us?"

Draco chuckled, "Uncle Sev you're late."

Severus blushed, "We…were a little occupied this morning. We figured you were coming here when your bed was empty so we just came ahead."

Remus looked around, "Where is Harry?"

"Here! Dray, I woke up and you weren't there." Harry pouted.

Draco laughed, patting the chair beside him. "You were tired, I thought I would let you sleep."

Harry hugged Draco tightly kissing him, "I worried someone took you away from me. Next time, leave me a note."

Draco chuckled, "Sorry love. I thought you would realize we were at the Manor and know to meet me here."

"Harry's possessive isn't he?" Charlie asked tilting his head and placing his hand on Blaisé's hip.

"You are too, after what happened to Blaisé, you barely let him out of your sight. No one is going to hurt Draco again, not because of me. I'm going to get stronger and braver, I want him to be proud of me."

"Adder, I am proud of you. You're a Triwizard Champion, the youngest one in recent memory and you had the best score though facing the most dangerous dragon."

"But I used Benia, I didn't actually face it. When you were getting hurt I did nothing, I stood there and watched. I was a coward, I let you get hurt. I won't do that again."

"It's Christmas, we're only discussing happy things. Like the ball tonight, you have to see the ballroom. It's gorgeous." Narcissa said interrupting them as she sipped her tea.

"I'm sure it's perfect mother."

XoooooX

Remus and Severus returned to Hogwarts to make sure that the students invited made it to the portkeys in time. The portkeys were scheduled to leave Uncle Sev's office in three minute shifts starting at six thirty. Dinner would be served promptly at 7, what his mother had choose for the menu Draco hadn't asked, wanting to be surprised.

Remus and Severus were checking invitations and making sure that the invitee only brought one guest. Most of them came with each other, many in the same couples they attended the Yule Ball with.

XoooooX
Draco greeted each set of guests politely, thanking them for coming.

Harry bowed graciously and as a good host, he escorted them to the Banquet Hall.

Hermione stood off to the side checking off names on the list, nodding and rolling up the parchment with the names of the guests when they were all present minus the uninvited Ginny Weasley.

Draco took Harry's arm and escorting him into the Banquet Hall, "I would like to thank you for coming to my little soiree. Merry Christmas to all of you and enjoy the feast."

There was ham, roast beef, Yule Pudding, potatoes, salad, various steamed vegetables, various wine, beer, milk, Pumpkin juice and Butterbeer.

The guests passed around dishes full of food and pitchers of drink.

There was plenty of conversation and laughter.

After dinner the doors on either side of the Banquet Hall were thrown open; to the left was the Grand Parlour and to the right was the Ballroom.

The young people started pairing off into the Ballroom to dance, while the older guests headed into the Parlour to have a drink after dinner.

XoooooX

Draco took Uncle Severus and Remus' hands, "Come I want to introduce you to someone. I want to introduce you to Damocles."

Damocles was a tall, pale man like an older, more robust version of Severus Snape, his hand resting on a taller, thin man, "Damocles, formerly Belby, this is my mate Corey Martin."

Remus smelled wolf, spend enough time with werewolves and you tend to recognize your own.

Severus' eyes shone with excitement, "Damocles? You're the one who created the Wolfsbane potion."

The older potions master smirked, "Not many can brew it. It takes a very skilled Potions Master."

"Severus Snape." Severus shook his hand. "My lover, Remus Lupin."

"Ah yes the youngest Potions Master."

"Best brewer I've met, my Severus," Remus bragged, "brews like a god for one person, but has the brewing capabilities of about three Horace Slughorns."

"Slughorn was my Potions Professor ages ago, he taught me to love brewing." Damocles nodded, "this party reminds me of his Slug Club meetings."

Severus chuckled, "I believe that was my godson's inspiration. His father used to brag about the people he rubbed shoulders with at those parties."

"How long have you been subject to the moon Remus?" the older werewolf asked.

"Since I was about seven. Father insulted the wrong man if you get my drift." Remus said quietly sipping on his Firewhiskey.
"Then we might have same sire, an older man sort of wild and grizzled?" Corey drawled.

"That would describe the man." Remus reluctantly agreed.

"So Corey was the reason you set out to brew the potion?" Severus asked excited, it wasn't often that he got to meet a potioneer of such caliber.

"We met when I was assigned to work with them, you know." Damocles raised an eye brow, meaning the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures.

Severus nodded, the man obviously worked with either the Werewolf Registry, the Werewolf Capture Unit and/or Werewolf Support Services.

"Corey was our liaison with the community. We grew closer, it hurt the first time I spent a whole month with him. Do you understand? How much it hurt to hear him like that?"

Severus glanced at Remus, "Yes. I do. It breaks my heart every time. He was the first person who ever wanted me. It meant a lot, still does. I'd do anything for him."

Corey squeezed his mate's hand, "He lost his family when he told them about us."

"Doesn't matter we have our own family now." Damocles shrugged.

Remus' interest was peaked, "Family?"

Damocles grinned pulling out his wallet and opening it to show off photographs, "We have a daughter Carys and a son Theseus. Carys is nine and Theseus is six."

Severus was surprised, "You had children naturally?" he had wondered if it was possible; he wanted a child of his own, Remus' child so badly.

Corey grinned, "He was willing, given my condition I couldn't carry them. The risk of losing the child was too great. It was a gamble as you can imagine, I was just glad that Newt Scamander was right. It doesn't pass on, then again we both know that there are no females like us. Carys is just as human as my mate, Theseus is acts like someone who was wounded by one of us but not bitten, he has a taste for raw meat, hates vegetables but loves sweets. He has keener senses then most, less keen then my own or yours Remus."

"So there really is no risk of passing the curse on?" Remus asked so softly that only one of his own could hear.

"Neither of our kids have it, so I would say the risk is minimal." Damocles smirked, "I was willing to chance it because I wanted to give him what no one said he could have; love and a family. I've never regretted that choice. I've never been happier then to be at his side."

Severus smirked, "I guess Corey is too well-know to just disappear from the Registry?"

"Something like that. I was shocked to see Damocles receive the invitation, I thought it was a joke until I overheard a few people at the Ministry mentioning the party. I thought we might enjoy a night out, it isn't often that we feel comfortable mingling with other people." Corey said with a slight sadness.

Remus nodded, "I can understand that. Until Hogwarts hired me I had no job, no income. No one would hire me as you no doubt can understand, Corey."
"Yes, something I hope will someday change." Damocles said softly glancing up at his mate.

XoooooX

Lucius firmly gripped Draco's shoulder, "What was the purpose of inviting Damocles?"

Draco smirked, "There had to be a reason the man slaved over that potion. It doesn't take a wizard to figure out he brewed it for someone important to him. I'll bet you ten galleons it was for the man beside him."

"A way of showing them that a relationship between them could work?" Lucius chuckled.

"Perhaps, I also thought that Severus could talk shop with someone who has to be something close to an potion brewing equal."

"You are brilliant." Lucius snickered.

"I'm your son," Draco playfully sneered, "Would you expect anything less?"

XoooooX

Blaisé was seating at Narcissa's side, hand resting on his eggs.

Charlie stood behind his mate's chair and resting his hand on the teen's shoulder.

"I'm so excited, my first grandbabies." Narcissa said rubbing her stomach.

"Our babies will be close to the same age, they'll grow up together."

Narcissa smiled, "Like you and Draco."

Charlie grinned, "I hope they'll be as close as you are to Draco." he brought Blaisé's hand to his lips and slid a ring that resembled a coiled platinum snake with ruby eyes.

Blaisé looked up at the feeling of cold metal on his finger.

Charlie smirked, "You'll Bond with me right?"

Blaisé blushed, "Of course, all you had to do was ask."

Narcissa clapped her hands in delight, "A Bonding, I'm so excited."

Arthur clasped his son on the shoulder, "Making an honest man of this boy huh?"

Charlie grinned, "Honest man indeed, sorry dad but I'm not going to be a Weasley much longer."

"No matter, I get grandkids out of it." Arthur grinned.

"Its funny, when we were in school I would never have expected to end up practically related Weasley." Lucius smirked.

"It will be interesting Malfoy, you've proved to be a far better man then I ever expected. You've been extremely good to my boys, for that I'm grateful." Arthur held out his hand.

Lucius shook his hand, "It's been a pleasure."

Draco grinned at the ring on his honorary brother's hand, "He finally did it. Good for you Charlie."
Bill Weasley was sipping on a tumbler of Firewhiskey, nodding at the other guests and wondering what the hell he was doing here.

Fleur was sipping a glass of wine and ignoring Rodger who she had reluctantly accompanied. He wasn't her mate, she sensed another of her kind. Fleur made her way to get another drink when she noticed the dark teen from Hogwarts and his redheaded companion. The dark-skinned teen was a Veela, a Veela male? She wasn't even sure the tales of Veela males were true until she realized he was around. There was a basket beside the teen, she caught a hint of pale green, eggs. Her heart twisted, she felt the burning, aching feeling of Heat. It was her third breeding season, she could still feel the cold eggs that never hatched and remember the broken heart knowing that she failed because she hadn't slept with her mate. She wanted a mate, not a flirtation. She saw a flash of red; glancing across the room she spied a tall man who smelled of danger and reeked of ancient magic. Longish, curly red hair and shocking blue eyes, the man looked like an older version of her fellow Veela's mate.

Bill felt the eyes of someone, he looked through the guests before his eyes fell on perhaps the best looking woman he'd ever seen. Pale golden hair and silvery eyes, a willowy frame clad in a pale blue dress robe.

Fleur blushed but didn't look away, the handsome, rugged look reminded her of a warrior. She felt herself reaching out to him, yearning for him, her Heat was getting harder to bear.

Bill made his way across the Parlour, moving closer to the girl. "Are you alright?"

Fleur blinked, his closeness was making her weak in the knees. She wasn't weak but his pheromones were affecting her. "I am…now…” she smiled moving closer, flirting with the man's senses with just a hint of her allure.

Bill felt the faintest familiar sensation that reminded him of the Quidditch World Cup and the Bulgarian Mascots. He whispered, "Veela?"

Fleur grinned, "Clever aren't yoo? Fleur Delacour."

"Mademoiselle, another drink?"

Fleur twittered, "A name Monsieur?"

"Bill, Bill Weasley." Bill smirked.

"Yoo look like yoo are related too zhos reed heeds."

"The tall one is my brother Charlie and the older one beside him is my father Arthur. The twins are my brothers Fred and George."

"Good looks run in yoor family yes?"

"Not as much as they run in yours I imagine." Bill smirked.

"Yoo are too suite William." Fleur batted her eyelashes.

"You seem much nicer then the Veela at the World Cup."

"Perhaps I am." Fleur grinned.
Blaisé chuckled watching them, "I see your brother has found a Veela and she's in Heat. I wonder if Bill is her mate. They'd make a cute couple."

"Good genes in that girl, they'd have beautiful kids. How old is she again?" Arthur asked.

Draco chuckled, "Fleur Delacour, she attends Beauxbatons and is their Triwizards Champion."

Blaisé said quietly, "Seventeen and unmated, how awful. The pain of having two broods not being born, I can't imagine it."

Charlie kissed him, "Something you'll never have to experience."

The Hogwarts Quidditch players where being bribed and teased by all the Professional Quidditch representatives.

"I do hope you Weasley boys reconsider, it would be quite the honor to have all three of you flying for us." Thomas Laughlin, the Chudley Cannons Scout tried to get the stubborn red-headed twins to reconsider.

Fred was actually considering it, he liked flying but he didn't want to make a career out of it.

George could see Fred was thinking about it, he didn't want that public of a face. How could they hid their relationship if they were professional Quidditch Players? He wanted them to have a quiet life running a little jokes shop. He liked flying, he did but there were more important things to him.

"I wonder if we should consider flying for the Cannons, it might be fun. It's been a while since we flew with Charlie properly." Fred said with a laugh.

"We'd certainly count ourselves lucky to have the three of you." the scout from the Cannons continued.

George closed his eyes, that wasn't what he wanted…

Chapter End Notes

Draco's Solstice Party

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom : HP
Summary: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Notes: This ch is dedicated to LadyPhoenix731, Suto-Chan, karone-sakura, Alrisce, Silver Tongue theangelgirlmax, neongreenleaves, LadyPhoenix731, angelsarah22, yukino89, A Being Of Violet Fire, alicex22, BronzeButterfly18, Kichy-chan and littlesprout

Chapter 30- Draco's Solstice Party

Adrian was getting his ear talked off by the scout from the Appleby Arrows and one from Pride of Portree.

Neville leaned back blushing slightly into Adrian's chest listening to the scouts try to talk his boyfriend into signing with them.

Adrian nodded politely, caring more about the teen in his arms then the argument between the two scouts over him. It was nice to be important enough to fight over but he'd already made his choice.

XoooooX

The Gryffindor Golden Trio; Alicia, Angeline and Katie were being entertained by Gwenog Jones; Daily Prophet Special Quidditch Correspondent and Captain of the Holyhead Harpies. It was an an honor to be granted an audience with one of the best, most feared Beaters in the league.

XoooooX

Oliver stood at Percy's side, nodding and smiling. If Percy was planning on going far in the ministry, he better learn how to be a good political husband quickly. He chuckled to himself, maybe he should ask Lady Malfoy for advice.

Percy was less nervous knowing Oliver was right behind him as he mingled with Minister for Magic Emelia Bones; Kingsley Shacklebolt, Head of Magical Law Enforcement; Rufus Scrimgour, Head Auror; Arnold Peasegood, Head Hit Wizard and Madam Edgcombe, Head of the Department of Magical Transportation.

"Young Mister Weasley, I have heard nothing but good things about you from Barty Crouch and Ludo Bagman." Emelia said politely, he was proving he made an excellent assistant. Not only was Percy attending every meeting of the full Wizengamot, he also attended committee meetings with Lord Malfoy, attended Hogwarts Governors meetings and represented the Hogwarts Governors in
meetings between Mr. Crouch's department and Mr. Bagman's regarding the Triwizard tournament. He was a busy young man for recently graduating Hogwarts. He was probably the most recognizable face of his year besides his companion Oliver Wood who was the alternate Keeper for Puddlemere United.

"Please call me Percy, Mr. Weasley is my father. My father is a hard-working, dedicated man who has managed to instil a healthy work ethic and honor to his sons." if you ignored Ron's lazy ways of course but if Dad disowned Ron like he disowned Ginny then Ron didn't count anymore.

"Percy is one of the most hard-working and driven people I have every known." Oliver said with great pride. "He is a very good influence and can be a very helpful tutor. I was a lazy student most of my first year but then we became friends. Before then all I cared about was Quidditch and flying, he told me that if I wanted a career in Professional Quidditch, I needed to make myself more marketable; I needed good marks on and off the pitch. Percy not only got good marks himself but he was an excellent tutor. Dumbledore hired dismally inadequate Defense instructors for most of our time at Hogwarts; but Percy helped me get a really good OWL in the subject though. Despite our terribly busy schedule our Sixth year Percy helped set up a schedule for the older students who did well on our OWL in Defense tutor the younger students. I watched Percy help turn his brothers Fred and George, the red-headed twins over with the Quidditch scouts from the lowest marks to the highest of their year." so the real credit went to Harry, Draco, Blaisé and Hermione but they didn't need to knot that.

Percy chuckled, "I'm not sure all the credit for their swift change in focus should all go to me. They are just as responsible for their own accomplishments, Fred was making an excellent Prefect when I was Head Boy last year. I have hopes that he might succeed Bill and I as Head Boy. I had the privilege of watching my brother George captain Gryffindor in the exhibition match that Draco Malfoy arranged. He has excellent leadership qualities like our brother Charlie and Oliver who left him big shoes to fill." Oliver and Charlie were quite tall while he himself was merely average.

"From what I've heard young Mr. Weasley, I mean Percy, you yourself left a rather amazing mark as Head Boy. I checked your N.E.W.T. scores, twelve Outstandings? That is a unique score, your brother William had the same score I believe. Your father does indeed seem to have instilled a healthy work ethic in his sons. Charles Weasley also had decent N.E.W.T. scores, he was working at a Dragon Preserve in Romania and was instrumental in the Triwizard Tournament's First Task."

Percy nodded, "He has since moved back to England, he is courting,"

Oliver noticed the ring on Blaisé's left ring finger, "Actually Percy, they've recently gotten engaged."

Percy glanced towards Charlie and Blaisé, squinted and then nodded, "That's right, it was so recently that it slipped my mind for a minute." he reached back and squeezed Oliver's hand in thanks.

Oliver silently squeezed back, it had to have happened sometime after dinner because they had been seated next to each other and Blaisé's left ring finger had been bare.

"That is good news, a Bonding is always a joyous occasion." Madam Edgcombe said courteously, "I can't wait until my Marietta is engaged herself."

Oliver nodded, "Marietta is a good friend of Cho Chang, one of Ravenclaw's best Seekers if I remember correctly."

Madam Edgcombe sipped her wine, "Yes, Cho and Marietta are the best of friends friends. I believe Cho has her sights set on the Hogwarts Champion Cedric Diggory. They would be a well-matched pair. I wouldn't mind if Marietta chose Rodger Davies, a young man from a fine family, with
excellent prospects and recently came into possession of a decent trust."

"Rodger is a very talented Chaser and a fair prefect." Oliver said politely, he didn't really think much of the Ravenclaw's personality.

Percy didn't like Rodger at all, he found him to be arrogant and insufferable, he had been most displeased when it fell for them to do rounds together. Rodger was even more rule-fixated then he had ever been. "I don't claim to be a close acquaintance to Rodger; but I have found him to be a hard-working Prefect and a decent leader, Ravenclaw has done well with him as their captain."

Oliver was impressed by Percy's candor, he was able to compliment a man that he couldn't stand. That ability would serve his lover well in the ministry, he was sure of it…

Rufus Scrimgeour was impressed but kept it to himself, Percy Weasley obviously didn't seek the Ravenclaw Prefect's company but could recommend the man's best qualities to polite company. He sensed the former Gryffindor Head Boy had an intense dislike for Rodger Davies but from his expression and words you wouldn't guess.

XoooooX

Draco was pleased; there was Blaisé and Charlie's engagement, Bill and Fleur seemed to be more attached to each other every minute, Uncle Sev and Remus seemed to be making friends with the Martins, the Quidditch players and the scouts seemed to be making conversation, Cedric and Cho seemed pretty chummy- was that ring glittering on the Ravenclaw Seeker's left hand? Percy was rubbing elbows with powerful people in the Ministry, Oliver seemed to be more relaxed tonight as opposed to his nervousness at the Yule Ball. Adrian seemed to have accepted an offer from the Appleby Arrows while the Cannons were trying to get Fred and George to consider flying with them. Charlie had actually joined the circle of prospective professional Quidditch players after proposing to a beaming Blaisé, who was getting parenting advice from Mother. Neville seemed to be more relaxed in Adrian's company, which was good because the Slytherin captain was very taken with the shy Gryffindor. It was surprising that Lady Longbottom had allowed her grandson to attend this party but he was glad of it for Adrian's sake.

The eligible heiresses seemed to be enjoying themselves, some brought dates that hadn't received invitations while others had come with a few who had received their own invitation.

Draco smirked when he realized that the Hufflepuff female Beater Max O'Flaherty that Adrian had borrowed had finally joined the conversation between the Gryffindor Golden Trio of Chasers and Gwenog Jones. While an excellent pair with Anthony, she would no doubt prove to be quite the asset to the all-female Harpies.

XooooooX

Hermione and Viktor spent most of evening in the Grand Parlour talking and laughing.

Hermione was learning a little Russian while helping Viktor with his English pronunciation.

Viktor tried very hard but the sounds in Ahren's name were so strange to his tongue that he still couldn't say it properly. Ahren had picked up the phrases they tried to teach her when he introduced her to his parents, he wondered if she had a natural talent at languages. "You are learning Russian much faster zhen I 'ave learned English."

Hermione blushed, "Languages are easy for me, I worked through a few French books before my parents decided to take a vacation there. Before I knew I was a witch I was considering going into
medicine so I tried to teach myself Latin. It has helped with Charms and Transfigurations but I really like Runes."

"Ahren, yoo taught yoorself French and Latin?" so she was a natural at languages, not bad for someone who didn't have the benefit of pureblood education, his father Dmitry was merely out of practice speaking languages other then Serbian, Russian and Bulgarian.

Hermione nodding, "I like learning and languages, I'm always reading a thick book. My trunk is always stuffed with books, I spent most of my time in the library or studying with my friends. Professors Lupin and Snape are really helpful with our studies; Draco, Harry, Blaisé and myself are already studying for O.W.L.s. We are a bit ahead of our year mates, we self study a few subjects."

"Self study? That is something ve don't do at Durmstrang."

"Until Professor Lupin we had some really terrible Defense teachers, our second year the students all ended up teaching ourselves. Draco was teaching Defense to all of the Slytherins and myself."

A second year teaching an entire house? Viktory glanced over to where Draco was talking to his guests, "Draco must be very smart."

Hermione laughed, "He does have the best marks every year, he is naturally very talented at Defense." that shield spell he had defeated Voldemort twice with was a very powerful spell, not common at all. Obscuro Reflecto wasn't Dark Arts but it wasn't a spell used by even the Aurors that she could tell. It couldn't even truly be considered neutral magic, it was between neutral magic and the Dark Arts.

"It iz wonderful zhat yoo are such good friends, you can study together."

"Blaisé and I share all the same classes, except he takes Divination. Though I don't think he takes much stock in Professor Trelawney; I think Blaisé has more talent as a Seer then she does. He doesn't use tea leaves or birth charts, he just makes accurate predictions."

Viktor raised an eyebrow, "Oh really?" the area he grew up in even the Muggles were fascinated with seers and divination.

"He has made at least one prophecy in our presence, which is turning out to be more and more accurate." Hermoine smiled to herself.

XoooooX

The guests started Flooing back, Madam Edgcombe had opened Floo connections between the Malfoy's Grand Parlour and their Common Rooms.

Draco offered Viktor a room for the night when he overheard Hermione say she was too tired to floo back to Hogwarts.

Viktor politely refused, "No Draco. It woud not be proper." he kissed Hermoine's hand, "Good night Ahren. The Highmaster woud be quite angry if I did not return to the ship tonight."

Hermione blushed, "Good night Viktor." he was such a gentleman.

"Thank you for coming my friend. I can tell Hermoine quite enjoyed your company." Draco grinned.

"And I 'ers, Ahren is a very smart girl."
Hermione toyed with the golden snitches on her chain, "Viktor is really nice company."

XoooooX

Adrian didn't flew Neville back to Gryffindor's Common Room, they Flooed into Slytherin's.

Neville blushed and shivered, "Adrian?"

Adrian chuckled, "I just want to spend the night cuddling you nothing more. You aren't ready for more yet."

Neville was embarrassed that he had suspected his boyfriend of something improper.

Adrian had private rooms in the Slytherin Dungeons due to being a Prefect and led Neville to them, "Welcome to my room."

Neville was surprised because only a Gryffindor Head Boy or Head Girl had private chambers unless they were Bonded. "It's…nice."

Adrian opened his wardrobe and chose a pair of sleeping pants and shirts for them both shrinking a set for Neville. He himself was taller and more muscular then Neville was, then again he was older.

Neville turned his back to Adrian and shyly undressed before putting on his boyfriend's nightclothes.

Adrian dressed and turned down the bed before moving to wrap his arms around Neville's waist, "Merlin you're adorable."

Neville liked being held, his grandmother wasn't much into hugging and neither were the older relatives he had left. He had missed out on a lot of affection in his young life and Adrian was gently making up for that. After the horrible first two and a half years he had had as Ron's verbal and physical punching bag it was nice to feel like he was worth something. He worried what Adrian would do if he knew what Ron had done…

Adrian led Neville to the bed, "Thank you for trusting me."

Neville smiled up at Slytherin, "You've been good to me. You've been nothing but nice to me all term, you've helped me with my studies and bought me a new wand. You've taken me on dates, you invited me to the Yule Ball and Draco's party. You're not ashamed of me…"

"Ashamed of you? Why in Merlin's name would I be ashamed of you?"

"Because I'm fat? I'm clumsy? I get dreadful marks?"

"You are not fat, you are cute as a puppy Nev, but perhaps a Great Dane puppy." Adrian teased, "Your marks are because you had a terrible wand, it was too stubborn for you. As for your brewing skills, you may never be as good as Professor Snape but you can do well enough. Besides, we've managed to get you to brew confidently all the potions you learned as a First and Second year in just a few short weeks. It shouldn't take long to get you to be able to brew as well as most of your year mates." Brewing as well as a Slytherin much less Harry or Hermione was a little improbable. Neville wasn't a complete dunderhead at potions, he just needed a partner who would make sure he brewed calmly.

Neville snuggled into Adrian's warmth, the Slytherin Dungeons were so much colder then Gryffindor Tower.
Hermione made her way to the bedroom she had slept in when she spent the night here. Spending the last few evenings in Viktor's company was a joy, he was so smart and kind. She liked him a lot…

Slipping into a nightgown and then into bed, Hermione lay with her prized Snitches pressed to her heart as she fell asleep.

Viktor left the warmth of Hogwarts Castle to trudge his way to the ship in the snow, he wondered if he had been impolite when he refused to spend the night at Malfoy Manor which was no doubt an honor. His bunkmates would tease him if they knew he gave up the opportunity to sneak into her bed. He respected Ahren too much for that, they maybe courting but they weren't ready for a sexual relationship just yet especially given their age difference.

Hermione was just barely fifteen and he was eighteen which wasn't that drastic an age difference but he wanted her to be ready not to feel pressured because she had an older boyfriend. She was wise beyond her years, obviously cared for her friends and they for her. He wouldn't be surprised if she became a Prefect or Head Girl soon, taking her O.W.L.s early was a option few were capable of having. He was thrilled that papa and Otec approved of her, she was really excited about learning Russian so they could communicate. He wouldn't be surprised if once she learned Russian Ahren decided to learn a few other Slavic languages like Bulgarian. It was cold here but not as cold as it was at Durmstrang.

As the Parlour emptied of guests Bill and Fleur were becoming more affectionate, going from holding hands and chatting to kissing and cuddling.

Fleur was trying to restrain herself but her Heat was reaching it's peak and she was quickly becoming more brazen.

Bill was a little shocked but intrigued.

Blaisé made his way to them, "Mademoiselle Fleur, you might want to let my future brother-in-law breathe for a moment."

Fleur blushed, but her heckles were up. She was jealous of this dark Veela. "Why are yoo not with yoor own mate?"

Blaisé could tell she was merely defending herself and was being territorial of her mate. "I have only met Bill once and I haven't tried to make your acquaintance before Mademoiselle Fleur. An oversight which my guardian would no doubt take me to task for, I have not mingled as much as I should have tonight. I can tell that you two do need time together and are being woven more tightly together then myself and Charlie but I think that Bill should speak with Charlie about having a Veela for a mate." he chuckled, "we require a lot of care and attention. As for Mademoiselle Fleur I would like to learn from her, I have spent little time with my mother's flock and have missed out on making friends amoung my own kind."

Bill laughed, "Am I being dismissed?"

"Bill you are family," showing the older Weasley his engagement ring, "as Fleur can no doubt understand I hate to be parted from my mate especially at such a time."
Bill nodded, "I promise we won't be away long, I'll let you two talk."

Fleur was most displeased that he was leaving her and was even more upset that Blaisé had dismissed him.

Blaisé bowed politely, "I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mademoiselle Fleur. I like you are monogamous, I have need of only Charlie and I would be ever so pleased to be your friend."

Fleur was surprised at the younger Veela's genuine politeness, "You are lucky to find your mate so quickly."

Blaisé smiled, "I know, we have good taste. When I first laid eyes on our mates I thought they were the most exotic men I'd ever seen but it was Charlie that I was drawn to. He had a burn on his arm from a dragon and it healed the moment I touched him. He was intrigued by me, he never pursued a relationship with anyone until me."

"You are far nicer than I thought Monsieur Blaisé."

Blaisé smiled, "We are soon to be family it would be best if we were friendly, especially since we are outnumbered here. I haven't really had the pleasure of meeting many Veela."

"I haven't met many outside my mother's flock, mother lays only one egg at a time and the sister I am closest to is Gabrielle and she's nine."

Blaisé looked sad, "I have no natural siblings, my birth mother lost her mate as soon as I was born. I am the only surviving egg from their only brood, mother hasn't managed to care for any of her chicks. I was raised by Lady Malfoy, she cared for me like her own son and thinks of my chicks as her first grandchildren."

"Lady Malfoy raised you?" that was unusual for a chick to be raised by a non-Veela.

"She is seated on the loveseat near the fire, the basket beside her contains my first brood. I am happy that Lord and Lady Malfoy approve of my mate. Charlie's father stayed with us and spent time getting to know me while I laid my eggs."

"William's father is that accepting?"

"Arthur Weasley is a decent man, honorable and raised five outstanding sons, all of which are here. Charlie is my mate, Bill is yours, Percy is being courted by a rather cute Professional Quidditch player and they are talking about having kids. Charlie might end up having to play against Oliver, Charlie is considering taking up Quidditch again. Percy is going into the Ministry I believe. Bill and Charlie are probably inheriting titles, you would make a gorgeous Lady Weasley Mademoiselle Fleur." Blaisé decided he definitely liked her, he just hoped she was open-minded when she figured out about Fred and George. "The twins are being pursued by the Chudley Cannons to fly as their Beaters but they want to open their own joke shop together. They are really brilliant."

"I see Oliver, Fred and George fly at the match. They are very good."

"They are good, I am considering trying out for a position as Chaser next year and flying under Adrian. I think the three of us could give the Gryffindor Golden Trio decent competition."

"A Veela Chaser? We are Natural flyers but you feel comfortable flying on a broom?" Fleur was curious.

"I grew up on a broom, there is a pitch on the Manor grounds. Some of us boys used to play a bit."

Draco is a decent Seeker, not as good as Harry or Viktor but he is good."

"Is he as good a Seeker as he is a Chaser?"

Blaisé tilted his head in thought, "Honestly, I don't know. I think he is talented as either, I probably could fly as a Seeker but I like the position as Chaser."

XooooooX

Bill made his way to his brother Charlie, "I see you proposed to that cute boy of yours."

Charlie grinned, "It kind of seemed like the right thing to do, him having my kids and all. It takes patience and understanding to be the mate of a Veela, you need a lot of stamina too. A Veela in Heat can wear you out."

"It's not like you have much practice in the bedroom Charlie. You were caught with a boy what a total of three or four times during your years at Hogwarts?"

Charlie blushed as red as his hair, "You caught me like half of those."

"It was a bit of a surprise to find out you were pretty bent. Blaisé is a nice boy, I look forward to attending your Bonding." Bill leaned over to whisper, "Is it true what Mum sent me? Dad moved in with you?"

Charlie shrugged, "He's staying at Eagle's Nest, I've been sharing an apartment at Hogwarts with Blaisé."

"You enjoying making the beast with two backs then little brother?" Bill teased.

"Not as much as you'll enjoy your bird I'll imagine." his words had a double meaning; bird was slag for a girl and Fleur being part Veela was a bird at least in one form. Charlie chuckled, "If she hasn't laid hers yet, then our kids should be close in age but mine will be older."

Bill hadn't really thought about it, Charlie's kids would be older then his? Now that was interesting. He asked quietly, "Can I see them?"

Charlie nodded moving towards a sleepy Narcissa, "I'll take them, Blaisé and I will be heading to Eagle's Nest to sleep."

"Good night Charlie, nice to meet you Bill. We'll be family soon I'm sure." Narcissa covered her mouth to hide a yawn.

Charlie picked up the basket cradling it to his chest with one strong arm and tugged down the blanket, "Aren't they beautiful?"

Bill chuckled, "A lot of fuss over eggs."

Charlie grinned, "You'd fuss plenty if they were yours and Fleur's." then his eyes were sad, "Poor girl,"

"What about her?" Bill was a little surprised at Charlie's change in demeanor.

"Well, every year after their fifteenth winter they go into Heat, they lay eggs and are duty bound by nature to care for them. Blaisé and Fleur are different then other young people, they're monogamists, they would only be capable of being with us. Being seventeen she's cared for two broods that never hatched, that can leave a scar on a mother. Remember when mom lost the baby? She got pregnant
right after the twins were born, it broke her heart when she lost it at four months. It's that way only worse for a Veela, even though they know they didn't sleep with their mate they still react as if the eggs not hatching a result of bad parenting or something. Blaisé is lucky, this is his first clutch and I know they're fertilized." Charlie smirked, "I made sure of it."

"You're a randy bloke aren't you Charlie?" Bill teased, then sobered, "So she's lost two babies because we hadn't met yet?"

Charlie shrugged, "I don't know, Veela lay anywhere from one egg to three during Breeding Season. Blaisé had two which is common, but it probably varies between Veela."

"That would explain why she is so needy for affection,"

"Big brother I think she honestly cares for you. Blaisé told me a few times he was born for me, that I was his destined mate. I'm certain Fleur feels the same way about you, don't worry about Dad. He took my relationship with Blaisé well in fact he stayed with us the entire time Blaisé was laying these. He told me that I better do the honorable thing and Bond with Blaisé before they are born. A full-blood Veela's gestation period is four months, but Blaise is sure his would be longer because he's half human."

"I think Fleur is a quarter Veela." Bill said thoughtfully.

"Then like I said your kids will be younger then mine. I'll have the oldest grandkids." Charlie teased, he'd never really thought about having a family until he met Blaisé.

XoooooX

Damocles heard the clock chime midnight and turned to Corey, "Merlin, I didn't expect to be out so late. It was nice meeting you but we better go. Theseus doesn't like being left in the care of House Elves."

Severus and Remus were sad to see them go.

Severus said quickly, "Why don't you come over for dinner on New Year's? Wisteria Meadows about six? Just Floo over, my son Harry and his boyfriend Draco will join us I'm sure."

"Draco? As in our host?" Corey asked incredulously.

"He is a very open-minded, progressive young man." Remus said with pride, "He loves our Harry very much."

"One would not normally expect a Malfoy to invite two of us to a grand party like this." Corey said quietly.

"Perhaps, but Draco is no ordinary Malfoy."

"Of course I'm not ordinary, an ordinary Malfoy or wizard wouldn't have a phoenix familiar or the love of a wonderful boy named Harry Potter." Draco chuckled, his arm around a sleepy Harry's waist.

Harry yawned snuggling into Draco, "I'm tired Draco."

"I know Adder. I just thought we should say good night to your papa and Remus."

Harry stumbled into Severus' arms, "Night papa."
Severus' eyes softened, "Good night Harry."

Remus ruffled his hair, "Night Pup."

Harry slumped in Severus' arms, "Night dad." falling asleep immediately.

Remus' eyes watered, "Dad? Harry called me dad?

Draco laughed scooping up Harry, "Of course he did. You're the only parents he's ever had. Being Uncle Sev's mate you became his parent, you've protected him and helped take care of him."

Remus smiled at the sleeping boy, "I've thought of him as our son for a while now."

Corey thought it was funny, the Boy Who Lived raised by a werewolf and a former Death Eater. He could sense the Dark Mark…

Draco carried Harry up to their room.

Severus and Remus said goodbye to their new friends.

Severus was really happy to met the man who created the Wolfsbane's Potion and to find out that it wasn't so dangerous to have Remus' child. The lycanthropy couldn't be passed on…

Remus knew that Severus had meant it when he said he wanted a child, his child. His last reason for refusing was gone, he just wanted them to be properly Bonded before they tried to have a child. He never dared think about having a child before because of his condition, he had Severus and Harry, they made him a part of their family…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom: HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

this ch is dedicated to LadyPhoenix731, Suto-Chan, karone-sakura, Alrisce, Silver Tongue theangelgirllmax, neongreenleaves, LadyPhoenix731, angelsarah22, yukino89, A Being Of Violet Fire, alice22, BronzeButterfly18, Kichy-chan and littlesprout

Chapter 32-
The Morning after Draco's Solstice Party

Fleur woke in a strange bed but the warm body that held her close was familiar. She felt the familiar beginning of cramps that heralded the laying of her eggs. She closed her eyes and hoped against hope that last night with her mate wasn't too late. The last thing she wanted was to care for another set of unfertilized eggs. It nearly killed her last year when her eggs failed to hatch again.

Bill pulled the warm French Veela closer, "Morning."

Fleur stiffened, "Morning."

"What's wrong?"

"I'm just hoping we weren't too late." Her voice cracked with pain.

"About making sure the eggs had a chance to hatch?"

Fleur nodded.

"Don't worry. I'm sure it will be alright. I'm here for you. Charlie said Blaise was born for him, does that mean we're born for each other?"

Fleur's eyes filled with tears, "That's what we say."

"If the eggs don't hatch it doesn't make it your fault. I could never blame you. I care for you too much." Bill kissed her neck.

Fleur winced at another twinge from her abdomen; she'd have to change forms soon. She trusted him, he smelled honest...she'd lay her eggs today and had to hope that it was enough. She wanted to hold her own chicks in her arms, to know that it wasn't her fault, that she wasn't a bad mother...

Bill hated to see her upset and he wanted to keep her from the pain of losing her eggs again.

Chapter End Notes
It didn't take long for Narcissa to find out about Severus and Remus' small family dinner party with Damocles and Corey. She maybe weeks from giving birth but that didn't stop her from taking over. Narcissa Malfoy nee Black was a pureblood and the Lady of a proud house she knew more about throwing a party then her friend Severus and his lover Remus.

Being half bloods and raised among Muggles as only children the Heads of Gryffindor and Slytherin were bound to lose a disagreement over party planning with Lady Malfoy. It was however something Remus was sure he was going to have to learn.

When the day of the party arrived it wasn't so small; Lucius, Narcissa, Draco, Harry, Severus, Remus, Charlie, Blaisé and Arthur were all present.

The flames in the floo flashed green; Damocles exited with a small boy in his arms, a young girl about three years older just behind him and Corey in the rear.

Remus chuckled, "I know we said a small family dinner with just our son and his beau but it seems to have grown to include more of our family."

Corey chuckled, "It is nice to have such a large family."

Severus nodded, "Yes, something I am learning to appreciate now that I find myself blessed with it. Its hard to imagine my solitary life before Draco brought Harry into my life."

Harry grinned, "I'm glad I had papa, Draco and Lucius to look out for me. Now I have everyone; I have Narcissa who is the closest thing to a mother I have, I have Hermione who is like my sister, Fred, George and Percy are like my brothers and Blaisé is Draco's brother, Annie is like a beloved aunt. My family has grow so much..."

Charlie laughed, "And it's growing much bigger quickly; Blaisé and I are engaged. We're expecting."

Blaisé smirked, "Fleur and Bill are inseparable, no doubt they are expecting. Mother is weeks from having our sister."
Lucius chuckled, "Percy and Oliver are talking about kids."

Charlie was glad George wasn't present all the talk about kids would upset him.

Damocles nodded, "It's nice that your family is so accepting."

Corey took their son from his mate, "I only wish your brother was so enlightened."

Narcissa smirked, "Black I maybe but I can see that Remus is the only person for Severus. They have a connection."

"I've loved Severus practically my entire life. I'm just glad he gave me a chance to win his heart." Remus rested his arm on his mate's shoulder.

"Didn't take much." Severus muttered.

Blaisé's ears twitched, "Oh really? Certainly took you long enough."

Harry bounced up and down, "Dad when are you going to marry Papa?"

Remus chuckled, "As soon as I find the right ring to ask him properly."

Dobby popped into the room, "Mistress dinner is served."

"Dobby, this is Severus' party. You should be informing him." Narcissa said dismissively as if she hadn't taken over the party completely and doubled the expected family in attendance.

"Master Severus, dinner is served." Dobby said accepting the admonishment without question.

Harry, Draco, their parents, family and guests made their way into the larger Dining Room in Wisteria Lanes.

Sitting down with his friends all around him Harry didn't really pay much attention to his papa's guests.

Lucius was talking to Arthur amiably regarding a petition before the Wizengamot; Narcissa was fawning over Blaisé's eggs that lay on a chair between her and Blaisé.

Draco was talking animatedly with Blaisé, Harry and Charlie.

Blaisé sipped his pumpkin juice and nibbled at his salad, "Harry have you figured out the secret of the Golden Egg yet?"

The table went silent, the spectre of the Triwizard's Tournament raising its shadow at Blaisé's words.

Harry blushed shaking his head.

Blaise rolled his eyes and muttered in Italian before fixing his black eyes on the tiny former Gryffindor, "Do I have to figure out everything for you? The Basilisk? The use of a Phoenix? The procurement of said phoenix? The dragon? That bloody awful screeching is Mermish! Something that rude Mr. Crouch is said to speak fluently. Drop the bloody egg in the bathtub! Take a deep breath stick your head in and open the egg! Its so simple!"

Lucius chuckled, "Blaise, I am impressed with your deductions. You should consider a career in Magizoology."
Blaise blushed at the praise from the father figure in his life, "Thank you sir."

Draco was impressed, no wonder Blaise put Hermione to shame sometimes. As brilliant as the Muggleborn witch was, she didn't have sort of insight Blaise did into magizoology.

Harry shifted nervously, "I'll do that soon."

Blaise sighed, "I'm sure you will. You're cutting it awful close. I'm sure the other champions figured it out by now."

Remus started up a conversation with Corey about parenting and discipline while Severus shyly asked Damocles about the realities of carrying the children of a werewolf.

Charlie was watching the two young children and thought about what his children might be like at that age.

Narcissa and Lucius excused themselves after coffee; Draco wished them good night before turning back to Harry.

Blaise had started a conversation with Remus and Corey, perhaps instead of going into magizoology he should go into promoting rights for witches and wizards with creature blood. One shouldn't have to hide their true selves.

After their guests left Remus turned to Severus, "Those kids are gorgeous."

Severus looked up at his lover, "Does it make you want your own?"

Remus smirked, "I'm thinking about it but I'd rather be bonded to you first."

"Is that request?"

Remus smirked, "Not yet but soon."

Severus hugged him fiercely; Remus wanted to be Bonded to him and wanted to have children with him? Having Harry had brought so much joy into his life, he had a man who loved him and wanted to be with him. They were growing to be a family; Remus had made a impact on both him and Harry. He loved them both; it was nice to have someone who loved him. He had a son and a lover…

Remus kissed his forehead, "Just out of curiosity, how long does a male pregnancy potion take to brew?"

"Four months?"

Remus smirked, "Well I don't know when I'd be ready to try but perhaps, having it on hand might be a good idea."

Severus kissed him, already running over the ingredients and wondered what their children would be like.

They made their way to their bedroom rather pleased with themselves.

Chapter End Notes
Weasley Surprises

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom : HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 34-Weasley Surprises

Percy had overslept for the third time this week and he was late; late for Percy was arriving anywhere less then thirty minutes early post-Hogwarts. He'd let Oliver do the laundry again and his clothes end up shrunk. Plus the nausea wasn't helping, seriously he hated winter there was a reason he flooed and Apparated everywhere.

There was a meeting at Hogwarts about the second task last minute deals and whatnot…

No sooner had he stepped out of the floo did he feel a fresh wave of nausea and vertigo.

Lucius was reading over Percy's notes from the last Hogwarts' Governors meeting and the Wizengamot financing committee report when he noticed his assistant's paler than normal features. The man was surprised to see his overly conscious protégé stumble and lose what little breakfast he'd eaten on the Headmistress' office floor. He stood quickly and knelt beside Percy, the young man was lighter then he expected when he picked him up. Absently banishing the pile of sick with the expertise of the husband of a pregnant witch.

Severus strode in to find Lucius laying Percy on a couch in Minerva's office, "What happened?"

"Not sure but he was dizzy and nauseous." Lucius was surprised.

Severus cast a few diagnostic spells, he sensed a second magical signature within the unconscious young man. Sighing he cast a pregnancy detection spell, he was a little surprised. "Remember when you told Percy that parental leave would become part of his job benefits? You might have to grant that sooner then you expected."

Lucius blinked, "What? They barely discussed wanting children at the Yule Ball."

Severus cast a spell that checked how far along the third Weasley son was, "Hmm…because he is barely three months pregnant." He was only telling Lucius because he was Percy's employer.

McGonagall entered her office to find Lucius and Severus standing over the unconscious body of young Percy Weasley. "What happened?"

"It seems that my assistant is ill." Lucius began.
"I will go pick up a few potions. I will find Charlie and see if he can send one of his house elves after Wood." Severus said standing.

"Will he be alright?" Percy had been one of the better Head Boys in recent years, and McGonagall worried for him.

"I'm sure he will." Severus said, his robes billowing behind him like black wings.

Lucius lifted the former Gryffindor in his arms and heading back to the floo, "Would you toss in the powder Headmistress? I'm going to take him home. I think we can afford to postpone our meeting for another day."

McGonagall nodded, tossing in the powder for him.

Lucius called out the location of Percy and Oliver's floo when the formidable woman tossed the powder.

XoooooX

Severus made his way to Charlie and Blaise's rooms on the Fifth floor near the library, "Professor is Charlie in?"

"Yes."

"Would you ask if I can speak with him?"

The portrait nodded stiffly before disappearing from it's frame.

The portrait swung open, Charlie greeted Severus. "Morning Professor."

"I hope I'm not disturbing you but I need a favor."

Charlie let the man in, "Of course."

"Percy is ill. It's a bit of an emergency; it would be quite helpful if you could send one of your elves after Mr. Wood. He'll need to be brought home post haste."

"Is Percy alright?" Charlie asked anxiously.

"I'm sure he'll be fine. I can't tell you much without his consent and at the moment he can't give it to me."

Charlie nodded, "Jocy?"

The house Apparated to his master's side, "Yes master?"

"I need you to go find Oliver Wood. He should be at the Puddlemere home pitch. Take him and bring straight to his apartment."

"Jocy good elf. Jocy go find Master Percy's consort."

Severus nodded, "I need to raid my personal potion stores and then make my way to Percy's place. I'll let you know when he's awake and ready to receive company."

"Thank you professor."

XoooooX
Jocy Apparated onto the Puddlemere home pitch, right in front of the coach of Master Percy's consort's team.

"Get out of the way elf!"


The exasperated man yelled, "Wood! Get your ass down here!"

Oliver landed quickly, "Yes sir?"

"This Bloody elf just showed up. He wants you."

Jocy wrapped his long fingers around Oliver's wrist, "Master Charlie said Jocy find Oliver Wood. Jocy bring Oliver Wood home. Master Percy sick."

Oliver's face lost color, "Percy's sick?" his lover had moved slowly this morning and had been more snappy then usual. "Coach, I've got to go. Family emergency."

Jocy Apparated them away.

Percy woke slowly to find himself home on a couch.

"You're awake! Thank Merlin."

"Oliver? What happened? Why am I here?"

"You fainted after losing your breakfast on McGonagall's office floor." Lucius said with a slight chuckle.

"I hope you don't mind that I gave you a quick exam. I was however rather surprised…"

"What's wrong with me?" Percy was highly embarrassed, throwing up and fainting? In front of Lord Malfoy?

"It seems that you are three months pregnant." Severus said with a smirk, "Congratulations."

Percy blinked, "That's impossible. I haven't purchased the potion. I hadn't even checked the prices."

"We barely decided less then three weeks ago we were interested in children now." Oliver said confused.

"Well then perhaps, someone dosed you somehow." Severus said rubbing his chin in thought.

"Three weeks? That means technically he conceived before Blaise which makes him the bearer of the first conceived Weasley grandchild." Lucius chuckled, but the child would be born after Blaisé's most likely.

"It has to be Ollie's. I've never been with anyone else." Percy said quietly.

It was quite a shock find out Percy was pregnant, much less three months. Oliver was both worried and excited, "Why did he faint?"
"I assume his pregnancy makes him intolerable of flooing at least for right now." Severus said with a chuckle, "It happens sometimes, he seems to have gained some weight and is troubled by morning sickness. I brought some potions by; you can make an order later. In about two weeks I can try to determine gender if you like."

Percy rest in hand on his stomach, he'd gained weight? He had been sure his robes were shrinking, "Do we need to find a specialist?"

Severus shrugged, "That's up to you. I would be willing to be your healer for the duration of your pregnancy like I am for Narcissa."

"Take two weeks off for now Percy. See if you can get your morning sickness under control with potions. We'll reevaluate your health at your next appointment, for now you're just on sick leave."

Oliver bowed his head in gratitude, "Thank you Lord Malfoy."

"Please call me Lucius. Take care of yourself." Lucius said with a chuckle, "Congratulations." Flooing back to Hogwarts to retrieve his belongings.

Severus made his way to the floo, "Do tell Charlie that you're alright. He will be worried. Jocy may mention you've been ill to your father."

Oliver nodded, "I'll take care of it.

XoooooX

Two days later…

George had been emotionally withdrawing from Fred since Draco's Christmas party. He knew Fred was seriously considering flying for the Cannons, he didn't want to hold his brother back. He loved Fred so much but he felt like he was denying his twin a real future…

Fred had felt George putting a distance between them and he couldn't understand it. They had always been so close, now he felt George's emotions less and less. He didn't like it…not one bit. He checked on the potion they'd been brewing since October and it was finally ready. He tapped George on the shoulder, "The potion. It's done. It's ready to test." They always tested products on themselves first…

George blinked, "Potion?" he'd been lost in his own emo musings to remember…

"The switching potion?" Fred said surprised.

"Oh, that one. Sure I guess we can test it." George said in a subdued voice.

Fred grabbed his twin's hand and led him to the blocked passage that they tested and created products in. when they were alone he stopped to face George, "What's wrong? You're pushing me out and I don't like it. We're Gred and Forge, we share a heart and a dream. Talk to me Georgie."

"I'm holding you back. I'm sorry." George said quietly.

"Holding me back? George is this about the Cannons? Merlin! It's a pipedream; I wouldn't fly for the Cannons if we both didn't want it. All that really matters is you and our future joke shop. I love you, please stop doubting us."

"I'm sorry I can't help it. We shouldn't be a couple but I can't help loving you." He ached for Fred
and it was breaking his heart to be distancing himself from his twin.

"I don't give a damn about what others will think. It's not their business. We're going to procure a place in Diagon Alley with an upstairs apartment. That will be our private domain. It doesn't matter to anyone what we do in our own place. Now can we forget about this and just enjoy ourselves? I want to test that potion."

George blushed, "You mean I test it…"

"Something like that." He led George toward the cauldron, "Ready?" the potion was one of their own invention…

"I guess…"

Fred laddled a dose into a chipped cup and handed it to George.

"Bottoms up." George muttered nervously as he drank the potion. There was a tingling sensation through out his body and then he shrank, his height went from 181 cm to 170. His muscles transformed into leaner versions and he grew breasts. His hips widened and he gained curves.

Fred whistled, "Merlin! Georgie you make one fine broad."

George's uniform was definitely a tripping hazard now…

Fred lifted the small feminine George up for a kiss, "Still beautiful…"

George blushed, "Freddie…"

"Let me see…"

George nervously undressed; he was embarrassed that the potion worked so completely…

Fred had to admit a female George was sexy and definitely the one girl he found attractive. He sent his own clothes tumbling to the floor with a silent wandless spell he'd mastered ages ago. "I want to explore this body of yours."

George yelped with surprise to feel Fred's very masculine body against his own.

Transfiguring their uniforms to a mattress Fred gently slowly made love to George. He would only try this with George.

George wished that he was capable of having Fred's babies but alas he wasn't a real girl. It was different to make love this way and he wasn't sure he liked it. It didn't feel right this way…

While George made a beautiful girl and it was an interesting chance to make love to a girl he missed his lover's tight ass…

George closed his eyes and whimpered as he felt Fred come inside his female body. It was a different, strange feeling. When he orgasmed he passed out at the climax…

Fred chuckled, "Not surprising but I had hoped he'd last another round…"

George's magic sensed something and embraced it.

Fred cast an alarm charm to let him know when the gender-switching potion wore off so they could know for later. He didn't plan on using it again he preferred George the way he was supposed to
be…his twin brother…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 35- Musing and Happy events

Harry stuck his head in the water to listen for the fifth time…

Come seek us where our voices sound,
We cannot sing above the ground,
And while you're searching ponder this;
We've taken what you'll sorely miss,
An hour long you'll have to look,
And to recover what we took,
But past an hour, the prospect's black,
Too late it's gone, it won't come back.

Blaise had been right; it was Mermish…

Come seek us where our voices sound? Can't sing above the ground? Water? Something about underwater? The Lake?


He'd have an hour? Only an hour to find what was lost? If he didn't succeed they'd be gone forever? He couldn't live without papa, Draco or Orion.

He shivered, under water for an hour? How could he survive? He couldn't hold his breath more than a minute and a half…

XoooooX

Two days later… [January 9, 1994]

Draco, Harry, Blaise, Charlie, Fred, George and Hermione left Hogwarts by floo to the Manor. Remus was bringing Severus in soon…

XoooooX

Remus wrapped his arms around his mate, kissing his neck as he admired his Sevy in the mirror.
"You look gorgeous." In the pocket of his robe was a silver ring in the shape of a serpent with emerald eyes; he planned on giving it to his mate.

Severus blushed, "You didn't need go to much trouble." His birthday had never been worthy of much celebration.

"It's not troublesome to show you how much we care about you." Remus chuckled, "We should go, they are waiting for us."

It was a little surreal to be worthy of a birthday party…

They emerged in one of the Manor's parlours to find it decorated in green and silver.

Harry leapt from Draco's lap to meet him, "Happy Birthday papa."

Severus hugged the tiny Fourth Year, "Thank you."

Remus grinned; "Since we're all here..." he held out a black velvet box, "it would be my honor to ask you to be Bonded to me. Harry, Draco and Lucius have already given their consent. I would like nothing more."

Severus opened the box to find a silverish ring in the shape of a serpent with emerald eyes, he blinked, "Remus?"

Remus slipped the ring on his mate's crooked left ring finger, "I want to make our little family official and if you are still willing, I'll like to give you everything you always wanted and were afraid you didn't deserve." He leaned forward to whisper, "I want us to have a baby of our own."

Severus blushed, Bonded? Make their family official? Remus wanted him to have their own baby?

Andromeda smirked, "Say yes or I can't give you your present."

Severus threw his arms around Remus' neck and kissed him, "Of course I'll say yes. When?"

Remus grinned, "I was thinking during Spring Holidays, it would be after exams."

Lucius chuckled, "That sounds perfect. I'll be presiding I'm sure. Severus can't oversee his own Bonding."

Severus nodded, "I would be most grateful."

"That means I get to plan." Narcissa said excitedly.

"You're a few weeks from giving birth, are you sure that's wise mother?" Draco asked concerned.

"Don't forget you still have our Bonding to plan Narcissa. I only wish my mother wished to be apart of it. I would be her onlyt child to bond." Charlie said bowing his head in respect for the woman who had accepted his lover into her heart.

Narcissa waved her hand dismissively, "The Bonding is planned for a traditional ceremony in the small ballroom due to the weather. The invitations went out last week, it's planned for February 10."

"Mother! That's the day after your due date." Draco protested.

"Actually Dragon I'm due on the eighth." Narcissa gently corrected, "I'll be perfectly fine to oversee Blaisè's bonding."
Oliver spoke up, "I know it's short notice but in light of our surprising pregnancy but our Bonding will be on February 15 at six pm. Your invitations will be sent out by owl post tomorrow. Mother has graciously agreed to oversee the whole event. There will be a late supper following the ceremony."

"I didn't know you proposed officially." Charlie teased.

Percy smirked, "I wasn't aware you'd proposed either until Ollie mentioned it after noticing Blaisé's ring while we were talking with Minister Bones."

Oliver chuckled, "Show them the ring."

Percy's ring was a lion with a quill in one paw and a gold snitch in the other, "I love it."

"Who is next to get engaged?" Fred asked teasingly, "Hermione?"

Arthur chuckled, "Congratulations boys but I'm after that you're wrong Fred. Bill just introduced Fleur to my father last week. Apparently father has his heart set on Fleur being Lady Weasley."

Charlie smirked, that made him the future Lord Prewett.

"So we have the future Lord Wood and his consort, Lord Potter-Black, Lord Malfoy, Lord Zabini, Lord Prewett here." Draco said counting them out, "We're on good terms with the heirs to the Longbottom and Pucey seats. I'm sure we're also on good terms with the future Lord Weasley."

Lucius interrupted, "Don't forget we have Lord Prince and his consort."

Harry blinked, "Lord Prince?"

Narcissa grinned, "Severus' grandfather was the previous Lord Prince, he inherited the title after the war."

Andromeda flicked her wand and a scroll with a bow floated beside Remus and Severus. Severus untied the bow and unrolled the scroll; his eyes widened and then glimmered with moisture. "Andromeda?"

Remus' jaw dropped, "Adoption papers?"

Harry's head spun to look at Draco's aunt. Andromeda chuckled, "He's still a Potter but legally he's your son when you sign the papers. They are only valid if you're legally Bonded."

Harry's eyes filled with tears, "Parents? They are really truly my parents?"

Remus knelt and held his arms out, "Come here pup."

Harry scrambled from Draco's lap and into Remus' arms, "Dad."

Remus hugged him with one arm and reached for Severus, "Thank you Andromeda."

Harry buried his face in Severus' robes, "Papa."

Draco looked up at his aunt and mouthed, "Thank you."
She chuckled, after the last few months they had all had they deserved to be happy.

Remus ruffled Harry's hair and kissed his mate, "I love you both."

The party continued with dinner and more presents, but the best gifts Severus Snape had already received; Remus' proposal and Harry was soon to be their legal son. He couldn't be happier especially since Remus wanted to try for a son. He planned on taking fertility potions for the next four months just to be sure he'd conceive.

XoooooX

Fred had borrowed Harry's golden egg, listened to the song and come up with a solution. He slipped into Harry's room and shook the sleeping boy, "Harry."

Harry rubbed his eyes yawning, "Fred?"

Fred held out the egg, "Sorry I borrowed it without asking. I thought you might need a little help. I did some research; you have about three normal options. One would be the bubble-head charm, Gillyweed which tastes nasty and transfiguring yourself into a water creature. Since I think you need your hands transfiguration would be foolish. Learn the Bubble head charm just in case but use this. It's a potion George and I brewed it to play tag with the giant squid. It will last almost an hour and a half since it has Gillyweed in it. It gives you gills and speeds up your body's absorption of oxygen."

Harry hugged him, "Thank you!" he'd make sure the potion stayed safe. Now he had to look forward to having someone he cared about and needed being taken. His heart twisted, they wouldn't be cruel enough to take Draco would they? He shivered, he hoped not...

Chapter End Notes

New Family additions

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom : HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 36- New Family additions

February 8-

Narcissa was feeling the early stages of labor for hours but didn't say much until the contractions got closer together. It was just after dinner when they were seven minutes apart, "Lucius? I think you should call for Severus now."

Lucius looked up, "Cissy?"
"I'm getting closer. You might inform the boys as well."

Lucius grinned, "Dippy!"

The summoned elf arrived quickly, "Yes Master?"
"Make sure Narcissa makes it to our rooms." Lucius said just before kissing her, "Be right back."

XoooooX

It was eight hours before a rather red-face Severus checked Narcissa again, "Your water did break and you are fully dilated. Do me a favor and push? I know I delivered Draco and I'm a healer but I need to remove these memories." The last thing he liked knowing, was that he'd seen up Narcissa's skirt.

Narcissa whimpered, nearly crushing Lucius' hand as she pushed.

There was a welcomed cry…

Severus used a severing charm to cut the cord and then tied it as he used a gentle cleaning charm to clean the infant. Soon he'd be carrying his own he hoped…

Lucius surprised himself by diapering and wrapping the baby, his daughter he noticed before handing her to his wife. "Cissy, she's beautiful. Just like you."

Narcissa smirked, "Don't get any ideas, I'm not planning on another kid yet. I have a bonding to plan and oversee."

Lucius kissed her check, "Blaisé's Bonding is tomorrow, are you sure you'll be up to it?"
Narcissa sneered, "A few potions and I'll be right as rain. Something as little as giving birth to my daughter isn't going to keep me from presiding over the bonding of the son of my heart."

"If you say so Cissy." He let her feed the baby, "What should we call her?"

Narcissa smirked, "Has to be a constellation…"

Lucius chuckled, "Blacks…"

"How about Carina Fayanna Malfoy?"

Lucius shrugged, "Whatever you want."

XoooooX

Draco was pacing in the drawing room at the Manor; he was worried about his mother…

Harry noticed the family tree had grown another leaf; he said softly, "Carina Fayanna Malfoy?" it was a beautiful name…

Draco blinked, spun around and checked the wall; he really did have a sister.

Severus walked in, "Your mother is fine and insisting on holding Blaisé's bonding tomorrow as planned. I suggest we all get some sleep."

XoooooX

Invitations to Charlie and Blaisé's Bonding had been sent to their families and Housemates.

The Bonding was scheduled for two in the afternoon…

Only Ginny, Ron and Molly look very unhappy to be there…

The rite was being held in the Solarium due to the weather, otherwise it would have been held outside..

Lucius began, "May the place of this rite be consecrated by the Magic that binds us together as one people. For we gather here in a ritual of love with two who would be Bonded one to another. Charles Octavian Weasley and Blaise Orion Zabini please come forward and stand here before us, and before those who came before."

Charlie and Blaise stepped forward and stood before Lucius and Narcissa, Charlie in front of Narcissa, Blaise in front of Lucius.

Narcissa lifted her hands facing the East, "Be with us here, O beings of the Air with your clever fingers tie closely the bonds between these two."

Lucius spoke the South, "Be with us here, O beings of Fire. Give their love and passion your own all-consuming ardor."

Narcissa turned to the West, "Be with us here, O beings of Water Give them the deepest of love and the richness of the body, of the soul and of the spirit."

Lucius cast his eyes to the North, "Be with us here, O beings of Earth let your strength and constancy be theirs for so long as they desire to remain together."
Lucius and Narcissa lifted their voices together, "Blessed Ancestors give to these before you, we do ask your love and protection. Blessed Be."

Everyone but Molly, Ron and Ginny repeated, "Blessed Be."

Narcissa and Lucius used their wands to levitate up the baton between them with the rings upon it.

Narcissa smiled at them. "Place your right hands over this baton and your rings, Charlie's hand over Blaisé's. Above you are the stars below you are the stones as time does pass remember: Like a star, should our love be constant. Like a stone, should your love be firm. Be close, but not too close. Posses one another, but be understanding. Have patience each with the other for storms will come, but they will go quickly. Be free in the giving of affection and warmth. Make love often, and be sensuous with one another. Have no fear and let not the ways or words of the unenlightened give you unease for those who love you are with you, now and always."

Narcissa paused for five heartbeats, "Is it your wish, Blaise Orion Zabini to become one with this man?"

Blaise gave his answer, "More then anything."

Lucius spoke, "Is it your wish, Charles Octavian Weasley to become one with this man?"

Charlie gave his answer, "I do, I love him and our children."

Narcissa asked, "Do any say nay?"

Before the three unwelcome Weasleys could say anything, Fred and Bill had already hexed them into silence.

Narcissa beamed, "Then, as the Ancient Ones are witness to this rite and the Blessing of the House of Malfoy, I now proclaim you Bonded."

Percy stepped forward with the Bonding contract, while he and Draco held out quills.

Charlie and Blaise signed the contract, magic leapt from the parchment entwining around their wrists with silver and gold chains.

Blaise said quietly, "Bound to one another by love that shall never be torn asunder." the magic flickered but the connection between them was stronger then before that transformed to rings.

Lucius held out his wand as Percy sealed the scroll, " May I introduce for the first time Charles Octavian and Blaise Orion Prewett-Zabini Let us bless the couple…"

"As it is written…so let it be…" the chorus was taken up with raised wands that showered the couple with gold and sliver sparks.

Ron was seething, Ginny was worried that her poor deluded Harry would find himself tangled in Malfoy's web and forced to bond. Molly may not approve of her son's bondmate but she would never miss one of her children's wedding. Why couldn't Charlie Bond to that cute pink haired Hufflepuff Chaser? Didn't she become an Auror? Something Tonks…

Draco hugged Charlie, "Welcome to the family."

Arthur slide the Prewett ring onto his second son's finger, "Make that Lord Charles Octavian Prewett-Zabini."
Fred glanced at his twin, his lover, the pain he saw in George's eyes wasn't a surprise. He squeezed George's hand, smiling at him. He'd find something, they couldn't bond but surely there was some ceremony…

George looked into Fred's eyes and gave him a slight smile.

Harry hugged Charlie, "You be good to Blaise. He's like a brother."

Fred called out, "Hey! I thought we were your brothers."

Harry grinned, "Can't have too many brothers. If you're my brothers, then so is Charlie and Charlie married Draco's brother."

Draco smirked, "I love your logic."

Lucius had gently bullied Narcissa into a chair and Severus had reluctantly handed off his future goddaughter.

Ron was still grumbling to himself but the spell that had been cast on him had yet to wear off.

Molly was luckier, she moved close to Remus, "Any news when Ginny's suspension might be up? She missed her exams…

Lucius snorted, "Weren't you informed? Ginny is to report to the Ministry for questioning under Veritaserum regarding the potions she acquired in three days." The crazy third year Gryffindor wench might end up facing charges for using regulated potions illegally against the Boy Who Lived. "Will we be seeing you in two days?"

Molly blinked, "Two days?"

Narcissa looked up from feeding her daughter, "Percy, he's bonding to Oliver."

Molly staggered, "He'll ruin his life…"

Percy stiffened.

Oliver glared at Molly Weasley's back and hugged his fiancé.

Harry clapped his hands, "Presents!"

Narcissa grinned, "Well Lucius? Give him our gift."

Lucius walked to the place his honorary son was sitting, and handed him an envelope. "Congratulations."

Blaise opened it to find a 100 Galleon certificate to Charlene's, he raised an eyebrow.

"Best place for the finest in baby clothes." Narcissa grinned.

Harry blushed, "I…hired Dean to paint your nursery. I don't know what you'd want so I thought I'd leave it up to you."

Draco smirked, holding out a silver chest.

Blaise stared at it, "Draco?"
"Open it you git." Draco snorted.

Blaise opened the chest to find two sets of Claiming bracelets, "Draco!" this was an expensive gift.

"I had extra protection added to them. The first set bears the Prewett Crest and the second can bear the Zabini crest when you decide it." Draco chuckled pleased with his gift. "Of course given how fertile Weasleys can be you might want to create a Prewett-Zabini crest as well."

Severus cleared his throat, "I…took the liberty of this."

Remus gently carried the crate to the newly Bonded couple.

Blaise lifted the lid and blinked, "Potions?"

Severus nodded, "Every possible potion you might need to treat any number of ailments and needs."

Molly Weasley stared, that gift alone was at least 40 Galleons…

Remus held out a brown paper wrapped package containing a rare and very old book on Transfiguration, "Here."

Blaise stared at it, "Slytherin's Cauldron!"

Charlie chuckled, Blaise was a unique one…

Hermione dropped a gift bag in Blaise's lap, "Enjoy."

Blaise opened the gift to find knitted blankets in the colors of Blaise and Charlie's favorite Quidditch teams and bearing their mascots. "How?"

Hermione shrugged, "Grandmum already taught me to knit the Muggle way years ago. It didn't take long to master the Wizard way. It took me a zillion dropped stitches before I got the hand of it."

Viktor who had had the pleasure of escorting the phenomenon he had the pleasure of courting was awestruck. He's received her scarf but those blankets were amazing…

Fleur gifted the young half-Veela a journal by the last male Veela to be born into her mother's flock. "I zhought zhat yoo might enjouy zhat. It might 'elp yoo to learn about yourself."

Bill shifted nervously, "I hadn't a clue what to get you so…I asked Fleur's mother." He stiffly held out his gift.

Charlie took it, "A guide to raising Veela chicks?"

Blaise blushed, "I suppose instincts aren't everything…" he glanced from the eggs besides him and Fleur's, "I hope our chicks get along…"

Harry giggled, "Of course they'll be. Bill is your brother now and they'll both be Veela."

Draco kissed his cheek, "I'm sure they will."

Oliver chuckled, "I can't wait to see what Percy and I are having."

Molly's jaw dropped, "Percy? Pregnant? Oh…" her boys were getting pregnant before they were legally bonded…how embarrassing.
Oliver squeezed Percy's hand, "Yes, it came as a shock since he never knowing took the potion and I certainly didn't give it to him."

"My baby was raped. You should have done more to protect him. I knew him seeing you a bad idea." Molly moaned.

Percy glared, "I was more certainly NOT raped! This is Oliver's baby; I know it with my entire being. Expected or not, this baby will be loved and raised by the both of us."

"Some Head Boy you are."

Harry's eyes narrowed, "I will not tolerate you besmirching my friends and ruining their Bonding. "Silencio."

Draco kissed his neck, "Good for you." He'd have cursed Ron into next year if he'd tried anything. No one insulted a Malfoy and got away with it…

Harry grinned and let Draco hold him, "Mmm…"

Charlie kissed Blaise deeply.

"Charlie, what's it like to be a bonded man?" Oliver asked.

Charlie smirked, "You tell me when you are one."

Draco wondered when he could entice his adorable, protected Adder to bond with him?

Viktor was already wondering similar thought…

George really was happy for them but a little jealous too. Then he got such a subconscious feeling of peace and leaned against Fred…

Molly loved her children but seeing this behavior from her boys made her more then a little disgusted. She turned to usher her youngest out and away from this sea of iniquity.

Remus turned to Arthur, "What's the chance that that she knows that Fabian and Gideon were gay?"

Arthur chuckled, "Slim."

George yelped, "What?"

"They had lovers. I think one was on the Quidditch team with them. They had a one at a time policy but they did enjoy spreading their favors around. They were part of a close knit group of bent wizards in Hogwarts in our day…"

Severus glared at Remus, "How do you know?"

"I never joined in if that's what you mean. I was holding out for you." Remus chuckled "Besides, I didn't have time in school for a relationship." Between his studies, Quidditch, moontime, Marauders and prefect duties he hadn't a spare moment.

Would wonders never cease?

XooooooX

Two days later…
Oliver's parents insisted on planning and hosting his bonding for which Percy was eternally grateful.

Blaise and Draco weren't letting Percy out until they were sure he was perfect.

Harry sat on a chair swinging his legs, "Are you really truly going to have a baby Percy?"

Percy nodded, "It seems so." He was happy, he was going to be Bonded to his beloved Ollie and they were expecting a child. This baby though unexpected was wanted and loved very much.

"But…you're not like Blaise. How can you have a baby?" Harry asked curious.

Percy blushed, "Well, when Ollie and I were talking about it, it would require the right potion. We were going to ask Professor Snape to brew it for us when we decided which one to use."

Harry frowned, "But you're a boy like me right? People like Hermione and Blaise are built to have babies…"

Draco chuckled, "Do you know what a Caesarean is?"

Harry shook his head, "No…"

"It's where the baby is removed surgically…" Draco said gently.

Harry stiffened, "then it hurts?"

Blaise said quietly, "Having a baby does hurt…but in the end it's worth it right? Seeing a new life that you helped create?" laying his eggs had been painful but holding them made it worth it, he couldn't wait to see them hatch.

Percy rest his hand on his stomach, "Yes, surprise though this baby is, it was definitely made in love and that's what matters. If it hurts that's okay because I know as soon as I hold it that won't matter. I remember when Mum had Ron and Ginny, we could hear her screaming but when we heard them cry and then saw her none of that mattered. I was too little to remember Fred and George's birth but it's okay."

Harry felt a little left out, Blaise was having a baby, Percy was too…and Fleur…he wondered if he could have a baby or did his abusive relatives hurt him too much for it. Would Draco be happy if he had a baby?

XoooooX

An hour later…

Oliver's mom said loudly to begin, "As those blessed with magic, we do not have a physical structure as the churches of our Muggle Kindred with whom we share this land. We create a Circle, which through our magic and blessing becomes our sacred Temple to the Elements. The Earth is the floor, the stars are the roofs, and all of Nature becomes our witnesses."

When Percy entered the room, her husband spoke, "The future consort is ready, and all are seated, we sound the Mighty Conch Shell horn to summon the Four Directions and to welcome the Consort's Party, which is to be led by fairies. This Procession represents the journey of the Consort to be in meeting his Lord to be, it represents the finding of two souls after much searching. This is the last journey alone that the Consort to be will take."

Percy arrived and stood under an Arch created like a rainbow, the person who entered with him was
a surprise to all; Lucius Malfoy was the chosen witness?

Draco whispered, "That's the Arch of 7 Blessings; purple to bless their souls, dark blue to bless their dreams; light blue to bless them with harmony; green to bless them with Love; yellow to bless them with strength and courage; orange to bless them with fertility; and red to bless them with passion and commitment."

Harry nodded, that was really nice of Oliver's parents…

Lord Wood standing in front of them faces the guests, "In the name of the magic that unites us as one people and those that came before; in the names of the mighty ones of the Four Quarters, the rulers of the elements. Blessed be this time and this place and we who are in this sacred place."

Lady Wood now turns; "We are all the children of the Earth and of the Light. For thus do I bring to flame these sacred candles." She flicked her wand and they light, then Oliver's mother continued, "For the consort and the Lord-to-be are in love and wish to make their vows in the way of the Ancients and they do not wish to be treated as two separate beings but as one. Their Intention is more permanent then 'Till Death do us part' because it involves the ancient concept of Soul-mates, the continuing relationship through all subsequent incarnations. The Soul-mate concept is a very Ancient and serious one in our thinking thus it is reflected in the beliefs of our people, where it is said: 'That to fulfil true love, you must return again to the same time and place as your loved one, so you must meet, know, remember and love them again.'

Lord Wood smiled at his son, "Know that it is here that you begin your Journey of a Life Shared, bound together by the vows of this rite. Many are the years that you will share and countless are the moons to watch. If you keep your vows, your sacred trust then happy will many of your days be. May the Keepers of the Winds of the East whisper joy into your hearts so that you might take delight in each other's smiles for all your days until passing through the veil that separates you from this life and the life that is to come. Share together rainbows, dreams and morning joys. Let your love be as free as the butterfly's sacred flight. May the element of air bless your mind and bless your dreams as a Bonded couple, may your wishes be born upon the rising incense smoke."

Then Lord Wood continued, "Above you are the stars and below you the stones, as time passes remember that like a star your love should be constant and like a stone your love should be firm. Be close, yet not too close. Possess one another, yet be understanding. Have patience each with the other for storms will come but they will soon pass if one stands firm with the other. Be free in giving affection and warmth, make love freely and often to you are always sensuous with one another. Have no fear and let not the words or ways of the unenlightened give you unease, for you have been blessed by those came before this way. While the forms are dived, may the souls cling together; sorrow for sorrow, joy with joy and love with love."

Lady Wood held out her hands in blessing, "Repeat after me: Beloved, I seek to know of you, and I asked those that came before us that I be given the wisdom to see you as you truly are and to love you as a mystery! I will take joy in you; I delight in the taste of you. You are to me the whispering of the tides and the seduction of summer's heat. You are my friend, you are my lover; grow old and wise with me and I'll the same with you. Before us is a life of rainbows and sunsets, I am willing share also those things of sadness for I love you and adore you. I want to spent the rest of my life with you and beyond that if I may!"

Oliver broke the bread and fed Percy, while repeating his mother's words showing that he will support his bondmate always.

Percy then took the Chalice of Wine and shared with him, showing he was giving himself to him even as he said the same words as Oliver had.
Oliver's mother smiled, "Now for the Ancient Binding Ceremony, in our House the custom is that while facing each other, the couple place their right hands together and then their left hands together to form an infinity symbol, whilst a Cord is tied around their hands in a knot." She raised her wand, "By knot of one, the spell's begun," a silver cord bound them, "By knot of two, it binds the two," a light blue, "By knot of three, all truth shall be," then a dark blue, "By knot of four, it opens love's door," green, "By knot of five, combined you're alive," the next was red, "By knot of six, your souls I mix," a purple cord then tied them together "By knot of seven, as now so in the Beyond," an orange cord, "By knot of eight, you have sealed your fate," then yellow tied them, "By knot of nine, sealed love by divine wine." and the final cord was gold.

Lord Wood asked, "Are there rings?"

Charlie and Lucius nodded.

Oliver's father gestured for them to step forward, the witnesses slipped the rings onto Oliver and Percy's fingers despite their joined hands.

"By the exchange of these tokens of your love for one another, so are your lives interlaced. What one experiences, so shall the other; as honesty and love build so will your bond strengthen and grow. The circle is a perfect figure; without beginning and without end, yet without any area of weakness. It is a symbol of the cycle of life; Birth, Death and Rebirth. This shall serve as a physical reminder of the vows you have shared; and that all things begin, end and begin again, as the Ancient Powers that be so decreed. These rings shall serve to remind you that life goes one, that these moments pass. when you are engulfed in anger of sadness, look to your hand and remember that the wheel turns forever onward and it is love that turns the wheel. Look into one another's eyes and then to one another's hand; the circle symbolises the Wheel of Life that turns ever onward. There is a lesson both in the hand and the ring; the ring is worn on the fourth finger, in numerology, the number for stands for steadiness and endurance. The circle itself is all-encompassing and inclusive. You hand opens to receive and to give, clenches in frustration and anger, holds and soothes in times of sadness, yet clutches in fear. With these hands are cities and sandcastles build, music played and poetry written; into these hands is live give and from these hands is it taken." Lord Wood paused for breath before continuing.

"All actions of your hand move in sympathetic rhythm with the Wheel of Life and with your own and entwined Destinies. Pleasure, pain, creation, destruction, giving and receiving are all with in the power of your hand. As the ring symbolises the circle, so does that hand symbolise the power of Actualisation and Creation. Let this ring remind you of the many turns of the Wheel through which you and your love may pass, may everything that is toughted by your hand be touched also by your love. So mote it be!"

Lord Wood raised a sword as if in blessing.

Draco whispered, "That must be the Wood Family's Ceremonial Bonding sword."

Harry was in awe at the Ceremony, "This is really nice…"

Draco smiled at him, now he had an idea what sort of Bonding Harry wanted…

Lord Wood then laid the sword at their feet; Oliver picked his pregnant lover up and carried him over the sword.

"This is to represent the severing of the past and the stepping into the future together as one."

His wife smiled, "Now I shall bless them once more," sprinkling rose petals over their wrists. "Love
one another, but make not a bond of love; let it be a moving sea between the shores of your souls. Fill one another' cup but drink not from one cup. Give one another of your bread, but eat not from the same loaf. Sing and dance together and joyous, but let each of your be alone. Even as the strings of a lute are alone, thought they quiver with the same music. Give your hearts but not into each other's keeping; for only the Hand of Life can contain your hearts. Stand together, yet not too near together; so do the pillars of a Temple stand apart and thus the oak and cypress grow not in each other's shadows."

"Now the Bonding contract," Lord Wood said firmly.

Lucius stepped forward with the Bonding contract, while he and Charlie held out quills.

Oliver and Percy signed the contract, magic leapt from the parchment entwining around their wrists with silver and gold chains before sinking into their veins.

Oliver's father held out his wand as Lucius sealed the scroll, "May I introduce for the first time Oliver Daniel and Percival Elias Wood, "Let us bless the couple…"

"As it is written…so let it be…" the chorus was taken up with raised wands that showered the couple with gold and sliver sparks.

Ron and Ginny refused to come but Molly brought them anyway, she couldn't leave them home. Percy was ruining his entire life, pregnant unbonded? What was he a teenage girl? Where did she go wrong? Why did no one see this was a problem?

There were many gifts…

Lucius smirked, "I'm granting you a week vacation now; a two week Honeymoon to the Bahamas after the Tournament and the Quidditch season is over and four months of paternity leave."

Percy was floored and staggered, "Lord Malfoy?"

"Be quiet. You're earned it." Lucius chuckled.

Oliver's father grinned, "I have here, the deed to the house his grandmother left him and the key to his first vault as a Bonded man."

Oliver nodded blushing.

Severus and Remus came forward with their gift, "My first gift is, I ascertained the exact potion responsible for your pregnancy and I have brewed a number of useful potions to help. I would be willing to brew more later if needed and, with your permission I can see if the baby is willing to give you a gift."

Oliver stammered, "A gift? From our baby?"

Draco yelled, "Tell them what they're expecting so we can sent them gifts for the nursery!"

Percy hid his face in his hands in embarrassment.

Severus smirked as he cast the proper charm, "It seems that the Wood line will continue, they're expecting a son."

Oliver pulled Percy's hands from his face and kissed him deeply.

Charlie whistled, "Good going Oliver!"
Ron growled, Molly looked faint and Ginny looked at Harry with longing, she wanted his baby…

Arthur hugged his brilliant son, "Congratulations."

Jennifer 'Janie' Wood kissed Percy's cheek, "Welcome to the family, I had a feeling it would be a boy." She levitated a large box.

Percy unwrapped it to find a cradle with a teddy bear on it, "Janie…"

She laughed, "You'll need one soon won't you?"

The Golden Trio stepped forward.

Angelina grinned, "We all pitched in and made this,"

They held out their gift.

Oliver opened it to find, a book. He gained a confused countenance until he opened it to find pictures of them at Hogwarts. He blinked, "Girls?"

Katie spoke up, "We had to get some from Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Charlie, Bill and the twins but this is what we collected of your Hogwarts years."

"Don't forget Colin," Alicia interrupted, "he had a few good ones, including the Awarding of the Quidditch Cup."

Percy blushed.

Oliver smirked, "That was a great memory."

Harry ran up dragging heavy box, "Here Percy. Draco said you really like this subject."

Percy opened it to find a rare Rune dictionary, "Harry…” he hugged the still tiny boy.

Harry blushed, "You're a really nice person, I'm glad you are happy."

Oliver ruffled Harry's hair; "I'm hoping you'll come fly with me."

Viktor chuckled, "I'm hoping to fly against Harry again someday. Preferably at the next Quidditch World Cup."

Hermione handed them a bag, "For all three of you."

Percy opened the bag to find two scarves, baby sweaters, mittens and booties. "Hermione?"

Hermione grinned, "Well it's not like I need to study. Homework is easy."

Charlie hugged Blaise gently, "I've never seen Percy so happy."

Harry was nestled in Draco's arms, the older boy looked down at his lover, his unruly thatch of black hair and those startling eyes made him beyond beautiful.

Harry smiled up at Draco, "They look really happy," he glanced at his papa and his dad, he hoped they would be just as happy.

Draco kissed his hair, "You're cute."
Harry blushed, "Dray…"

Draco was planning on a bonding sometime next year and seeing how much Harry liked this gave him an idea for theirs in the future…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 37- Lily's Temper

Two days after Percy and Oliver's Bonding…

Harry and Draco were bored so they'd taken over an empty classroom after classes.

It was actually the classroom Draco had overseen his DADA classes their second year.

Draco sighed, "Are you sure you want to do this?"

Harry nodded, stubborn, "We need to work on my reflexes."

Draco, George, Fred, Hermione and Blaise sighed.

Draco twirled his wand between his fingers, "Adder, you're fine. You caught up to us Slytherins just fine. The same as Hermione, you're a fine duelist."

"I am not! I'm a coward." Harry glared, "When Blaise was attacked it was Hermione that disarmed them. Not me. When Moody attacked you I just stood there and watched. Who knows what I'll have to face in the Black Lake? I have to be ready because I'll be alone."

"You'll be fine Harry." Fred tried to reassure him.

"Do it!" Harry snapped.

The other two started attacking Draco and Harry with spells; the room had already been shielded so their little practice session wouldn't leak magic.

"Avis oppugno." Hermione yelled pointing at Draco.

"Protego." Draco yelled.

A shield rose before him and Harry, Harry cursed, "Again!" he was sick of this; he had to learn how to protect.

"Telum offa." Arrows shot from Fred's wand only to bounce harmless off Draco's shield.

"Bombarda!" Blaise growled.
Draco's shield quivered but held.
The four recast.
"Bombarda!"
"Bombarda!"
"Bombarda!"
"Bombarda!"
Draco's shield collapsed, Draco snapped, "Protego."
Harry stood there wand shaking.
"Confringo."
Draco's shield crackled as it was hit with fire.
"Confringo" it was hit again.
The shield crackled louder, and then crashed, Draco growled in French and Russian.
"Duckifors." Blaise said grinning.
Draco was instantly transformed into a duck.
Harry shook and his face lost color, "Everte statum!" casting the hex at Blaise.
Blaise was thrown backwards hard, his wings emerging to slow him down.
"Flip," George began.
"Everte statum!" Harry snapped casting the hex at George.
Fred cast a spell that slowed his twin down, "Harry!"
Harry was too angry to care; he didn't even shield himself as he started casting every curse and jinx he knew.
Blaise pointed his wand at Draco, "Finite Incanteum."
Draco transformed back into himself and he immediately called out, "Adder, stop. It's over."
Harry ignored him, "It's not over until I say it is." Still casting more spells.
"Adder, don't make me disarm you."
Their friends were dodging Harry's spells and casting shields but they kept coming.
"Slytherin's Ballocks! Expelliarmus." Draco disarmed Harry.
Harry spun to look at him, "Give me back my wand."
Draco shook his head, "Not yet. Calm down I'm fine."
Hermione, Blaise, George and Fred collapsed in relief.

"See? You went too far. I'm sorry I lost my temper and didn't recast my shield before Blaise hurled that spell at me." Draco apologized.

Harry growled, "Give me back my wand. We're not done yet. I haven't managed to protect you yet."

"You did just fine for now. We'll do this another time."

Harry stomped his feet, "You don't understand! I have to be able to protect you! I won't let you be hurt because of me. Now give me back my wand."

Fred's eyes widened between Moody's attack on Draco and the Golden egg's song Harry was getting desperate. He didn't know if he could handle doing as Harry needed.

"Adder, calm down please."

Harry's eyes narrowed, "Acio wand." His wand leapt back into his hand, "Fine! Sleep in the dormitory or on Blaise's couch. I don't care. You're not welcome in my room until you listen to me."

Fred stared at him, wasn't that counter-productive? How could Harry protect Draco if they weren't together?

Draco blinked, "Adder?" what the hell happened? "Harry, calm down. Talk to me."

"Forget it." Harry stormed out.

Draco was dumbstruck; they'd never fought before. He stared at the door; he wasn't welcome in Harry's room? They had been inseparable for months, since he'd confessed.

George rest his hand on Draco's shoulder, "He's just upset, he'll calm down. He's been through so much recently; it must be all coming to a head. He lashed out at us because he knows we'll accept it and forgive him." They all knew about Harry's past and his Gryffindor temper. He only really lost it when he was protecting someone, like when Blaise hadn't been given credit for McGonagall's giant Chess set and insisted on all of them receive awards for what they'd done while asking nothing for himself. He'd reverted after the punishment Harry's Muggle uncle had given him that left him near death, it had taken him a while to be capable of losing his temper but this was more then he'd ever seen.

Blaise felt faint and then kneeled over.

Blaise blinked, he was swallowing a potion from Fred and then jumping into the Black Lake gripping his wand. Wait! That wasn't his wand; it was Harry's...he was in Harry's mind?

He closed his eyes focusing on the connection from the ring that Narcissa gave him but got nothing. What was it he said?

When an empath is linked to someone, they can easily "reach out" and feel the one to whom they are linked, and then know how that one feels, emotionally and physically, and sometimes even perceive what they are doing. When a link deepens to a bond, the empath doesn't even have to "reach"; it is as if the other person is constantly standing right next to the empath.

A mistake that some empaths make is bonding to someone, and thinking that it will go both ways. If the other person isn't also an empath, or if the other person isn't strongly attached to the empath, then they probably won't form a bond back to the empath. Those situations can
easily lead to a frustrating relationship where the empath who bonded feels everything that

goes on with their partner, but the partner doesn't feel what is going on with the empath.

He had a link to Draco, an empathic one. A link through their very soul, Draco was missing…he

was down here somewhere but where? He closed his eyes; the dragon would guide the Lion and

raise him up? Their destinies were bound up with that of the Wizarding world? In that case he

needed to be sure he wouldn't lose Draco for good…

Harry reached out farther, 'where are you Draco?'

He felt a faint echo; deep in the lake…Harry swam weakly straight down blasting anything that got

in his way. He hadn't been allowed lessons and could barely dog paddle- or whatever it was they

called…

Blaise freaked, Harry couldn't swim? Time was growing short…the second task was in a week.

Harry barely noticed some water monster thing cornered Fleur but he had more pressing concerns.

'Draco, I'm coming…' vaguely realizing those were grindylows...

How did Harry know Draco was in the Lake?

Draco, Harry hadn't seen him since yesterday…

Blaise could feel the emptiness that Harry felt at Draco's absence…

A couple of grindylows tried to stop him but Harry growled, and cast a nonverbal banishing charm

before swimming frantically towards the weak feeling he had from Draco. Why wouldn't Draco

answer? 'Dray? It's Adder, talk to me? Dray?' the silence in his mind and his heart made this all the

more terrible. Why him? Why had someone done this? Trapped him in a magical contract? What had

he ever done? He'd been beaten and starved by his own relatives who hated him. He'd been haunted

by the Dark Lord and his servants, his beloved Draco had been hurt because of him. Blaise had

gotten hurt…

Blaise was shaken…

"Blaise? Come on wake up. Don't make me get Charlie. He'll want to claw my eyes out."

Draco?

Blaise pushed the residual feelings from his vision in Harry's mind; Draco was NOT his mate. He

opened his eyes slowly, "Fine."

"You fainted. You're not fine." Hermione glared.

"Didn't faint." Blaise protested.

"We saw you" George began.

"Vision."

"I thought you only did prophecies." Fred asked.

"I don't know. It was a little disconcerting to be in Harry's mind Dray…I mean Draco." He glared at

Fred, "When you gave him that potion did you even think to ask if he knew how to swim?"

Draco blinked when Blaise called him Dray, "Huh?"
Fred blinked, "Ask if Harry knew how to swim? No, never crossed my mind."

Blaise glared, "He can't swim."

Fred groaned, "Oh hell. I thought giving him the potion would help."

"He's a mess because he can't swim and he's terrified he'll lose Draco if he can't find him in time during the Second Task." Blaise said crossing his arms.

Draco closed his eyes, he hadn't known…

Fred gave them all a small smile, "George and I can use the Prefect's bathroom. We'll teach him how to swim there."

Hermione sighed, "Poor Harry."

Draco sighed, "Should I respect his wishes and not go to his bed?" their bed…

Blaise shrugged, "It's up to you. Harry's lost and confused right now. He's struggling; he doesn't feel like he's done well at all. He feels like he's failed both of us…"

Draco closed his eyes, "I can't not protect him its something I can't fight or resist without injuring myself. Damn it Adder," knowing Harry was in pain was opening himself to it. He could feel his lover's anguish and sorrow, the guilt was crushing…

Blaise stood up slowly, his wings shrinking and finally disappearing as he mended his clothes. "I know, it will be fine. We have to trust him."

Draco clenched his hands into fists, "Why can't he talk to me?"

"He doesn't want to be too dependant. He wants to be equals." Blaise said, "I need chocolate." He leaned against the wall, "Audy."

His and Charlie's house elf appeared, "Yes Master Blaise?"

"Chocolate."

"Right away master."

"We should take you back to Charlie." Hermione said.

"I'll be fine. I just need chocolate." Being a Veela seer was a hassle but if it helped Harry…

Audy returned with chocolate, "Here master. Master Charlie is coming."

Blaise closed his eyes, "Slytherin's Cauldron."

Charlie stormed in, "Blaise?"

Blaise sighed, "I'm just fine. I had a vision after helping Harry with his dueling skills. Nothing to worry about."

Charlie checked him over for injuries, "Vision? I didn't know you had visions."

"Neither did I," Blaise said dryly.
"Can you tell us?"

Blaise shook his head, "I told all I could. I'll need to see Harry soon."

"We'll see him about swimming, a week is such a short time but every bit counts." Fred felt terrible for not asking if Harry could swim…

XooooooX

Harry stormed into the rooms he shared with his dads, the portrait slamming behind him.

Severus broke the kiss with Remus to see Harry, his son's magic crackled around him and he held his wand in a death grip. "Harry? What happened?"

"That git took my wand!" Harry snapped, "As if him being hit with that spell and being helpless wasn't bad enough."

Remus blinked, "What?" were Harry and Draco fighting?

"I wanted to work on my reflexes. I want to protect Draco but I didn't cast anything until Blaise hit Draco with a spell that turned him into a duck of all things. That rotten Veela had the audacity to laugh!" Harry growled.

Neither Remus nor Severus had ever seen Harry like this.

Remus fought a grin, "That is not James' temper."

Severus sighed, "I was at the receiving end of that temper more times then I can count."

Harry pouted, "Don't make fun of me. I can't be weak!"

Severus winced, his Mark had been burning and growing darker but he dare not mention it. He didn't want to give rise to his suspicions and make them real. It had only become less faint since Harry became a Champion.

Remus knelt next to his son, "I'm not making fun of you pup. You're just reminding us of your mother, that's all. It's okay to be weak sometimes,"

"I could lose Draco!" Harry said bursting into tears, "They're going to take him away. I don't know if I can get him back. I hate this tournament. I hate whoever did this to me. Why me? Haven't I been hurt enough? Am I not a good boy? Is that why I'm being punished?"

Remus took Harry into his arms and hugged him "Hush now. You're a very good boy, smart too. We wish we could help…” they were teachers it was against the rules, he glared at Severus.

Severus held up his hands, "It was me or Draco, I wasn't eligible because I'm a teacher. The others are more like siblings; it was out of my hands. I didn't think he would react like this…”

Harry cried himself to sleep and Remus put him to bed.

Draco opened the portrait later after sensing Harry was asleep, "Is he okay? I was worried. He told me I couldn't come to bed. I'm under orders to sleep on Blaise's couch or return to the dormitory." He said shifting nervously from foot to foot.

Seeing his normally confident godson like this was unsettling, Severus sighed, trying to ignore the Mark,
"He's just upset. I'm sure he'll be fine in the morning."

"It's my fault you know, if I hadn't lost my temper when my second shield collapsed them Adder wouldn't have reacted like that." Draco said softly, "I probably shouldn't have disarmed him. He was so angry…"

"He has Lily's temper, when she was upset about something she lost her temper with someone she trusted. When Petunia made her angry it was I she screamed at. I was the one who had to teach her to control her magic." Severus said with a far away look in his eyes, "that was why after that fight with James I lost my temper with her, she would have forgiven me if I hadn't called her a Mudblood."

Remus interrupted him, "She did forgive you for that, she was just disappointed that you fell more and more involved with the Death Eaters."

Severus winced, his Mark itched it didn't burn yet but he was worried that it might.

Remus noticed his mate's discomfort, "Sevy? Are you alright?"

"Just an old injury." Severus tried to brush it off.

Remus sensed it wasn't the truth; he pulled up his mate's sleeve.

Severus pulled away trying to cover the Mark.

"I can still see it, it's darker now." Remus said sadly. "It's been getting darker for months now. I just tried not to notice. Is Lucius' reacting?"

Severus bit his lip, "Haven't asked but Karkaroff is so jumpy I wouldn't be surprised. He was a Death Eater too but he gave up a lot of names."

"He seems the type to jump ship." Remus said with a snarl, that man had a weird smell.

Draco was emotional and magically exhausted, he wanted to go to Harry but he felt like he didn't have the right.

Remus sighed, summoning a blanket and transfiguring Draco's clothes into pajamas, "Just rest here. No need to go elsewhere for the night, Severus would never throw you out." Harry needed the night to calm down but he hated seeing them both upset.

Between Harry's recent behavior and his godfather's darkening Mark Draco was even more concerned. Why Harry? Why did fate have to choose him? Those were Draco's last thoughts before sleep embraced him.

Chapter End Notes


Well that was different wasn't it? I hope you all like it. it wasn't quite the fight I had planned but it seems to work. And Harry is standing up for himself a bit more...
Swimming Lessons, inter-house Bonding and Draco's plotting

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom: HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 38- Swimming Lessons, inter-house Bonding and Draco's plotting,

Harry stumbled out of his room yawning he was cold and lonely. He should never had told Draco not to come to bed…

George and Fred were drinking hot chocolate and eating biscuits with Draco.

Harry crossed his arms, "Who said you were welcome?"

Draco winced.

Fred smiled, "Morning Harry. It came to our attention that you need some swimming practice. We've only got a week but it's worth trying right?"

Harry blushed, how did they know he couldn't really swim?"

Blaise walked in yawning, "Morning. Did the twins offer swimming lessons yet?"

Harry nodded.

"Good. I had a bit of a vision after you left about the next task. I might have mentioned needing a bit of help with swimming."

"Hogwarts doesn't have a pool…” Harry said softly.

"Nah but it's got a prefect's bathroom and we both have access." George grinned.

"Yeah we play tag with the giant squid all the time. It's no bother" Fred laughed.

Harry burst into tears, "I'm scared. I don't know how to swim." He threw himself at Draco, "I'm sorry. I don't know if I can get you back. I could lose you forever."

Severus looked at Remus, shaking his head. The time limit wasn't that strenuous, it was just to make them hurry. He would never let them take his godson if he wasn't sure he'd get him back, Lucius would have taken it as a threat to the Malfoy heir and would have threatened them all with harm. Fleur's hostage had changed since the First Task; Cedric had remained the same especially after the Hufflepuff had proposed to his Ravenclaw sweetheart. It wouldn't have been impossible for the lowest dunderhead to guess who Viktor's hostage would be from the start of this whole mess.
Remus was not happy at all, this whole tournament was one disaster after another. A fourteen-year-old boy against a dragon? The love of his life was soon to be kidnapped and taken into the lake. Harry couldn't even swim and they expected him to get him back? Were they insane? He growled, his wolf wanted to rip who ever did this limb from limb and burn the pieces.

XoooooX

Draco transfigured a pair of Harry's boxers into swim trunks and handed Harry a bathrobe to wear under his invisibility cloak.

Harry sighed, "Sorry I got mad."

Draco nodded, "I should have tried harder to understand."

Severus chuckled to himself, their first fight and they couldn't even be mad at each other properly.

While the others were going to help Harry learn to swim Blaise slipped away…

XoooooX

Bundled up in a thick woolen coat that was liberally charmed to stay warm and a thick Muffler he's gotten from Hermione for solstice, Blaise left the castle and trudged into the forest avoiding everyone. He made his way to where the centaurs dwelled, Nona was too far away and he didn't trust that Trelawney.

He heard hoofbeats and made for them.

"If it isn't our favorite Veela, have you come to stretch your wings Young Zabini?"

Blaise grinned beneath his muffler, "No Firenze, I came to ask for your guidance. I have since the incident with the slain unicorn given a prophecy and had at least one vision. I know that centaurs and Veela are different but your kind knows more about understanding the future then my own."

Firenze nodded, "You come seeking knowledge, rare for a wizard to see out centaurs to learn."

"You have more knowledge in one hoof about true divination then Professor Trelawney has in her entire body." Blaise said politely

"Flattery doesn't get you everywhere Veela."

Blaise bowed deeply, "Bane." Bane didn't like anyone who wasn't a centaur...

"Why do we suffer this one's presence?" A grey Centaur named Magorian asked.

"I come for guidance. I wish to understand my gift, I do not wish to rely on it too heavily because the nature of time and the future is fluid. So much rests on choices. I have no wish to share anything you teach me. I only ask for guidance. I am no true human so I am wise enough to consult my betters."

"Tell us of the prophecy you gave Veela."

"It was repeated to me but this is what I said:

A seer, a protector, a guardian, a philosopher, and the sons of Sparta.

The maiden, the lion, the dragon, the eagle and the Gemini."
In the hands of these five rests the fate of the worlds; magic and not.
The dragon to the lion, the eagle to the archer, the Gemini one to another, the maiden to the raven.
Those entrusted with their care; the serpent, the wolf, the maiden chained, the fox and the lyre.
In these five is the power to defeat the darkness and bring peace,
The lion, the lion will outshine them all.
"I see, explain to us what it means to you." A third centaur spoke.

Blaise nodded, "I know that Harry is the lion- that you have said when you told me: The stars have ordained that the Dragon would rise as a protector to the Lion. He would make the Lion a force to be reckoned with. Draco is the Dragon, something you, I and the Phoenixes agree on."

"Phoenixes?"

"Yes Bane, under my guidance we discovered the monster in the Chamber of Secrets was a Basilisk, the only cure for their venom is Phoenix tears. To be safe we asked if one would consider joining us. One, Benia said that among her people was a prophecy that one of them would serve as a familiar to the Dragon. Ancient belief is that a male dragon is balanced by a female phoenix."

"Continue. Who is the Eagle?"

"Me. My mate Charlie Prewett-Zabini nee Weasley, he is the Archer, why he is the archer I don't know. He is my mate, I know it with every fiber of my being. The maiden is Hermione, smartest girl in school. She should have been a Ravenclaw but decided to stay in Gryffindor. Her mate is Viktor Krum, the Raven. The Weasley twins were born for each other, they like you said are Gemini. Professor Snape is the Snake, his mate is Professor Remus Lupin, the wolf. Draco's father is the fox and his mother is the lyre. Andromeda Black-Tonks is the maiden chained. The adults are to guide us but it is our destiny to defeat the darkness and bring peace. Harry is strong, he can face his greatest fear to save someone he loves."

"How do you know?"

Blaise smiled, "in my vision he couldn't swim but he dove into the lake determined to save his dragon. He reached out to Draco using the connection that binds them together, the one that runs through their souls."

"They are growing closer, their proximity to one another amplifies their magic. Without the Dragon to guide him the Lion would be weak. He must learn the Patronus Charm. The snake and the wolf will teach him. Best you all learn." Firenze said.

"Dangerous times for the Lion are approaching and you must be ready. His defining moment where he must begin his stand against the Dark Lord is drawing near."

"Wasn't the Dark Lord defeated twice by Draco? He was forced to flee in a weakened condition."

"Two servants have joined him, they are plotting to help him rise stronger then before." Roan said shaking his head.

Bane continued to grumble.

"Are you studying for an OWL in Divination Young Zabini?"
Blaise nodded, "I've been busy, between studying, mating, Bonding, laying my first brood and Nesting I am quite content. My mate Charlie loves me very much and would do anything for us. As the seer and the eagle I am responsible for helping Draco and Harry."

"You are wise to come to us Veela. We can teach you much about true Divination far more then the woman up there. She gave Dumbledore one prophecy and he hired her on the spot. We foretold she would give such a prophecy; many such prophecies can be attributed to the Lion. One those pertaining to both the Lion and the Dragon are true prophecies; something Dumbledore refuses to learn."

"What was the Prophecy?" Blaise had to know.

"HE came to us to ask us to interpret since that fraud couldn't." Bane muttered scornfully.

"The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches ...

born to those who have thrice defied him,

born as the seventh month dies ...

and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal,

but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not ...

and either must die at the hand of the other

for neither can live while the other survives ...

the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord

will be born as the seventh month dies ..." Firenze said reluctantly.

Blaise shivered, "Harry was born to vanquish him. He was born at the end of July, his parents escaped the Dark Lord three times. He was marked with the Lighting Bolt scar. It placed in Harry a shard of the Dark Lord's soul which has since been burned out of him by Basilisk Venom. The power Harry has a need to protect those he loves and the magic to accomplish that. Harry must be the one to kill the Dark Lord. What I have said, what you told me and this prophecy agree. Harry will defeat him for good. Draco could only delay him."

"The dragon has his uses, he is to protect the Lion and teach him. It is the dragon who molds the Lion in the person he is destined to be."

Blaise listened as they instructed him in proper Dream Divination as well as Astrology, using the stars and movements of the planets to foretell the future. He learned more in those three hours then his year and a half in Trelawney's class. An Outstanding in Divination was closer to his reach then ever before…

XoooooX

While Harry was learning to swim from Fred and George, Draco slipped away to find his least favorite person; the insufferable Rodger Davies; Prefect and Quidditch Captain of Ravenclaw.

He found the sixth year in the library studying…

Draco clasped his hands behind his back and cleared his throat, "Davies?"
Rodger looked up, "Yes? Malfoy isn't it?"

Draco nodded, "May I sit?"

Rodger shrugged, "How can I help you?"

"How soon can your team being in shape?"

Rodger's jaw dropped, "What!"

"It wouldn't be fair if only Gryffindor's team got to play would it? Your team is relatively intact is it not? Though Cho isn't quite in Viktor's league flying against a seeker like that would make her more noticeable to scouts. I know you would probably like to keep your options open, unless you only wish to marry well and pursue a career in the Ministry." Draco said relaxing in his seat after casting a cushioning charm.

"To fly against Viktor?" his eyes narrowed. "Why did you pick Stretton over me?"

Draco shrugged, "That was Adrian's choice. He wanted someone he thought we could work well with. As a captain with a year's worth of experience you would be offering advice and it would have slowed us down. Taking a misfit team and playing against the best team in Gryffindor's history we needed to mesh fast. Besides, while you are a decent leader you have to admit that Stretton is one of your best scorers."

Rodger preened, "Yes, Stretton was an excellent choice. You also borrowed my Keeper."

Draco smirked, "It is well-know that Page was the only Keeper close to Wood in skill. We had second best in everything besides Seeker and won. So do you fancy a game? I was thinking we could play on the 21st. It would relieve the pre-Second Task nerves. Besides, last time the players had a week to get in shape. We have three days and it's still snowing. If the scouts show up and you do well your players have a better shot at being watched next year."

Rodger smirked, "Three days to whip my team in shape? I'm sure I can do that. What about your team? You won't have my keeper or my chaser."

Draco raised an eyebrow, "Don't worry. Adrian is going to ask Angelica and George to fly with us and we can see if Cedric will loan us his Keeper and Max."

"Why are you splitting up the Weasleys?"

"Simple, the Cannons want them but they'll be more marketable if they can play with other beaters." Draco had his speech preplanned.

"If I've got the pitch where will you practice?"

Draco smirked, "I'll use my own pitch. Besides, it's regulation anyway. So run your team ragged all you want. Cho will need all the practice she can get playing against Viktor. Good thing she's seen him fly twice, it will give her an advantage."

Rodger packed up his things, "I'll go drag my team out to the pitch right away."

Draco watched him leave, before leaving the library. He spotted Adrian on rounds and called out, "Adrian, wait a bit."

The older snake paused and turned a bit, "Hi Draco."
Draco smirked, "So, think we can throw together a team in three days?"

Adrian blinked, "Another Quidditch Match?"

Draco nodded, "Decided that giving only Gryffindor a shot to play as a House was a bit of favoritism. I just talked Rodger into agreeing to play. You know if Angelina is on rounds?"

Adrian shook his head, "Why?"

"She is the best scorer in school. Between us we can slaughter Ravenclaw."

Adrian raised an eyebrow, "Oh really? So did you already plan my team?"

Draco shrugged, "I thought since us and Viktor were a given, we could ask George and Max to play as our Beaters, Angelina as our third Chaser and we could ask Herbert Fleet of Hufflepuff to fly as our Keeper."

Adrian chuckled, "I don't mind that line up. If Rodger's commandeered the pitch, where will we practice?"

Draco smirked, "At the Manor, I have my own pitch."

Adrian blinked, "Your own pitch? Your parents must bloody love you."

Draco preened. "Something like that. My friends and I grew up playing."

"I've got permission to leave campus, I'm of age, so are Fleet, Angelina but George isn't. I don't know about Max."

Draco waved his hand dismissively, "My brother married George's older brother, and their father Arthur is staying in their house. It won't take but a quick firecall and George has permission. I'm sure Max would come anyway. She liked the last match."

Adrian nodded, "So where's your shadow?"

Draco smiled, "He's in the prefects' Bathroom, Fred and George are helping him practice his swimming for the Second Task. Harry wanted to be more confident."

"Using that tub for swimming lessons? I never thought about that. I wonder if Nev can swim. His Gran is so protective he never was allowed to ride a broom until he came here. He just needs some confidence."

"How is he coming with his tutoring?"

Adrian's eyes shone with pride, "He can cast charms as well as any in his year now, he's caught up to his year in brewing. His transfiguration is a lot better. His history of magic is spotty but that's fine. His confidence as he accomplishes something he thought he was terrible in is astounding. He's got a chance at OWLS in more then just Herbology; he'll get an Outstanding in that easy. Since we got a decent DADA professor he's received high marks. I heard about his boggart, I feel sorry for Professor Snape but Neville accomplished defeating it his first try with a wand that he couldn't bend to his will."

Draco grinned, "I remember Harry, when he first came here he was convinced he was stupid and couldn't learn. It took Uncle Sev and I awhile to convince him he could. He's got some of the best marks of our year."
Adrian leaned over to whisper, "With Harry in Slytherin and the way that Fred became prefect. Any chance Neville might have of becoming a Prefect?"

Draco chuckled, "I can put the thought before Neville's Head of House for the idea. If Neville is getting his confidence up, his father played Quidditch. Perhaps, he has an undiscovered talent there too? I remember he had a good kick off. He just needed control."

"Interesting, we know that Gryffindor is in need of a Keeper and Seeker. I don't think Nev would enjoy seeking, he's too large but then again Charlie Weasley was huge and he was a great Seeker. I can probably make Neville a Keeper."

"If he's any good he can play against Hufflepuff in May."

"You have everything planned don't you?"

"A good Slytherin plots how he can get others to owe him favors. There were two proposals at my little soiree at Solstice, soon after there were two engagements and a few job offers. Besides, it gave you another excuse to present your beau to the Wizarding World. You are officially courting Neville after all."

"I have every intention of Bonding with him if he wishes. I would do anything to prove to him that I cherish him above all else."

"He would do well to accept your intentions." Draco said politely.

"He accepts my gifts and my tutoring, he might come right behind you in marks. He did better on his winter exams then before but I hadn't been able to help much."

Adrian was brilliant for his year, to help someone with marks just above Ron Weasley, Vince Crabbe and Greg Goyle catch up so fast was amazing. Neville might prove to be more worthy of being Prefect then Fred Weasley who still saw fit to prank Peeves, Filch, Black and Davies from the shadows. You can make a Gemini responsible but you can't take the trickster loving nature from them.

"I wish you both luck, I look forward to attending your Bonding."

"And I, yours. A Malfoy to a Potter, it would be the Bonding of the Century." Adrian checked his timepiece, "I must find Neville, he has a free period and I promised to help him practice his transfiguration. Black is a poor teacher compared to Lupin and Snape."

"That is why they are Heads and he is not. They have little fear of being replaced."

"Later Draco. We can talk to George, Johnson, Fleet and Max at dinner."

"Of course."

Draco went to North Tower to Owl his father about using the house Pitch for practice as well as informing the right people about the Second Hogwarts Exhibition Match.

Chapter End Notes

That was a long chapter. Full of more Draco and Blaise then Harry, oh well. We'll see
more of Harry soon.

Chapter 39- Viktor vs. Cho, Adrian vs. Rodger.

The day of the Second Quidditch Exhibition Match dawned cold but clear.

The stadium was crowded, more so then usual. Papa had created a press box of sorts for the reporters and the scouts to observe the match.

Severus pulled Draco over, "If you're planning a match with Hufflepuff, the pitch is going to be in use from this week until the end of the Third Task."

Draco smirked, "Guess I'll have to rent a Professional field."

Severus nodded, "Take your places. Shake hands."

Adrian and Rodger shook hands.

"Ready?" Severus let the balls fly at his whistle.

Ravenclaw; Chasers Roger Davies, Randolph Burrow and Jeremy Stretton, Beaters Jason Samuels and Duncan Inglebee, Seeker Cho Chang and Keeper Grant Page kicked off.

Chasers Adrian, Draco and Angelina, Beaters George Weasley and Max O' Flaherty, Seeker Viktor Krum and Keeper Herbert Fleet did the same.

Angelina had the best reflexes and managed to snag the Quaffle first.

Adrian and Draco were in sync, keeping themselves open for Angelina to pass to.

"Its your favorite commentators Lee,"

"And Remus!"

"Returning as a special referee is our one and only Deputy Headmaster Severus Snape!"

"Look at them fly! It's Angelica with the Quaffle." Remus said excited.

"Watch out Ang! That's a Bludger!" Lee yelled.

Angelina barely avoided the Bludger sent by Jason and hurled the Quaffle at Draco who snatched it.
up and made his way to Page. He smirked and scored.

Page growled.

Viktor flew around looking around for the Snitch. There wasn't much sun, way more then at Durmstrang…there was some glare from the snow but not that much.

Cho couldn't see squat.

George hit the Bludger up at Cho after it missed Angelina.

It was interesting to see the Slytherin Dynamic Duo flying with the leader of the Gryffindor Golden Trio.

While George and Max was no Fred and George, they were decent. They hadn't taken long to mesh.

The Ravenclaw Chasers were good but between Adrian's pair of Beaters and his three top-notch Chasers, the Ravenclaws didn't seem to have a chance.

George might not have Fred but Max was a decent substitute, he was surprised how well they worked together, more often then not it was their bat that made impact with a Bludger and sent it towards the Ravenclaws.

Adrian was having fun; he wondered whether Blaise might try out next year. The newly Bonded Veela was a natural flyer; he would prove a hell of a Chaser. Between the three of them plus Harry they would have a huge chance at the Quidditch cup.

Viktor vaguely knew they were in the lead, the game had been going on more then thirty minutes but less then an hour. He was the only one on a Firebolt against a tiny Ravenclaw girl who was engaged to Diggory. He caught a hit of gold and dove for it.

Cho had been circling for a while when she spotted Viktor's dive, he couldn't have see it could he? Was this the Wronski Feint he'd used at the World Cup again? She saw gold and dove after him.

Viktor flew faster, straight into the ground. He could pull up in time but could she?

Cho was flying really fast, perhaps too fast…

Viktor caught the snitch and broke out of the dive with less then two feet to spare. He raised his fist in victory.

Cho couldn't pull up in time and crashed, she did manage to slow down though…

Draco whistled.

Adrian did a victory lap.

The crowd was wild.

Cho had landed badly and broke her arm at least she glared at the sky. She'd tried her best, there was no way she was good enough to play against Viktor Krum the only Seeker she'd ever flown against better then Harry.

Cedric summoned her broom and joined her, climbing off and gently lifting her up in his arms.

Draco chuckled, Gryffindor's best Seeker and Slytherin's were a couple; so were Ravenclaw and
Hufflepuff's Seekers.

Reporters and scouts eager to talk to them rushed the field.

Rodger told them that they could submit their questions for Cho in writing and he would see to it that they were answered.

It was pure chaos once more, Draco had to yell to shut them all up.

The scouts who weren't so interested in the players who hadn't flown in October were more interested now.

Cho, Stretton, Rodger and perhaps Page were considering playing professionally if they were offered a place.

Angelica had proven she could fly with her former rivals and play seemingly well.

George had proved that his skill as a Beater wasn't reliant on his brother…

Draco knew that the Arrows and Puddlemere still had their eye on Adrian and he would make sure his captain was given full consideration.

Blaise made his way towards the pitch from the stands, George looked tired. More tired after a game then he had expected…he held his eggs closer to keep them warm as he neared George. He rest his hand on his friend's back, as a seer he was more sensitive then most. There was life inside his friend, but how? It was faint but there none the less…

George turned slightly, "Blaise?"

Blaise took his arm, "Come. We need to talk." He gestured for Severus to join them, he had a tremendous sense of unease.

Blaise led them back to his own rooms, after they were on the other side of the portrait door he turned on George, "Tell me you didn't do it."

George's brow furrowed in confusion.

"Brew the potion yourself." Blaise said laying his eggs in their crib near the fire that Charlie relit.

"What potion?"

"The pregnancy potion."

George's eyes narrowed, "I did no such thing. I warded the only book in the library that had it so I couldn't touch it without being burned. I wanted to avoid the temptation. Don't tease me. I bloody well know I can't have his kids,"

Severus raised an eyebrow, "May I?"

George shrugged before crossing his arms.

"It's faint, but he is. Actually, he's almost two months."

George's eyes filled with tears, "I can't be…I've only been with Fred. What do you think happened? Could I have been dosed like Percy by an unknown person?"
Severus cast a few charms, "No. From what I can tell this is a natural pregnancy but that shouldn't be. This is strange...this isn't a di-spermal conception."

George's hand flew to his mouth, the potion. The gender-switching potion, it was just supposed to be temporary…

"What do you know of this George?"

George blushed, "We like to create potions and sweets etcetera. We made the potion Harry has been using to practice swimming and will use in the Second Task. WE thought it might be fun to create a gender switching potion, it's only good for two hours and then your magic reasserts itself so you change back."

Severus stared, "You created a potion that not only changed your gender but also made you fertile? I've never even heard of such a potion."

George shrugged, "I'm good at brewing but I prefer to experiment."

"How did he retain the pregnancy?" Blaise asked softly.

"He wanted Fred's child more then anything. I'd say his magic retained both womb and the products of conception. Are you sure you want to chance this? Being the children of Twin brothers they are more likely to have problems; possibly being Squibs or even mad." Severus had to be honest.

"I don't care if they're squibs. They're my babies, I want them." George whispered holding his stomach.

"We'll need a story, what to tell those who don't need to know. We can't tell anyone outside the family they are Fred's babies." Charlie said quietly, "I'm not ashamed that you're pregnant George, please don't think that. I just don't want you treated badly."

"I see."

Blaise spoke, "Why don't you say George got a little tipsy during the Yule Ball? He ended up sleeping with someone he didn't remember? When Fred found him he was thoroughly debauched? Whoever George slept with must have given him the potion. You can refuse to end the pregnancy because it isn't the babies fault. When they are born Fred can adopt them and name them as his heirs. You can just decide that you don't care who the father is. They didn't come forward so it doesn't matter."

George winced, "So I have to pretend they are rape babies?"

"Would you rather tell Mum that they are Fred's?"

George paled, "No…"

"It's settled then. I want everything you had on the potion you created. You are to go to class and sleep. You aren't to fly or even learn to Apparate. Flooing on emergency only. You will eat what I recommend given your body and special potions I will brew because you need adequate nutrition."

"Our baby…" George's eyes shine with happiness.

"Babies. You have two new echoes of growing life."

"Twins?" George seemed to glow, he had his beloved Fred and now in his body by some miracle he
was carrying their babies. He walked off to the Tower on a cloud.

Charlie pinched his nose, "Think Dad will buy the story?"

Severus shrugged, "It is in his best interest to believe it publicly. Fred can pull the big brother card and promise to help George care for the child. They are both single, some would say that George should carry it to term and then give it away...them away. Preferably to a Bonded couple that he is related to."

"He'll be fine. He has Fred who will take care of him."

Chapter End Notes

Second Task

Chapter Summary


Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom : HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 40- Second Task

George had commandeered the Prefect's bathroom with Adrian to help Harry with his mediocre swimming. It was his way of helping, besides it gave him something to focus on besides his unexpected but very much wanted pregnancy.

Adrian had deduced that Neville's overprotective gran had refused him swimming as well as flying lessons and was determined to teach him many things he hadn't had a chance to learn properly.

"Hermione, I was joking," Harry said wearily. "I know I haven't got a chance of turning into a champion by tomorrow morning."

"Oh this is no use," Hermione said, snapping shut Weird Wizarding Dilemmas which she had been reading to avoid thinking about tomorrow. "Who on earth wants to make their nose hair grow into ringlets?"

"I wouldn't mind," said Fred Weasley's voice. "Be a talking point, wouldn't it?"

Harry, Draco, Neville, Adrian and Hermione looked up as Fred had just entered the bathroom.

"What're you two doing here?" Draco asked. "Aren't you supposed to be on patrol?" it was Fred's turn to do prefect duties.

"Looking for you," Fred said. "Snape wants you, Draco and you, Hermione."

"Why?" Hermione asked looking surprised.

"Dunno… he was looking a bit grim, though," Fred shrugged. "We're supposed to head down to his office,"

Draco and Hermione stared at Harry, who felt his stomach drop. It was time, they were taking Draco away but why Hermione? He turned even paler as he realized that his honorary sister was what Viktor would miss. He could lose them both…
Draco knelt, lifting Harry up to kiss him softly, "I'll be fine. You're doing well Adder. I trust you."

"We'll see you after the Second Task," Hermione told Harry as she got up to go with Draco and Fred, both of them looked very anxious."

"Right," Harry said despondently, how was he supposed to do this?

Draco closed his eyes, staggering as he felt Harry's anguish. Slowly, he closed his mind to protect him from feeling Harry's worry and fear. He couldn't afford to cause his Adder any more problems by letting himself be made ill.

XoooooX

Harry marched as one condemned, he felt as utterly alone as he had that first day he knew he was a wizard and all he had was that dumb oaf Hagrid.

People kept wishing him luck for the next morning in cheery, confident voices; all of them apparently convinced that he was about to pull off another stunning performance like the one he had managed in the first task. Harry couldn't answer them; he just nodded, feeling as though there were a golfball stuck in his throat. By ten to midnight, he was silent as he stared into their living room fireplace. He had finished his last swimming lesson and had dinner, but Draco and Hermione had not come back. They weren't coming back…

It's over, he told himself. You can't do it. You'll just have to go down to the lake in the morning and tell the judges…

He imagined himself explaining that he couldn't do the task. He pictured Bagman's look of round-eyed surprise, Karkaroff's satisfied, yellow-toothed smile. He could almost hear Fleur Delacour saying, "I knew it… 'e is too young, 'e is only a little boy." He saw dreary rule obsessed Ravenclaws flashing their POTTER STINKS badge at him from the crowd, saw his fathers' crestfallen, disbelieving face…

Forgetting that Orion was on his lap, Harry stood up very suddenly; Orion growled angrily as he landed on the floor, gave Harry a disgusted look, and padded away with his feathery tail in the air, but Harry was already stumbling to his bed, burying his face in his Draco's pillow.

"Duermos," Harry whispered fifteen minutes later when he couldn't go to sleep.

Even his dreams would not let him rest…

The mermaid in the painting in the prefects' bathroom was laughing. Harry was bobbing like a cork in bubbly water next to her rock, while she held his Draco bound and gagged looking so cold and still over his head.

"Come and get it!" she giggled maliciously. "Come on, jump!"

"I can't," Harry panted, snatching at wildly for Draco, and struggling not to sink. "Give him back to me!"

But she just poked him painfully in the side with the end of her trident, laughing at him.

"That hurts - get off- ouch -"

"Harry Potter must wake up, sir!"
"Stop poking me -"

"Dobby must poke Harry Potter, sir, he must wake up! Master Draco made Dobby promise and Master Blaise too."

Harry opened his eyes, he was still in curled up on Draco's side of the bed. He sat up, fumbling for and straightening his glasses, blinking in the bright daylight.

"Harry Potter needs to hurry!" squeaked Dobby. "The second task starts in ten minutes, and Harry Potter -"

"Ten minutes?" Harry yelped. "Ten - ten minutes?"

He looked down at his watch. Dobby was right. It was twenty past nine. A large, dead weight seemed to fall through Harry's chest into his stomach.

"Hurry, Harry Potter!" squeaked Dobby, plucking at Harry's sleeve. "You is supposed to be down by the lake with the other champions, sir!"

"It's too late, Dobby," Harry said hopelessly. "I'm not doing the task, I can't do it."

"Harry Potter will do the task!" squeaked the elf. "Must not abandon young master Draco. Draco says he believes in you. He asks that the Lion save the Dragon. Master Draco knew Harry would not wake up in time, so Dobby did it for him!" he waved his hand and used elf magic to dress Harry in warm swim clothes and handed him the potion from Fred. "Go Master Harry. Must bring back Master Draco."

"'the prospect's black,'" Harry recited, staring, horror-struck, at the elf. "'Too late, it's gone, it won't come back.' Dobby - what've I got to do? I'm scared."

"You must be going sir!" squeaked the elf, and he put his hand on his bony hips. "Right before you go into the lake, sir drink Mr. Fred's potion!"

Actually since Potions was more George's thing it was probably one of George's creations.

"Don't forget the potion will make Harry Potter breathe underwater, sir!"

"Dobby," said Harry frantically, "listen - are you sure about this?"

"Dobby is quite sure, sir!" said the elf earnestly. "Dobby hears things, sir, he is a house-elf, he goes all over the castle as he lights the fires and mops the floors to serve Masters Draco, Severus, Remus and you Master Harry sir. Dobby heard Mr. Fred and Master Harry in this very room sir, talking about the next task… Dobby cannot let Harry Potter lose his Master Draco!"

Harry's doubts vanished; he jumped to his feet, grabbed the Potion, and put it into his pocket, then tore out of his fathers' apartments with Dobby at his heels.

"Dobby is supposed to be in the Manor's kitchen, sir!" Dobby squealed as they burst into the corridor. "Dobby will be missed - good luck, Master Harry Potter, sir, good luck!"

"See you later, Dobby!" Harry shouted, and he sprinted along the corridor and down the stairs, three at a time.

The entrance hall contained a few last-minute stragglers, all leaving the Great Hall after breakfast and heading through the double oak doors to watch the second task. Harry's stomach growled and he
was forced to ignore it, he had to get his Draco back. He needed him, everyone; Mr. Lucius, Miss
Cissy, Papa, Dad, Hermione, Fred, George, Blaise, everyone was relying on and expecting him to
get Draco back. He cast a cheering charm on himself silently.

Harry flashed past, sending Seamus Finnigan as well Colin and Dennis Creevey flying as he leapt
down the stone steps and out onto the bright, chilly grounds.

As he pounded down the lawn he saw that the seats that had encircled the dragons' enclosure in back
November were now ranged along the opposite bank, rising in stands that were packed to the
bursting point and reflected in the lake below. The excited babble of the crowd echoed strangely
across the water as Harry ran flat-out around the other side of the lake toward the judges, who were
sitting at another gold draped table at the water's edge. Cedric, Fleur, and Viktor were beside the
judges' table, watching Harry sprint toward them.

"I'm… here…" Harry panted, skidding to a halt in the mud and accidentally splattering Fleur's robes
but was clear-headed enough to spell them clean once more. He cast a warming charm on himself to
drive away the shivers.

"Where have you been?" said a familiar voice that sounded tight with unease. "The task's about to
start!"

Harry looked around. Lucius was sitting at the judges' table; Mr. Crouch had failed to turn up again.
Must still be ill…

"Now, now, Lord Malfoy," said Ludo Bagman, who was looking intensely relieved to see Harry.
"let him catch his breath!"

Severus smiled at Harry, but Karkaroff and Madame Maxime didn't look at all pleased to see him. It
was obvious from the looks on their faces that they had thought he wasn't going to turn up.

Harry bent over, hands on his knees, gasping for breath; he had a stitch in his side that felt as though
he had a knife between his ribs, but there was no time to get rid of it; Ludo Bagman was now
moving among the champions, spacing them along the bank at intervals of ten feet. Harry was on the
very end of the line, next to Viktor, who was wearing swimming trunks and was holding his wand
ready. Hermione's boyfriend gave him a weak smile.

"All right. Harry?" Bagman whispered as he moved Harry a few feet farther away from Viktor.
"Know what you're going to do?"

"Yeah," Harry panted, massaging his ribs, they ached a bit in the cold. Wait following his fall last
year all his bones had healed properly so that meant the ache was in his mind, another thing he'd
bring up in his next mind healer appointment. If he lived through this…

Bagman gave Harry's shoulder a quick squeeze which made Harry stiffen in response- the man put
him on edge with his overt courtesy and returned to the judges' table; he pointed his wand at his
throat as he had done at the World Cup, said, "Sonorus!" and his voice boomed out across the dark
water toward the stands. "Well, all our champions are ready for the second task, which will start on
my whistle. They have precisely an hour to recover what has been taken from them. On the count of
three, then; one… two… three!"

The whistle echoed shrilly in the cold, still air; the stands erupted with cheers and applause; without
looking to see what the other champions were doing, Harry pulled off his shoes and socks, pulled the
potion out of his pocket, tugged the cork out and poured it into his mouth, and waded out into the
lake.
It was so cold he felt the skin on his legs searing as though this were fire, not icy water. His sodden robes weighed him down as he walked in deeper; now the water was over his knees, and his rapidly numbing feet were slipping over silt and flat, slimy stones. Waist-deep in the freezing water he stopped, swallowed, and waited for something to happen.

He could hear laughter in the crowd and knew he must look stupid, walking into the lake without showing any sign of magical power. The part of him that was still dry was covered in goose pimples; half immersed in the icy water, a cruel breeze lifting his hair, Harry started to shiver violently as he felt his body grow warmer and then, quite suddenly, Harry felt as though an invisible pillow had been pressed over his mouth and nose. He tried to draw breath, but it made his head spin; his lungs were empty, and he suddenly felt a piercing pain on either side of his neck - Harry clapped his hands around his throat and felt two large slits just below his ears, flapping in the cold air, he had gills. He closed his eyes and dove straight in gripping his wand, the first gulp of icy lake water felt like the breath of life. His head had stopped spinning; he took another great gulp of water and felt it pass smoothly through his gills, sending oxygen back to his brain.

The water didn't feel icy anymore either… on the contrary, he felt pleasantly cool and very light. The water was different outside them in the hot prefect's bathroom tub, which was the size of the pool that Dudley had his swimming lessons as a grammar school student. Harry struck out once more, marveling at how far and fast his feet propelled him through the water as he started to relax- he couldn't drown, and noticing how clearly he could see, and how he no longer seemed to need to blink. The potion had made his weak eyesight a bit stronger. He had soon swum so far into the lake that he could no longer see the water's surface.

Silence pressed upon his ears as he soared over a strange, dark, foggy landscape. He could only see ten feet around him, so that as he sped through the water new scenes seemed to loom suddenly out of the incoming darkness: forests of rippling, tangled black weed, wide plains of mud littered with dull, glimmering stones. He swam deeper and deeper, out toward the middle of the lake, his eyes wide, staring through the eerily gray-lit water around him to the shadow beyond, where the water became opaque.

Small fish flickered past him like silver darts. Once or twice he thought he saw something larger moving ahead of him, but when he got nearer, he discovered it to be nothing but a large, blackened log, or a dense clump of weed. There was no sign of any of the other champions, merpeople, Draco - nor, thankfully, the giant squid.

He closed his eyes focusing on the connection from the ring that Narcissa gave him but got nothing. What was it Blaise said?

When an empath is linked to someone, they can easily "reach out" and feel the one to whom they are linked, and then know how that one feels, emotionally and physically, and sometimes even perceive what they are doing. When a link deepens to a bond, the empath doesn't even have to "reach"; it is as if the other person is constantly standing right next to the empath.

A mistake that some empaths make is bonding to someone, and thinking that it will go both ways. If the other person isn't also an empath, or if the other person isn't strongly attached to the empath, then they probably won't form a bond back to the empath. Those situations can easily lead to a frustrating relationship where the empath who bonded feels everything that goes on with their partner, but the partner doesn't feel what is going on with the empath.

He had a link to Draco, an empathic one. A link through their very soul, Draco was missing he was down here somewhere but where? He closed his eyes; the Dragon would guide the Lion and raise him up? Their destinies were bound up with that of the Wizarding world? In that case he needed to
be sure he wouldn't lose Draco for good…

Harry reached out farther, 'Where are you Draco?'

He felt a faint echo; deeper in the lake…Harry swam weakly straight down blasting anything that got in his way. He hadn't been allowed lessons until Fred and George decided to teach him. now he could do a little better then dog paddle? Whatever it was they called it…

Harry barely noticed some water monster thing cornered Fleur but he had more pressing concerns. 'Draco, I'm coming…' vaguely realizing those were grindylows…

He swam on for what felt like at least twenty minutes. He was passing over vast expanses of black mud now, which swirled murkily as he disturbed the water. Then, at long last, he heard a snatch of haunting mersong.

"An hour long you'll have to look,
And to recover what we took…"

Harry swam faster and soon saw a large rock emerge out of the muddy water ahead. It had paintings of merpeople on it; they were carrying spears and chasing what looked like the giant squid. Harry swam on past the rock, following the mersong.

"… your time's half gone, so tarry not
Lest what you seek stays here to rot…"

Harry's heart twisted, Never! He growled to himself. He couldn't leave Draco here to rot…he'd rather die then live without Draco…

A cluster of crude stone dwellings stained with algae loomed suddenly out of the gloom on all sides. Here and there at the dark windows, Harry saw faces… faces that bore no resemblance at all to the painting of the mermaid he'd seen in the prefects' bathroom during his swimming lessons.

The merpeople had grayish skin and long, wild, dark green hair. Their eyes were yellow, as were their broken teeth, and they wore thick ropes of pebbles around their necks. They leered at Harry as he swam past; one or two of them emerged from their caves to watch him better, their powerful, silver fish tails beating the water, spears clutched in their hands.

Harry sped on, staring around, and soon the dwellings became more numerous; there were gardens of weed around some of them, and he even saw a pet grindylow tied to a stake outside one door. Merpeople were emerging on all sides now, watching him eagerly, pointing at his gills and talking behind their hands to one another.

Harry sped around a corner and a very strange sight met his eyes.

A whole crowd of merpeople was floating in front of the houses that lined what looked like a mer-version of a village square. A choir of merpeople was singing in the middle, calling the champions toward them, and behind them rose a crude sort of statue of a gigantic merperson hewn from a boulder. Four people were bound tightly to the tail of the stone merperson.

Draco was tied between Hermione and Cho Chang. There was also to Harry's surprise Bill Weasley, Fred, Percy and George's oldest brother. Of course Blaise, Charlie and Mr. Weasley said that Bill and Fleur were mates. He knew that Bill and Fleur's eggs wouldn't survive down here. The lake would kill papa because it was so cold. All four of them appeared to be in a very deep sleep. Their
heads were lolling onto their shoulders, and fine streams of bubbles kept issuing from their mouths.

Harry sped toward the hostages, half expecting the merpeople to lower their spears and charge at him, but they did nothing. The ropes of weed tying the hostages to the statue were thick, slimy, and very strong. For a fleeting second he thought of the he'd used to cut his pork chop at the Yule ball but then he looked at his wand and thought about the Severing jinx, he had decent control of it. He could use it to cut Draco free…

Harry looked around; many of the merpeople surrounding them were carrying spears. He shivered he didn't like them much.

He began to slice at the ropes binding Draco with his Severing Jinx and after several seconds of concentration they frayed and broke apart. Draco floated, unconscious, a few inches above the lake bottom, drifting a little in the ebb of the water.

Harry looked around. There was no sign of any of the other champions. What were they playing at? Why didn't they hurry up? He turned back to Hermione, raised his wand to cut at her bindings too.

At once, several pairs of strong gray hands seized him. Half a dozen mermen were pulling him away from Hermione, shaking their green-haired heads, and laughing.

"You take your own hostage," one of them said to him. "Leave the others…"

'No way!' Harry snapped furiously, "Your task is to retrieve your own hostage leave the others."

'She's my sister!' Harry yelled, gesturing toward Hermione, 'And I don't want them to die either!'

Cho's head was on Hermione's shoulder; the large redhead was ghostly green and pale in the dim 'lighting' of the Black Lake. Harry struggled to fight off the mermen, trying to cast the spell he'd used on his friends last week but they laughed harder than dodging the flashing of coloured lighting from his wand. Harry looked wildly around, 'Slytherin's Ballocks'- so what if Draco and Blaise were rubbing off? Where were the other champions? Would he have time to take Draco to the surface and come back down for Hermione and the others? Would he be able to find them again without his connection to Draco to guide him? He looked down at his watch to see how much time was left but it had stopped working. He had forgotten to make it impervious to water…

But then the merpeople around him pointed excitedly over his head. Harry looked up and saw Cedric swimming toward them. There was an enormous bubble around his head, which made his features look oddly wide and stretched. Oh yes the Bubble Headed Charm, he'd practiced that just in case the potion ran out.

"Got lost!" he mouthed looking panic-stricken, "Fleur and Viktor are coming now!"

Feeling enormously relieved, Harry watched Cedric pull a knife out of his pocket and cut Cho free. He pulled her upward and out of sight.

Harry looked around, waiting. Where were Fleur and Viktor? Time was getting short, and according to the song, the hostages would be lost after an hour…

The merpeople started screeching animatedly. Those blocking Harry loosened their grip, staring behind them. Harry turned and saw something monstrous cutting through the water toward them: a human body in swimming trunks with the head of a shark. It was Viktor. He appeared to have transfigured himself- but badly.
The shark-man swam straight to Hermione and began snapping and biting at her ropes; the trouble was that Viktor's new teeth were positioned very awkwardly for biting anything smaller than a dolphin.

Harry was quite sure that if Viktor wasn't careful, he was going to rip Hermione in half. Darting forward Harry hit Viktor hard on the shoulder and nonverbally cast the Severing Jinx while holding on tightly to Draco.

Viktor grabbed Hermione around the waist, and saluted before he began to rise rapidly with her toward the surface.

Now what? Harry thought desperately. If he could be sure that Fleur was coming but try as he might still no sign of her approach. There was nothing to be done except…

He pointed his wand at the merpeople again and growled, 'Get the hell out of my way!'

No words flew out of his mouth, but he had the distinct impression that the mermen had understood him, because they suddenly stopped laughing. Their yellowish eyes were fixed upon Harry's wand, and they looked scared. There might be a lot more of them than there were of him, but Harry could tell, by the looks on their faces, that they knew no more magic than the giant squid did.

'You've got until three!' Harry growled; but he held up three fingers to make sure they got the message. 'One…' he put down a finger, 'two…' he put down a second one and they scattered. Harry darted forward and cast the Severing Jinx at the ropes binding the huge red head to the statue, and at last she was free. He cast Carpe Retractum on Bill and Draco holding the rope tightly in his free hand, his wand pointed down towards the lakebed, 'Ascendio!' there was a powerful whoosh and they all exploded out of the Black Lake.

Harry felt his head break the surface of the lake; wonderful, cold, clear air was making his wet face sting as he realized the potion had warn off as he broke the surface and he gulped it down. The tiny Slytherin was feeling as though he had never breathed properly before, he was panting as he pulled Draco and Bill up with him. All around him, wild, green-haired heads were emerging out of the water with him, but they were smiling at him.

The crowd in the stands was making a great deal of noise; shouting and screaming, they all seemed to be on their feet; Harry had the impression they thought that Draco and the oldest one of the hostages might be dead, but they were wrong. Both of them had opened their eyes; Bill looked confused to see him but Draco merely coughed discretely, "I knew you could do it love. A bit cold isn't it?" Then he spotted Bill. "What did you bring him for?"

"Fleur didn't turn up, so I couldn't leave him," Harry panted. "He's family."

"Adder, you were so brave," said Draco, "but Father wouldn't have let any of us drown, neither would uncle Sev."

"The song said -"

"It was only to make sure you got back inside the time limit," Draco cupped Harry's wet face in his hands and kissed him deeply.

"C'mon," Harry kissed him back, "Bill, you can swim can't you?" if the twins knew how didn't he? The large man chuckled, "There's a swimming hole near the Burrow, Dad taught us to swim early. He grasped Harry's wand loosely, "Finite Incanteum." Making the loose rope release him and Draco. He wrapped an arm around Harry and grinned, "Let me help, you look tired." Casting warming
charms on them all with Harry's wand, Bill swim with his arm around Harry towards the shore.

Draco wasn't far behind, he was grateful for the warming charm.

On the bank where the judges stood watching, twenty merpeople who seemed to be accompanying them like a guard of honor, were singing their horrible screechy songs.

Harry could see Madam Pomfrey fussing over Hermione, Viktor, Cedric, and Cho, all of whom were wrapped in thick blankets.

Headmistress McGonagall looked both worried and pleased that they were safe while Ludo Bagman stood beaming at Harry, Bill and Draco from the bank as they swam nearer, but Blaise who looked very gray and somehow much younger than usual, came splashing out to meet them. Meanwhile Madame Maxime was trying to restrain Fleur Delacour, who was quite hysterical, fighting tooth and nail to return to the water.

"William! Oh William! Are you 'urt?" the female Veela called out.

Bill grinned, "Just peachy mademoiselle. Let me get these boys to the bank and I'll show you I'm right as rain."

Blaise seized Draco and was dragging him back to the bank.

"Blaise, I'm all right!" Draco said trying to reassure his brother.

Severus and Remus were pulling Harry upright; while Fleur had broken free of Madame Maxime and leapt into her mate's arms.

"It was ze grindylows… zey attacked me… oh William, I thought… I thought…" she broke into fresh sobs.

"Come here, you," Severus began as he seized Harry and hugged him close before Remus wrapped him up in a thick wool blanket.

Harry was wrapped so tightly in a blanket that he felt as though he were in a straitjacket, then papa forced a measure of very hot potion down his throat and steam gushed out of his ears.

"Harry, well done!" Hermione cried rushing to hug him, her happy reunion with her Viktor on hold when Harry was on land. "You did it, you did all by yourself!"

"Well -" said Harry. He would have told her about Dobby waking him up under Draco's orders, but he had just noticed Karkaroff watching him. He was the only judge who had not left the table; the only judge not showing signs of pleasure and relief that Harry, Draco, and Fleur's mate Bill had got back safely. "Yeah, that's right," Harry forced a smile raising his voice slightly so that Karkaroff could hear him.

"You haff a water beetle in your hair, Ahren," said Viktor.

Harry had the impression that Viktor was drawing her attention back onto himself and he didn't mind, Viktor was Hermione's future and Draco was his. He smiled to himself thinking that Viktor was really nice to his sister.

Hermione blushed as her boyfriend removed the beetle and said, "You're well outside the time limit, though, Harry. Did it take you ages to find us?"
"No, I found you easy. I found you because," he looked into Draco's eyes, "Our connection isn't one way anymore." He pressed his hand to Draco's heart, "I reached out with my heart for his and I felt his love out there." He said softly.

Harry's feeling of stupidity was growing, now he was out of the water, it seemed perfectly clear that Mr. Lucius and the organizers' safety precautions wouldn't have permitted the death of a hostage just because their champion hadn't turned up. Why hadn't he just grabbed Draco and gone? He would have been first back, Cedric and Viktor hadn't wasted time worrying about anyone else; they hadn't taken the mersong seriously had they?

Lucius was crouching at the water's edge, deep in conversation with what seemed to be the chief merperson, a particularly wild and ferocious-looking female. He was making the same sort of screechy noises that the merpeople made when they were above water; clearly, Mr. Lucius could speak Mermish? Finally he straightened up, turned to his fellow judges, and said, "A conference before we give the marks, I think."

The judges went into a huddle. Madam Pomfrey had gone to try to rescue Draco from Blaise's clutches, only to be growled at by the protective Veela.

So Severus wrapped his godson up tight before he led him over to Harry and the others, gave him a blanket and some Pepper-up Potion.

Fleur and her mate Bill made their way to them, Fleur had many cuts on her face and arms and her robes were torn, but she didn't seem to care, nor would she allow Madam Pomfrey or Severus to clean them. She turned to Harry. "You saved 'eem," she said breathlessly. "Even though he was not your 'ostage."

"Yeah," said Harry, who was now thoroughly embarrassed he hadn't done as he was expected.

Fleur bent down, kissed Harry twice on each cheek.

The tiny Slytherin felt his face burn and wouldn't have been surprised if steam was coming out of his ears again, then said to Draco, "I didn't expect that." He hid his scarlet face in his boyfriend's wet scratchy blanket.

"It's alright Adder," Draco, looking extremely proud of him, "I'm sure you didn't -"

Fleur swooped down on him and kissed him too, "You're a lucky young man to have such a brave beau."

Hermione looked simply proud of all her 'family', but just then, Ludo Bagman's magically magnified voice boomed out beside them, making them all jump, and causing the crowd in the stands to go very quiet.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have reached our decision. Mer-chieftainess Murcus has told us exactly what happened at the bottom of the lake, and we have therefore decided to award marks out of fifty for each of the champions, as follows…

"Fleur Delacour, though she demonstrated excellent use of the Bubble-Head Charm, was attacked by grindylows as she approached her goal, and failed to retrieve her hostage. We award her twenty-five points."

Applause from the stands.

"I deserved zero," Fleur said throatily, shaking her magnificent head of silvery blond hair.
"Cedric Diggory, who also used the Bubble-Head Charm, was first to return with his hostage, though he returned one minute outside the time limit of an hour."

Enormous cheers from the Hufflepuffs in the crowd; Harry saw Cho give Cedric a glowing look.

"We therefore award him forty-seven points."

Harry's heart sank. If Cedric had been outside the time limit, he most certainly had been.

"Viktor Krum used an incomplete form of Transfiguration, which was nevertheless effective, and was second to return with his hostage. We award him forty points."

Karkaroff clapped particularly hard, looking very superior.

"Harry Potter used an unknown but obviously well-brewed potion to great effect," Bagman continued. "He returned last, and well outside the time limit of an hour. However, the Merchieftainess informs us that Mr. Potter was first to reach the hostages, and that the delay in his return was due to his determination to return all hostages to safety, not merely his own."

Hermione gave Harry half-exasperated, half-commiserating look.

"Most of the judges," and here, Bagman gave Karkaroff a very nasty look, "feel that this shows great courage and loyalty- apparently he had a connection with all the hostages. This act of integrity merits full marks. Therefore Mr. Potter's score is forty-five points."

Harry's stomach leapt - he was now tied for first place with Cedric. Draco and Hermione, caught by surprise, stared at Harry, then laughed and started applauding hard with the rest of the crowd.

"There you go. Harry!" Draco shouted over the noise before kissing him softly. "You weren't being irresponsible, you were showing great courage and loyalty! I knew you had it in you."

Fleur was clapping very hard too, and Viktor looked proud of his fellow Seeker.

Hermione turned to Viktor and tugged on his sleeve, "About what you asked before Harry came up from the Lake, I'd love to visit your family."

"Oh Ahren, you've made me so happy."

Hermione blushed, "I know." Both of them agreed they'd never felt this way about anyone before.

"The third and final task will take place at dusk on the twenty-fourth of June," Bagman continued. "The champions will be notified of what is coming precisely one month beforehand. Thank you all for your support of the champions."

It was over. Harry thought dazedly, as papa and Madam Pomfrey began herding the champions and hostages back to the castle to get into dry clothes. It was over, he had got through the Second Tack and he didn't have to worry about anything now until May the twenty-fourth…

Harry was going to find some way to thank Draco for believing in him and for telling Dobby to wake him. He couldn't forget Fred and George; they helped him with his swimming and gave him that wonderful potion. If he won he was giving them his winnings, hell if he didn't win but lived he was going to ask Mr. Lucius to find the best place in Diagon Alley for their dream Joke shop. He had his own vaults to spend money on his family and he owed the twins so much…. 
March 10-

It was Remus' birthday but he spent the day with Severus and Lucius drilling Harry, Draco and their friends with their defensive and offensive match.

Blaise used uncommon transfiguration spells to create powerful magical creatures for them to fight. Just in case they encountered them again…

Remus had even managed to find a boggart that had taken refuge in Spinners End…

Harry's Boggart was a Dementor, he was afraid of fear?

Hermione's was seeing her friends bleeding to death all looking like Harry had that day in the locked bedroom…

Sobbing she kept casting Ridiculous until it stopped changing.

Draco's boggart was the image of Harry lying cold and lifeless…

Blaise's was nothing, for some reason the mated Half-Veela had no boggart.

Due to George's unexpected pregnancy he wasn't allowed to use much magic…

It was the spell that Blaise told them that his centaur teachers insisted they all learn, that changed them all.

They had finally started work on Patronuses, which everybody had been very keen to practice, though, as Remus and Severus kept reminding them, that producing a Patronus in the middle of a brightly lit classroom when they were not under threat was very different from producing it when confronted by something like a Dementor. Or was it the same to use it to send an important message…

Adrian and Neville as well as Charlie often stopped by to practice, with Lucius and Severus' Dark Marks becoming more poignant Remus and Blaise were adamant they learn them so the lessons were held always at the manor on weekends.

George had a dreamy look as he looked after Draco's little sister while they practiced.

Remus cast his snake Patronus a few times while Severus clearly enunciated while casting his wolf
"Patronus.

"The incantation is Expecto Patronum. You must think the happiest thought you can when you cast it."

Narcissa closed her eyes and thought about the time that Lucius made love to her and she conceived their beautiful perfect Carina. "Expecto Patronum." Narcissa said brightly, watching her silvery swan-shaped Patronus soar around the small ballroom. "They're so pretty!"

"Don't forget Narcissa that it's meant for defense not to look pretty." Severus said slightly exasperated. "If the Dark Lord returned and sent Dementors after you for Lucius' betrayal you'd have to cast one strong enough to protect you and Carina."

Narcissa's eyes flashed, "I know that! No one is going to put my children in danger. I was lucky that no one discovered Blaise was living here before the Dark Lord was defeated. This time I'm not playing meek; we're not supporting that power mad snake! My sister should be blasted off the family tree for being in love with him!"

"Peace Cissy, we know. You're welcome to do such things."

"May I try Professor?" Viktor's English was a bit better.

"By all means." Remus nodded, 

"Expecto Patronum." Viktor's face was screwed up in concentration, but only feeble wisps of silver smoke issued from his wand tip. "Expecto Patronum." A large silvery bird finally emerged resembling a raven.

"As if we needed anymore proof he was meant for Hermione." Blaise teased.

Hermione's Patronus, a glowing silver dove, was flying around her. "They are sort of nice, aren't they?" she said, looking at it fondly as it flew towards Viktor's raven.

Harry closed his eyes thinking about the time Draco said he loved him and their shared their first kiss. "Expecto Patronum." Out of his wand came a very large silvery lion Patronus that seemed to flicker as if with flames, it's head was level with his nipples he thought with a blush.

Draco smirked, thinking about the first time Harry screamed his name when he came. "Expecto Patronum." To no one's true surprise, Draco's Patronus was a dragon, it had dark silver rough scales, ridges along its back, and a tail tipped with an arrow-shaped spike. The eyes seemed to almost glow red…

Blaise whistled, "Slytherin's Beard Draco! A Dragon! That's a Hebridean Black. Seriously…that thing is huge! I didn't know you could have a dragon Patronus, I thought Harry's Nemean Lion was as unique as you could get... " it looked as if it could fight off a dozen Dementors on it's own.

Remus' eyes widened, "The largest known Patronus belonged to Andros the Invincible. You must be a very powerful wizard to be able to cast a corporeal Patronus like that, Dumbledore's was a Phoenix but it's highly uncommon to have a magical animal as a Patronus. I wasn't sure pup's Patronus was a Nemean Lion, I supposed it does seem wreathed in flame."

Lucius thought back to the early days before he was so deeply involved with the Death Eaters when he and Cissy had been newly bonded and happy, he smiled, "Expecto Patronum."

Narcissa burst out laughing when she saw what emerged from her husband's wand, "A fox!" her
own was a swan and her son's was a dragon but Lucius' was a fox? That was just so funny…

"So Draco is the dragon and Harry is the lion, but Severus why is your Patronus the wolf and Remus' is the snake?" Blaise asked curious.

Remus rubbed his chin in thought, "I wonder, Lily's was the doe and James was a stag the same as his animagus form; I thought bonded couples were instinctively paired. Mine was incorporeal the first time I cast it, it had no form until I fell in love with Severus. I did my best to never let anyone see me cast it. How could a good Gryffindor like me explain having a snake Patronus?

"My first Patronus was a doe like Lily's, I don't know why it would change except that it reflects the man I love." Severus said gruffly.

"So it can change…interesting…" Blaise blushed thinking about how gentle Charlie had been the morning of his 15th birthday when he went into heat and they truly made love for the first time. "Expecto Patronum." Out of his wand came a silvery figure, an eagle. He was the eagle, it was fitting but not as cool and Harry and Draco's.

Charlie pulled Blaise into his arms and kissed him senseless as he silently cast the charm.

Soon there were two flying eagles...

George reached for Fred's hand, appearing at his side after placing Carina in her crib.

The Weasley twins spoke as with one voice, "Expecto Patronum."

Two horses cantered out, George's rubbed its head against Fred's Patronus and seemed to whinny.

Blaise noticed that George's was a mare and Fred's was a stallion but he said nothing.

"It seems we can all cast Patronuses, I am surprised at Charlie and Blaise's." Lucius said with a smirk.

"Well you can't have an arrow Patronus. So I guess our Patronuses match." Blaise said with a sneer.

"I see that Fred and George's have something in common with James and Lily, they must be truly supposed to be one."

Arthur arrived, "What is this a Patronus party?"

Andromeda right behind him.

"We were teaching them how to cast them Arthur." Remus said, "It seems like most things, they caught on quickly."

"Well then I suppose I could cast mine for then fun of it, don't get much call for it since before the Potters…" his voice trailed off, "Expecto Patronum."

Lucius' Fox Patronus leapt at Arthur's weasel Patronus and they all laughed.

"I guess I am the odd one then, my Patronus doesn't have a form. It's more of a silvery shield." Andromeda said with a shrug. "Nymphadora's is the same as well."

Lucius shifted nervously, "Draco, just wondering, can you actually resist the Imperious curse? You were always slow to respond when you were punished in that manner."
"Yes, I wasn't ready to challenge you then."

"I see. Severus perhaps we should teach them how to resist as well as the affects of the Cruciatius and the Imperious Curses. Draco can recognize if one is under the Imperius as well as you."

"Well, it's only illegal to cast on humans right?"

Narcissa winced; she had terrible memories of being forced to cast Unforgivables on the house elves at her father's behest.

Severus summoned three spiders, casting an engorgement on them. He cast the body-bind curse on two of the three spiders, caught one of the spiders, and held it in the palm of his hand so that they could all see it. He then pointed his wand at it and muttered, "Imperio!"

The spider leapt from Severus' hand on a fine thread of silk and began to swing backward and forward as though on a trapeze. It stretched out its legs rigidly, then did a back flip, breaking the thread and landing on the floor beside, where it began to cartwheel in circles. Severus jerked his wand, and the spider rose onto two of its hind legs and went into what was unmistakably a tap dance.

Harry gulped, "That's what Nott used on Crabbe and Goyle so they would attack Blaise wasn't it?"

Lucius nodded, "it's also what Dumbledore used on Black and myself so we would do his bidding. It is also the curse I claimed Bellatrix cast on me so I would serve the Dark Lord. The ministry believed me. Trust me you have no memory of it being cast and would follow any directions given while under the curse."

"Lucius is weak against the Imperious, most are. Minister for Magic Bones has an unusually high tolerance against both this curse and Legilimency. She is a natural born Occlumentus which makes it had to both control her and probe her mind. I believe she also has a natural resistance to Veritaserum." Severus said.

"I was taught Occlumency and Legilimency from a young age, I have a high resistance." Draco said with a shrug.

"I don't know if my natural resistance to cast magic would protect me." Blaise said curious.

"I will cast this just once on all of you, as training." Severus said with great reluctance. "If the Dark Lord is truly returning being able to resist this curse is important. It grants me total control of most persons," he said quietly as the spider balled itself up and began to roll over and over. "I could make it jump out of the window, drown itself, throw itself down one of your throats…"

Lucius shivered slightly, he'd forgotten that Dark Arts used to excite Severus more then normal.

"Imperious." Severus cast the spell on Draco.

Draco snorted.

'Stand on your head.'

'I don't think so. It sounds stupid.'

'Stand on your head.'

"No!"
Severus chuckled as he stumbled back a bit, "I guess you really are hard to control. Good for you."

He turned, raised his wand, pointed it at Harry, and said, "Imperio!"

It was the most wonderful feeling. Harry felt a floating sensation as every thought and worry in his head was wiped gently away, leaving nothing but a vague, untraceable happiness. He stood there feeling immensely relaxed, only dimly aware of everyone watching him.

And then he heard papa's voice, echoing in some distant chamber of his empty brain:

'Jump onto the window seat… jump onto the window seat…'

Harry bent his knees obediently, preparing to spring.

'Jump onto the window seat.'

'Why, though? Stupid thing to do, really.'

'Jump onto the window seat.'

'No, I don't think I will, thanks. No, I don't really want to.'

'Jump! NOW!'

The next thing Harry felt was considerable pain. He had both jumped and tried to prevent himself from jumping - the result was that he'd smashed face-first into the window seat and by the feeling in his nose, he'd broken it.

Severus winced. "Harry fought it, and he damn near beat it! We'll try that again later, and the rest of you, pay attention - watch his eyes, that's where you see it - very good, Harry, very good indeed! They'll have trouble controlling you!" he knelt painfully and healed his son's broken nose.

Harry was happy for the praise.

Each minus George had the Imperious cast on them, it was too dangerous to cast on a pregnant person.

"The next curse is the Cruciatus." Severus raised his wand again, pointed it at the spider, and muttered, "Crucio!"

At once, the spider's legs bent in upon its body; it rolled over and began to twitch horribly, rocking from side to side.

No sound came from it, but Draco was sure that if it could have given voice, it would have been screaming. A spider didn't have his stubbornness; he stopped crying when his father punished him with this curse when he was far younger.

Severus did not remove his wand, and the spider started to shudder and jerk more trying to give them a clearer picture.

"Stop it!" Hermione said shaking as she clutched Viktor's hand.

"You're right. My apologies. It is difficult to watch, the consequences of using the Cruciatus too often in succession is death or madness. The Longbottoms are proof of what the terrible consequences of using that curse is."

Narcissa pinched the bridge of her nose, "A spider isn't that bad. Father used to make us practice on
the house elves no wonder Annie you married your Hufflepuff the first chance you had."

"I did turn my back on them, but I left because I fell in love with him while I was tutoring him in potions." Andromeda said with a shrug. "He isn't bad, he's hard working and brave enough to love the Ice Queen of Slytherin. I used to call him a glutton for punishment."

"The last is the Death Curse. I would show you but I think that Draco and Harry could tell you what it is like. Lucius and I, we never actually cast that one. I was the Hogwarts spy and resident potions master. I was never actually involved in the torture of Muggles or Light witches and wizards." Severus said nervously, his father was the only person whose death he actually considered being the cause of but luckily he was never given the opportunity. "Besides Draco's shield the only defense of the Killing Curse is not to get hit with it."

Remus nodded, "I would never give such a demonstration in class but you need to know what you might face. A true death eater wouldn't hesitate to curse you."

XooooooX

April 12, 1995

Blaise woke suddenly to hear muffled cries and thrashing, he fought his way out of Charlie's arms and stumbled towards the crib weren't he'd left his eggs the night before with a warming charm. He knew that they would hatch today; in the faint light from the dying fire he saw fine cracks. He scurried over to Charlie, shaking him, "Amante! Wake up. The eggs…” he sent his eagle Patronus to Arthur, Lucius, Fred, George, Hermione and Draco.

Charlie blinked yawning, "The eggs?"

"I think they're hatching…"

Charlie summoned the eggs to rest on the bed, "Come here." Pulling his Bondmate into his lap, "Now we'll be officially parents."

Blaise nestled in his husband's arms, "I've been looking forward to this day since we met, holding our babies."

"So am I." His Veela bondmate deserved so much and Charlie liked seeing him happy.

There was a pop…

"Charlie? I got grandkids yet?"

"Not yet dad."

There was a rumble and then the sound of the portrait being thrown open.

"Blaise?"

The chorus of five well-trusted voices made Blaise happy…

There was another pop, and the sound of an unhappy baby crying.

"Mother?" Blaise called out.

"Right here Blaise. I wouldn't miss this for the world." Narcissa said rocking Carina.
The eggs slowly began to crack.

There was a welcome cry, Audy handed her master warm wet clothes.

Charlie accepted them and used them to wipe the baby clean. He smiled, "Blaise it's a girl." Wrapping it in a blanket after placing a diaper on her.

Blaise held out his arms, his baby…their first child. He'd managed to bring his fist brood to hatch; he hadn't failed. "Hello baby, I think your name is Athena Amata Prewett." He rocked her gently. He smiled up at his mother, "You want to see her?" Athena Prewett had bronze skin, curly red hair and amethyst eyes; she was beautiful. She wasn't as light as her sire or as dark as her bearer but a mix of the both. She had the colour of Charlie's hair but the texture of Blai's but her eyes were her own.

Narcissa handed Lucius her daughter and reached for her granddaughter. "Hello little Athena. I'm your grandma Cissy."

Charlie cleaned up their son, diapering and dressing him, he had a son? He had expected all daughters because Veela were mostly female…he sat beside his husband, "He's beautiful.

Lucius chuckled, "You're forgetting something."

Charlie blinked, "I am?"

Arthur held out a vaguely family silver box, "The family claiming bracelets." He pulled out the emerald one that bore the crest of the Prewett family and clasp it gently to the wrist of his first-born grandchild.

Charlie kissed Blai's cheek, "What should we call our son?"

"Perseus Fabian Prewett." Blaise said with pride, looing down at the tiny boy who had bronze skin, curly red hair and cobalt eyes.

"A good name for a boy." Lucius said.

Narcissa nodded, they had beautiful names. Though not constellations they had a definite mythological tie.

"Perseus and Athena for mother. Fabian for Charlie's uncle who gave him his house and through him we have the title. Amata for my Italian grandmother." Blaise said with a smile.

Audy popped in with bottles, "Audy is so happy for babies. It has been long time since we had Prewett babies to care for."

Charlie tested the bottle, he'd helped care for infants before. He'd helped mum with the twins a bit but more so with Ron until he went away to school. He promised himself he wouldn't spoil Athena so much that she ended up like his sister. Athena maybe his princess but that didn't mean that she had to be raised to believe the world revolved around her. "We talked about it and we'd like Draco and Harry to be Perseus' godparents."

Harry tiptoed closer, "really?" they were so cute and tiny; he really wished he had one of his own but he was too young for babies. He was so tiny...

"It would be an honor Blaise." He was their uncle and he would look out for them anyway but being Perseus’ godfather was a gift.
Blaise looked up at Charlie, "Do you think that Percy and Oliver would still consent to being
godfathers to Athena?" he'd asked them months ago when they'd come over for dinner one night but
so much had happened since then. In less then two months Percy would give birth to his first child…

"We did ask, if they are still willing then yes. If not perhaps we can ask Hermione and George." Charlie said, he wanted at least one of his brothers to be godparents to his children.

Severus and Remus stood off to the side; Severus hoped that his mate would be as happy if he
conceived as Charlie was. He'd been taking fertility potions for months as he brewed the male
pregnancy potion, he wasn't sure if he was capable of conceiving but he wanted he had to try.

Remus wondered what it would be like to have a child of his own, Harry would be like Blaise to
them, the son of their heart.

XoooooX

April 16, 1995

Spring Holidays had begun two days ago; it was the Spring Equinox when Severus and Remus' Bonding dawned.

They gathered at Prince Hall also known as Merrivale Manor, which had been scoured at the behest of Narcissa who insisted that Lord Prince be bounded at the seat of his Lordship.

Severus would have rather be bonded at their home but Narcissa knew more about such things then he did.

Remus was just happy that Severus would finally be his; his husband, his bonded…

Lucius said with a smirk, "We have come together here in celebration of the joining together of
Remus Lyall Lupin and Severus Tobias Snape. There are many things to say about the nature of Bonding. Much wisdom concerning the joining together of two souls, two lives has come our way through history and tradition. With each union, more knowledge is gained and more wisdom gathered. Though we are unable to give all this knowledge to these two, who stand before us, we can hope to leave with them the knowledge of love and its strengths and the anticipation of the wisdom that comes with time. The law of life is love unto all beings. Without love, life is nothing, without love, death has no redemption."

Narcissa took her place as the Lady of a powerful House; "Love is anterior to Life, posterior to
Death, initial of Creation and the exponent of Earth. If we learn no more in life, let it be this; a Bonding to be entered into only after considerable thought and reflection. As with any aspect of life, it has its cycles, its ups and its downs, its trials and its triumphs. With full understanding of this, Remus and Severus have come here today to be joined as one in marriage. Others would ask, at this time, who gives Severus in marriage, but, since he is not a woman, nor is he property to be bought and sold, given and taken, I ask simply if he comes of his own will and if he has his family's blessing.

Severus, is it true that you come of your own free will and accord?

Severus blushed, "Yes, it is true."

Lucius fixed his eyes on Harry, "With whom do you come and whose blessings accompany you?"

Harry smiled, "He comes with me, the son of his heart, and is accompanied by all of his family's blessings."
Lucius nodded, "Please join hands with your betrothed and listen to that which I am about to say. Above you are the stars, below you are the stones, as time doth pass, remember; like a stone should your love be firm like a star should your love be constant. Let the powers of the mind and of the intellect guide you in your bonding, let the strength of your wills bind you together, let the power of love and desire make you happy, and the strength of your dedication make you inseparable. Be close, but not too close. Possess one another, yet be understanding.

Narcissa joined in, "Have patience with one another, for storms will come, but they will pass quickly. Be free in giving affection and warmth. Have no fear and let not the ways of the unenlightened give you unease, for God is with you always. Remus, I have not the right to bind thee to Severus, only you have this right. If it be your wish, say so at this time.

Remus squeezed Severus' hand gently, "It is my dearest wish."

Lucius turned to his dear friend, "Severus, if it be your wish for Remus to be bound to you, say so now."

Severus smirked, "I have no objections."

Lucius snickered, "Severus I have not the right to bind thee to Remus only you have this right. Repeat after me: I, Remus Lyall Lupin, in the spirit of the magic that resides within us all, by the life that courses within my blood and the love that resides within my heart, take thee Severus Tobias Snape to my hand, my heart, and my spirit, to be my Bondmate. To desire thee and be desired by thee, to possess thee, and be possessed by thee, without sin or shame, for naught can exist in the purity of my love for thee. I promise to love thee wholly and completely without restraint, in sickness and in health, in plenty and in poverty, in life and beyond, where we shall meet, remember, and love again. I shall not seek to change thee in any way. I shall respect thee, thy beliefs, thy people, and thy ways as I respect myself."

Remus said those words with every bit of sincerity in his bones.

Severus spoke the same words, without a shred of doubt, "I Severus Tobias Prince, in the name of the spirit of the magic that resides within us all, by the life that courses within my blood, and the love that resides within my heart, take thee, Remus Lyall Lupin to my hand, my heart, and my spirit to be my Bondmate. To desire and be desired by thee, to possess thee, and be possessed by thee, without sin or shame, for naught can exist in the purity of my love for thee. I promise to love thee wholly and completely without restraint, in sickness and in health, in plenty and in poverty, in life and beyond, where we shall meet, remember, and love again. I shall not seek to change thee in any way. I shall respect thee, thy beliefs, thy people, and thy ways as I respect myself."

Lucius handed a chalice to Remus, saying, "May you drink your fill from the Chalice of Loyalty"

Remus held chalice to Severus while he sipped then Severus took chalice and held it to Remus' lips while he sipped. The chalice was then handed back to Lucius presiding who sets it on the table.

Percy stepped forwards with the Bonding contract, while Harry and Draco held out quills. Remus and Severus signed the contract, magic leapt from the parchment entwining around their wrists with silver and gold chains.

Remus said with firm determination, "Bound to one another by love that shall never be torn asunder." the magic flickered but the connection between them was stronger then before that transformed to rings.
Lucius held out his wand as Percy sealed the scroll, "By the power vested in me by the Ancient House of Malfoy for the House of Prince and the British Ministry of Magic; I now pronounce you Bondmates. May your love so endure that its flame remains a guiding light unto you. Let us bless the couple…"

"As it is written…so let it be…” the chorus was taken up with raised wands that showered the couple with gold and sliver sparks.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 41B- Changes for the better and new Beginnings

Severus took the pregnancy potion after stepping out of the reception; many of their fellow professors and their extended and honorary family attended their bonding. He looked down at the rings on his hand; he realized that the engagement ring was silver. Severus sighed, that fool. Just because his house colours were green and silver didn't mean his ring had to be. After all, his mate was allergic to silver; Severus performed a complex transfiguration spell that transformed the silver into platinum. He smirked, much better. After a few months of fertility potions, vitamin potions…oh and the trip to Malfoy manor. He'd forced Lucius to drop him from a great height so like Harry all his poorly healed bones would break. He'd drank Skele-grow and muscle regrowth potions, he wouldn't heal his scars because Remus couldn't heal his own. He still wore his glamour but he was stronger now, the only limp he had was from being bit by that great oaf's Cerberus named Fluffy.

Remus followed the scent of his mate, "Sev?"

Severus turned with a smirk, "Hey. I just stepped out to take a potion."

Remus raised an eyebrow, "And what potion would that be?"

"It might have been the one I need to have a baby of my own."

Remus pulled his mate to him, "Oh really. You are wanting one? Then I will do my best to make sure it happens."
Severus felt stronger since his bones were regrown, he still had lots of rehab and perhaps, he wasn't truly strong enough do this but his own child was something he'd wanted his own life. He'd had such a terrible childhood and he wanted a child to love, at least they would love him.

Remus kissed him, "the sooner we leave the sooner we can try to make the child you wanted so much."

"You know I would only have a baby with you right?" Severus mumbled, he couldn't really admit how much he loved Remus. It wasn't in his nature to be expressive…

They said good-bye to their guests and well-wishers before flooing to their home, Wisteria Meadows.

Remus brought Severus' hand to his lips, kissing it.

Severus did his best to fight off a blush, "Lets go to bed."

Remus' eyes flickered with gold, "I am quite eager to make love to my bondmate."

"I belong to you, that make me not unhappy."

"You're thrilled, my emotionally repressed mate. It's taken me over sixteen years to get to this point with you."

"I'm not a Lupin. You're not a Snape."

"We're Princes, a good noble Wizarding name. I'm the consort of Lord Prince, which is more then a person like me deserves." Remus chuckled scooping him in his arms.

Severus didn't fight his way out his lover’s arms, for someone so strong; Remus didn't scare him at all. It was true while Remus didn't stop his friends from torturing him; he hadn't stopped them either.

Remus sat him down on the bed, undressing his mate the Muggle way…
Severus chuckled to himself, unGlamouring himself.

Remus blinked as he sensed the conscious release of the glamour, Sev's arms were whole. The older man's hands weren't badly healed, his hands were perfect, not one crooked finger. "Sev?"

"I wanted to be as healthy as I could…"

"What did you do?" the only way this could happen was if Sev…he couldn't have…

"I just fixed it so I could be healthy."

Remus kissed him, "You didn't have to do this. Sevy…" all that pain…he remembered how painful it was for Harry and Draco to regrow most of their bones. He would never have allowed Severus to do this. His eyes shone gold and he growled, "Who did this? I'll hurt them."

"It was Lucius but he doesn't remember. He didn't want to. I forced him and then removed the memory after I was strong enough to use my wand." Severus tried to calm him, "I didn't use the Imperious to make him though. I promise I didn't. I just wanted us to have the best chance. The way I was before I didn't think I could carry them safely. With your condition you can't…"

"All that pain…" he ran his thumb over Severus' perfectly straight fingers.

"It was worth it." Even his hair seemed to have more life then before, his skin had colour, his bones were healed and his muscles seemed to be actually forming properly.

"I can't believe you did that."

"Just have your way with me. I know your wolf wants his own pups."

"Damn straight we want to lay claim to your ass again."
They went three rounds before Severus finally passed out, Remus propped himself up on his elbow. He played with his mate's hair, it had more life now…

He was suspicious Severus might be pregnant, knowing his mate the potion master had brewed the male pregnancy potion with the best chance of conception. His heightened sense wouldn't be able to sniff out a pregnancy just yet but soon…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 42- The Third Match: Adrian Viktor vs. Cedric

April 22, 1995

Practicing for a Quidditch match without a pitch was hell on earth but Remus solved that problem easily.

“Draco, did you and Adrian invite Hufflepuff for a match yet?”

Draco shook his head, “Uncle Sev said that the School pitch wasn’t an option.”

“Well I seem to remember a place from a long time ago where the bent wizards used to disappear.”

Draco raised an eyebrow, “Where would that be?”

“The Room of Requirement? It’s on the Seventh floor; it will give you what you ask for- within reason of course. I’m sure a Quidditch pitch would be alright.”
Draco blinked, “What? That’s not on the Map…”

“The Map was made in that room, normally you can’t map something unplottable but in an unplottable place in an unplottable location like the Room of Requirement you can. You see it is a room that a person can only enter,” Remus said seriously, “when they have real need of it. Sometimes it is there, and sometimes it is not, but when it appears, it is always equipped for the seeker’s needs. If a Quidditch Captain asked for a Pitch and said that only his team could find it we could search and search and not find them anywhere.

Draco smirked, "That’s a load off my mind. We can practice on the Manor’s pitch again but Hufflepuff needed their own place. It’s two weeks to the day I reserved the pitch for the last match, figured we could go out with a bang."

“What Pitch?”

“Oh the one in Montrose, it’s the closest. Home to the Magpies, they aren’t a bad team. I prefer the Arrows though.”

“And Charlie, Fred and George prefer the Cannons.” Remus chuckled.

“What’s your team Remus?”

Remus smirked, “My Team? Falmouth Falcons. It was James’ team, his dad would take us to a match at least once a year.”

“Still commentating that match?”

“Wouldn’t miss it. I miss playing, maybe over the summer we can all get together and have a match.” The werewolf chuckled.

XooooooX

May 6th 1995
Getting the students to the rented pitch was difficult; they resorted to multiple timed portkeys to and fro. Parental permission had to be retained, mostly only the older years managed to get permission.

The two teams went over early to get a feel for the unfamiliar pitch; this last game was going to be played using the Magpies’ balls as well as a new snitch.

Cedric was clearly excited about playing on a professional pitch.

Draco had pulled some strings and the Hufflepuff team was playing in Magpie replica Quidditch robes while Adrian’s team played under Bulgarian National colours again.

Remus and Lee were getting themselves comfortable in the Magpies’ announcer’s booth; Lee was the more excited one.

Severus had to bow out from overseeing the match due to his pregnancy, the moment Remus scented the change in his scent he’d gone protective; no Apparating, no flying and no handling dangerous potions ingredients. The later would make teaching next year difficult…

Charlie had offered to referee the game…he had no stake in the game despite his brother playing Beater.

The stands filled with an array of people…

“Welcome to the third Hogwarts exhibition game. Flying under Bulgarian National colours and captained by Slytherin’s own Adrian Pucey we have: Chasers Adrian Pucey and Draco Malfoy of Slytherin, Chaser Jeremy Stretton of Ravenclaw, Beater/Prefect Fred Weasley of Gryffindor and Beater Duncan Inglebee of Ravenclaw. Making his Quidditch Debut second generation Keeper Neville Longbottom of Gryffindor.”

There was a loud gasp of shock as the young fourth year Gryffindor walked out to stand with his boyfriend.

Neville was nervous as hell, “Adrian…I don’t think I can do this…”
Adrian squeezed that hand not holding a broom, “Yes you can. You blocked shots from Draco and me. We’re the second best set of Chasers in Hogwarts. Hufflepuffs Chasers have nothing on us. Trust me. You can do this.”

“Their seeker Viktor Krum; Durmstrang’s Triwizard Champion and who recently played in last year’s World Cup.” Remus added.

“Flying under the Magpie colours is the Hufflepuff Quidditch Team; Captain and Hogwarts’ Triwizard Champion Seeker Cedric Diggory, Chasers Tamsin Applebee, Heidi Macavoy, and Malcolm Preece, Beaters Maxine O’Flaherty and Anthony Rickett, and Keeper Herbert Fleet.” Lee Jordan announced.

Charlie smirked; it was a new feeling being on this side of a match, “Shake hands.”

Adrian and Cedric shook.

“I want a clean match.” Charlie said firmly.

They nodded.

“Mount your brooms.”

The fourteen players mounted their brooms.

Charlie blew his whistle and released the four balls.

Fifteen brooms riders kicked off.

Draco flew straight for the Quaffle dodging the Hufflepuff Chasers.

Fred went straight for the closest Bludger and hit it towards the Chaser nearest Draco, Macavoy.
Cedric was shadowing Viktor and it was a pain, the worst strategy employed by a fellow seeker. Viktor was so considering a Wronski Feint; he doubted this big guy could pull out quick enough. Harry was one of the few Seekers who gave him a challenge, that Cho was pretty he supposed but he was sure Draco was better. The practices at Malfoy Manor’s pitch had been interesting; Harry versus Viktor, Inglebee and Weasley vs. Professor Lupin-Prince- who was a killer Beater. Adrian and Oliver Wood taught Neville how to be a good Keeper, while Blaise played Chaser against Draco and Stretton.

The game had started; he was scanning for the snitch when he saw Draco score the first point.

“What a shot by Draco Malfoy of Slytherin. That’s ten points for the team flying under Bulgarian National’s colours.” Remus crowed, he was proud of his son’s boyfriend.

“That has to be the fastest he’s scored yet. Hard to believe he’s only played as a Chaser in now three games. He’ll be well broken in next year; it would be a shame if Adrian didn’t keep him on.” Lee added.

Between Fred’s bat and Draco and Adrian’s quick flying they were soon ahead 50-0.

Neville hadn’t failed to block a shot yet; then again between Bludgers and steals by his team he had only had two tries. He was less nervous then before but he didn’t want to let Adrian down. Adrian taught him to swim and too fly, his boyfriend even arranged for his former housemate, Team Captain and best Keeper in ages to teach him how to be a proper Keeper. He had thought he was too clumsy to fly until Viktor said that he was terrible on the ground but took to the air like a bird.

Draco was having fun; if he made this goal then he and Adrian were tied. Right now Adrian had scored three times and himself twice. So far Hufflepuff had scored no goals.

Adrian, Draco and Fred were running the pitch; not to say that Stretton and Inglebee weren’t doing anything, they just weren’t quite as good as they were. Fleet was decent but he didn’t have the raw talent that Neville seemed to.

George would have ended up with one hell of a team if he hadn’t ended up pregnant; it would be a shame that they were graduating a year early because they were sitting their NEWTs.

Viktor’s sharp black eyes kept scanning the pitch for the tiny golden Snitch; he caught a glimpse of it
near the middle hoop. He muttered to himself in Bulgarian as he weaved in and out of the other brooms, barely dodging a Bludger in time to avoid a collision.

Cedric spotted Viktor’s path but not the snitch as he pursued, he didn’t avoid the Bludger that Inglebee hit towards him because he didn’t see it until it crashed into him. He grimaced as he heard a crack.

Draco scored their team’s eleventh goal, Neville had blocked two more goals and he barely noticed Viktor heading towards Neville.

Harry had been following Viktor’s flying eagerly, besides Draco the Bulgarian Seeker was the best person he’d ever flown against. He barely noticed the snitch and went on the edge of his seat. Draco was amazing as usual; if he did consider a brief tenure as a professional seeker he’d like to play on the same team as Draco rather then against him. Although he did miss playing Seeker with him, it had been nice to fly with him before it was like being in their own little world.

Viktor saw the snitch start to fly off; he dove blazing past two Chasers, a Bludger and a Beater. His Firebolt was faster then Cedric’s Nimbus 2001 and he was ahead as he went into a steep dive after it. The snitch changed direction and flew straight towards the stands; Viktor flew after it his hand closing over it stopping two feet from Hermione’s face. He shifted nervously, “You may need zat bracelet Ahren.”

Hermione held out her hand.

Viktor flew closer, his snitch free hand taking her small one.

Hermione stood on her toes and kissed him lightly, “You did well. I was watching you the whole time.”

Charlie flew over to verify Viktor had the snitch before awarding the clear victory of 280 points to Adrian’s team.

Adrian flew straight for Neville and snogged the poor boy senseless, “Merlin you’re amazing.”

Neville was shocked but he couldn’t help but kiss his boyfriend back.
“By the way Nev, your Gran and your Great Uncle Algie are here.”

Neville stammered, “They watched me play?”

“Yes and you did so well. You only missed once.”

They all landed and were surrounded by reporters and scouts once more.

“Mr. Longbottom is it true that this is your first Quidditch match?”

“Mr. Longbottom are you related to Aurors Longbottom, Heroes of the Wizarding War?”

Adrian held up his hand, “One question at a time please.” He pointed at the scout from the Appleby Arrows, “Ambrose you first.”

“Ambrose, Apply Arrows. Mr. Longbottom is it true that this is your first Quidditch match?”

Neville nodded, “Until my first year Flying lesson I never went on a broom before.”

“But you’re a pureblood and heir to the Longbottom seat.”

Neville sighed, “After losing my parents before I could know them, my family was a mite protective. I heard my dad was a Gryffindor Keeper, I’m hoping I can be just like him. I learned how to be Keeper from Adrian and Oliver Wood.” He couldn’t fault his gran, though why they would ‘accidentally’ knock him out a window or off a pier rather then let him fly or swim he didn’t know. If Adrian hadn’t been the one to teach him how to swim he wouldn’t have tried. He had a bit of a fear of water after nearly drowning in the sea as a child.

“The Oliver Wood who plays for Puddlemere United?”

Neville nodded, “He’s a really good teacher. I didn’t think I’d be any good at it because I’m a klutz,
but some of the best players I’ve met were klutz on the ground but sure flyers.” Like Viktor Krum…

“Are you Fred or George Weasley?” Thomas Laughlin from the Chudley Cannons asked.

“Wasn’t it your brother who flew at the last match just before the Second Task?”

Fred nodded, “Yea, we’ve decided to take our NEWTs early and start up our joke shop if we can get investors.”

“You won’t consider playing for us?”

Fred sighed, “I don’t know. My twin is apparently pregnant by someone unknown. I promised to help him take care of the babies. He can’t fly while pregnant.” He couldn’t publicly acknowledge they were his babies…even though the family knew…

“You both proved you could partner with other Beaters.”

“While other Beaters are decent no offense I prefer to fly with George, we make a good team. We’ve been called human Bludgers more then once.” There was no way he’d let his pregnant brother fly…

Adrian enjoyed fielding questions for his excited boyfriend.

Harry and Blaise made their way to their mates, balancing school and childcare for Blaise was difficult but with Charlie living at Hogwarts it was easier.

Cedric and his Beaters were the only ones really getting attention by the scouts- then again they were the only ones worth it.

Harry slipped his hand into Draco’s who was enjoying talking with the reporter from the Daily prophet and Quidditch World as well as the Scout from the Appleby Arrows. Both Adrian and Draco had their heart set on flying for the Arrows. Both Viktor and Oliver wanted him to fly for Puddlemere, which would put him in opposition with his dragon again…
The Quidditch obsessed players enjoyed the attention from the scouts and reporters…

Charlie ended up falling into conversation with the scout from the Cannons who was still trying to talk Fred into agreeing to attend open Try Outs in July. He was planning of Trying out any way, he had money saved up and his inheritance but he did want a job. After all, he had a family now…

Fred sighed; George was still so against flying pro that he wasn’t sure if he really wanted to try. “I said I’ll think about it…”

Draco chuckled to himself; both Cho and Cedric got slaughtered. Only Harry was worth Viktor’s time. Harry had born talent to fly. This was probably one of his better ideas, getting the scouts out to watch them play so they wouldn’t forget them after a year of no Quidditch.

Harry snuggled up to his boyfriend; he didn’t like not being able to fly much…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 43- Bondings, OWLS Review and future planning

Septimus Weasley, Lord of the House of Weasley welcomed the guests, "Friends and family it is my honor to welcome you this joyous event." He held out his hands, his grandson and his beloved approached.

"William Arcturus Weasley, if it is truly thy desire to become one with this woman: Then present unto her a symbol of thy pledge, and a token of thy love."

Bill dropped to one knee, and presented the Sword with his ring on it

"Fleur Antionette Delacour you are the most gracious and loveliest one that Bill has ever seen, for he understands the essence of thy true self. The beauty, which radiates around thee, can only be rivaled by the beauty, which radiates from within thee. The pledge of his sword is as the pledge of his soul. It is his prowess, his fire, his passion, his strength & courage, His ability to protect, defend and care for thee. With the strength of his blade and the endurance of its steel to represent what is in his heart, take from him now, as his beloved, the ring that rests upon it, and choose him to be your own."

Fleur blushed, as she took the ring from the Sword; "I accept the pledge of thy blade and the eternal promise of this wedding band."

Fleur took the sword from Bill and placed the blade from left shoulder to right shoulder to the top of his head. The motion, as in bestowing knighthood upon him while saying, "For the boy thou were, for the man thee art, and for the Bondmate thou shall be to me, I do choose you to be mine own." She returns sword, "If thou wilt now place this ring upon mine finger, I shall from this day forth, 'till beyond the end of time, Take thee to be mine own." Fleur opened her hand presenting Bill with the ring, which he then placed upon her finger.

"With this ring I thee wed. I take you as my friend, my lover, my Bondmate from this day forth and into the fullness of time where we will meet and remember and love again." Bill said looking at the beauty before him.

"Fleur, if it is truly your desire to become one with this man then present unto him a symbol if thy pledge and a token of thy love."

Fleur bowed before Bill and presented a Chalice with ring inside.

"William in the eyes of this woman thou art the only man in the world. Yours is the voice of sound reason and unwavering support. You the spark to the bonfire of her passions and yours are the arms in which she would have lay down to rest. The pledge of her chalice is the pledge of all that is within
her, her felicity and devotion. The place in her heart here two souls can be sheltered and nourished, that they may grow together, over closer, and flourish as the leaves on the trees and the fruits of the vine. As the depth and bounty of her chalice foretell the richness of your future together, take from her now the band that lies there within, and do choose her as thy own."

Bill took the ring from the chalice, while Fleur was still holding it.

Bill grinned, "I accept the pledge of your chalice and the eternal promise of this wedding band."

Bill then poured wine into chalice then takes it from Fleur, "For the girl thou were, for the woman thou art and for the wife that thee shall be to me, I toast and drink to thee and do choose you to be mine own"

Bill raises the Chalice before he drinks and returns chalice to Fleur, "If thou will now place this ring upon my finger, I shall from this day forth, 'till beyond the end of time, take you to be mine own."

Bill opened his hand presenting the young Veela with the ring which she then places upon his finger

Fleur said slowly, "With this ring I thee wed. I take you as my friend, my lover, my husband from this day forth and into the fullness of time where we will meet and remember and love again."

Lucius stepped forwards with the Bonding contract, while Charlie and Blaise held out quills.

Bill and Fleur signed the contract, magic leapt from the parchment entwining around their wrists with silver and gold chains.

Septimus grinned, "May I present Lord William Arcturus and Lady Fleur Antionette of the House of Weasley. I hereby pass on the title to one wise enough to hold it."

There were loud cheers...

XooooooX

As though to underline the importance of their upcoming examinations, a batch of pamphlets, leaflets and notices concerning various Wizarding careers appeared on the table in Severus and Remus' apartments while they were away at Wisteria for a few days shortly before the end of the holidays, along with yet another notice on the board, which read:

All fifth-years [as well as Harry, Draco, Blaise and Hermione who were taking their OWLS early] are required to attend a short meeting with their Head of House during the first week of the summer term to discuss their future careers. Times of individual appointments are listed below.

"Well, I don't fancy Healing," Blaise said on the last evening of the holidays. He was immersed in a leaflet that carried the crossed bone-and-wand emblem of St. Mungo's on its front. "It says here you need at least E at NEWT level in Potions, Herbology, Transfiguration, Charms and Defense Against the Dark Arts. I know that those are easy marks for you Harry but are you sure that's what you want?"

Harry nodded, "I want to help people, even if it's just mending a broken bone or handing them a potion..." he wanted to be just like papa and be a healer, at least he could treat family right? If he had kids he would want to tend their bumps and bruises instead of leaving them to suffer alone as he had.

"Well, it's a very responsible job, isn't it?" Hermione said absently. She was poring over a bright pink and orange leaflet that was headed, SO YOU THINK YOU'D LIKE TO WORK IN MUGGLE RELATIONS? "You don't seem to need many qualifications to liaise with Muggles; all they want is
an OWL in Muggle Studies: 'Much more important is your enthusiasm, patience and a good sense of fun!"

"You'd need more than a good sense of fun to liaise with my uncle," Harry said darkly. "Good sense of when to duck, more like."

Draco stiffened; Vernon Dursley was on his list of people he'd like dead. Along with the Notts, his Aunt Bella and Harry's Aunt Petunia. Though he had a great deal of resentment for that whale of a cousin that Harry had been unlucky enough to be related too.

Blaise was halfway through a pamphlet on wizard banking. "Listen to this: Are you seeking a challenging career involving travel, adventure and substantial, danger-related treasure bonuses? Then consider a position with Gringotts Wizarding Bank, who are currently recruiting Curse-Breakers for thrilling opportunities abroad… They want Arithmancy, though; you could do it, Hermione! Or you Draco"

"I don't much fancy banking nor traveling outside Britain without Harry," Draco sneered, he was now immersed in: HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO TRAIN SECURITY TROLLS?

Hermione skimmed a flyer that read: MAKE A BANG AT THE DEPARTMENT OF MAGICAL ACCIDENTS AND CATASTROPHES.

"I'm still set on becoming a Solicitor." Draco said as he went to claim a chilled butterbeer. "I don't see why I can't focus on those subjects: History of Magic, Numerology and Ancient Runes. I have every intention of continuing Charms, Transfiguration, Herbology and Potions as well. I'm just going to sit for Muggle Studies anyway. Between my readings and the books Hermione purchased when she was taking it I don't see why I can't."

"I'm sitting for my Care of Magical Creatures despite not sitting through the class at all." Blaise shrugged.

"What do you want to do?"

"Maybe play Quidditch but I might try to get on at Control and Regulation for Magical Creatures to see if I can make things better for us 'half-breeds'. We're not dangerous, just misunderstood." Blaise said as he looked down at the carrycot carrying his daughter that lay at his feet, "I'll make sure my marks are up to it before I tryout for the Arrows."

Hermione looked at the Auror Requirements:

'A minimum of five NEWTs; for example

Defense Against the Dark Arts

Transfiguration

Charms

Potions

And nothing under 'Exceeds Expectations' grade,

As well as a stringent series of character and aptitude tests at the Auror office'

"Well then I don't see why you need a real academic meeting. We'll just pick your classes for you
and hand you your schedules. With students dropping classes due to their OWL scores it isn't hard to just slip you in. You'll do well on your O.W.L.s and then you'll go right into Sixth year classes in September." Remus chuckled.

It wouldn't be hard for them to sit their N.E.W.T.s next year; they'd probably graduate early too like Fred and George…

"We'll ace our O.W.L.s no problem…" Blaise said waving his hand dismissively as he headed back to his rooms. With him in classes all day, Charlie was a doting dad who was taking lots of pictures to make albums, his father-in-law Arthur was such a doting grandfather he insisted on new pictures of Athena and Perseus every week. He even had ultrasound pictures of Percy and George's babies. Before long Arthur would have papered his office with photos…

Between mum, Lucius and Arthur his twins would be spoiled…

Remus caressed the barely there baby bump that Severus had, he was catching baby fever from Fred, Charlie, Oliver, Lucius and Bill.

Harry felt a longing for a child of his own but he was still a kid himself…

Draco nuzzled Harry's neck, "You're adorable Adder."

Harry blushed; he wouldn't have been able to get through this blasted Tournament without Draco and his family…

XooooooX

"Perkins? Have I shown you the latest pictures of Athena and Perseus? They're almost two months now and growing so fast." Arthur grinned, pulling the photo album from his pocket. "I can't believe it; by Fall Bill, Charlie, Percy and George will all have babies! Percy is due within a week. Fleur's babies should be born soon too."

Perkins was an older man, a bit deaf at times and well Arthur's exuberance could be annoying at times.

"Kingsley! Tonks! Have I shown you the pictures Charlie sent of my grandbabies?" Arthur called out at the approaching Aurors.

They stopped and glanced politely.

Arthur noticed a ring, "Tonks? Does your mother know?"

Tonks gulped, "Oh, I forgot to take it off. With the extended family bonding so much in the last few months mother would be going crazy and planning something big. Donnie and I are just going to sign the papers here. It's not like I'm the heir to the Black family, that's Harry."

"Donnie?"

Tonks blushed, "Donaghan Tremlett, the Weird Sister's bassist? We're trying to avoid a huge scene. We've dated on and off for years…"

"I'm not Andromeda but I would be most disappointed if my kids were Bonded and I wasn't invited." Arthur admonished.

Tonks sighed, "I'll be alright. It's not like she can kill me."
"I wouldn't want to anger the Ice Queen of Slytherin, your father may have softened her but she is still the same proud woman at her core that I went to school with." Arthur said closing and shrinking the album with his grandbabies’ pictures.

XoooooX

"Oh Molly?"

Molly Weasley was shopping in Ottery St. Catchpole and turned, "Mrs. Diggory?"

"Amos was telling me how much Arthur has been bragging about your beautiful your grandbabies are. You wouldn't happen to have a picture do you? I'd love to see."

Molly blinked, grandbabies? Sure Percy was pregnant but the baby shouldn't be born yet. "I must have left them at home..." she didn't have any...by making her choices she'd lost her family...

"Oh how sad. Cedric is engaged. I can't wait for grand babies. I'd carry the pictures everywhere with me." Mrs. Diggory gushed.

Molly felt stricken; whose babies was she talking about? "I just stepped out for a moment or I would have brought them with me." She just wanted to go home...to pretend this never happened...

Ron was expelled and Ginny was forced to fail this year, her wand had been taken away and would not be returned until she returned to Hogwarts. She was lost without her family...but they didn't appear to want her back.

Chapter End Notes

Deception Revealed and the rise of the Lion

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Pairings:
DracoxHarry, twincest, OliverxPercy, RemusxSeverus,
CharliexBlaise, ViktorxHermione, future BillxFleur. Stalker Ginny!
SeamusxColin, AdrianxNeville*hides*
Fandom : HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 44- Deception Revealed and the rise of the Lion

The start of the summer term would normally have meant that Harry was training hard for the last Quidditch match of the season. This year, however, it was the third and final task in the Triwizard Tournament for which he needed to prepare, but he still didn’t know what he would have to do. They had been doing O.W.L. Practice tests with papa for over a year and last summer after homework they had been doing them with Remus too.

Finally, in the last week of May, Severus held him back in Potions.

“You are to go down to the Quidditch field tonight at nine o’clock. Harry,” he told him. “Mr. Bagman will be there to tell the champions about the third task.”

So at half past eight that night Harry left Draco, papa and his dad in their apartment and headed for the shortest route to the First Floor. As he neared the main Stair, Cedric came up from the vague direction of the Hufflepuff common room.

“What d’you reckon it’s going to be?” he asked Harry as they went together down the stone steps, out into the cloudy night. “Fleur keeps going on about underground tunnels; she reckons we’ve got to find treasure.”

“That wouldn’t be too bad,” said Harry, thinking that he would simply ask Blaise where to find a niffler to do the job for him. Blaise had been reading ‘Fantastic Beasts and Where to find them’ aloud when he came across a particularly funny creature. A niffler definitely counted as a funny creature; though quite adept at finding treasure they were a right menace in houses.

They walked down the dark lawn to the Quidditch stadium, turned through a gap in the stands, and walked out onto the pitch.

“What’ve they done to it?” Cedric cried indignantly, stopping dead.

The Quidditch pitch was no longer smooth and flat. It looked as though somebody had been building long walls all over it that twisted and crisscrossed in every direction.
“They’re hedges!” Harry said, standing on his toes to try to examine the nearest one.

“Hello there!” a cheery voice called.

Ludo Bagman was standing in the middle of the field with Krum and Fleur. Harry and Cedric made their way toward them, climbing over the hedges. Fleur beamed at Harry as he came nearer. Her attitude toward him had changed completely since he had saved her mate from the lake.

“Well, what d’you think?” said Bagman happily as Harry and Cedric climbed over the last hedge. “Growing nicely, aren’t they? Give them a month and Hagrid’ll have them twenty feet high. Don’t worry,” he added, grinning, spotting the less than- happy expressions on Harry’s and Cedric’s faces, “you’ll have your Quidditch pitch back to normal once the task is over! Now, I imagine you can guess what we’re making here?”

No one spoke for a moment.

“Maze,” Viktor grunted.

“That’s right!” said Bagman. “A maze. The third task’s really very straightforward. The Triwizard Cup will be placed in the center of the maze. The first champion to touch it will receive full marks.”

“We simply ‘ave to get through ze maze?” said Fleur.

“There will be obstacles,” said Bagman happily, bouncing on the balls of his feet. “Hagrid is providing a number of creatures… then there will be spells that must be broken… all that sort of thing, you know. Now, the champions who are leading on points will get a head start into the maze.” Bagman grinned at Harry and Cedric. “Then Mr. Krum will enter… then Miss Delacour. But you’ll all be in with a fighting chance, depending how well you get past the obstacles. Should be fun, eh?”

Harry, who knew only too well the kind of creatures that Hagrid was likely to provide for an event like this, thought it was unlikely to be any fun at all. However, he nodded politely like the other champions.

“Very well… if you haven’t got any questions, we’ll go back up to the castle, shall we? It’s a bit chilly…”

Bagman hurried alongside Harry as they began to make their way out of the growing maze.

Harry had the feeling that Bagman was going to start offering to help him again, but just then, Viktor tapped Harry on the shoulder.

“Could I haff a vord?”

“Yeah, all right,” Harry said, slightly surprised.

“Vill you valk vith me?”

“Okay,” said Harry curiously.

Bagman looked slightly perturbed. “I’ll wait for you. It’s not much trouble dear boy. We must be sure all the Champions are safe Harry, mustn’t we?”

“No, it’s okay, Mr. Bagman,” Harry said, suppressing a growl of annoyance- his mother’s temper again, “I think I can find the castle on my own, thanks.” He’d been a student for how long? Besides they were heading back from the Quidditch pitch.
Harry and Viktor left the stadium together, but Viktor did not set a course for the Durmstrang ship. Instead, he walked towards the forest.

“What’re we going this way for?” Harry asked as they passed the oaf’s cabin and the illuminated Beauxbatons carriage.

“Don’t vont to be overheard,” Viktor said briskly.

When at last they had reached a quiet stretch of ground a short way from the Beauxbatons horses’ paddock, Viktor stopped in the shade of the trees and turned to face Harry.

“I vant to know,” he said, nervously, “vot the relationship is between you and Ahren.”

Harry, who from Viktor’s secretive manner had expected something much more serious than this, stared up at Viktor in amazement.

“Nothing,” he said.

Harry, somehow struck anew by how tall Krum was, elaborated. “We’re friends but she’s like a big sister. I have Draco and he’s more then I deserve, I want ‘Mione to be happy and that’s what you make her so for what it’s worth I give you my blessing.”

“Ahren talks about you very often,” Viktor said, looking nervously at Harry.

“Yeah,” said Harry, “because we’re friends, no closer then friends. She is like a sister to me but she acts like a mother hen or a mother bear sometimes.” He couldn’t quite believe he was having this conversation with Viktor Krum, the famous International Quidditch player. It was as though the eighteen-year-old Viktor thought he Harry Potter, was an equal - a real rival. He knew Viktor claimed he saw him as such but he couldn’t bring himself to believe it quite yet.

“You haff never… you haff not…”

“No,” said Harry very firmly. “I have never seen what you’ve clearly seen, Hermione the woman. I see just my sister who seems to care for you very much. The only person I see is Draco; he’s my best friend, my first friend and the person I love with my whole soul.”

Viktor looked slightly happier, he stared at Harry for a few seconds, then said, “You fly very veil. I still zee best after votching and playing two more matches against uzer houses. Zhat Cho and Sedrik can’t fly like you.”

“Thanks,” said Harry, grinning broadly and suddenly feeling much better about himself. “I saw you at the Quidditch World Cup. The Wronski Feint, you really -”

But something moved behind Viktor in the trees, and Harry, who had some experience of the sort of thing that might lurk in the forest, instinctively grabbed Viktor’s arm and pulled him around behind him. He adapted a protective posture by instinct and with a calm demeanor.

“Vot is it?”

Harry shook his head, staring at the place where he’d seen movement. He slipped his hand inside his robes, reaching for his wand and it leapt from his holster into his hand.

Suddenly a man staggered out from behind a tall oak. For a moment, Harry didn’t recognize him then he realized it was Mr. Crouch.
He looked as though he had been traveling for days. The knees of his robes were ripped and bloody, his face scratched; he was unshaven and gray with exhaustion. His neat hair and mustache were both in need of a wash and a trim. His strange appearance, however, was nothing to the way he was behaving. Muttering and gesticulating, Mr. Crouch appeared to be talking to someone that he alone could see. He reminded Harry vividly of an old tramp he had seen once when out shopping with the Dursleys— he’s been forced to carry bags heavier then himself that time without a featherlight charm. That man too had been conversing wildly with thin air; Aunt Petunia had seized Dudley’s hand and pulled him across the road to avoid him; Uncle Vernon had then treated the family to a long rant about what he would like to do with beggars and vagrants.

“Vosn’t he a judge?” said Krum, staring at Mr. Crouch. “Isn’t he with your Ministry?”

Harry nodded, hesitated for a moment, then walked slowly toward Mr. Crouch, who did not look at him, but continued to talk to a nearby tree.

“…and when you’ve done that, Weatherby, send an owl to McGonagall and Lord Governor Malfoy confirming the number of Durmstrang students who will be attending the tournament, Karkaroff has just sent word there will be twelve…”

“Mr. Crouch?” Harry said cautiously.

“…and then send another owl to Madame Maxime, because she might want to up the number of students she’s bringing, now Karkaroff’s made it a round dozen… do that, Weatherby, will you? Will you? Will…”

Mr. Crouch’s eyes were bulging. He stood staring at the tree, muttering soundlessly at it. Then he staggered sideways and fell to his knees.

“Mr. Crouch?” Harry said loudly. “Are you all right?”

Crouch’s eyes were rolling in his head.

Harry looked around at Krum, who had followed him into the trees, and was looking down at Crouch in alarm.

“Vot is wrong with him?”

“No idea,” Harry muttered. “Listen, you’d better go and get someone, papa. I mean Professor Snape or Headmistress McGonagall -”

“Hurry, von’t you?” Viktor called behind him as he sprinted away from the forest and up through the dark grounds. They were deserted; Bagman, Cedric, and Fleur had disappeared. Harry saw him tear up the stone steps and through the oak front doors,

“McGonagall!” gasped Mr. Crouch. He reached out and seized a handful of Harry’s robes, dragging him closer, though his eyes were staring over Harry’s head. “I need…to…see… McGonagall…”

“Okay,” Harry said in a soothing voice, “if you get up, Mr. Crouch, we can go up to the-”

“I’ve done…a…stupid… thing…” Mr. Crouch breathed. He looked utterly mad. His eyes were rolling and bulging, and a trickle of spittle was sliding down his chin. Every word he spoke seemed to cost him a terrible effort. “Must… tell… McGonagall…”

“Get up, Mr. Crouch,” said Harry loudly and clearly. “Get up, I’ll take you to McGonagall!”
Mr. Crouch’s eyes rolled forward onto Harry. “Who… you?” he whispered.

“I’m a student at the school,” said Harry, looking around at Viktor for some help, but Viktor was hanging back, looking extremely nervous. With the curse scar burned away by Basilisk venom and the damage healed by phoenix tears he wasn’t as memorable when he didn’t want to be but his glamour usually had the scar on his forehead.

“You’re not… hers??” whispered Crouch, his mouth sagging.

“No,” said Harry, without the faintest idea what Crouch was talking about.

“McGonagall’s?”

“That’s right,” said Harry.

Crouch was pulling him closer; Harry tried to loosen Crouch’s grip on his robes, but it was too powerful.

“Warn… McGonagall…”

“I’ll get McGonagall if you let go of me,” said Harry. “Just let go, Mr. Crouch, and I’ll bring you to her…” actually he wanted them to find papa first.

“Thank you, Weatherby, and when you have done that, can you have my secretary see to it that I get a cup of tea. My wife and son will be arriving shortly, we are attending a concert tonight with Mr. and Mrs. Fudge.”

Crouch was now talking fluently to a tree again, and seemed completely unaware that Harry was there, which surprised Harry so much he didn’t notice that Crouch had released him.

Harry sighed, “I’ll be yelled at later but, Stupefy.” He conjured a stretcher and started to make his way to the castle. The path from the forest was deserted.

XooooooX

Viktor hurried inside the castle, muttering the Russian equivalent of the point me spell, “Точка меня Professor Snape.” Snape he knew, McGonagall he didn’t, his Gregorovitch wand spun in the direction and he hurried there weaving between other students. He found himself in the dungeons, outside Professor Snape’s apartments where he lived with Professor Lupin, Harry and Draco. He called out forgetting the password, “Professor! It’s an emergency! Harry needs you!”

XooooooX

Harry was just about to pass the Oaf’s shack when he heard a familiar yet loathsome sound of the scraping of a wooden foot. He stopped and listened before casting a powerful shield spell non-verbally that completely surrounded himself and Mr. Crouch.

“Stupefy.”
The spell bounced harmlessly against Harry’s domed shield, he thought ‘Draco Hurry. I need assistance.’ He growled, “I know you’re out there Moody! I still haven’t forgiven you for harming my dragon. Leave! Papa said you aren’t welcome here. Mr. Lucius and I want you to pay for hurting Draco!”

“Did little Potter’s balls drop? Or is he under the Imperious cast by the Malfoys?” the former Auror spat the name out like the holders of it were worse then Liberals.

“I don’t know what you’re doing here but I don’t like it. You’re a bad person. You hurt Dray and he was only trying to protect me! Petrificus Totalus!” Harry cast the Full-body Bind curse at the shadowy ex-Auror who hurt Draco.

Moody managed to deflect it at the last second, “Protego. Don’t meddle in things that don’t concern you boy!”

“I’m not meddling!” Harry snapped, “I’m protecting someone who is too ill right now to protect himself. He asked for help and I’m going to get it for him.”

“I told you for the last time give me Crouch!”

“Incarcerous!” Harry snapped.

“Protego.”

“Immobulus.”

“Protego, Confringo.” Moody cast it trying to destroy Harry’s shield, when the spell comes into contact with it, it attempted to explode the shield into flames.

Harry growled, “Protego totalum.” His shield snapped back, three times as strong.

XoooooX

“Professor! It’s an emergency! Harry needs you!”

Draco looked up as he heard Viktor halloring outside their rooms, which was unexpected. Harry had just gone down to the Quidditch pitch with the other champions to learn about the Third task.

Severus opened the portrait, “Come in.”

“Mr. Crouch. He’s here. Harry iz bringing him here. He sent me to get you Professor.”

Draco stiffened.

‘Draco Hurry. I need assistance.’

Draco leapt to his feet, “Adder’s in trouble. He’s casting spells.” He tried to focus on Harry to go to him but Harry wasn’t afraid. His lover, the Lion was angry. His eyes flashed open, “Moody. Adder’s
fghting Moody.”

Severus paled and staggered, “Oh hell!” He limped out the door in pretty damn close to a run, casting a Patronus, “Expecto Patronum!” instructing the silver wolf to track down Lucius.

Remus was behind him running past him, that bastard wasn’t hurting his pup. He growled, “Expecto Patronum!” he instructed the large snake to go to Minerva alerting her to danger.

Draco paused out of fear for a moment and then cursed in French before summoning his godfather’s healing kit. He ran out the door, ‘I’m coming Adder.’

XoooooX

Lucius was reading at trying desperately to ignore the itching of the darkening Mark, he didn’t want to alarm Narcissa.

Then he sensed Severus’ magic and looked up to see a wolf Patronus. His son’s godfather had had a doe as his Patronus until he started seeing Remus; it was an interesting change.

Severus’ voice came from the silver wolf, “Moody’s at Hogwarts. He’s attacking Harry. Come at once.”

Narcissa paled, “Lucius? Not Moody!” Moody had hurt her son badly, Harry had been so terribly frightened by the whole experience and it changed him. That poor little boy was fighting a formerly distinguished but clearly mad Auror?

Lucius kissed her cheek, "Stay home. I'll go to the school and try to help. Floo the minister for me would you Cissy?" he couldn't let her think he thought she wasn't strong enough to help, "Perhaps Shacklebolt as well."

Narcissa knew she couldn't leave Carina alone, "Come back safe and don't let Harry be hurt."

"I'll do my best." Lucius promised before hurrying to the floo.

XoooooX

Blaise was curled up with Charlie; then he stiffened. He felt a rush of cold; he sat up abruptly, "Some things wrong."

Charlie blinked, "What's the matter?"

Blaise closed his eyes, "It's not Draco." his eyes flew open, "It's one of my flock." his mouth went dry, "It's Harry." he leapt to his feet. "I have to go." he ran from their rooms, "Stay here." Reluctantly leaving his mate and his children behind but his place was with the Lion at this moment.

Charlie was proud of him, he worried that Blaisé’s attack would leaving with permanent emotional scars but he was pleased his husband proved him wrong.
Harry snarled, "Stay still you rotten bastard. I can't believe you aren't stopped yet."

“I don’t go down easy Potter. You should have realized that. Did you think after the treacherous Malfoys challenged me that I would do as I was told? I’m not like them, I have loyalties that I stand by.” Moody laughed, “Now give me Crouch. Don’t make me kill you.”

“Kill me? The Dark Lord tried to kill me when I was a baby. My own blood family tried to kill me. My father’s friend, someone he trusted sent the Dark Lord to kill me. The Dark Lord tried to kill me when I was eleven. Dumbledore tried to manipulate me. I refuse to let anyone choose when and where I die.” Harry snapped, “I can’t believe a man like you would do such terrible things. I heard before you went a little crazy you were an Auror. You were supposed to protect people.” Harry yelled casting a variety of jinxes and curses in Moody’s direction.

“Harry!”

“Pup!”

“Adder!”

“More interference?” Moody blindly cast stunner spells.

“ Took you long enough!” Harry yelled, “I haven’t cut this bastard down to size. I’m sure Crouch needs treatment papa but I was held up.”

Harry was dueling an Auror? Remus blinked, he had his father’s guts alright. “Be careful pup.”

“That this man is free after attacking my dragon is an abomination. It’s supposed to be illegal to injury an heir to an ancient bloodline.” Harry growled.

Moody smirked, “Rules don’t apply to me. I follow my allegiances, unlike you lot. Remus Lupin, not even loyal to his childhood friends. Severus Snape saved from Azkaban by Dumbledore- a spy and a traitor. Malfoys, saved from Azkaban claiming to have been under the Imperious curse. Harry Potter, the great Hero of the Wizarding War and the so-called Boy Who Lived siding with a Mudblood, the sons of a member of the Order of the Phoenix- pets of Dumbledore, the son of Malfoy and some filthy half-breed.”

“I am not a filthy half breed,” Blaisé’s silken voice filled the night air, “I am a seer, guided by forces I can’t deny and you cannot change. I can’t be other then I am.” His wings spread ready to cover them all at a moments notice. “I haven’t forgiven you for attacking the one I claim as a brother. I claim allegiance to the House of Malfoy, who raised me, sheltered me and granted me justice as well as blessing my mating.” His black eyes flashed, “I owe them my life and the lives of my children. I stand here because of them and I’ll be damned if I let you harm them again.”

Blaise the protective was back, in the end Dumbledore and Nott failed he had not been made so weak that he couldn’t rise again.

“I am not a filthy half-breed, I was created in love. I am the last gift of my father to my mother. Be not afraid of a woman scorned; be afraid of a protective Veela. You attack my brother, you attack his mate, you dare attack the flock of a Veela and for that you will pay.” Blaise sneered.
“I’m so afraid. I’m quaking with fear.” Moody snickered.

“Oh you should be.” Blaise smirked.

While he been speaking Moody had been surrounded.

“Now!”

“Incancerous.”

The spell fell from the lips of the lion, the dragon, the eagle, the snake, the wolf and surprisingly the fox.

Moody could not dodge them all.

“Expelliarmus.” Harry said with a pleased grin. “We win. Whatever you didn’t want Crouch to tell us you failed.”

Moody smirked, “Not true.” He spoke an unfamiliar spell; Crouch and Moody’s bodies glowed and then imploded.

Severus blinked, “Fuck.”

Lucius blinked, “Slytherin’s tongue.”

Remus stared at them, “What the hell just happened?”

“That spell…can only be used by a deep cover spy of the Dark Lord himself. Whatever Crouch knew, the spy didn’t want shared.”

There was a pop.

Blaise blinked, “Winky?”

The tiny house elf went from one body to the other, “Winky good elf. Winky keep master’s secret.”

She bashed her head into the ground, “This is Winky’s fault, poor master. Winky fail. Oh oh Winky should be dropped from the Highest Mountain. It worstest punishment and Winky deserve.”

“Winky!” Blaise snapped.

Winky spun from Moody’s body, “Master Blaise? Winky in trouble. Winky punish herself severely. Will Iron hands and then be trampled by an angry Hippogriff.”

“I forbid you to punish yourself without explaining. You swore yourself to the house of Prewett and I am the consort of Lord Prewett-Zabini.”

Winky paled, “Winky can’t. Winky swore. Winky must protect old Master’s greatest secret and greatest shame. Winky hurt old master enough.”

Lucius tapped his chin, “Crouch’s greatest secret? Greatest shame? His shame was siring a Death Eater.”

“Master Barty is a good boy. He just got lost. He didn’t do those terrible things.”

“Master Barty?” Severus’ eyes widened, “Bartemius Crouch Jr.? He’s dead, he died in Azkaban not long before his mother.”
Winky paled, twisting her tattered, stained tea towel, “Which of you killed Master Barty?”

Lucius looked at Moody’s body, “I see. Somehow Crouch smuggled his son out of Azkaban not knowing his son was a true Death Eater. He would have been the perfect spy, the son of the Head of Magical Law Enforcement and the next candidate for Minister for Magic. No one would have suspected, the Dark Lord knew how to pick his spies. He was sure of their loyalties and taught them a spell to destroy themselves if they were caught and their true loyalties in danger of discovery.”

Draco tilted his head, “What was this one accused of?”

“The torture of the Aurors Frank and Alys Longbottom. They didn’t die, though it occurred after Dark Lord was defeated in Godric’s Hollow and was assumed gone.” His father replied.

“We discussed the possibility of a former Death Eater assuming the form of someone who would never be suspected. Mad-Eye Moody was a good choice, eccentric and prone to seeing a Dark Wizard around every corner.” Remus spoke softly.

“What do we do? We have the apparently dead body of Mad-eye Moody and the Head of a Ministry Department.” Lucius began, “Even telling the truth will be hard to swallow given the circumstances.”

“True Lord Malfoy, though I would like a full report.”

Emelia Bones, Minister for Magic stepped out of the shadows Aurors Kingsley Shacklebolt and Nymphadora Tonks were followed by Headmistress McGonagall.

Kingsley swallowed, “Why does it appear that Moody died like a deep cover Death Eater spy?”

“We believe that he was impersonating Moody through use of the Poly-juice potion and possibly is responsible for Harry being trapped in a magical contract.” Severus began, “He died in the form he was impersonating. It will be very difficult to prove considering he is trapped in this form.”

“Deep cover spy for He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named? What is the world coming to? How long has he been in place?” Emelia asked, this happened? On her watch? She sent Moody here to watch over Hogwarts, eccentric he maybe but he was the best Auror they had and a known dark wizard catcher.

“I had suspected for a few months, he was always drinking from a flask the short time he was here. He may have been the one who cast the Dark Mark at the World Cup. Soon after there was that debacle between Moody and Muggle law enforcement; it is a good thing we have squibs in place that give us information from time to time.” Severus said.

Kingsley blinked, “You knew about that?”

“Of course I did. Dumbledore spoke to them occasionally in my presence when I was forced to become his spy. He promised to save Lily and Harry but he failed. He’s a lying manipulative bastard and a self-deluded fool.” Severus shook his head, silently seething with rage.

“This spy who was it?” Kingsley asked.

“We believe it was Bartemius Crouch Jr. apparently, Mr. Crouch’s former house elf was charged with protecting her master’s ‘greatest secret and greatest shame.’ Which is his son Master Barty. Winky recognized him somehow, probably due to her former vows to the House of Crouch.” Lucius sneered.

Harry growled crossing his arms, “That bloody bastard! He killed himself, I wanted to avenge my
dragon. This is the Dark Lord’s fault! He did this to me, trapped me in this contest that will either kill me or make me even stronger. Was this Tournament Dumbledore’s plan? He’s out there in the shadows too, I’m tired of being dragged around. I’m no one’s pawn,” He shifted his glamour, “I am not the Dark Lord’s pawn either!”

Emelia gasped, “Your scar! What happened to it?”

“It was burned out of me by the venom of a basilisk, Slytherin’s Basilisk to be exact. I have faced too much for my years. Papa knew I could handle the Tournament but he made sure I couldn’t enter myself even if I wanted too. I didn’t chose this, any of this. My life is supposedly controlled by prophecies. I refused to be at their mercy, I will interpret them my way.” Harry snarled. “I made it part of my glamour that still covers the rest of my scars, you all want to see the Boy Who Lived so I made it appear to still be there.”

“Basilisk venom? You should be dead!” Hufflepuff she maybe but everyone knew a basilisk was a known wizard killer.

“I would be if it weren’t for my dragon’s phoenix.”

Malfoy had a phoenix? He must be very powerful indeed.

“What do we do now?”

“Well to use a Polyjuice potion long term the victim must be kept alive.” Severus mused, “I am sure that a search of both Moody’s home and the home of Bartemius Crouch must be done quickly.”

“How do we explain this?”

Lucius smirked, “Tell them that Mr. Crouch was found murdered at his home and Moody is missing. I suspect if you search Mrs. Crouch’s grave it’s empty. Place the fake Moody with in it. Claim Dark Wizards are responsible, it would be true.” He sobered, “I have no love for Moody but he had a point, constant vigilance was important.” He paled slightly and raised his left sleeve; “we need to be more aware then ever with Death Eater spies among us and this.”

Emelia gasped, that mark! It was so dark, surely HE couldn’t be returning to power?

Severus shivered, “Karkaroff has been acting nervous and flinchy for months, I’ve tried to ignore it but it’s getting darker again. It’s not as clear as it would be if he was completely returned but it is cause for alarm.”

Remus was more worried; his mate was worried about being exposed as a true traitor. Lucius was in the same position…

“We will not let the Dark Lord win.”

Emelia sighed, “What about the prophecy?”

Harry stared at her, “What Prophecy?”

“The one about you and He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, it was the talk of the Ministry in select circles. I knew your father, we went through Auror training together.” Emelia began, “There were two you see, two boys who the prophecy could have been applied to. One was you and the other Neville Longbottom.”

Severus snorted, the Longbottom heir was proving that he wasn’t truly an almost squib since Adrian
Pucey took an interest. He was still a complete dunderhead at potions, in class anyway. He had seen potions that the cowardly lion brewed under Adrian’s watchful eye and they weren’t bad. The cauldron that the captain of his House Quidditch team had purchased was still intact surprisingly enough.

“Great, just what I wanted to hear. That this whole mess might have been someone else’s problem?” Harry rolled his eyes, “I just want to be normal boy and go to school, fall in love and have a family. But no I have to fight a dark wizard who wants me dead all the time! I maybe the lion but I’ll do this my way. I won’t let Dumbledore or Voldemort dictate anything. I’ll save the bloody Wizarding world my way. It’s too bad, I had to reasons to want this person. I swore I would punish whoever put me in the tournament against my will and the person who hurt my dragon. He eluded me until the end, even when we had him restrained.”

Draco pulled Harry into his arms and kissed his cheek, “I knew you had it in you. You held off a dangerous wizard all by yourself, not many people our age can do that. You’re one of a kind Adder.”

Harry collapsed in Draco’s arms shaking, “I can’t believe I did that…”

“Let’s go to bed and leave this to the adults. It’s not our time to deal with such messes yet. I wish we didn’t have to.” Draco led Harry back to the castle, with Blaise at his heels.

Emelia watched them go, “Hard to believe he is the same traumatized boy that was in my courtroom less then three years ago.”

Remus smiled, “He has his mother’s temper and his father’s nerve, he’ll be a hard one to chase into a corner.” But he had a gentle spirit that neither had…

“He’s strong. Stronger then I have ever been, he stayed out from under the thumb of anyone especially Dumbledore.” Severus said with a small glimmer of pride, Harry would grow up to be a better man then himself…

Chapter End Notes

June nearly arrived, but to the fifth-years [and for Harry, Draco, Blaise and Hermione as well] this meant only one thing: their OWLs were upon them at last.

Because of George’s pregnancy, he and Fred had opted to take their N.E.W.T.S. early not that they needed them going into business and running their own shop but they wanted to be proud of themselves. George was living on potions for the last month because of his ever-present nausea.

Their teachers were no longer setting them homework; their times tables had been changed and they were joining the next year’s lessons were devoted to revising those topics the teachers thought most likely to come up in the exams.

Harry, Draco and Blaise received their examination timetables and details of the procedure for OWLs during their next Potions lesson. Hermione, Fred and George were given theirs; OWLs and NEWTs respectively during their Defense Against the Dark Art’s lesson from Lupin who was their Head of House.

Their first examination, Theory of Charms, was scheduled for Monday morning. Harry agreed to test Hermione after lunch on Sunday, but regretted it almost at once; she was very agitated and kept snatching the book back from him to check that she had got the answer completely right, finally hitting him hard on the nose with the sharp edge of Achievements in Charming.

Draco stole the book from her, “Slytherin’s wand, let it rest. You’re going to break Harry’s nose if you keep that up. Why don’t you do us a favor and go find Viktor. I forbid you to study anymore. You already know this anyway or Remus wouldn’t let you sit for your OWL early.

Blaise was lying flat on his back on the floor with Perseus on his chest, reciting the definition of a Substantive Charm while Charlie checked it against The Standard Book of Spells, Grade 5. Athena
was asleep in her carrycot beside her dad…

Hermione left in a huff, knowing she needed a break but she was worried about her OWLs, she couldn’t retest if she did poorly…

XoooooX

Dinner was a subdued affair that night. Fred and George did not talk much, but ate with gusto, having studied hard all day. Hermione, on the other hand, kept putting down her knife and fork and diving under the table for her bag, from which she would seize a book to check some fact or figure.

Draco was just telling her that she ought to eat a decent meal or she would not sleep that night, when her fork slid from her limp fingers and landed with a loud tinkle on her plate.

“Oh, my goodness,” she said faintly, staring into the Entrance Hall. “Is that them? Is that the examiners?”

Harry could see McGonagall standing with a small group of ancient-looking witches and wizards.

McGonagall looked rather nervous. It was after all only her third year overseeing such exams as Headmistress…

Harry, Draco, Blaise and Hermione hastened towards the double doors into the Entrance Hall when they finished eating, slowing down as they stepped over the threshold to walk sedately past the examiners.

Harry thought Professor Marchbanks must be the tiny, stooped witch with a face so lined it looked as though it had been draped in cobwebs; McGonagall was speaking to her deferentially.

Professor Marchbanks seemed to be a little deaf; she was answering Professor McGonagall very loudly considering they were only a foot apart.

“Journey was fine, journey was fine, we’ve made it plenty of times before!” she said impatiently. “Now I haven’t heard from Dumbledore lately!” she added, peering around the Hall as though hopeful he might suddenly emerge from a broom cupboard. “No idea where he is, I suppose?”

McGonagall sighed, “I almost wish we would hear a peep, then we wouldn’t be looking over our shoulders. He isn’t the type to go quietly…”

It was an uncomfortable sort of an evening. Everyone was trying to do some last-minute revising but nobody seemed to be getting very far. Harry went to bed early but then lay awake for what felt like hours. He remembered his careers consultation and papa’s smiling declaration that he would help him become a Healer he had looked so proud.

None of the fifth-years talked very much at breakfast next day, neither did Harry, Draco, Blaise or Hermione…

XooooooX
Hermione was rereading Achievements in Charming so fast that her eyes appeared blurred…

Draco sighed, obviously his friend and almost sister didn’t understand that cramming was sometimes more trouble then it was worth…

Once breakfast was over, the fifth- [And Harry, Draco, Blaise and Hermione] and seventh-years [As well as Fred and George] milled around in the Entrance Hall while the other students went off to lessons.

At half past nine, they were called forwards class-by-class to re-enter the Great Hall, the four house tables had been removed and replaced instead with many one-person desks, all facing the staff-table end of the Hall where Severus stood facing them.

When they were all seated and quiet, he said, “You may begin,” and turned over an enormous hour-glass on the desk beside her, on which there were also spare quills, ink bottles and rolls of parchment.

Harry turned over his paper, his heart thumping hard - three rows to his right and four seats ahead Draco was already scribbling - and lowered his eyes to the first question: a) Give the incantation and b) describe the wand movement required to make objects fly.

Harry had a fleeting memory of a club soaring high into the air and landing loudly on the thick skull of a troll… smiling slightly, he bent over the paper and began to write.

“Well, it wasn’t too bad, was it?” asked Hermione anxiously in the Entrance Hall two hours later, still clutching the exam paper. “I’m not sure I did myself justice on Cheering Charms, I just ran out of time. Did you put in the counter-charm for hiccoughs? I wasn’t, sure whether I ought to, it felt like too much - and on question twenty-three -”

Blaise said sternly, “Hermione, we’ve been through this before… we’re not going through every exam afterwards, it’s bad enough doing them once. I’m going to check on my babies.” He needed to clear his head and relax for a bit…

The OWLs students ate lunch with the rest of the school (the four house tables had reappeared for the lunch hour), then they trooped off into the small chamber beside the Great Hall, where they were to wait until called for their practical examination. As small groups of students were called forwards in alphabetical order, those left behind muttered incantations and practiced wand movements, occasionally poking each other in the back or eye by mistake.

Hermione’s name was called. Trembling, she left the chamber with other students whose names began with a ‘G’.

Students who had already been tested did not return afterwards, so Harry, Draco and Blaise had no idea how Hermione had done. Knowing their friend, they were sure she did well…

“She’ll be fine, remember she got a hundred and twelve percent on one of our Charms tests?” Draco smirked, “Same as me.”

Ten minutes later, Professor Flitwick called a handful of ‘M’ names and Draco left with the group leaving Harry and Blaise alone.

‘Good luck,’ Harry thought at his lover quietly.

Draco walked into the Great Hall, his wand in its holder so he wouldn’t grip it with slightly sweaty hands and leave it covered it greasy fingerprints.
Soon it was Harry’s turn.

“Professor Tooty is free, Potter,” squeaked Professor Flitwick, who was standing just inside the door. He pointed Harry towards what looked like the very oldest and baldest examiner who was sitting behind a small table in a far corner, a short distance from Professor Marchbanks, who was halfway through testing Draco.

Harry smiled, Draco was still here, he felt better…

“Potter, is it?” said Professor Tooty, consulting his notes and peering over his pince-nez at Harry as he approached. “The famous Potter?”

Out of the corner of his eye, Harry distinctly saw Draco throw a smirk over at him.

Harry could not suppress a grin; Professor Tooty smiled back at him encouragingly.

“That’s it,” he said in his quavery old voice, “no need to be nervous. Now, if I could ask you to take this egg cup and make it do some cartwheels for me.”

On the whole, Harry thought it went rather well. His Levitation Charm was certainly just as good as Draco’s had been, he almost mixed up the incantations for Color Change and Growth Charms which would have made the rat he was supposed to be turning orange swelled shockingly but he’d spoken the correct charm just in time.

XoooooX

There was no time to relax that night; they went straight to papa and Remus’ rooms after dinner and submerged themselves in revision for Transfiguration next day; Harry went to bed with his head buzzing with complex spell models and theories.

He forgot the entire definition of a Switching Spell during his written paper next morning but thought his practical could have been a lot worse. At least he managed to Vanish the whole of his iguana, whereas some poor Hufflepuff girl lost her head completely at the next table and somehow managed to multiply her ferret into a flock of flamingos, causing the examination to be halted for ten minutes while the birds were captured and carried out of the Hall.

XoooooX

They had their Herbology exam on Wednesday (other than a small bite from a Fanged Geranium, Harry felt he had done exceptionally well); and then, on Thursday, Defense Against the Dark Arts. Here, Harry felt sure he had passed after all hadn’t he duelled a disguised Death Eater? He had no problem with any of the written questions and took particular pleasure, during the practical examination, in performing all the counter-jinxes and defensive spells right in front of his dad, who was watching proudly from near the doors into the Entrance Hall.

“Oh, bravo!” cried Professor Tooty, who was examining Harry again, when Harry demonstrated a perfect Boggart banishing spell. “Very good indeed! Well, I think that’s all, Potter… unless…”
leaned forwards a little. “I heard, from my dear friend Lucius Malfoy, that you can produce a Patronus? For a bonus point…?”

Harry raised his wand, thought about Draco and the picnic date he’d been promised after exams, “Expecto Patronum!” Out of his wand came a very large silvery lion Patronus that seemed to flicker as if with flames.

All of the examiners looked around to watch its progress and when it dissolved into silver mist Professor Tofty clapped his veined and knotted hands enthusiastically. “Excellent!” he said. “Very well, Potter, you may go!”

Harry stammered, “I’m not the only one who can cast a Patronus; Draco, Blaise and Hermione can too.”

Unless he was very much mistaken (and he was not planning on telling anybody, in case he was), he had just achieved an ‘Outstanding’ OWL.

XoooooX

On Friday, Harry, Draco, Hermione and Blaise sat their Ancient Runes exam, after which they had the whole weekend in front of them they were permitting themselves a break from revision.

“How do you think you did?” Blaise asked, yawning and stretching.

“I mistranslated ehwaz,” Hermione said furiously. “It means partnership, not Defense; I mixed it up with eihwaz.”

“Ah well,” Blaise lazily, “that’s only one mistake, isn’t it, you’ll still get -”

“Oh, shut up!” Hermione said angrily. “It could be the one mistake that makes the difference between a pass and a fail.”

“I told you not to study so much, you’d work yourself up and make mistakes because you were nervous.” Draco raised an eyebrow, “You need to got take a break, go snog Viktor. That’s an order lion.”

“Oh hush. I’m not the lion, I’m the maiden so you go snog the lion.” Hermione retorted but still went off to check the library for Viktor.

XoooooX

They spent most of Sunday revising for Potions on Monday, the exam which Harry had been looking forward to most - and which he was sure would be the exam that made his papa the most proud. Sure enough, he found the written paper difficult but nothing he wasn’t expecting and couldn’t handle, he was sure got full marks on the question about Polyjuice Potion. He’d thought it was interesting but not something he’d consider using himself.

The afternoon practical was not as difficult as he had expected it to be. With papa there, Harry found
that he was much more relaxed than he usually was while making potions. Hermione, who was sitting very near Harry, also looked happier than Harry had ever seen her despite this being an exam. They’d all practically have private potions lessons for years…

When Professor Marchbanks said, “Step away from your cauldrons, please, the examination is over,”

Harry corked his sample flask feeling that he had achieved at least an Exceeds Expectations if not an Outstanding…

“Only four exams left,” A Ravenclaw said wearily as they left the Great Hall.

“Only!” Hermione said snappishly. “Some of us have got Arithmancy and it’s probably the toughest subject there is!”

That Draco supposed he could agree with, it was one of the subjects he and Blaise took with Hermione but Harry did not…

Nobody was foolish enough to snap back, so she was unable to vent her spleen on any of them and was reduced to telling off some first-years for giggling too loudly in the common room.

XooooooX

Blaise was determined to perform well in Tuesdays Care of Magical Creatures exam so despite not being an enrolled student The practical examination took place in the afternoon on the lawn on the edge of the Forbidden Forest, where students were required to correctly identify the Knarl hidden among a dozen hedgehogs (the trick was to offer them all milk in turn: Knarls, highly suspicious creatures whose quills had many magical properties, generally went berserk at what they saw as an attempt to poison them); then demonstrate correct handling of a Bowtruckle; feed and clean out a Fire Crab without sustaining serious burns; and choose, from a wide selection of food, the diet they would give a sick unicorn.

When Blaise’s examiner, a plump little witch this time, smiled at him and told him he could leave, the Half Veela whistled his way back to his rooms to check on his babies. He was away from them too much; they were only a few months old. He was afraid of missing something…

XooooooX

The Astronomy theory paper on Wednesday morning went well enough. Harry was convinced he had got the names of all Jupiter’s moons right- after all it was something Miss Cissy loved, she and Draco had nurtured a bit of a love for the subject. They had to wait until evening for their practical Astronomy.

Blaise’s afternoon was devoted instead to Divination; to no one’s surprise he spent his time in the Forbidden Forest with his centaur instructors. They taught him more then Trelawney ever had, she only taught basics and the old fraud wasn’t a good instructor for someone with actual talent.
Blaise’s Divination exam went well despite Trelawney’s terrible teaching. He had seen a dark maze filled with a sphinx, a lion and an Acromantula in the crystal ball which seemed to surprise Professor Marchbanks; he sighed during tea-leaf reading, saying that he’d never been good at it, and rounded off the whole fiasco by mixing up the life and head lines on her palm and informing her despite the inaccuracy of palmistry that she had had a long eventful life that helped shape many lives and it was clear that she would continue to do so.

Which made the elderly witch flush and stammer…

Blaise was forced to use his time-turner to go back and take his Arithmancy exam.

Harry just about to head back to his rooms as Hermione, Draco and Blaise came running up behind them. Slipping his hand into Draco’s larger one.

“Well, I think I’ve done all right in Arithmancy.” she said, Draco and Blaise both sighed with relief. “Just time for a quick look over our star-charts before dinner, then…”

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
SeamusxColin, AdrianxNeville*hides*
Fandom : HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them?

Chapter 46- Final O.W.L.s exams

Despite the event that occurred mere hours before that left them all staggering to catch their collective breath neither Harry, Draco, Blaise nor Hermione were going to skip their Astronomy O.W.L. exam.

When they reached the top of the Astronomy Tower at eleven o’clock, they found a perfect night for stargazing; cloudless and still. The grounds were bathed in silvery moonlight and there was a slight chill in the air. Each of them set up his or her telescope and, when Professor Marchbanks gave the word, proceeded to fill in the blank star-chart they had been given.

Professors Marchbanks and Tofty strolled among them, watching as they entered the precise positions of the stars and planets they were observing. All was quiet except for the rustle of parchment, the occasional creak of a telescope as it was adjusted on its stand, and the scribbling of many quills. Half an hour passed, then an hour; the little squares of reflected gold light flickering on the ground below started to vanish as lights in the castle windows were extinguished.

Harry completed the constellation Orion on his chart, before he put his eye back to his telescope and refocused it, now examining Venus. He looked down at his chart to enter the planet there and then completed it. He was tired because of his duel with Crouch Jr. disguised at Moody; he didn’t want to interrupt but decided he didn’t care. He went and handed it in early.

“Are you sure Mr. Potter? You have twenty minutes.” Professor Tofty asked.

Harry heard footsteps behind him; he looked over his shoulder to see Draco, Hermione and Blaise.

“We’re done. Nineteen minutes wouldn’t make a difference.” Draco said coolly.

Professor Marchbanks nodded and Tofty took their exams.

The four fourth years exited the tower yawning…

Blaise wanted nothing more then to check on his babies before crawling into bed with his mate.

Hermione wouldn’t say anything but she was a little jealous that the boys got to go home to their lovers. Except for meal times and when Draco ordered her to meet Viktor she hadn’t been able to spend much time with him.
Harry ended up being carried to their room after the second time Harry nearly stumbled down the stairs.

Draco chuckled his lover was so cute…

XoooooX

Their final exam, History of Magic, was not to take place until that afternoon. Harry would very much have liked to go back to bed after breakfast, but he wanted to score all Os and he wasn’t missing his exam for anything. He would sleep later, he was soon instead lying with his head in Draco’s lap as he read through some of the study guides and practice exams they’d been using.

Draco was reading the same ones while playing with Harry’s soft black hair it relaxed him.

Hermione was sitting at the table with her books and notes spread out in an ordered chaos only she understood.

Charlie was probably quizzing Blaise as they played with their children…

XooooooX

They entered the Great Hall with the fifth-years at two o’clock and took their places in front of their face-down examination papers.

Harry felt elated he wanted this over, so that he could go and nap; then tomorrow, he had to resume spell and creature review for the Third Task.

“Turn over your papers,” Professor Marchbanks said from the front of the Hall, flicking over the giant hour-glass. “You may begin.”

Harry stared fixedly at the first question. It was several seconds before it occurred to him that he had not taken in a word of it; there was a wasp buzzing distracting against one of the high windows. Slowly, tortuously, he at last began to write an answer.

He was not finding it very difficult to remember names and did not confuse dates. If he hadn’t had papa and Dray to tutor him since first year he might but be unable to answer…

He chuckled silently at question four.

In your opinion, did wand legislation contribute to, or lead to better control of, goblin riots of the eighteenth century?

Thinking that he would go back to it if he had time at the end.

He had a stab at question five;

How was the Statute of Secrecy breached in 1749 and what measures were introduced to prevent a recurrence?

But he had a nagging suspicion that he had missed one or two important points; he had a feeling vampires had come into the story somewhere. Blaise and Draco would have known…
He looked ahead for a question he could definitely answer and his eyes alighted upon number ten:

Describe the circumstances that led to the formation of the International Confederation of Wizards and explain why the warlocks of Liechtenstein refused to join.

I know this, Harry thought, as he scribbled the right answer in the near perfect handwriting he’d learned from Draco…

He began to write, looking up now and again to check the large hourglass on the desk beside Professor Marchbanks. He was sitting right behind Hermione, whose hair fell below the back of her chair. Once or twice he found himself staring at the tiny golden lights that glistened in it when she moved her head slightly, and had to give his own head a little shake to clear it. He loved Draco but that hair was distracting with its shimmering.

… the first Supreme Mugwump of the International Confederation of Wizards was Pierre Bonaccord, but his appointment was contested by the Wizarding community of Liechtenstein, because -

All around Harry quills were scratching on parchment like scurrying, burrowing rats. The sun was very hot on the back of his head.

What was it that Bonaccord had done to offend the wizards of Liechtenstein? Harry nodded to himself, that incident with trolls…

Bonaccord had wanted to stop troll hunting and give the trolls rights… but Liechtenstein was having problems with a tribe of particularly vicious mountain trolls… that was it.

He closed his eyes again, trying to see them, trying to remember… the Confederation had met for the first time in France, yes, he had written that already…

Goblins had tried to attend and been ousted… he had written that, too…

And nobody from Liechtenstein had wanted to come…

He opened his eyes; they stung and watered at the sight of the blazing white parchment. Slowly, he wrote about the trolls, when he was satisfied he’d explained he went on to the next question…

When they were told time was up, Harry had been giggling in his and Draco’s mind about their picnic…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom : HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 47 – Picnics and Fred's Choice

Hermione met Viktor outside the Great Hall, he was holding two picnic baskets and there was a blanket over his arm.

Viktor handed the first basket to Draco, "I zought I'd save you a trip. Fred showed me vhere ze kitchens vere."

Draco chuckled, "We're heading for the island in the Black Lake."

"I chose a tree." Viktor said holding his arm out to Hermione, "I zhought after those exams you might vant a break." Like Fred and George he'd just finished his own Seventh year exams.

Hermione blushed, "Thank you Viktor."

Harry watched them go, "Hermione is really lucky. Viktor's a gentleman."

"That he is." Draco said with a raised eyebrow.

"But I'm luckier, I have you." Harry stood on his tiptoes to kiss his dragon, "Picnic? I've been looking forward to this for weeks..."

XoooooX

Viktor spread out the blanket and set the basket on it before helping his girlfriend down, "I am sorry I've been studying for my exams az well. I decided to sit for zhem anyway. If I deedn't zhen vhy did I return to school besides to meet you Ahren."

Hermione blushed, "I hope I didn't bother you when Draco kidnapped my books and told me to see you."

"Bozher me? Never. It vas the highlite of my days."

Hermione nervously twisted her robes, "I don't know how well I did. I know I missed at least one question on my Ancient Runes exam..."
"Hush. You did fine. Draco's right. You knew it all or you wouldn't have sat for them early.

"But."

"Hush." Viktor lifted her chin and kissed her softly.

Hermione blushed and shakily put her arms around his neck. It was hard to worry about her O.W.L. scores when Viktor was so sweet to her. Draco was right she needed to relax…

Viktor broke the kiss and handed her a sandwich, "You must be hungry after that."

She blushed more, "Yes." She was famished but didn't want to eat like a starving Fred after Quidditch practice or a pregnant George.

XoooooX

Draco summoned one of the boats, placing their picnic basket and blanket inside before helping Harry into it.

Harry sat across from his boyfriend, giggling to himself.

Draco tapped the side of the boat so it would coast to the place he wanted to picnic. He chuckled, looking at Adder now with that serene look you would never guess he had a care in the world. He didn't look like a Triwizard Champion worried about the Third Task or someone who was worried about his O.W.L.s. you wouldn't guess he'd taken on a Death Eater spy and won.

Harry leaned over to kiss Draco again, "Thank you. I've been looking forward to this so much."

"Anything to see you smile Adder." Draco smirked; when Adder smiled his eyes shimmered like emeralds…

They arrived at the small island; Draco used magic to set up the blanket and hovered the basket onto it.

Harry curled up in Draco's lap, his cheek resting on his boyfriend's chest. He didn't know what his life would have been like if he'd never met Draco that day. He owed him his life…

He slipped his hand into Draco's larger one, their locating rings touching.

Draco kissed the tiny fourth year again, "Merlin you're gorgeous."

Harry blushed clear down to his toes, what did he do to deserve someone like Draco? Someone who would defend him even if he put himself in danger? Draco had faced the Dark Lord for him twice. He was being courted by one of the most eligible heirs in Hogwarts, the Prince of Slytherin…

"What are you thinking about Adder?"

Harry smiled, "You and how lucky I am to have you."

Draco fed his little snake sandwich after sandwich, bits of fruit and sweets. Harry was still physically recovering from the virtual starvation his evil Muggle relatives had subjected his future Bondmate to. Between himself, Hermione, Uncle Severus, Mother and Aunt Annie they were always trying to feed his little snake. He worried that Harry's poor nutrition in his early developing years as well as living beneath a sink and then in a cupboard beneath the stairs probably stunted his growth.

Harry ate until he could eat no more, curling up with his head in Draco's lap he drifted off to sleep.
Draco played with his soft messy hair, he'd hoped for a bit more intimacy then a couple of kisses but Harry was exhausted. It had only been a day or two since Adder's duel, they had the rest of the summer to be intimate. His heart felt as if it were clutched in a ice cold grip, that is if Adder survived the Third Task…

He wouldn't let anything happen to the boy he loved, he'd protect him both because he loved him and because it was his duty to protect the lion…

XoooooX

It was after their final N.E.W.T. exam when Fred led George to their special place, he'd taken Viktor to the kitchen and made sure that he'd gotten two picnic baskets and blankets. He had moved their store of wizard crackers, Skiving Snack boxes and other trick candy as well as their joke products to a safe place. This was where they were most comfortable to be themselves when they shed their magic and their essence together as one. This was where they'd miraculously conceived their babies…

Fred looked into George's eyes as he held his lover's face between his hands and kissed him deeply, "I spent hours searching for something anything to give you something close to Bonding. I found an ancient ceremony called the Blood Sworn Ritual. It is the most potent of blood oaths; only those who have proven themselves loyal to one another over a number of at least three years may use this ritual. Since I've known you better then anyone our entire lives there is no question that I can trust you and this is my way to prove my loyalty to you." He lifted the House of Weasley's ancient blade that he'd borrowed [stolen] from his grandfather. Fred shrunk the ritual blade before he cut his forehead and then his chest over the heart. He handed the blade before George.

George copied Fred's actions with a shaking hand.

Fred wiped the blood from his forehead with his left hand, and pressed that hand to the forehead of his lover, "As the sun rises each day, I shall think of you. As the stars shine each night, so shall you be constantly in my thoughts. As night follows day, so closely shall we share our separate thoughts. I shall know you as completely as you shall know me. This I swear to you."

George copied Fred and repeated his words, "As the sun rises each day, I shall think of you. As the stars shine each night, so shall you be constantly in my thoughts. As night follows day, so closely shall we share our separate thoughts. I shall know you as completely as you shall know me. This I swear to you."

Then Fred wipes the blood from his chest with his right hand and presses it gently on the cut over George's heart, reciting the second part of the oath, "As the blood of my heart touches yours, so shall I touch your feelings. As your heart beats against my hand, so shall your feelings touch mine. My loyalty shall be yours. My courage shall be yours. The strength of my heart shall flow through your veins. When there is need, I shall be strong for both of us. This I swear to you and to our child that grows within you. We are blood sworn."

George wet his fingers with his own blood and pressed it to Fred's chest, "As the blood of my heart touches yours, so shall I touch your feelings. As your heart beats against my hand, so shall your feelings touch mine. My loyalty shall be yours. My courage shall be yours. The strength of my heart shall flow through your veins. When there is need, I shall be strong for both of us. This I swear to you and to our child that grows within me. We are blood sworn."

Their magic crackled around them like wild magic but it twisted together and then flowed one to another. They had bonded their magic together in a way that few ever dared. They would always be together no matter the distance, but being Blood sworn would make if difficult to live if one perished.
Their magic was one, as was their hearts and their dreams.

Fred kissed his love deeply, "George, my Georgie."

George felt Fred wrap him in those strong arms of his and kissed him back, the slight swell of his belly pressed to his twin’s. "Freddie.” he was nearly five months now, not much longer and he’d hold Fred's babies in his arms...

Fred held him close, "I'll take care of you both, I promise on my magic."

"I know you will. I trust you." George said softly, holding him close.

Chapter End Notes

June 24, 1995

Harry was exempt from the fourth year end-of-term tests as a Triwizard champion, but it didn't matter since he had been sitting for his O.W.L.S. with Draco, Hermione and Blaise as well as all of the fifth years.

Severus came walking alongside the Gryffindor table toward him. "Potter, the champions are congregating in the chamber off the Hall after breakfast," he said.

"But the task's not till tonight!" said Harry, accidentally spilling scrambled eggs down his front, afraid he had mistaken the time.

"I'm aware of that, Harry." he said his voice softening, cleaning Harry's robes with a nonverbal spell. "The champions' families are invited to watch the final task, you know. This is simply a chance for you to greet them." he moved away, he really should cut down on his magic since he was pregnant.

Harry gaped after him; his family was already here?

Harry finished his breakfast in the emptying Great Hall. He saw Fleur Delacour get up from the Ravenclaw table and join Cedric as he crossed to the side chamber and entered. Viktor walked over to the Gryffindor's table and offered Hermione his arm with a smile.

Harry made his way to the chamber confused; Draco and Blaise following him like shadows.

Cedric and his parents were just inside the door. Viktor was over in a corner, conversing with his father in slow Russian with Hermione still on his arm. Hermione was smiling as she talked to them with stammering words.

On the other side of the room, Fleur was jabbering away in French to her mother. There were a few
girls in varying ages that looked related to Bill's wife. Bill stood beside her holding one of their
babies— their eggs had hatched about two weeks ago, while she was obviously holding the other. She
waved at Harry, who waved back, grinning. Fleur and Bill's babies were named Victoire Anna and
Louis Anir; at least that's what the letter they'd owled said.

Then he saw Aunt Annie, Uncle Ted, Mr. Lucius and Ms. Cissy who was holding Draco's baby
sister Carina standing in front of the fireplace, beaming at him. Remus was there too, so was Charlie
and Mr. Weasley, they were holding Blaise's babies Athena and Perseus. Percy was there too with
Oliver with their baby who was just three weeks old, little Sean Andret.

Harry grinned hurrying up to them; he had the largest group of assembled family.

Remus held out his arms.

Harry scrambled into them and hugged him tightly, "Dad!"

"Surprise!" Aunt Annie said excitedly as he smiled broadly and walked over to them. "Thought we'd
come and watch you, Harry." She bent down and kissed him on the cheek.

"Since I'm not a judge today I thought I'd come as family." Lucius said, his arm around Narcissa's
waist.

"You all right?" Ted asked grinning at Harry and shaking his hand, "Dora wanted to come but she
was called in by Scrimgour."

"There you are, are you?" As they passed, he looked around.

Everyone turned towards the voice.

Amos Diggory said, looking Harry up and down. "Bet you're not feeling quite as full of yourself,
now Cedric's caught you up on points, are you?"

"What?" Harry said.

"Ignore him," Cedric said in a low voice to Harry, frowning after his father. "He's been angry ever
since Rita Skeeter's article about the Triwizard Tournament — you know, when she made out you
were the only Hogwarts champion."

And implied he'd cheated, didn't it matter that Aunt Annie had filed a lawsuit against Skeeter and the
Daily Prophet?

"Didn't bother to correct her, though, did he?" said Amos Diggory, loudly enough for the room to
hear. "Still… you'll show him, Ced. Beaten him once before, haven't you?"

"You barmy old codger! I'll have you know I told that lying witch that I didn't enter the tournament
and she insisted I tell her how I did it. The Minister for Magic and the Head of Magical Law
Enforcement are satisfied that it was done by rogue dark wizards. I told her that I didn't care what my
birth parents would think. That I had my family now; this is my family! We told her that I was one of
four champions and that we should be considered equals. We refused to allow her to pose us so I
appeared more important then the others. I never wanted to be a part of this fiasco. If I didn't know
any better I'd say this whole Tournament was a plot by that manipulative coot Albus Dumbledore. I
could have been killed three times since this thrice-cursed thing started. Unlike your son I didn't
volunteer for this!"

Harry paused to take a breath, "That time he supposedly beat me there was a terrible storm and I was
blow off my broom. Cedric tried to ask for a rematch but they'd won fair and square so Oliver said no. I don't care much if I win. A thousand Galleons is pocket change to me."

"Rita Skeeter goes out of her way to cause trouble, Diggory!" Andromeda said angrily. "I would have thought you'd know that, working at the Ministry!"

Mr. Diggory looked as though he was going to say something angry in retort, but his wife laid a hand on his arm, and he glared.

Cedric sighed, "Can we talk about something else?"

"How about our Bonding come Christmas?"

Cedric turned, "Cho." He kissed her cheek in greeting, "Just in time."

Harry turned his back on Mr. Diggory and made his way to Percy, "Percy can I hold Sean? He's gotten bigger."

They spent the afternoon laughing and fawning over the babies.

Harry wondering whether or not he would ever be able to have one of his own…

XoooooX

Everyone returned to the Great Hall for the evening feast.

Ludo Bagman and Emelia Bones had joined the staff table now. Bagman looked quite cheerful, but Emelia, who was sitting next to Madame Maxime, was carrying on a lively conversation with the woman.

There were more courses than usual, but Harry, who was starting to feel anxious, didn't eat much. As the enchanted ceiling overhead began to fade from blue to a dusky purple, McGonagall rose to her feet at the staff table, its occupants rising as well and silence fell.

"Ladies and gentlemen, in five minutes' time, I will be asking you to make your way down to the Quidditch field for the third and final task of the Triwizard Tournament. Will the champions please follow Mr. Bagman down to the stadium now?"

Chapter End Notes

The Third Task

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom : HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

Chapter 48- the Third Task

Harry got up; the Slytherins and the Gryffindors were applauding him; his family had decided to sit at Slytherin despite some of their Gryffindor and Hufflepuff affiliations. Hermione wished him and Viktor good luck- she gave Harry a hug and Viktor received a kiss.

Harry headed out of the Great Hall with Cedric, Fleur, and Viktor.

"Feeling all right Harry, my dear boy?" Bagman asked as they went down the stone steps onto the grounds. "Confident?"

"I'm okay," said Harry. It was sort of true; he was nervous, but he kept running over all the hexes and spells he knew as well as what Blaise had instructed him to fight off a multitude of magical creatures in his mind as they walked, and the knowledge that he could remember them all made him feel better. He was after all one of the four top marks; he had higher marks then any Ravenclaw. He'd taken his O.W.L.S. a year early too…

They walked onto the Quidditch field, which was now completely unrecognizable. A twenty-foot-high hedge ran all the way around the edge of it. There was a gap right in front of them: the entrance to the vast maze. The passage beyond it looked dark and creepy.

Five minutes later, the stands had begun to fill; the air was full of excited voices and the rumbling of feet as the hundreds of students filed into their seats. The sky was a deep, clear blue now, and the first stars were starting to appear. Professor Scamander, Remus, Severus, and Professor Flitwick came walking into the stadium and approached Bagman and the champions. They were wearing large, red, luminous stars on their hats, all except Hagrid, who had his on the back of his moleskin vest. He seemed to an unofficial patroller.

"We are going to be patrolling the outside of the maze," Severus said to the champions. "If you get into difficulty, and wish to be rescued, send red sparks into the air, and one of us will come and get you, do you understand?"

The champions nodded.

"Off you go, then!" said Bagman brightly to the four patrollers.

"Good luck, Harry," Remus whispered, and the four of them walked away in different directions, to
station themselves around the maze.

Bagman now pointed his wand at his throat, muttered, "Sonorus," and his magically magnified voice echoed into the stands. "Ladies and gentlemen, the third and final task of the Triwizard Tournament is about to begin! Let me remind you how the points currently stand! Tied in first place, with eighty-five points each - Mr. Cedric Diggory and Mr. Harry Potter, both of Hogwarts School!" The cheers and applause sent birds from the Forbidden Forest fluttering into the darkening sky. "In second place, with eighty points - Mr. Viktor Krum, of Durmstrang Institute!" More applause. "And in third place – Miss Fleur Delacour, of Beauxbatons Academy!"

Harry could just make out his large family minus his papa and his dad applauding them all from the stands where they stood with Fleur and Viktor's families, halfway up the stands. He waved up at them, and they waved back, beaming at him.

"So… on my whistle, Harry and Cedric!" said Bagman. "Three - two - one -"

He gave a short blast on his whistle, and Harry and Cedric hurried forward into the maze.

The towering hedges cast black shadows across the path, and, whether because they were so tall and thick or because they had been enchanted, the sound of the surrounding crowd was silenced the moment they entered the maze. Harry felt almost as though he were underwater again. He pulled out his wand, muttered, "Lumos," and heard Cedric do the same just behind him.

After about fifty yards, they reached a fork. They looked at each other.

"See you," Harry said, and he took the left one, while Cedric took the right.

Harry heard Bagman's whistle for the second time. Krum had entered the maze. Harry sped up. His chosen path seemed completely deserted. He turned right, and hurried on, holding his wand high over his head, trying to see as far ahead as possible. Still, there was nothing in sight.

Bagman's whistle blew in the distance for the third time. All of the champions were now inside.

Harry kept looking behind him; he had the unease that came with the old feeling that he was being watched. The maze was growing darker with every passing minute as the sky overhead deepened to navy. He reached a second fork.

"Point Me," he whispered to his wand, holding it flat in his palm.

The wand spun around once and pointed toward his right, into solid hedge. That way was north, and he knew that he needed to go northwest for the center of the maze. The best he could do was to take the left fork and go right again as soon as possible.

The path ahead was empty too, and when Harry reached a right turn and took it, he again found his way unblocked. Harry didn't know why, but the lack of obstacles was unnerving him. Surely he should have met something by now? It felt as though the maze were luring him into a false sense of security. Then he heard movement right behind him. He held out his wand, ready to attack, but its beam fell only upon Cedric, who had just hurried out of a path on the right-hand side.

Cedric looked severely shaken. The sleeve of his robe was smoking. "A Nemean Lion!" he hissed. "It's enormous - I only just got away!" He shook his head and dived out of sight, along another path.

Keen to put plenty of distance between himself and the flaming lion, Harry hurried off again. Then, as he turned a corner, he saw…a Dementor gliding toward him. Twelve feet tall, its face hidden by its hood, its rotting, scabbed hands outstretched, it advanced, sensing its way blindly toward him.
Harry could hear its rattling breath; he felt clammy coldness stealing over him, but knew what he had to do…

He doubted it was a Dementor but he wanted to be sure, he shouted, "Expecto Patronum."

A silver flickering Lion erupted from the end of Harry's wand and loped toward the Dementor, which fell back and tripped over the hem of its robes. Harry had never seen a Dementor stumble.

"Hang on!" he laughed, advancing in the wake of his silver Patronus, "You're a boggart! Riddikulus!"

There was a loud crack, and the shape-shifter exploded in a wisp of smoke. The silver lion faded from sight. Harry wished it could have stayed, he could have used some company… but he moved on, quickly and quietly as possible, listening hard, his wand held high once more.

Left… right… left again…

Twice he found himself facing dead ends. He did the Four-Point Spell again and found that he was going too far east. He turned back, took a right turn, and saw an odd golden mist floating ahead of him.

Harry approached it cautiously, pointing the wand's beam at it. This looked like some kind of enchantment. What would happen if he walked through the mist? Was it worth chancing it, or should he double back? He was still hesitating when a scream shattered the silence.

"Fleur?" Harry yelled.

That scream reminded him of Blaise's attack…

There was silence. He stared all around him. What had happened to her? Her scream seemed to have come from somewhere ahead. He took a deep breath and ran through the enchanted mist.

The world turned upside down. Harry was hanging from the ground, with his hair on end, his glasses dangling off his nose, threatening to fall into the bottomless sky. He clutched them to the end of his nose and hung there, terrified. It felt as though his feet were glued to the grass, which had now become the ceiling. Below him the dark, star-spangled heavens stretched endlessly. He felt as though if he tried to move one of his feet, he would fall away from the earth completely.

Think, he told himself, as all the blood rushed to his head, think…

But not one of the spells he had practiced had been designed to combat a sudden reversal of ground and sky. Did he dare move his foot? He could hear the blood pounding in his ears. He had two choices - try and move, or send up red sparks, and get rescued and disqualified from the task.

He shut his eyes, so he wouldn't be able to see the view of endless space below him, and pulled his right foot as hard as he could away from the grassy ceiling.

Immediately, the world righted itself. Harry fell forward onto his knees onto the wonderfully solid ground. He felt temporarily limp with shock. He took a deep, steadying breath, then got up again and hurried forward, looking back over his shoulder as he ran away from the golden mist, which twinkled innocently at him in the moonlight.

He paused at a junction of two paths and looked around for some sign of Fleur. He was sure it had been she who had screamed. What had she met? Was she all right? There was no sign of red sparks - did that mean she had got herself out of trouble, or was she in such trouble that she couldn't reach her
wand? Harry took the right fork with a feeling of increasing unease… but at the same time, he couldn't help thinking. One champion down…

The cup was somewhere close by, and it sounded as though Fleur was no longer in the running. He'd got this far, hadn't he? What if he actually managed to win? Fleetingly, and for the first time since he'd found himself champion, he saw again that image of himself, raising the Triwizard Cup in front of the rest of the school…

He met nothing for ten minutes, but kept running into dead ends. Twice he took the same wrong turn. Finally, he found a new route and started to jog along it, his wandlight waving, making his shadow flicker and distort on the hedge walls.

Then he rounded another corner and found himself facing a Nemean Lion. Cedric was right - it was enormous. Four and half feet tall or thereabouts and wreathed in flames. Its fur was a burnished gold with a bronze mane, every hair flickered like a flame. Its ruby eyes glinted in the light from Harry's wand, which he pointed at it.

"Stupefy!"

The lion was barely a foot from him when it froze - he had managed to hit it through its coat of flames. Panting, he turned and ran, hard, in the opposite direction - the Curse was not permanent; the lion would be regaining the use of its body at any moment.

He took a left path and hit a dead end, a right, and hit another; forcing himself to stop, heart hammering, he performed the Four-Point Spell again, backtracked, and chose a path that would take him northwest.

He had been hurrying along the new path for a few minutes, when he heard something in the path running parallel to his own that made him stop dead.

"What are you doing?" yelled Cedric's voice. "What the hell d'you think you're doing?"

And then Harry heard Viktor's voice.

"Crucio!"

The air was suddenly full of Cedric's yells. Horrified, Harry began sprinting up his path, trying to find a way into Cedric's. When none appeared, he growled, "Bombarda!" the hedge in front of him exploded at which point Harry jumped through the whole and looking to his right, saw Cedric jerking and twitching on the ground, Viktor standing over him.

Harry thought to himself, 'Mione wasn't going to like this' and pointed his wand at her boyfriend just as he looked up. He had the glazed over frozen face of someone under the Imperious, he was a little grateful for that.

Viktor turned to run.

"This is for your own good. Don't hate me later. Stupefy!" Harry yelled.

The spell hit Krum in the back; he stopped dead in his tracks, fell forward, and lay motionless, face-down in the grass. Harry-dashed over to Cedric, who had stopped twitching and was lying there panting, his hands over his face.

"Are you all right?" Harry said roughly, grabbing Cedric's arm.
"Yeah," Cedric panted. "Yeah… I don't believe it… he crept up behind me… I heard him, I turned around, and he had his wand on me…" Cedric got up. He was still shaking.

He and Harry looked down at Viktor.

"I can't believe this… I thought he was all right," said Cedric.

"So did I," Harry said, staring at Viktor. "Someone cast the Imperious on him. He's got all the signs. He wouldn't have done such a thing, Durmstrang or not. 'Mione wouldn't forgive him if he did this willingly." He closed his eyes, 'Draco, Viktor's been cursed. He'll need to be examined. Fleur's probably been hurt, she'll need papa. He has experience with Veela.' He tried to give his dragon a clear picture of where he was when he'd heard Fleur scream so he could pass on the message.

"Did you hear Fleur scream earlier?" Harry asked as he opened his eyes.

"Yeah," said Cedric. "You don't think Krum got her too?"

"I don't know," said Harry slowly. "But I'm afraid he might have. I hope Bill didn't get a magical backlash; they're Bonded because he's her mate.

"Should we leave him here?" Cedric muttered.

"I told Draco about them but we should send up red sparks. Papa'll come and collect him… otherwise he'll probably be attacked by something and 'Mione would kill me."

"Fine." Cedric muttered, but all the same, he raised his wand and shot a shower of red sparks into the air, which hovered high above Viktor, marking the spot where he lay.

Harry and Cedric stood there in the darkness for a moment, looking around them.

Then Cedric said, "Well… I s'pose we'd better go on…"

"What?" Harry said "Oh… yeah… right…"

It was an odd moment. He and Cedric had been briefly united against Viktor – now the fact that they were opponents came back to Harry. The two of them proceeded up the dark path without speaking, then Harry turned left, and Cedric right.

Cedric's footsteps soon died away.

Harry moved on, continuing to use the Four-Point Spell, making sure he was moving in the right direction. It was between him and Cedric now. His desire to reach the cup first was now burning stronger than ever just to end this. He could hardly believe what he'd just seen Viktor do, someone cursed him but who? They'd captured the fake Moody only to have him destroy himself. The use of an Unforgivable Curse on a fellow human being meant a life term in Azkaban, that was what he'd heard after Nott was arrested for attacking Blaise and casting the Imperious on Crabbe and Goyle. No one was about to tell that Lucius and papa had cast that curse on them so they could learn how to fight it. Someone hadn't wanted Viktor to have the Triwizard Cup badly… Harry sped up.

Every so often he hit more dead ends, but the increasing darkness made him feel sure he was getting near the heart of the maze. Then, as he strode down a long, straight path, he saw movement once again, and his beam of wandlight hit an extraordinary creature, one which he had only seen in picture form, in Blaise's Fantastic Beasts and where to find them.

It was a sphinx. It had the body of a giant lion: great clawed paws and a long yellowish tail ending in
a brown tuft. Its head, however, was that of a woman. She turned her long, almond-shaped eyes upon Harry as he approached. He raised his wand, hesitating.

She was not crouching as if to spring, but pacing from side to side of the path, blocking his progress. Then she spoke, in a deep, hoarse voice. "You are very near your goal. The quickest way is past me."

"So… so will you move, please?" said Harry, knowing what the answer was going to be because Sphinx were notorious for their riddles.

"No," she said, continuing to pace. "Not unless you can answer my riddle. Answer on your first guess - I let you pass. Answer wrongly - I attack. Remain silent – I will let you walk away from me unscathed."

Harry's eyes narrowed, it was Draco and Hermione who were good at this sort of thing, not him. He weighed his chances. If the riddle was too hard, he could keep silent, get away from the sphinx unharmed, and try and find an alternative route to the center. "Okay," he said. "Can I hear the riddle?"

The sphinx sat down upon her hind legs, in the very middle of the path, and recited:

"First think of the person who lives in disguise,
Who deals in secrets and tells naught but lies.
Next, tell me what's always the last thing to mend,
The middle of middle and end of the end?
And finally give me the sound often heard
During the search for a hard-to-find word.
Now string them together, and answer me this,
Which creature would you be unwilling to kiss?"

Harry gaped at her. "Could I have it again… more slowly?" he asked tentatively.

She blinked at him, smiled, and repeated the poem.

"All the clues add up to a creature I wouldn't want to kiss?" Harry asked.

She merely smiled her mysterious smile.

Harry took that for a "yes." Harry cast his mind around. There were plenty of animals he wouldn't want to kiss; his first thought was a Nemean Lion, but something told him that wasn't the answer. He'd have to try and work out the clues…

"A person in disguise," Harry muttered, staring at her, "who lies… er… that'd be a - an impostor. No, that's not my guess! A - a spy? I'll come back to that… could you give me the next clue again, please?"

She repeated the next lines of the poem.

"The last thing to mend," Harry repeated. "Er… no idea… 'middle of middle'… could I have the
last bit again?"

She gave him the last four lines.

"'The sound often heard during the search for a hard-to-find word,'" said Harry. "Er… that'd be…
er… hang on - 'er'! Er's a sound!"

The sphinx smiled at him.

"Spy… er… spy… er…" said Harry, pacing up and down. "A creature I wouldn't want to kiss… a
spider!"

The sphinx smiled more broadly. She got up, stretched her front legs, and then moved aside for him
to pass.

"Thanks!" said Harry, and, amazed at his brilliance on his own as he dashed forward. He had to be
close now he had to be…

His wand was telling him he was bang on course; as long as he didn't meet anything too horrible, he
might have a chance…

Harry broke into a run. He had a choice of paths up ahead. "Point Me!" he whispered again to his
wand, and it spun around and pointed him to the right-hand one. He dashed up this one and saw light
ahead.

The Triwizard Cup was gleaming on a plinth a hundred yards away. Suddenly a dark figure hurtled
out onto the path in front of him.

Cedric was going to get there first. Cedric was sprinting as fast as he could toward the cup, and
Harry knew he would never catch up, Cedric was much taller, had much longer legs -

Then Harry saw something immense over a hedge to his left, moving quickly along a path that
intersected with his own; it was moving so fast Cedric was about to run into it, and Cedric, his eyes
on the cup, had not seen it –

"Cedric!" Harry bellowed. "On your left!"

Cedric looked around just in time to hurl himself past the thing and avoid colliding with it, but in his
haste, he tripped. Harry saw Cedric's wand fly out of his hand as a gigantic spider stepped into the
path and began to bear down upon Cedric.

"Arania Exumai." Harry yelled; the spell hit the spider's gigantic, hairy black body and blasted it
back.

"Harry!" he heard Cedric shouting. "You all right?"

"Fine," Harry called back; he had been far enough away to not be in danger.

Cedric was standing feet from the Triwizard Cup, which was gleaming behind him.

"Take it, then," Harry panted to Cedric. "Go on, take it. You're there."

But Cedric didn't move. He merely stood there, looking at Harry. Then he turned to stare at the cup.

Harry saw the longing expression on his face in its golden light.
Cedric looked around at Harry again, who was watching him.

"You take it. You should win. That's twice you've saved my neck in here."

"That's not how it's supposed to work," Harry said. He felt angry; Cedric had beaten him to it like it was a snitch or something. "The one who reaches the cup first gets the points. That's you. I'm telling you so get it."

Cedric took a few paces nearer to the incapacitated spider, away from the cup, shaking his head. "No," he said.

"Stop being noble," said Harry irritably. "Just take it, then we can get out of here."

Cedric watched Harry.

"You told me about the dragons," Cedric said. "I would've gone down in the first task if you hadn't told me what was coming. You should've got more points on the second task," Cedric added mulishly. "You stayed behind to get all the hostages. I should've done that."

"I was the only one who was thick enough to take that song seriously!" Harry growled. "Just take the cup!"

"No," said Cedric.

He stepped over the spider's tangled legs to join Harry, who stared at him. Cedric was serious. He was walking away from the sort of glory Hufflepuff House hadn't had in centuries and might never see again.

"Go on," Cedric said. He looked as though this was costing him every ounce of resolution he had, but his face was set, his arms were folded and he seemed decided.

Harry looked from Cedric to the cup, for one shining moment, he saw himself emerging from the maze, holding it. He saw himself holding the Triwizard Cup aloft, heard the roar of the crowd, saw Draco and his father's glowing with pride, more clearly than he had ever seen it before. Then the picture faded, and he found himself staring at Cedric's shadowy, stubborn face.

"Both of us," Harry said.

"What?"

"We'll take it at the same time. It's still a Hogwarts victory. We'll tie for it."

Cedric stared at Harry as he unfolded his arms. "You - you sure?"

"Yeah," said Harry. "Yeah… we've helped each other out, haven't we? We both got here. Let's just take it together."

For a moment, Cedric looked as though he couldn't believe his ears; then his face split in a grin. "You're on," he said. "Come here."

When they had reached it, they both held a hand out over one of the cup's gleaming handles.

"On three, right?" said Harry. "One - two - three -"

He and Cedric both grasped a handle.
Instantly, Harry felt a jerk somewhere behind his navel. His feet had left the ground. He could not unclench the hand holding the Triwizard Cup; it was pulling him onward in a howl of wind and swirling color, Cedric at his side. Harry freaked, a portkey? He yelled in his own head, 'Draco! Something's wrong!

XoooooX

Draco closed his eyes, watching the match through Harry's eyes and telling his family what Harry was facing.

Bill heard a scream and stiffened, "Fleur?" his brow furrowed, "Something is wrong."

Charlie recognized the expression; his older brother's mate was in danger?

Draco froze when he heard;

"What are you doing?" Cedric yelling. "What the hell d'you think you're doing?"

With Harry's ears, Draco heard Viktor's voice.

"Crucio!"

The air was suddenly full of Cedric's yells.

Draco's eyes flew open and he spun to look at Blaise before turning to Hermione, his mouth opening and closing.

He watched helplessly as Harry growled, "Bombarda!" the hedge in front of his lover's eyes exploded at which point his Adder jumped through the hole and looking to his right, saw Cedric jerking and twitching on the ground, Viktor standing over him.

Draco realized quickly that Viktor had been cursed; he gave a sigh of relief. He opened his eyes and looked at his father using Legilimency, 'Someone cast the imperious curse on Viktor. I think he was made to attack Fleur and he was attacking Cedric but Harry stopped him." He showed his father where Harry was when Fleur screamed.

They saw red sparks.

Ludo Bagman spoke, "It seems that a Champion has been injured."

Lucius slipped away, to find Severus so they could get Fleur to a healer. He shuddered to think what damage the Cruciatus curse would do to someone like Blaise. Fleur's eggs just hatched recently, likewise had she and Bill bonded.

Draco was getting a cold feeling that twisted in his gut like an angry snake bracing for an attack.

He wasn't all that surprised to see a sphinx…Draco told them that the sphinx sat down upon her hind legs, in the very middle of the path, and recited:

"First think of the person who lives in disguise,
Who deals in secrets and tells naught but lies.
Next, tell me what's always the last thing to mend,
The middle of middle and end of the end?
And finally give me the sound often heard
During the search for a hard-to-find word.
Now string them together, and answer me this,
Which creature would you be unwilling to kiss?"
He kept his interpretation of the Sphinx to himself after telling them what the riddle was.
Blaise and Hermione smirked after a few minutes of thought.
"A spider."
Hermione gave him a high-five.
Blaise was excited as Harry beat the sphinx, "He really did listen to everything I told him about magical creatures."
"Oh course he did. We thought that he might encounter any number of obstacles and you were a good teacher."
Blaise blushed, holding his daughter close "I just find them interesting…"

Draco's unease worsened…

He watched as Harry broke into a run. He had a choice of paths up ahead. "Point Me!" he whispered again to his wand, and it spun around and pointed him to the right-hand one. He dashed up this one and saw light ahead.

The Triwizard Cup was gleaming on a plinth a hundred yards away. Suddenly a dark figure hurtled out onto the path in front of him; it was Cedric. Cedric was going to get there first. Cedric was sprinting as fast as he could toward the cup, and Harry knew he would never catch up, Cedric was much taller, had much longer legs -

Then Harry saw something immense over a hedge to his left, moving quickly along a path that intersected with his own; it was moving so fast Cedric was about to run into it, and Cedric, his eyes on the cup, had not seen it –

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Cedric looked around just in time to hurl himself past the thing and avoid colliding with it, but in his haste, he tripped. Harry saw Cedric's wand fly out of his hand as a gigantic spider stepped into the path and began to bear down upon Cedric.
"
"Arania Exumai." Harry yelled; the spell hit the spider's gigantic, hairy black body and blasted it back knocking it out due to the magic he put into it's casting but not killing

Draco let out a sigh of relief before recounting this instance of Harry's adventure in the maze.
"
"Harry!" he heard Cedric shouting through Harry's ears. "You all right?"
"Fine," Harry called back; he had been far enough away to not be in danger.
Cedric was standing feet from the Triwizard Cup, which was gleaming behind him.
"Take it, then," Harry panted to Cedric. "Go on, take it. You're there."

But Cedric didn't move. He merely stood there, looking at Harry. Then he turned to stare at the cup. Harry and Draco too both saw the longing expression on his face in its golden light.

Cedric looked around at Harry again, who was watching him.

"You take it. You should win. That's twice you've saved my neck in here."

"That's not how it's supposed to work," Harry said. He felt angry; Cedric had beaten him to it like it was a snitch or something. "The one who reaches the cup first gets the points. That's you. I'm telling you so get it."

Draco was surprised Harry was refusing it; then again his adder was an honorable person. Cedric was closer and had gotten there first. Cedric was right though, he owe Adder his life twice over. He had a sickening feeling before the night was over Cedric would have a third life debt to Harry.

Draco watched and listened as they argued who deserved the cup, was Cedric refusing to claim it because of the fact that Harry saved him twice tonight or was it because of the Quidditch match where Harry almost fell to his death?

Draco stayed at the edge of Harry's mind watching as Harry looked from Cedric to the cup, for one shining moment, Adder saw himself emerging from the maze, holding it. He saw Harry holding the Triwizard Cup aloft, heard the roar of the crowd, then he saw himself, Uncle Sev and Remus glowing with pride, more clearly than he had ever seen into his lover's head before. Then the picture faded, and Draco found Adder staring at Cedric's shadowy, stubborn face.

"Both of us," Harry said.

How very Harry, it was a true Hogwarts victory that way. One three out of Four House could be proud of. Draco chuckled but didn't share this new development.

"What?"

"We'll take it at the same time. It's still a Hogwarts victory. We'll tie for it."

Cedric stared at Harry as he unfolded his arms. "You - you sure?"

"Yeah," Draco watched from his corner of Harry's mind as his lover nodded. "Yeah… we've helped each other out, haven't we? We both got here. Let's just take it together."

For a moment, Cedric looked as though he couldn't believe his ears; then his face split in a grin. "You're on," he said. "Come here."

When they had reached it, they both held a hand out over one of the cup's gleaming handles.

"On three, right?" said Harry. "One - two - three -"

He and Cedric both grasped a handle.

Instantly, Harry felt a jerk somewhere behind his navel. His feet had left the ground. He could not unclench the hand holding the Triwizard Cup; it was pulling him onward in a howl of wind and swirling color, Cedric at his side. Harry freaked, a portkey? He yelled in his own head, 'Draco! Some thing's wrong!'
Draco's eyes flew open as he felt Harry's cry, he gasped, looking around wildly, his normally calm, cool demeanor gone. He spun to Blaise, "Why didn't you foresee this? Where is he?" his fingers twisting the Veela he claimed as brother's robes.

Blaise blinked, "Where is Harry? The maze!"

"NO! They're gone. Harry and Cedric! The cup was a portkey!" Draco closed his eyes, the fist that bore the ring his mother gifted them pressed his heart as he reached out with his mind, 'ADDER! Where are you?'

He was met with silence, wherever Adder was it wasn't anywhere near Hogwarts. His cry was taking a while to reach Harry…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom: HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

This chapter is dedicated to Suto-chan, my 100th reviewer. Hugs!

Chapter 50A-Port Keys, the Dark Lord and defying the odds…

Harry felt his feet slam into the ground, and he fell forward without Draco to catch him; his hand let go of the Triwizard Cup at last. He raised his head. "Where are we?"

Cedric shook his head. He got up, pulled Harry to his feet, and they looked around.

They had left the Hogwarts grounds completely; they had obviously traveled miles - perhaps hundreds of miles - for even the mountains surrounding the castle were gone. They were standing instead in a dark and overgrown graveyard; the black outline of a small church was visible beyond a large yew tree to their right. A hill rose above them to their left. Harry could just make out the outline of a fine old house on the hillside.

Cedric looked down at the Triwizard Cup and then up at Harry.

"Did anyone tell you the cup was a Portkey?" he asked.

"Nope," Harry muttered, gripping his wand tightly. He was looking around the graveyard but it was completely silent and slightly eerie. "This can't be part of the Task." His eyes narrowed, that bastard who impersonated Moody and hurt Draco he did this. He closed his eyes, sending Draco the memory of where they were.

XooooooX

Draco staggered slightly, "I'm not exactly sure where he is. But he's not in Scotland."

Remus sighed, "If only we had a Potter house elf they could find him."

Blaise grabbed Draco's ring, "I might be able to find him."

"How?"
"If I can reach out to him when I was attacked, I am hoping that I can go to him."

Draco sighed, "Hold on, he opened the connection with me. He can feel me and I can feel him. I maybe able to reach him myself but he's not afraid so I'm not sure It will work."

Blaise grabbed his brother's robe, "You can be dragged through the castle, through impenetrable flames and into a Fidelius charmed home. You don't just need him to be afraid. He needs you. He needs us. I can try to strengthen that bond."

Hermione grabbed Blaise's arm.

Fred and George latched onto their friends.

"Come on Draco, focus. Clear your mind. It's like Occlumency. You're our link to Harry. Find him and show us the way."

Draco reached out, 'Adder?' the familiar sensation of being pulled back and forth was familiar but the tug of his friends was almost an anchor.

Blaise drew on his magic and used it to bolster Draco's power.

But try as they might, Draco didn't budge and neither did they.

XoooooX

Harry kept looking around him. He had, yet again, the strange feeling that they were being watched. "Someone's coming," he said suddenly. "Take your wand out and stay behind me."

Squinting tensely through the darkness, they watched the figure drawing nearer, walking steadily toward them between the graves. Harry couldn't make out a face, but from the way it was walking and holding its arms, he could tell that it was carrying something. Whoever it was, he was on the tall side, and wearing a hooded cloak pulled up over his head to obscure his face. And - several paces nearer, the gap between them closing all the time - Harry saw that the thing in the person's arms looked like a baby… or was it merely a bundle of robes? He got a sense of evil radiating off the bundle.

Harry lowered his wand slightly and glanced sideways at Cedric.

Cedric shot him a quizzical look.

They both turned back to watch the approaching figure. It stopped beside a towering marble headstone, only six feet from them. For a second Harry and Cedric and the short figure simply looked at one another.

The sensation grew as the person neared them as he kept Cedric behind him.

From far away, above his head, he heard a high, cold voice say, "Kill the spare."

Harry hissed shoving Cedric to the ground, "Stay down." Casting a powerful shield spell behind him, maintaining it would weaken him.

A swishing noise and a second voice, which screeched the words to the night:
"Avada Kedavra!"

A blast of green light blazed past Harry to where Cedric was, he summoned his cloak and tossed it on the Hufflepuff. "You're dead. Unless you are rescued by my friends."

Cedric was lying still beneath the cloak.

The shield was holding strong and protecting him, only Draco could enter it.

"What the hell do you want? I don't appreciate being dragged halfway around the country at some sorry excuse for a Slytherin's whim." Harry growled, holding his wand tightly.

"How dare you speak to the Dark Lord in such a fashion? You dirty little half-blood!" the shadowy figure yelled.

"I'll talk how I feel. I want nothing to do with the Dark Lord." Harry spun his wand contemptuously. "I want to go back to the castle."

Cedric stared at Harry in shock, what the hell was going on? Who was this man?

Harry glared, "What do you want? I already defeated Barty Crouch Jr. It's your bloody fault I got trapped in this Tournament isn't it?"

The cold high voice that reminded Harry of the one possessing Quirrell spoke again. "You Harry Potter have been invited as a special guest to my rebirth."

"Guest? More like a kidnapping." Harry reached out to Draco, 'The Dark Lord is here. The cup was a portkey. Come quickly. Cedric is under my cloak. Walk until you hit my shield.'

'Dammit Adder, why aren't you shielded?'

How Draco knew that he didn't know, but he needed him, 'I can't maintain two shields yet. Besides, they just tried to kill Cedric. Hurry. If they attack me I have little to use to defend myself.'

"Kidnapping? I suppose you could call it that." The tallish man in the cloak laughed insanely, "My master wants you. He will have you."

'Draco should I let myself be captured? So we can see what they want?' Harry asked, gripping his wand tightly.

'Let yourself be captured? Adder, are you crazy? I'm trying to get there. I don't know where you are.'

'Maybe I am crazy. I trust you Dray. You'll come save me. All of you will.'

The tallish man in the cloak cast, "Expelliarmus. Carpe Retractum." on Harry. The hooded man put down his bundle, lit his wand, and was dragging Harry toward the marble headstone. Harry saw the name upon it flickering in the wandlight before he was forced around and slammed against it.

TOM RIDDLE

Who the hell was Tom Riddle?
The cloaked man was tying Harry to the headstone with the rope that he'd dragged him through the graveyard.

'Dray I'm in a graveyard. Tied to the headstone of a Tom Riddle.' Harry could hear shallow, fast breathing from the depths of the hood; he bit the cloak and tugged, the hood slipped exposing the man's face. The face was familiar; he'd seen this person at Platform 9 ¾ with Nott. Wasn't Nott's dad at the Quidditch World Cup wearing a mask and torturing Muggles? 'Fuck! Dray, I'm in trouble! It's Nott! I'm with Theo's father and the Dark Lord.'

XooooooX

Draco did his best to try to pinpoint Adder's location but the thought Harry sent him broke his concentration.

'The Dark Lord is here. The cup was a portkey. Come quickly. Cedric is under my cloak. Walk until you hit my shield.'

Draco stiffened, 'Dammit Adder, why aren't you shielded?' wait, how did he know Adder wasn't shielded?

'I can't maintain two shields yet. Besides, they just tried to kill Cedric. Hurry. If they attack me I have little to use to defend myself.'

Draco's eyes flew open casting a privacy charm around his family, "Harry, he's with the Dark Lord and some cloaked person. He's too far away for me to actual see through his eyes. They tried to kill Cedric. Harry cast a shield charm over Cedric and covered him with his cloak. The Cup was a portkey."

Blaise gripped his brother shoulder, "Focus Draco. You can do this. Harry needs us."

'Draco should I let myself be captured? So we can see what they want.'

'Let yourself be captured? Adder, are you crazy? I'm trying to get there. I don't know where you are.' Draco was furious, Harry wasn't afraid. Shit! He couldn't find him. When Adder found him he knew roughly where he was.

'Maybe I am crazy. I trust you Dray. You'll come save me. All of you will.

Dray I'm in a graveyard. Tied to the headstone of a Tom Riddle.' Harry sounded worried now.

'Fuck! Dray, I'm in trouble! It's Nott! I'm with Theo's father and the Dark Lord.'

Now Draco was furious, "Nott has my Adder. Dammit. I should have gotten emancipated. I can't kill the bastard. I need to get to him. I want him strong but I want to fight at his side. I can't protect him or help him if I'm not there!"

"Calm down Draco. You're going to upset the babies. Focus. We're running out of time." Blaise said, summoning a mild calming draught and casting it into his brother's stomach.

XooooooX
'Fuck! Dray, I'm in trouble! It's Nott! I'm with Theo's father and the Dark Lord.'

"You!" he gasped.

But Old Nott, who had finished trying him up, did not reply; he was busy checking the tightness of the cords, his fingers barely trembling over the knots. Once sure that Harry was bound so tightly to the headstone that he couldn't move an inch, Old Nott drew a length of some black material from the inside of his cloak and stuffed it roughly into Harry's mouth; then, without a word, he turned from Harry and hurried away. Harry couldn't make a sound, nor could he see where Old Nott had gone; he couldn't turn his head to see beyond the headstone; he could see only what was right in front of him. He could get free at anytime all he needed was his wand to burn the ropes that bound him to the headstone.

Cedric was lying some twenty feet away beneath his cloak. Some way beyond him, glinting in the starlight, laid the Triwizard Cup. Harry's wand was nowhere to be seen so Old Nott had to have it on his person. The bundle of robes that Harry knew was the Dark Lord was close by, at the foot of the grave. The Dark Lord seemed to be stirring fretfully. Harry watched it, and felt the same gnawing sense of evil from it. Given what he remembered from...he knew that he didn't want to see what was in those robes and he didn't want that bundle opened…

He could hear noises at his feet. He looked down and saw a gigantic snake slithering through the grass, circling the headstone where he was tied. Old Nott's mumbled breathing was growing louder again. It sounded as though he was talking to someone like Crouch had. Then he came back within Harry's range of vision, and Harry saw him pushing a stone cauldron to the foot of the grave. It was full of what seemed to be water - Harry could hear it slopping around - and it was larger than any cauldron Harry had ever used; a great stone belly large enough for a full-grown man to sit in. Rebirth? Oh shit, he'd bitten off more than he could chew. 'Draco. Hurry. I think Old Nott is trying do something to give the Dark Lord either his strength or his body back.'

XoooooX

Draco was furious Harry let himself be disarmed but he knew from experience if Harry wanted his wand back he'd get it back.

'Draco. Hurry. I think Old Nott is trying do something to give the Dark Lord either his strength or his body back.'

Draco knew he was running out of time to get to Harry. Why did Adder decide to let himself be 'captured'? "Why don't we have a Potter house elf?"

"Can Dobby find him? He's awfully fond of Harry." Narcissa asked.

Draco shrugged, "I don't know. Harry isn't a Malfoy…"

"But he is going to be. You love him and I know you will be Bonded to him soon," Narcissa said hugging her son. "You'll find him. You'll go to him when he needs you most as you always have."

"I want him back. We should have known something like this would happen. Especially after we discovered Barty Crouch Jr. masquerading as Mad-Eye Moody." Draco clenched his fists.
George squeezed Draco's shoulder; "You have to be strong for him. He needs his dragon, you're his rock."

XoooooX

The thing inside the bundle of robes on the ground was attempting to move more persistently, as though it was trying to free itself. Now Old Nott was busying himself at the bottom of the cauldron with a wand. Suddenly there were crackling flames beneath it. The large snake slithered away into the darkness. The liquid in the cauldron seemed to heat very fast. The surface began not only to bubble but it also began to send out fiery sparks, as though it were on fire. Steam was thickening, blurring the outline of Old Nott the fire. The movements beneath the robes became more agitated. And Harry heard the high, cold voice again.

"Hurry!"

The whole surface of the water was alight with sparks now. It might have been encrusted with diamonds.

'Draco! We're running out of time.'

"It is ready Master."

"Now…” said the cold voice.

Old Nott pulled open the robes on the ground, revealing what was inside them, and Harry couldn't hold back a yell but that was strangled in the wad of material blocking his mouth.

It was as though Old Nott had flipped over a stone and revealed something ugly, slimy, and blind but this was a hundred times worse. The thing Old Nott had been carrying had the shape of a crouched human child, except that Harry had never seen anything less like a child. It was hairless and scaly-looking, a dark, raw, reddish black. Its arms and legs were thin and feeble, and its face - no child alive ever had a face like that - flat and snakelike, with gleaming red eyes. This was what a toddler Draco had reduced the Dark Lord to? How the hell was he expected to kill him? This wasn't fair! Why couldn't he be normal? He was too shaken to summon his wand and free himself.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 49B- Port Keys, the Dark Lord and defying the odds…

Draco was frozen, Adder was afraid now. He could almost touch the place his lion was…

There was a lot of shouting…

Blaise turned; a magical creature had left the maze.

Hagrid and the Care of Magical Creatures professor were running towards it.

Blaise walked away from his flock towards the creature.

The adults tried to wave him off…

Blaise knelt beside the creature; it was a Nemean Lion and it looked exactly like Harry's Patronus.

'He left me behind, I was meant to serve him.'

'Who left you behind?'

'The lion. I am supposed to protect him. He is in grave danger.'

'You're supposed to protect Harry? You look just like his Patronus.'

'The threat is rising again.'

'I was afraid of that. Come with me. We'll find him.' Blaise led the fiery lion towards his friends, "Come on." He gestured for them to join him.

Hermione was worried about Viktor but if Mr. Snape was looking after him he'd be okay. Her place right now was hurrying to Harry's side but they needed Draco to make the link. She helped Draco down to where Blaise was.
Draco was still trying to strengthen the tenuous connection between him and Adder.

There was a flash of scarlet flames.

Benia arrived, "Dragon, your lion is a fool. He had a chance to prevent this but his choice put something terrible in motion."

"Can you help us?" Draco asked.

"I cannot interfere. You are with the Eagle's help to bring the flock to the lion. I can however bring this one. We have an enemy to face." The swan-sized crimson and gold feathered bird said politely.

The lion bowed, 'I was told I would meet you. It is an honor.'

"We must go. If we do not distract it then the future will be more dark." Benia buried her talons into the lion's flames and into its fur.

They disappeared.

"They'll watch out for him." Blaise said trying to calm his friend. Draco needed to focus…

Was it difficult because Draco wasn't meant to take them as soon as Harry disappeared? It shouldn't be so hard. His brother had been drawn out of his nursery as a toddler to Godric's Hollow; then when that terrible Muggle nearly killed Harry, Draco was nearly dragged from their dining room to Surrey. Distance had never been a problem before…

XoooooX

The thing seemed almost helpless; it raised its thin arms, put them around Old Nott's neck, and Old Nott lifted it. As he did so, his hood fell back, and Harry saw the look of revulsion on Old Nott's weak, pale face in the firelight as he carried the creature to the rim of the cauldron. For one moment, Harry saw the evil, flat face illuminated in the sparks dancing on the surface of the potion. And then Old Nott lowered the creature into the cauldron; there was a hiss, and it vanished below the surface; Harry heard its frail body hit the bottom with a soft thud.

'Let it drown,' Harry thought desperately, 'please… let it drown…'

Old Nott was speaking. His voice shook; he seemed beyond his wits. He raised his wand, closed his eyes, and spoke to the night. "Bone of the father, unknowingly given, you will renew your son!"

The surface of the grave at Harry's feet cracked. Horrified, Harry watched as a fine trickle of dust rose into the air at Old Nott's command and fell softly into the cauldron. This Tom Riddle was the Dark Lord's father?

The diamond surface of the water broke and hissed; it sent sparks in all directions and turned a vivid, poisonous-looking blue.

And now Old Nott was breathing heavily as he pulled a long, thin, shining silver dagger from inside his cloak. His voice was tight with anticipation. "Flesh of the servant willingly given you will revive your master." He stretched his right hand out in front of him, it was a wrinkled hand proving Old Nott's age. He gripped the dagger very tightly in his left hand and swung it upward.
Harry realized what Old Nott was about to do a second before it happened – he closed his eyes as tightly as he could, but he could not block the gasp that pierced the night, that went through Harry as though he had been stabbed with the dagger too. He heard something fall to the ground, heard Old Nott's anguished panting, then a sickening splash, as something was dropped into the cauldron.

Harry couldn't stand to look… but the potion had turned a burning red; the light of it shone through Harry's closed eyelids. He really was in trouble, 'Draco! We're running out of time.'

Old Nott was gasping and moaning with agony. Not until Harry felt Old Nott's anguished breath on his face did he realize that Old Nott was right in front of him.

"Blood of the enemy forcibly taken you will resurrect your foe."

Harry could do nothing to prevent it; he was too petrified to remember he could summon his wand. He struggled hopelessly at the ropes without it…

He heard the surprised cry of the snake, "Master!"

But the Dark Lord was too involved with the ritual to care…

Harry saw the shining silver dagger shaking in Old Nott's remaining hand. He felt its point penetrate the crook of his right arm and blood seeping down the sleeve of his torn robes. Old Nott, still panting with pain, rumbled in his pocket for a glass vial and held it to Harry's cut, so that a dribble of blood fell into it.

He staggered back to the cauldron with Harry's blood where he poured it inside and the liquid within changed colour once more.

Harry was tied; he fell to the foot of it and lay there, crumpled up and crying. Where was Draco? What terrible evil had he allowed to happen by letting Old Nott capture him?

Voldemort turned his scarlet eyes upon Harry, laughing a high, cold, mirthless laugh. Emerging from the cauldron; with pale scale-like skin, red slit eyes and an oppressive evil aura.

Old Nott's robes were shining with blood now; he had wrapped the stump of his arm in them. "My Lord…" he choked, "my Lord… you promised…"

"Hold out your arm," said Voldemort lazily.

"Oh Master… thank you, Master…"

He extended the bleeding stump, but Voldemort laughed again.

"The other arm, Frederick."

"Master, please… please…"

Voldemort bent down and pulled out Old Nott's left arm; he forced the sleeve of Old Nott's robes up past his elbow, and Harry saw something upon the skin there, something like a vivid red tattoo - a skull with a snake protruding from its mouth - the image that had appeared in the sky at the Quidditch World Cup and the one that papa and Mr. Lucius had: the Dark Mark. Voldemort examined it carefully, ignoring Old Nott's uncontrollable groaning.

"It is back," he said softly, "they will all have noticed it… and now, we shall see… now we shall know…" He pressed his long white forefinger to the brand on Old Nott's arm.
Old Nott let out a fresh gasp; Voldemort removed his fingers from Old Nott's mark, and Harry saw that it had turned jet black.

XoooooX

Harry's fear pulled Draco into his mind, the connection between them crackled and then tightened as if pulling two points together.

Blaise yelled, "Grab Draco! Hurry." Gripping Draco's robe tightly as if he was a portkey.

Hermione, Fred and George grabbed onto their friend.

They shared the same strange feeling of being tugged between two places.

Draco felt Adder begin to cry, he reached out to him grabbing on tight…

Charlie held Perseus and watched as his Blaise flickered in the darkness and then was gone.

Narcissa closed her eyes, 'please be okay.'

XooooooX

Severus' mark burned, he stiffened pausing in his treatment of Fleur. The Dark Lord, he was calling them.

Lucius was giving Viktor a once over, making sure he was all right. Being under the Imperious could leave traces but he wasn't as skilled at the mental arts as his son. He bit his lip to hold back the cry of shock and alarm when his Mark burned.

Karkaroff started to tremble…

XooooooX

Draco emerged not at Harry's side but at the largest concentration of his boyfriend's magic, the shield protecting Cedric. He entered the shield, looked around and saw the Hufflepuff boy shaking beneath the cloak. They needed to get him out of here…

Benia showed up, riding on the lion, "Creon and I dealt with the snake. It won't pose a danger to us for a while. Give me the boy I will get him to safety. Is he injured?"

Cedric stammered, "I broke my arm when I fell."

Draco brought down the shield slowly as he helped Cedric to his feet, "Take him back to Uncle Sev."
"Be careful dragon. The Dark Lord has returned more terrible then before. He doesn't remember what happened that night clearly. He thinks that the sacrifice of the Lion's mother is the reason he was fatally injured. He has taken the lion's blood hoping that it would make him safe from being burned."

Draco clenched his fist, "I should have been here sooner."

"Quiet. The danger is growing nearer. He has summoned them to him. Be careful."

Draco turned to the lion, "He said he was tied, can you burn the ropes without hurting him?"

The lion nodded, padding off on velvet paws to free his master.

Draco covered himself with the cloak, "Disillusion yourselves. Stay close. I wish George had stayed behind." The last thing he wanted to do was put their child in jeopardy…

"I'll worry about Georgie. You get Harry."

Draco crept closer to the Dark Lord, his servant Old Nott and Harry. He nonverbally summoned Harry's wand and knelt beside Adder. "Adder, it's me. You're not alone anymore."

XoooooX

Harry felt Draco arrive and he began to calm down…

He sensed a creature drawing near him and worried it was the snake.

'My name is Creon. You cast the stupefy jinx on me. I came because you have need of me. It is my duty to serve the Lion.'

Harry blinked, the Nemean Lion? He was here? He felt the warmth of flames but they didn't burn him. Why?

'You are a lion, but you are the Nemean Lion. Just as the Dragon is no ordinary dragon, he is a Hebridean Black. Only you and your mate can see me. Though the Veela can sense me.'

'Thank you Creon.'

Something was placed in his hand.

'Adder, I retrieved your wand. I'm here. Cedric is safe. Benia took him back to Uncle Sev.'

'He called them. He is summoning the Death Eaters.'

'I know Adder. Though I doubt my father or your papa will come.' Draco would be very angry if his father returned to the Dark Lord's ranks, since Harry would be his Bondmate in the near future Lucius couldn't even function as a spy.

A look of cruel satisfaction on his face, Voldemort straightened up, threw back his head, and stared around at the dark graveyard. "How many will be brave enough to return when they feel it?" he whispered, his gleaming red eyes fixed upon the stars. "And how many will be foolish enough to stay away?"
He began to pace up and down before Old Nott, Harry, Draco, and Harry's invisible friends, eyes sweeping the graveyard all the while. After a minute or so, he looked down at Harry again, a cruel smile twisting his snakelike face.

"You stand, Harry Potter, upon the remains of my late father," he hissed softly. "A Muggle and a fool very like your dear mother. But they both had their uses, did they not? Your mother died to defend you as a child and I killed my father, and see how useful he has proved himself, in death."

Harry glared at Voldemort, "My mother was a hero. She had the courage to see you for the monster you are!" he may not be proud of his birth father but he was proud of his mother. Lily Potter kept him alive long enough for Draco to save him dammit!

Voldemort laughed again, pacing up and down, looking all around him as he walked, "You see that house upon the hillside, Potter? My father lived there. My mother, a witch who lived here in this village, fell in love with him. But he abandoned her when she told him what she was. He didn't like magic, my father left her and returned to his Muggle parents before I was even born Potter. She died giving birth to me, leaving me to be raised in a Muggle orphanage but I vowed to find him. I extracted my revenge, that fool who gave me his name… Tom Riddle…"

"Why do I care? If he abandoned her then he didn't love her after all. Did she use a Love potion? If anyone used a love potion on me I would never forgive them." Harry growled. His wand clenched tightly in his hand, as it hid behind his back.

Still he paced, his red eyes darting from grave to grave, ignoring Harry's scathing words. "Listen to me, reliving family history…” he said quietly, "why, I am growing quite sentimental in my old age. But look, Harry, my true family returns."

The air was suddenly full of the swishing of cloaks. Between graves, behind the yew tree, in every shadowy space, wizards were Apparating. All of them were hooded and masked like the Death Eaters at the Quidditch World Cup. One by one they moved forward slowly, cautiously, as though they could hardly believe their eyes.

Voldemort stood in silence, waiting for them.

Then one of the Death Eaters fell to his knees, crawled toward Voldemort and kissed the hem of his black robes.

"Master… Master" he murmured.

The Death Eaters behind him did the same; each of them approaching Voldemort on his knees and kissing his robes, before backing away and standing up, forming a silent circle, which enclosed Tom Riddle's grave, Harry, Voldemort, and the twitching heap that was Old Nott. Yet they left gaps in the circle, as though waiting for more people. Voldemort, however, did not seem to expect more. He looked around at the hooded faces, and though there was no wind rustling seemed to run around the circle, as though it had shivered.

Harry thought at Draco, 'We must be ready to act soon.'

'We know'.

"Welcome, Death Eaters," Voldemort said quietly. "Thirteen years, thirteen years since last we met. Yet you answer my call as though it were yesterday, we are still united under the Dark Mark, then! Or are we?" He put back his terrible face and sniffed, his slit-like nostrils widening. "I smell guilt," he said. "There is a stench of guilt among us."
A second shiver ran around the circle, as though each member of it longed, but did not dare to step back from him.

"I see you all, whole and healthy, with your powers intact and such prompt appearances! So I ask myself, why did this band of wizards never come to the aid of their master, to whom they swore eternal loyalty?"

No one spoke. No one moved except Old Nokt, who was kneeling on the ground, cradling his bleeding arm.

"I fear I must answer myself," Voldemort whispered, "they must have believed me broken, they thought I was gone. They slipped back among my enemies, and they pleaded innocence, and ignorance, and bewitchment…

Draco grumbled silently, 'You should have been gone.' If it had been he destined to defeat the Dark Lord for good, Voldemort would have died in that house thirteen years ago.

"And then I ask myself, but how could they have believed I would not rise again? They, who knew the steps I took, long ago, to guard myself against mortal death? They, who had seen proofs of the immensity of my power in the times when I was mightier than any wizard living? Perhaps they believed a still greater power could exist, one that could vanquish even Lord Voldemort. Perhaps they for a time paid allegiance to another. Perhaps that champion of commoners, of Mudbloods and Muggles, Albus Dumbledore?"

"Dumbledore is in disgrace. He has been stripped of all he held dear and has gone into hiding." Harry snarled, "good riddance too. Nasty manipulative old coot."

At the mention of Dumbledore's name, the members of the circle stirred, and some muttered and shook their heads. A few seemed shocked by that announcement...

Voldemort ignored them. "It is a disappointment to me, I confess myself disappointed. For I trusted you all."

One of the men suddenly flung himself forward, breaking the circle. Trembling from head to foot, he collapsed at Voldemort's feet.

"Master!" he shrieked, "Master, forgive me! Forgive us all!"

Voldemort began to laugh. He raised his wand. "Crucio!"

Harry winced, no one deserved such pain.

The Death Eater on the ground writhed and shrieked; Harry briefly considered that the sound must carry to the houses around the cemetery. He just hoped no one came because he didn't want to worry about protecting more people then could protect themselves.

Voldemort raised his wand. "Get up, Avery," said Voldemort softly. "Stand up. You ask for forgiveness? I do not forgive. I do not forget. Thirteen long years… I want thirteen years' repayment before I forgive you. Nott here has paid some of his debt already, have you not, Nott?"

The tortured Death Eater lay flat upon the ground, gasping.

"Yes my lord. I am sorry I did not come sooner. I was being watched. I was freed because my wife was dead and there was no one to raise my son. They believed that at my age I was no longer a threat. With your birth name forgotten, few realized I had been one of your school companions. I
raised my son in the old ways that he would follow you when you returned. Alas he has died, but I heard it was in our cause." Nott gasped, his face growing paler at the loss of blood.

"Yet you helped return me to my body," Voldemort said coolly, watching Old Nott sob on the ground. "Slow to return as you are, you helped me and Lord Voldemort rewards his helpers…" Voldemort raised his wand again and whirled it through the air. A streak of what looked like molten silver hung shining in the wand's wake. Momentarily shapeless, it writhed and then formed itself into a gleaming replica of a human hand, bright as moonlight, which soared downward and fixed itself upon Old Nott's bleeding wrist.

Old Nott's pained gasps stopped abruptly. His breathing harsh and ragged, he raised his head and stared in disbelief at the silver hand, now attached seamlessly to his arm, as though he were wearing a dazzling glove. He flexed the shining fingers, then, trembling, picked up a small twig on the ground and crushed it into powder. "My Lord," he whispered. "Master… it is beautiful… thank you… thank you…" He scrambled forward on his knees and kissed the hem of Voldemort's robes.

"May your loyalty never waver again, Old Nott," said Voldemort.

"No, my Lord… never, my Lord…" Old Nott stood up and took his place in the circle, staring at his powerful new hand, his face now shining with tears of joy.

"You claim to still follow me yet you ran from my Mark, when a faithful Death Eater sent it into the sky last summer?" said Voldemort lazily, "Yes, I know all about that, you have disappointed me. I expect more faithful service in the future." He glared at an open spot, "Lucius should stand here. But I heard he stood with the Ministry this summer, he stood in opposition to his former compatriots." Voldemort sneered, "I would have expected better until I heard how he avoided Azkaban, claiming that Bellatrix had him under the Imperious. Do not worry, he shall be punished for his betrayal."

Voldemort moved on, and stopped, staring at the next space - large enough for three people - that separated where Malfoy was supposed to be and the next man.

"The Lestranges should stand here," Voldemort said quietly. "But they are entombed in Azkaban. They were faithful. They went to Azkaban rather than renounce me, when Azkaban is broken open, the Lestranges will be honored beyond their dreams. The Dementors will join us… they are our natural allies… we will recall the banished giants… I shall have all my devoted servants returned to me, and an army of creatures whom all fear…" He walked on. Some of the Death Eaters he passed in silence, but he paused before others and spoke to them. "Macnair… destroying dangerous beasts for the Ministry of Magic now, Old Nott tells me? You shall have better victims than that soon, Macnair. Lord Voldemort will provide…"

"Thank you, Master… thank you," Macnair murmured.

Draco glared, 'I think not. Aunt Bella should stay exactly where she is.'

Harry was glad Mr. Lucius had not come. He worried how Draco would react if his father betrayed them.

"And here" - Voldemort moved on to the two largest hooded figures - "we have Crabbe… you will do better this time, will you not, Crabbe? And you, Goyle?"

They bowed clumsily, muttering dully.

"Yes, Master…"

"We will, Master…"
He had reached the largest gap of all, and he stood surveying it with his blank, red eyes, as though he could see people standing there. "And here we have six more missing Death Eaters… three dead in my service years ago. One, too cowardly to return… he will pay. Two, who I believe have left me forever; they will be killed, of course. And one, who remains my most faithful servant, who already reentered my service and died in it."

The Death Eaters stirred, Draco and Harry saw their eyes dart sideways at one another through their masks.

"He was at Hogwarts, that faithful servant, and it was through his efforts that our young friend arrived here tonight…Yes," said Voldemort, a grin curling his lipless mouth as the eyes of the circle flashed in Harry's direction. "Harry Potter has kindly joined us for my rebirthing party. One might go so far as to call him my guest of honor."

Harry stormed to his feet, "Guest of Honor indeed. I should have attacked Nott when I had the chance. I let him disarm me."

Crabbe asked, "Master, we crave to know… we beg you to tell us… how you have achieved this… this miracle and how you managed to return to us…"

"Ah, what a story it is, Crabbe," said Voldemort. "And it begins - and ends – with my young friend here." He walked lazily over to stand next to Harry, so that the eyes of the whole circle were upon the two of them.

"You know, of course, that they have called this boy my downfall?" Voldemort said softly, his red eyes upon Harry, "You all know that on the night I lost my powers and my body, I tried to kill him. His mother died in the attempt to save him – and unwittingly provided him with a protection I admit I had not foreseen… I could not touch the boy."

Voldemort raised one of his long white fingers and put it very close to Harry's cheek. "His mother left upon him the traces of her sacrifice… This is old magic, I should have remembered, and I was foolish to overlook it but no matter. I can touch him now."

Harry's wandless hand slapped his hand away, 'Flippendo.' He thought, grateful Draco and papa had drilled non-verbal casting into him.

Voldemort staggered back slightly, "Now that wasn't polite at all. If you wanted to duel you should have just asked. I would have thought that Dumbledore would have taught you better."

"That bastard taught me nothing other then he can't be trusted. I am not on any side but my own." Harry growled, Voldemort did not remember Draco's presence why?

Draco stayed beneath the cloak but was ready to toss it aside at any moment.

"I was trying to tell a story here but if you'd rather get on with it…here he is… the boy you all believed had been my downfall…" Voldemort moved slowly forward and turned to face Harry. He raised his wand. "Imperio."

Draco was comfortably in Harry's mind and together they forced the Dark Lord out.

"You! You dare defy me and resist my imperious curse?" Voldemort hissed in rage, "You will pay. You will see how foolish it was to suppose that this boy could ever have been stronger than I," Voldemort continued his voice thick with hatred. "But I want there to be no mistake in anybody's mind. Harry Potter escaped me by a lucky chance. And I am now going to prove my power by killing him, here and now, in front of you all, when there is no Dumbledore to help him, and no
mother to die for him. I will give him his chance. He will be allowed to fight, and you will be left in no doubt which of us is the stronger."

"Now!" Draco yelled, the cloak thrown to the place where he sensed Benia hiding with Creon.

Hermione, George, Fred and Blaise cancelled their Disillusion spells.

Instead of just Harry, he had his five companions at his side.

"You have been taught how to duel Harry Potter?" Voldemort hissed softly, his red eyes glinting with hatred through the darkness.

"I was learning duelling in second year," Harry scoffed. "I will not bow. You are not worthy of such respect."

The Death Eaters hissed in anger at their master's treatment.

"You filthy little Half blood!" Macnair snapped.

Old Nott growled, "Malfoy! How could you turn you back on our ideals?"

"I was never foolish enough to throw in with you."

"A Mudblood and two blood traitors then, interesting choices Potter. Who are you Dark one?" Voldemort asked.

"Me?" Blaise asked, "I am a seer."

"You wear the colours of my house, why do you side with Potter?"

"He has won my respect, something you could never do."

"Fine! We duel. I will suffer no interference!" Voldemort sneered. "Now you face me, like a man, I see you are straight-backed and proud, the way your father died. And now - we duel." Voldemort raised his wand,

Harry thought, 'Obscuro Reflecto.' A invisible shield covered them…

"Crucio." Voldemort yelled.

It rebounded.

The Dark Lord screamed in rage and pain, "That's impossible!" his eyes narrowed farther, "this happened before, my curse…it was rebounded. Malfoy! This is your doing. You defied me when I possessed Quirrell and we attempted to steal the Philosopher's stone. You taught him that spell. A shield that reflects Unforgivables."

"Actually your snakeship," Draco sneered, "it reflects any spell cast on it. Its reflected the Killing Curse, your nonverbal, wandless strangling hex as well as Obliviate and now it's reflected the Cruciatius. I never taught Harry this spell; I never learned it myself. It was something I always knew."

"Your Snakeship? You dare? You nasty little blood traitor. I will take great pride in informing your Aunt Bellatrix of your betrayal. So I can watch her punish you like she punished the Longbottoms, ahh her finest moment." Voldemort snarled.

"Better to be a blood traitor then a soulless monster who delights in the pain and suffering of others. I
wonder if you are merely a pawn in Dumbledore's chess match. You wouldn't be the first Dark Lord he allowed to come into power so he could receive glory from defeating them." Draco smirked, "Don't worry, if you do succeed in freeing Bella I shall take great joy in erasing her from the Black Family Tree."

"This shield of yours isn't a fair move in a duel. Let us begin again." Voldemort said in a silken hiss.

"Why should we give up our advantage?" Harry asked, he thought at Draco, 'his wand and mine are brothers. What does that mean?'

'Wandlore states that if two brother wands meet and are forced to duel one another, there will be a battle of wills and the stronger wand will force the other to regurgitate its spells in a reverse order something called Priori Incantatem.'

'If I duel his properly and cast at the same time then his wand will refuse to battle mine?'

'Yes but yours will have to win the battle of wills.'

Harry smirked, 'I have a duel core, it makes my wand stronger.'

'Do not be overly arrogant Adder. Remember this all happened because you allowed yourself to be captured.'

'I KNOW!' Harry focused on Voldemort, "Very well, a proper duel then."

Voldemort was ready, as Harry shouted, "Expelliarmus!" Voldemort cried, "Avada Kedavra!"

A jet of green light issued from Voldemort's wand just as a jet of red light blasted from Harry's, the two jets of light met in midair.

Suddenly Harry's wand was vibrating as though an electric charge were surging through it; his hand seized up around it. He would win this battle of wills because he knew what to expect. Soon a narrow beam of light connected the two wands, neither red nor green, but bright, deep gold. Harry, following the beam with his astonished gaze, saw that Voldemort's long white fingers too were gripping a wand that was shaking and vibrating.

Nothing could have prepared Harry for this, his feet lift from the ground.

He and Voldemort were both being raised into the air, their wands still connected by that thread of shimmering golden light. They glided away from the tombstone of Voldemort's father and then came to rest on a patch of ground that was clear and free of graves- near where the Triwizard Cup deposited himself and Cedric.

The Death Eaters were shouting; they were asking Voldemort for instructions; they were closing in, reforming the circle around Harry and Voldemort, some of them drawing their wands.

"I'll kill any who interfere!" Voldemort cried with a high cold voice.

The golden thread connecting Harry and Voldemort splintered; though the wands remained connected, a thousand more beams arced high over Harry and Voldemort, crisscrossing all around them, until they were enclosed in a golden, dome-shaped web, a cage of light, beyond which the Death Eaters circled like jackals, their cries strangely muffled now…

"Do nothing!" Voldemort shrieked to the Death Eaters.
Harry saw his red eyes wide with astonishment at what was happening, saw him fighting to break the thread of light still connecting his wand with Harry's.

In response, Harry held onto his wand more tightly, and the golden thread remained unbroken.

"Do nothing unless I command you!" Voldemort shouted to the Death Eaters.

Then an unearthly and beautiful sound filled the air, it was coming from every thread of the light-spun web vibrating around Harry and Voldemort. It was a sound Harry recognized, phoenix song.

Draco tossed his wand at Harry, 'Adder, Catch.'

Harry smirked, catching the wand with his non-dominant hand out of reflex. He could feel Draco's wand vibrate with his own magic, 'Stupefy.'

The connection broke.

The golden cage flickered and melted away.

"Now!" Draco yelled as Voldemort began to fall, the Dark Lord was stunned temporarily. He slowed Harry down with the same spell Remus used when Adder fell from his broom and caught him.

"Impedimenta!" Blaise yelled.

"Flippendo!" Hermione shouted.

"Stupefy!" Fred smirked, keeping George behind him.

Death Eaters fell to their hexes.

Draco caught Harry, "Retreat. To the portkey."

They all ran to the golden cup.

"One. Two. Three."

Six hands grabbed for the cup.

They all heard Voldemort's scream of fury at the same moment that they felt the jerk behind their navel that meant the Portkey had worked - it was speeding them away in a whirl of wind and color. They were going back...

Chapter End Notes


Voila the first duel between Harry and Voldemort! Did i do it justice? It's a bit similar to
the original rebirth but I enjoyed wrestling it to completion as well as changing it. I had to let him come back, so don’t hate me for. I have plans...
Tournament's end

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom : HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

This chapter is dedicated to Suto-chan, my 100th reviewer. Hugs!

Chapter 51- Tournament's End

Harry felt himself slam flat into the ground; his face was pressed into grass; the smell of it filled his nostrils. Mingled with that was Draco's scent; Sandalwood…

Harry did not move at first, all the breath seemed to have been knocked out of him; his head was swimming so badly he felt as though the ground beneath him were swaying like the deck of a ship. To hold himself steady, he tightened his hold on the two things he was still clutching: the smooth, cold handle of the Triwizard Cup and his wand. He felt as though he would slide away into the blackness gathering at the edges of his brain if he let go of either of them. Shock and elation kept him on the ground, breathing in the smell of the grass, waiting… waiting for someone to do something… something to happen…

A torrent of sound deafened and confused him; there were voices everywhere and footsteps… He remained where he was, his face screwed up against the noise, as though it were a nightmare that would pass…

Then a pair of wrapped around him and a face pressed into his neck, "Adder! I can't believe we did that!"

Dray… he loved him so much. His dragon kept him grounded. He needed to listen to him more, this might have happened differently if he had…

"Harry!"

That was Hermione…

"Harry!"

Blaise…

"We did it! We taught that snake-faced bastard a thing or two!"

Fred….

"Harry, I'm so glad you're okay. We're all safe…"
"Harry, I was so worried. Draco! My baby! Are you alright?"

"Pup! Draco!"

"Ahren!"

Viktor… he must be okay now…

"Boys!"

Mr. Weasley…

He finally opened his eyes and hugged Draco back. He was looking up at the starry sky and Remus was crouched over him. The dark shadows of a crowd of people; his family, pressed in around them, pushing nearer; Harry felt the ground beneath his head reverberating with their footsteps.

He had come back to the edge of the maze. He could see the stands rising above him, the shapes of people moving in them, the stars above.

They all had let go of the cup by now…

Draco helped Harry up and held him close, "You're okay now." He'd worry about the consequences of embarrassing the Dark Lord later.

Harry reached out with a shaking hand, he was going into shock, grabbing Remus' robe. "He's back," Harry whispered. "He's back. Voldemort."

"What's going on? What's happened?" Remus was a bit confused, Lucius had just shown up during the Task telling them that Fleur and Viktor had been injured and needed treatment. Then the Nemean Lion left the maze only to be met by Blaise. His pup's mate and his friends disappeared. Benia showed up with Cedric who was injured…

Now they were all back and Harry was saying the Dark Lord was back?

"We saw him professor; all of us. Harry dueled him. We managed to subdue the Dark Lord; then in the confusion, we retreated while hexing the returned Death Eaters."

"Returned Death Eaters, Malfoy?" came Minister for Magic Amelia Bones' voice.

"Yes Minister Bones. They were summoned. Father and Severus can attest to that. Has Karkaroff disappeared yet?" Draco nodded.

Amelia looked around, "He was just here."

"He won't be back." Severus said simply, "He ran because he gave up too many names to save his own skin." He'd joined them, wrapping his right arm around his son and his godson. "I was worried when Benia told me you weren't here and that you were in danger."

"He's okay. I made sure of it."
"Harry! You're bleeding." Narcissa gasped, holding her daughter close.

Severus pulled up Harry's sleeve, "What happened?

"The Dark Lord, he had Nott's dad help him. He took his dad's bone, my blood and Mr. Nott's hand. He used it to give himself a body." Harry stammered.

"Is he ever ugly!" Fred snorted.

"Shut up Fred!" Draco smacked the back of his friend's head.

Severus examined the wound, a silver knife was used he could tell by the way it cut the skin. He summoned a potion to cleanse the wound and then used a minor healing charm. He hugged his son, tightly, "I'm so glad you safe." He wouldn't have been able to face Lily in the Veil if she waited for him…

"The Dark Lord insulted my mother! He said that she was just a sacrifice and with my blood in his veins he would be able to have my protection." Harry grumbled.

"How did you escape?" Amelia asked, worried as she tried to gage his truthfulness.

"Papa, do you have a vial?"

"No. Just a moment." Severus summoned a glass vial.

"What was the charm for memory extraction?" Harry asked.

Draco told him.

Harry withdrew his memories from the moment he and Cedric grabbed the Cup to the moment they all grabbed it to return. "You watched me extract it. It's not been tampered with. Examine it."

Viktor had already apologized to Cedric and Fleur for the attacks his memories claimed he did. He shuffled nervously at the edge of Hermione's vision, "Ahren I swear, I didn't attack them knowingly."

Hermione smiled, "I believe you."

"He was attacked from behind, by someone with a Glamoured voice. Sound familiar?" Severus asked raising an eyebrow.

Draco snarled, "Dumbledore, that manipulative bastard."

Bagman rubbed his hands together, "It seems we have a tie but Mr. Diggory refused his half of the winnings."

Harry yawned, he suddenly felt so tired. "So it's all mine? All one hundred thousand Galleons? Mr. Lucius, can take it in trust for Fred and George. Go find them a place for their shop in Diagon Alley, someplace with an upstairs apartment with two or three bedrooms. If you have to buy them an entire building, I don't mind. Oh and buy them rights on Zonkos' if the owners ever choose to sell. It's not like I actually need the Galleons…"

Fred's jaw dropped, "Harry…" he was just going to give them all that money?

George fainted.
"Papa can help them get ingredients for their potions and other inventions. I'm sure he has connections to hard to find ingredients. Anything left over they can use how they like. Perhaps, they should become a sponsor of the Chudley Cannons. As if the Weasleys need to own more of the team." He snuggled up to Draco, "I'm tired. Let's go to our rooms."

"Sure Adder, you were really brave." He scooped up his tiny lover and went to carry him back to their rooms.

Amelia watched Harry go, "He's an intriguing lad. Giving his friends all of his Winnings to finance their dream. I wonder why…”

"He used George's potion to accomplish the Second Task. Fred helped teach him how to swim." Remus said softly. "Besides, he sees Fred and George as big brothers and he loves them dearly. They are always looking out for him…"

Amelia smiled, "You two are lucky to have a friend like Harry Potter." The tiny scared little boy who had been in her court room years ago was a brave person, she should go back and look at this memory. It would most likely support Harry Potter's claim that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named was back…

Fred lifted the limp body of his twin, "We know. We're his friend because he needs us to protect him. There are times when he takes care of us though." They only had about thirty-seven Galleons, fifteen Sickles and three Knuts in their savings give or take a Galleon or two. Now they had a lot more then that… they were bloody rich! Harry was going to be a partner whether he wanted to or not…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4  
Pairings: DracoxHarry, twincest, OliverxPercy, RemusxSeverus, CharliexBlaise, ViktorxHermione,  
future BillxFleur. Stalker Ginny! SeamussxColin, AdrianxNeville*hides*  
Fandom : HP  
Notes: An abused  
boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the  
misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them  
both and those around them.  

This chapter is dedicated to Suto-chan, my 100th reviewer. Hugs!

Chapter 52- From the shadows

Draco was carrying Harry into the castle when he was hit from behind.  
"Stupefy."  
Draco crumpled to the floor…  

XoooooX

Harry woke up blindfolded and restrained…  
Someone larger and stronger than he was, was half pulling, half carrying him  
"Well, well you survived. I am surprised. How did a little thing like you escape one of the most  
powerful wizards in history?"  
Harry thrashed.  
"Now, now, my dear boy calm down."  
"Who are you and what do you want?"  
"What happened Harry?" the voice asked.  
"Cup was a Portkey," Harry said as he was dragged through what sounded like the entrance hall.  
" Took me and Cedric to a graveyard… and the Dark Lord was there…"  
Up the marble stairs…
"Voldemort was there? What happened then?"

Along a corridor…

"Made a potion… got his body back…"

"Voldemort got his body back? He's returned?"

"Yes. Then the Death Eaters came… and then we dueled…"

"You dueled with Voldemort?"

"Got away… my wand… did something funny…" Harry was too tired and didn't want to give this person too much information.

"In here Harry… in here, and sit down… You'll be all right now… drink this…"

Harry heard a key scrape in a lock and felt a cup being pushed into his hands.

"Drink it… you'll feel better… come on, now. Harry, I need to know exactly what happened…"

His new kidnapper helped tip the stuff down Harry's throat; he coughed, a peppery taste burning his throat.

"Voldemort's back, Harry? You're sure he's back? How did he do it?"

"He took stuff from his father's grave, from Nott, and me," said Harry.

"What did the Voldemort take from you?"


"My dear boy, you shouldn't talk to an adult like this."

Harry yawned, "You think this is bad? You should have heard how I spoke to the Dark Lord."

"Why do you call him Dark Lord? Why not He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named or Lord Voldemort?"

Harry shrugged, "Because that's what Papa, Draco and Mr. Lucius call him? What does it matter?"

"You sound like a supporter."

"Ha! I'm on my own side." Harry yawned, "Now are you going to let me go? Or do I have to retrieve my wand myself?"

"You can't retrieve a wand without another one."

XooooooX

Severus found Draco incapacitated on the stone floor inside the castle.

Remus whipped out his wand, "Enervate."
Draco blinked, waking slowly, "Adder?"

"What happened?" Severus asked his grandson.

"I must have gotten hit from behind with something," Draco said with a soft moan. "Benia? Creon?"

There was a crackle of flames.

"Yes dragon?"

"Harry's missing."

Benia turned to Creon, "Is he in trouble?"

The Nemean lion shook his flamed mane.

"We don't know. He isn't really upset. He is awake though." Benia told them.

"Do we know who he's with?" Remus asked.

Creon growled.

"Someone whose smell is off." Benia said.

"Could that person have attacked Blaise with the Nightmare curse?" Draco had to know.

"I don't know. I didn't have a chance to smell the Veela after he was cursed." Benia shrugged her scarlet wings.

Draco crouched, looking into the lion's eyes, "Can you follow your master's scent?"

Creon sniffed and then walked off up the marble staircase.

"I'll take that as a yes."

XoooooX

"He forgave them, then?" the voice asked. "The Death Eaters who went free? The ones who escaped Azkaban?"

"What?"

"I asked you whether he forgave the scum who never even went to look for him. Those treacherous cowards who wouldn't even brave Azkaban for his, the faithless, worthless bits of filth who were brave enough to cavort in masks at the Quidditch World Cup, but fled at the sight of the Dark Mark when it was fired into the sky."

"Yeah after torturing them a little. Why do you care? Are you one of his little pets?"

"Not even. I wouldn't join him. I enjoy watching him build his little empire. It's my way to strike when the time is right and crush them. I have my ways of punishing them after I appear to have saved everyone from a terrible threat."
"You're nothing but an opportunist. You play god. That's worse then being a power obsessed worthless excuse for a Slytherin." Harry glared. "What the heck did you kidnap me for?"

"Why didn't Voldemort kill you? He's a very talented wizard. He terrorized Great Britain for years."

"Look who beat him the first time? That's nothing to brag about. I've had enough. I'm leaving." He nonverbally summoned his wand and it jumped into his hand, he ended the spell cast on him. He tugged off his blindfold, blinked, "Bagman? What in Merlin's name?"

"I'll tell you Harry, if there's one thing I hate more than any other, it's a person who don't keep their vows. Those who turned their backs on their master when he needed them most; I expected him to punish them. I expected him to torture them. Tell me he hurt them, Harry…" Bagman's face was suddenly lit with an insane smile. "Tell me how many abandoned him."

"What do you care? You're not a Death Eater. He's not coming for your head."

"I am on his list of Undesirables." Bagman sneered, "It hasn't been easy, Harry, trying to guide you through these tasks without arousing suspicion."

"You did raise suspicion. You didn't try to help any other Champions." Harry said pointing his wand at the man.

You had an easier time of it than you should have in that maze tonight, of course," Bagman sneered. "I was patrolling around it, able to see through the outer hedges, able to curse many obstacles out of your way. I made sure Fleur Delacour was attacked. I put the Imperius Curse on Krum, so that he would finish Diggory and leave your path to the cup clear. Voldemort didn't manage to kill you Potter, and he so wanted to," Bagman's voice was thick with desire…

"Stupefy!" There was a blinding flash of red light, and with a great splintering and crashing; the door of the empty classroom was blasted apart –

Bagman was thrown backward onto the office floor. Harry, still staring at the place where Bagman had been, he turned and saw Papa, dad and Draco.

Then, before Harry's very eyes, the face of the man on the floor began to change.

The man smirked, "Time's up." There was a crack of flames, a phoenix appeared.

"Fawkes?" Severus asked.

"You are smart, I underestimated you Severus. You can't win yet."

The phoenix and the obviously polyjuiced Dumbledore disappeared.

Benia flew around, "There is something wrong with that Phoenix."

Harry blinked, "He said something about punishing people…"

Draco pulled Harry into his arms, "Come on. Let's go to bed…"

Severus and Remus went with them just to be sure they made it this time…

Chapter End Notes
Chapter Notes

Title: Truth behind the name and the lies pt.4
Fandom : HP
Notes: An abused boy finds out he's a wizard and a hero; his tormented mind rebels. One person sees through the misconceptions to the real Harry and treats him the way he deserves. How does this change them both and those around them.

This chapter is dedicated to Suto-chan, my 100th reviewer. Hugs!

Chapter 53- the end of a dramatic year

The next day was mostly made up of packing…

Minister for Magic Amelia Bones was investigating the possible return of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named and most likely with Head of Magical Law Enforcement Kingsley Shacklebolt.

Hermione had been asked to visit Bulgaria to spend time with Viktor's parents in August but she wasn't leaving until after Harry's birthday.

Tonks had finally admitted to being engaged to Donnie from the Weird Sisters…

Harry was spending summer at the Manor, after the drama of the Tournament he didn't want to be parted from Draco. All that he'd learned that he and Draco belonged together.

Blaise was moving into Eagle's nest officially now that he and Charlie were officially bonded. They had their beautiful Athena and gorgeous Perseus…

Charlie was planning on trying out for a few decent Quidditch teams next month…

Remus and Severus were Bonded and expecting…

Fred and Lucius had plans for the summer to search for the perfect location for Weasley's Wizard Wheezes.

Severus was planning on becoming more involved in the Politics of the Wizengamot now that he was officially Lord Prince now…

Harry, Draco, Hermione and Blaise had taken their O.W.L.s early; Fred and George would be graduated early if they passed their N.E.W.T.s…

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