Disregarding Traditions  
by blaquereigne

Summary

Harry thought it would only get better since Voldemort's defeat. He would no longer have to deal with the lime light. His dreams consisted of marrying the perfect girl, having a few kids and a dog. Fate however had other plans. As his life takes him down a different path Harry discovers who he's destined to be and love in the most unlikely of families....

This story has been edited from its original posting...Some changes have been made to fix some inconsistencies in the story line...

Notes

Daily Prophet

Ownership Denied: by Rita Skeeta

On last evening in a press conference held by Minister Kingsley Shacklebot, it was confirmed that the aforementioned story is based on characters and situations created and owned by JK Rowling and various publishers. The aforementioned writer does however admit to own any original characters or spells used within are the by product of the writer’s own imagination. We here at the Daily Prophet hope that future endeavors will be investigated before throwing honest witches and wizards into Azkaban without proof a crime
as been committed.

Rita Skeeta
Nefarious Intentions

Harry sat leaning against the pillows on his hospital bed, on his lap lay a recent discarded issue of the Daily Prophet. A lot had occurred since his collapse in the great hall soon after the final battle against Voldemort.

“Evidently dying and returning to life was more than even his body could take,” Harry thought with a snort of morbid amusement. His body had a serious amount of internal damage too, as well as several broken bones that he was informed needed to be banished and re-grown because they were shattered by one of the many spells his body took during the battle.

Harry even found out that he had nearly completely drained his entire magical core which resulted in his being in a comma for the last six weeks. The ministry was nice enough however to ensure that their savior, what were they calling him these days oh yeah “The Man Who Conquered,” had guards at the hospital to keep away rogue death eaters, fans and the press. Harry thought the monikers was all just a load of Hippogriff dung. He didn’t understand why the wizarding world insisted on giving people such foolish titles.

“You’re awake I see,” Pomfrey greeted when she entered his private room looking over his chart.

“How long do I have to stay here?” Harry questioned.

“You’ve been out of a comma twelve hours Mr. Potter and you’re requesting your freedom already?” Pomfrey asked with laughter in her voice her brow raised at him. This pleased her greatly because it meant that he was truly on the mend.

Harry snorted replying, “You know how much I dread being confined.”

“Yes I do young man, but you have been unconscious for six weeks Mr. Potter and you will be here for a while yet.” Pomfrey advised. “You need rest to regain your strength; your magic levels aren’t nearly as high as they need to be before you can be released.”

“Now your friends have been here asking about your health. I have informed them that you have regained consciousness and that they may visit you after lunch.” Pomfrey informed him.

Harry sighed he could imagine the fuss Hermione and Ron made when he fell unconscious all those weeks prior. He didn’t think he’d been out of commission that long.

“Who all has been here?” he questioned.

“Everyone naturally,” Pomfrey stated as if he should have known, “The Weasley’s have been here asking about your health, Professor McGonagall as well as your other professors, Madame Tonks as been by on several occasions and Mrs. Granger. You have had many inquiries on your well being of course I would not give out any information on your health status.” Pomfrey assured him.

“Now rest,” She ordered gently before leaving him to rest.

Without much else to do Harry opened the paper again and began reading about the rebuilding efforts being done around the wizarding Britain. Many establishments were damaged in the Village of Hogsmead as well as, Diagon Alley but Hogwarts took the most damage with the final battle taking place there.

Finding nothing else of interest in the paper, Harry stared out the enchanted window that showed a
view of a rose garden. Some of the events of the final battle were in a sort of vacuum and he couldn’t remember them clearly. Harry wasn’t sure if it was due to being unconscious for six weeks or if he’d suffered a concussion from his fall.

“Knock, knock!” a voice called out from the doorway bringing Harry from his thoughts.

“Morning Minister Shacklebolt what can I do for you?” Harry asked folding his hands in his lap the newspaper once again forgotten.

“You gave us quite a scare Mr. Potter.” Kingsley informed him, taking the seat across from his bed.

“I assure you this has come as a shock to me as well,” Harry stated he didn’t think he was as seriously injured as he was to land himself a stay in a hospital ward.

“I’m sure you are wondering what all has been going on since you fell unconscious in the great hall?” Kingsley questioned.

“Yes Sir, Madame Pomfrey hasn’t seen fit to inform me of anything since I’ve regain consciousness. I am curious however as to why I haven’t been bombarded by guest.” said Harry.

“Many of the injured were treated and released while the others were transferred here to further their treatment. You were among the people transferred. You haven’t received any unwanted guest however because you have an auror posted at your door for security reasons.” Kingsley stated.

“Was that truly necessary?” Harry questioned.

“Unfortunately yes it is. All the death eaters weren’t captured and we are still collecting them and putting them in holding cells until trials dates can be setup for them. I have been selected as in-term Minister of Magic.” Kingsley informed him.

“That brings me to my reason for being here.” Kingsley started.

“What’s this about?” Harry questioned confused as to why Kingsley would need to speak to him about death eater trials.

“Severus Snape is currently being held under guard in one of the private rooms being treated for a deadly snake bite.” Kingsley stated. “He says you have information that would be pertinent to his release of wrong doing.”

Harry sighed, “I have memories yes. I wasn’t aware that what little we, I mean Hermione and I were able to do was enough to keep him alive long enough to get him help. Harry didn't personally like the git, but he had a healthy respect for what the man managed to do for the order during the war.”

“After that; things got so…” Harry became silent for a moment before he sighed... “The battle started and I went to meet him in the forest and then the battle started again.” Harry wanted so much to tell him what happened but he felt like there was this huge chasm in his chest.

“Its okay Harry,” Kingsley stated patting his hand in sympathy. “The battle of Hogwarts was very traumatic for everyone involved. No one would fault you for feeling overwhelmed by it all.”

“It will probably be a while yet before the trials will start but I’m sure your testimony will be needed at some of them. Don’t worry yourself over that now.” Kingsley stated again patting his hand seeing the panicked expression on his face.

“Now to the matter of your break-in at Gringotts. As you know that has caused quite a stir. There
isn’t much detail as to what you needed from Bellatrix Lestrange’s vault only that you successfully broke in and stole an artifact but a dragon as well Harry.” Kingsley playfully scolded. He found the thought truly hilarious.

Harry swallowed around the lump in his throat he’d forgotten about their break in at Gringotts. Goblins weren’t known to forgive thievery.

“You’re going to have to explain the reasoning behind the break in Harry.” Kingsley informed him.

Harry sighed closing his eyes briefly to gather his thoughts, when he opened them there were two aurors in the room one who now had a dicta quill and pad waiting for his statement.

“Dumbledore has been researching Voldemort since my parent’s death in October of 1981. He never truly believed that Voldemort was truly gone from this plane of existence. You see Voldemort had taken many steps against death.”

“He learned of a way to prevent death through research of the darkest of magic. He learned of horcruxes at Hogwarts; he had spoken with professor Slughorn about them as basis of research and Slughorn feared what he would do with the information. Creating a horcrux requires a person to commit a heinous act, to kill another, complete a ritual that would allow them to split their soul and anchor it to an object. As long as the object exists the person would never truly die.” Harry explained ignoring the distressed sounds coming from the two aurors.

“Did Voldemort succeed at making this horcrux?” Kingsley questioned.

“Yes sir, he split his soul six times,” Harry continued to explained. “I destroyed the first horcrux when I was twelve. At the time I didn’t know what it was. Ginny came into the possession of a diary that began possessing her opening up the chamber of secrets; it was the diary belonging to Tom Marvolo Riddle.”

“Each horcrux was something of significance, his personal diary, the loss diadem of ravenclaw, the Hufflepuff cup, Salazar Slytherin’s locket as well as a family heirloom ring and the last being his pet snake which he kept close by him at all times.”

“I’m sure you heard about the break in at the ministry” Harry sighed. “Umbridge somehow came into possession of the locket of slytherin which was a horcrux and we had to retrieve it at the time we didn’t have a safe means of destroying it. So we had to keep it with us for months.”

“It was revealed to us in the forest of Dean that the sword of Gryffindor could be used to destroy the horcrux because it takes on properties that makes it stronger.” Harry explained.

“How so?” asked Kingsley now intrigued.

“Basilisk venom was infused in the sword of Gryffindor when I killed the basilisk and I used a basilisk fang to destroy the first horcrux in the chamber.” Harry continued.

“It wasn’t until we were captured by snatchers that we realized that Bellatrix had another horcrux in her vault at Gringotts. She became enraged when she saw us with the sword and wanted to know how we got it. She thought we had stolen it from her vault,” Harry breathed slowly forcing himself to continue.

“We were only there a matter of hours before we managed to escape taking Griphook, as well as Olivander, Luna Lovegood and Dean Thomas who was being held captive in the holding cells with us but we loss Dobby in the process.”
We used the hairs Hermione acquired from Bellatrix for poly juice potion; Ron used charms to disguise his appearance, while I used my cloak to cover me and Griphook. We entered Gringotts with the help of Griphook he wanted the sword of Gryffindor in exchange for helping us get into the vault.

But we were headed off when we got to the vault snatchers were already outside firing spells a us and Griphook refused to help us without getting the sword first. So we gave him the sword anything that was touched in the vault began replicating itself in hopes that we would be crushed trying to escape.

Our only means of escape was on the back of the dragon that they have trained to expect pain when they hear noise I might add.” Harry explained he didn’t like the fact goblins were being cruel to dragons even though they had the ability to burn them all alive.

“We traveled on the back of the dragon until we reached the river then we jumped. We didn’t go to Gringotts with nefarious intentions. We only went for the cup and that’s all we took nothing more. There was no gold taken from the vault, no precious gems, nothing.” Harry stated, "The magic of the horcrux would have tainted or warped the magic of the vault if it had remained their long enough. I didn't think goblins would appreciate a soul container being stored in one of their vaults.”

“The last two horcruxes were found during the battle at Hogwarts. One being the loss diadem of ravenclaw and the other being Voldemort’s pet snake which I’m told Neville Longbottom is responsible for killing.”

That should be enough to satisfy Gringotts Mr. Potter,” Kingsley stated as the two aurors left the room.

The next day Harry spent the morning in magical whirl pool that was suppose to stimulate his leg muscles to help rebuild his muscle tissue so that he wouldn’t be so stiff from being in a comma for six weeks.

From there he was laid out on a rubber table with a towel thrown across his midriff before he was given a deep tissue massage that left his body feeling as strong as a wet noodle.

By the time afternoon rolled around Harry was tired but greeted Hermione with a cheerful smile when she entered his room.

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The next morning Harry got a surprise visit by who he thought was Narcissa Malfoy. Andromeda much like her deceased twin sister Narcissa Malfoy ne Black and could be described as exceptionally beautiful but unlike her sister her face didn’t hold the expression of something unpleasant under her nose.

“How are you young man?” Andromeda questioned as she made her way over to where he was sitting up in bed. Her grandson in her arms sleep, tuffs of blue hair could be seen under the small cap covering his head.

“I’m as well as can be expected being confined in such a small space.” Harry explained. “How are you fairing?”

“I’m taking things a day at a time,” Andromeda advised sitting back. “I’m not sure Mr. Potter if you are aware of your position in the current state of things,”

“I’m not sure if I understand what you mean mam.” Harry stated totally confused.
“I was sure that Dumbledore would’ve prepared you for your responsibilities.” Andromeda stated more to herself then Harry.

“I don’t mean to seem obtuse but what responsibilities?” Harry questioned.

“You are the inheriting heir of the Potter family which means you are the head of family. You are also probably named inheriting heir of the Black family, knowing my favorite cousin as I did.” Andromeda stated.

“I’m sure you will be receiving information soon from Gringotts now that the war is over and things are returning to some form of normalcy.” Andromeda stated simply.

Harry closed his eyes as they began to burn his throat closing up from his need to keep his emotions concealed; the memory of his last Christmas with Sirius flooding his mind.

(Christmas at Grimauld Place 1995 memory)

By Christmas Eve the house was barely recognizable, the tarnished chandeliers were no longer hung with cobwebs but with garlands of holly and gold and silver streamers; magical snow glittered in heaps over the threadbare carpets and a great Christmas tree decorated with live fairies, blocked the Black family tree from view in the drawing room. The skirt around the tree was unseen by the sheer number of presents under the tree.

Harry woke Christmas morning to Sirius tramping pass their bedroom door singing remarkably off key “God Rest You Merry Hippogriffs,” at the top of his voice heading to give Buckbeak his breakfast of dead ferrets.

The large table was filled with dishes of sausages, bacon, eggs and home fried potatoes and stacks of toast and two pots of tea on either end. The atmosphere was light with conversation. Harry allowed the different conversations to wrap around him as he enjoyed spending Christmas away from Hogwarts and Umbridge.

After breakfast the dishes were cleared and in the sink where they were spelled to wash themselves. Harry remained at the table long after his friends had returned upstairs to their rooms.

He had waited for this moment; he and Sirius were planning to exchange gifts in private. Harry had mentioned the muggle tradition to him. Muggles unwrapped their gifts together as a family. He couldn’t wait to experience many new family moments with Sirius and Remus. They were the closest links to his parents and truly all the family he felt he had.

He remembered being so worried at the shouting he heard from the kitchen. Sirius and Mrs. Weasley had, another disagreement about something.

“I heard yelling is everything okay?” he questioned worried that Sirius was in trouble or something.

“Everything is fine.” Remus assured him, “Dumbledore doesn’t want you knowing certain things and Molly and Sirius have a difference of opinion.”

Harry could see a hint of sadness around his godfather. “What’s wrong Sirius you seem sad?”

“I’m fine pup” Sirius sighed leaning back in an arm chair “I just hate being in this house and I miss your parents.”

“I couldn’t help but hear Mrs. Weasley,” Harry admitted, “Why would she remind you that I’m not my father?” Harry asked confused.
Sirius sighed, “I’ve been experiencing flashbacks and when I do I’m often confused and it can take sometime for me to get things straight in my mind. It’s one of the effects of being exposed to dementors for so long.”

“Because you and your father look so much alike she doesn’t want Sirius to confuse the two of you.” Remus added.

“But why would he confuse us though?” Harry asked confused, he and his father weren’t even the same height or build.

“James and I were lovers Harry,” Sirius sighed; he never planned to tell him that. It was before your father and Lilly got together and yes your mother was aware of the relationship. I was very much in love with him, he loved me but he was so in love with your mother it hurt.”

“I knew I would never love another man other than James. So I stood by him as he married your mom. Then they had you and I fell in love with you the moment I held you in my arms.” Sirius eyes were glassy but distant as if he were seeing something long forgotten.

“It wasn’t until you were about three months old that our lives became irrevocably changed.” Sirius stated coming back to himself “James wanted me to have full rights to you incase something were to happen to him or Lilly. He didn’t want anyone making decisions for you that were not in your best interest.” Sirius informed Harry.

“Our only option was the Congnationen Hereditatem potion when brewed properly will allow the blood adoption of a child into another’s blood line making them their child by blood, you became my son by blood on the eve of your first birthday. You were then renamed Hadarian James Orion Black-Potter.” Sirius explained.

“This does not mean that your mom isn’t still your mom by blood.” Sirius continued to explain, “by taking the potion you then had three parents’ two fathers and a mother.”

Harry paled his heart raced Sirius was his father, not his godfather. “But how come I still look just like my father?” Harry questioned none of what he was being told was making any sense.

“You’re mother was very clever Harry.” Remus admitted. “You are under very heavy blood glamour’s they will start fading now that you are fifteen years of age and be completely gone once you are 18 years of age.”

“Why do I have to wait until then? I would rather know what I look like now instead of waking up to a strange face one day.” Harry stated.

Sirius walked towards the bookshelf in the room removing a statue before the whole shelf moved. Harry mouth fell open in shock he didn’t know there was a secret passage in this room.

Remus smiled at his expression waiting for Sirius to return with a vial filled with a potion. Without a word he handed the potion to Harry.

Sitting on the large sofa Harry took the potion vial, without further thought Harry drank down the potion and waited for the affects. It was slow going until he felt pin pricks under his skin.

Harry moaned when the first pain hit curling into himself waiting for the potion to take affect. But as quickly as the pain started it stopped leaving Harry breathless.

When Harry opened his eyes they were the same emerald green as his mother's, however now
instead of having his father's unruly locks Harry's hair was now wavy like Sirius hair although it remained black.

Another thing Harry noticed was that he could now see without his glasses removing them from his face.

“Well I’m I still a James Potter clone?” he asked causing the two older men to laugh.

“No you are actually a compliment to all your parents,” Remus simply stated handing him a small conjured mirror.

Harry noticed his eyes remained like his mothers, he still had his father’s full lips but he had Sirius high cheek bones and thin face structure and nose. He was grateful he no longer had the cursed Potter hair but Sirius hair but Potters inky black color more so than Sirius color. He was even more happy to see that he wasn’t as short as he was previously, he stood 5’10 and hoped to gain another few inches before he reached his majority in the next year.

The changes were subtle only thing noticeable was his height change and Sirius explained that they could explain that away be using a small glamour that he would teach him that he could use to slowly increase his height over the coming year.

Harry came out of his thoughts wondering how much of his life was going to change once his true heritage was revealed.

“Have you thought of where you will stay once you are released from the hospital?” Andromeda questioned.

“I’m sure the Weasley’s are expecting me to come there once I’m released.” Harry explained, “However I’m not sure that it’s a good idea so soon after the loss of Fred. I’m planning to return to Grimauld Place for the foreseeable future.”

“You’ll do no such thing young man,” Andromeda stated “I have rented a small brownstone in the West end of London. My home was destroyed when my Ted was forced to flee to escape snatchers. I expect your arrival upon your release.”

Harry opened his mouth to refuse he didn’t want to be a burden on anyone. Number 12 Grimauld Place was plenty safe and heavily warded. “I appreciate your offer, but, it’s truly not necessary.” Harry assured her.

“Mr. Potter, I can only imagine the state that house is in with that demented house elf not taking care of it properly. Its not fit to live in, you will need time to fully recover and accept your titles at Gringotts.” Andromeda stated ending any argument he could have come up with.

Grimauld Place was still awful even with all the work that the Order had done in fixing the place up Harry admitted even if only to himself. Kreacher had neglected the house for too long and it showed. Harry knew he would have to work on getting the house renovated.

“However that isn’t the reason for my visit.” She continued. “I’m sure that you are aware that you are the legal guardian of my grandson.”

Harry looked shocked he wasn’t aware of that. “No Mam I can’t say that I was aware of that fact. I know I was named his godfather but not listed as his guardian.” Harry replied.

My daughter and son-in-law's will list you as my grandson’s magical guardian. Magically you are responsible for his upbringing.” Andromeda advised.
Harry nodded his head; tears fell freely from his eyes. His heart ached with the loss of Remus.

Harry looked over at the small child who sleep peacefully, tufts of blue hair on his head his chest rising slowly has he breathed.

Before she could continue an owl flew in through his open window landing on the table beside his bed. Harry removed the scroll from its leg before it immediately flew from the room.

Breaking the seal Harry unrolled the parchment…

Dear Lord Potter-Black,

Due to the climate at your coming of age we were unable to successfully contact you. This letter is to inform you of your inheritance. As per the instructions listed in the will of James and Phoenix Potter, you are inheriting heir of the Potter estate. As per the instructions listed in the will of Sirius Black you are the inheriting heir of the Black family. Enclosed in the accompanied envelop are your family rings they should be placed on your right ring finger in the following chronological order, red velvet case, gray velvet, blue velvet and last black velvet. Once you have been accepted by the rings a listing of your holdings will appear. We here at Gringotts offer our congratulations on your coming of age. Please contact Gringotts at your earliest convenience to resolve issues presented in the wills.

Apponox
Potter Account Manager
Gringotts London

Harry opened the brown suede pouch finding the four ring boxes. Opening each he looked them over.

Harry picked up the red velvet box removing the gold ring with a beautiful ruby in the center what he thought were the deathly hollows was actually the family crest.

Harry placed the ring on his right ring finger before picking up the next box. The Pyrite family ring was also gold however the stone was a sparkling emerald with cross wands engraved in the center of the stone. The two rings melded into one before he added the Potter and Black family rings.

Potter head of family ring was titanium the stone of the ring with a sapphire engraved with a Gryphon with a sword in its mouth whom wings were stretched in flight.

The Black head of house ring was also titanium with a stone of Onyx engraved with a coat of arms engraved with a B and two grim like dogs standing on either side. Harry slipped the cool metal onto his finger already prepared for the flow of magic Harry sighed when his mind seemed to settle.

When the all four rings combined the images seemed to meld into one image. The Pyrite family crest was at the bottom center of the ring above it was the Peverell crest, the Black crest seemed to separate and the two grim like dogs stood on either side of the Peverell crest. The Potter Crest however was at the top as if standing on the tip of the crest the Gryphon with a sword in its beak its wings stretched as if going to take flight.

The gold and titanium of the rings blended perfectly. Harry was surprised that the rings didn’t feel heavy on his finger. It was as if he only wore one ring and not four rings blended together.
It was only a few minutes before the parchment had multiplied and filled with information on his holdings separated by family name. “Sorry about that. It was a notice from Gringotts they had trouble reaching me during the past year because I’d been on the run for most the year. It was about my parents will.” Harry informed her. Harry placed the stack of parchments aside, not wanting to deal with it right then.

“Not a problem young man, I’m sure you will be meeting with Gringotts to get your estate in order. I’ve taken up enough of your time and should be heading home. We will have time to discuss your place in the scheme of things once you are released.” Andromeda stated rising from where she was sitting.

Long after Andromeda left, Harry lay staring out the window. He didn’t know what his life would bring now that Voldemort was gone but he was going to meet it when it came.
Becoming A Lord

Devonsgle Hall

Harry woke the morning of his meeting with Gringotts. He had contacted them soon after his released and scheduled a time to meet with the goblin in charge of his parent’s estate.

Two weeks had passed since Andromeda forced Harry to come stay with her at the small brownstone she’d rented after the war ended for her and her grandson Teddy.

He was surprised when she visited him while in Saint Mungos and had thought her to be Narcissa Malfoy. Only later to find out she was found dead on the grounds. Voldemort didn’t take her betrayal lightly and she was killed for it.

Harry felt sadden by her death because her defiance allowed him the time he needed to defeat Voldemort. He’d never truly noticed how much the sister’s looked alike until that moment.

As he got dressed in a comfortable pair of blue jeans that were torn in several different places with a green t-shirt with flashing words “Wanna Measure my Wand” on the front with black lettering. Harry thought of his first conversation with Andromeda Black Tonks.

She was a wealth of pure blood knowledge and the traditions that wizarding kind were losing because of the need to make those magical people from the muggle world feel more apart of the magical community.

Harry remembered listening in rapped attention as Andromeda explained why many pure bloods in old families resented muggleborns. She explained the theology behind the traditions that the older families argued for and were trying to prevent being discarded in place of muggle traditions to appease muggleborns entering the magical world.

Some wizarding families felt that muggle traditions could be integrated with wizarding traditions to make muggleborn children feel more apart of the wizarding community. It wasn’t because of their muggle heritage but because those in favor of muggleborn witches and wizards were forsaking the traditions of wizarding kind.

As a result charters were made and Hogwarts was affected instead of celebrating shaman, they were made to celebrate Halloween and instead of celebrating Yule they celebrated Christmas. All muggle beliefs and traditions were replacing things that made magical people magical.

What was once the wizarding tradition class became Muggle Studies; Harry couldn’t help but wonder how much of the current state of the Hogwarts curriculum were changes that Dumbledore made after he became headmaster at Hogwarts.

Of course there were some odd individuals even among muggles who had delusions about how the world should be that wasn’t sensible or capable of becoming a reality.

Pulling on a pair of black trainers Harry grabbed his jacket before heading downstairs. Harry entered the dining room finding Andromeda already there feeding Teddy from a bowl of what looked like pureed carrots.

“Good morning Andy,” Harry called out as he entered the room taking his place at the head of the table.
“Good morning Hadarian, you’re up early. I expected you have a bit of a lie in after you got in so late from Hogwarts.” she said curious at his early appearance.

“I’m scheduled to meet with Gringotts this morning? Then I’m heading to Hogwarts to help with the rebuild. McGonagall is hoping to have most of the out side repairs complete before the weather breaks.” Harry informed her.

Andromeda took the time each morning during breakfast to teach Harry something about wizarding tradition that he wasn’t aware of. Today was no different.

“I’m sure that you were taught some form of blessing as a child from your muggle relatives to say during meals.” Andromeda stated more than questioned.

Harry nodded in agreement, the Dursley’s said blessing before each meal however Harry didn’t see the point of doing so when soon after his aunt and uncle sat and talked about the neighbors or criticized the people he worked with. Harry could never remember his uncle having anything nice to say about anyone unless it was to spoil his overly large cousin who in Harry’s opinion was rotten to the core.

The last Harry had seen of his relatives was just before his 17th birthday. Harry assumed that his relatives made it through the war unaffected and were moving on with their lives now that the threat had passed.

“In the wizarding world we also have prayers some formal while others are less formal. I will be teaching you the proper blessing for formal meals. It is done to give thanks to mother magic and the goddess for their blessings.” Andromeda explained. “Less formal blessings can be done alone such as when in a school setting; as old traditions are often frowned upon its not likely that you will see these things openly being done.”

Andromeda continued to explained the different ways of giving back to magic for the blessings that we receive as magic users. The rest of breakfast passed quickly with Andromeda explaining other aspects of blessings before the pair prepared to floo to the Leakey Cauldron.

The pub was fairly empty when they arrived. Harry walked quickly through trying to avoid being recognized by anyone. Once in the back he quickly tapped the sequence of bricks to open the gateway for Diagon Alley.

The pair walked swiftly down the cobbled stone road towards the bank. Many of the stores were still in disrepair as many work crews were hard at work trying to repair the damage the war left on the shopping village.

Harry released the breath he didn’t realize he was holding as he climbed the stairs of the bank. The sign warning of thievery still bolted to the wall as they entered the doors. Heading to the first available goblin Harry waited to gain the goblin’s attention. “How may we help you at Gringotts” the goblin asked.

“I’m Lord Black-Potter I have an appointment with Apponox.” Harry informed the goblin.

“Of course Lord Black-Potter this way” the goblin stated leading them down several halls before taking a lift up several flights. Harry exited the lift followed by Andromeda who was holding Teddy. There was an understated elegance about the way this part of the building was furnished as they passed by.

Harry paused behind the goblin as he knocked on the closed door waiting patiently to be led into the
Apponox looked up from what he was reading at the knock. “Enter” he simply stated returning to reading where he left off.

“Sir Lord Black-Potter to see you” Ragnog stated.

Harry entered the room followed by Andromeda but he remained standing looking around the room. The first thing to catch his notice were the gold and black marble pattern flooring, and the mahogany wood paneling on the walls that held gold scones holding candles and glass domes over them.

Andromeda however paid no notice to the room, she had noticed her grandson had woken and was probably going to be hungry again soon.

Harry couldn’t help but noticed the statues that lined the opposite wall of goblins who were dressed in armored gear. Harry wonder if these goblins were heroes from the goblin wars.

The large picture window that was too the side of where Apponox sat behind a large mahogany desk with a tall leather back chair. In front of the desk were two rich brown leather arm chairs.

“Good morning” Harry started walking over to the desk.

“Good morning Lord Black-Potter lets get started shall we” Apponox stated. Harry nodded his head taking the arm chair on the right while Andromeda took the seat on left.

“Lord Black-Potter how may I be of assistance this morning?” the older goblin questioned.

“If I may?” Andromeda asked, of Harry, who nodded for her to continue.

“Hadarian is here to clear up matters of his parent’s last will and testament and he will need a full inventory of his vaults completed to include, spending records, ledgers as well as listing his assets and artifacts sent to him as well as the guilds for his families so that he can learn the family history.” Andromeda explained. “He will also require any books that he has on wizarding law so that he can be prepared when it comes time to accept his inherited seats on the Wizengamot when it reconvenes.”

The reading of the wills was handled very quickly it was all standard. Some of the people like Remus and Sirius that his parents left things too Harry had to decide what to do with those things because the person was decease and could not inherit.

The other people would receive notices of their inheritance from the estates and would have to come to Gringotts to sign for whatever they were left to take possession of it.

Andromeda wasn’t expecting to be left anything from the house of Black being she was disowned from her family in her youth was surprised that Sirius not only reinstated her into the family but left her a manor and released her inheritance vault to her.

“Now that the wills have been read do you have any questions Lord Potter-Black?” Apponox questioned.

“Actually I do,” Harry replied, “I been under the impression my mother’s name was Lilly Evans but according to the will her name is Phoenix. How is that possible?”

“The potion you consumed just before your first birthday revealed your mother’s true status,” Apponox stated pulling his birth record from a file.
The new birth record showed his mother’s true lineage had they not used the potion to ensure his future Lilly wouldn’t have ever known her true heritage. She would have died thinking she was a muggle born.

“Your mother was born April 4th 1960, the daughter of Marius Black and Ortyla Pyrite both squib children who were abandoned in the muggle world by their families. Her Birth name was Phoenix Cassiopeia Black, but was renamed upon her adoption to Lee and Abigail Evans,” Apponox informed him.

Apponox handed the updated birth record over to Harry who sat quietly staring at his mother’s true name. He felt a sense of peace come over him. He could now put the Dursley’s hatred behind him. It truly bothered him that those he thought to be his only living relatives of his mother treated him so badly but this simple piece of paper made all those years of suffering seem petty.

“Okay this only makes me have three estates. Where is the forth estate coming from?” Harry questioned.

“You’re forgetting the Peverell estate Lord Potter, you are the only living direct descendant of the family line through your father,” Apponox reminded him.

“So what does this mean now?” Harry questioned dreading the answer.

“You are the Lord of four houses,” Apponox informed him.

“Now to the matters of discrepancies in the wills,” Apponox stated.

“Well since the will was sealed all this time some of the stipulations can’t be carried out” Harry replied.

The monetary amounts that were given to both Remus Lupin and Nymphadora Lupin ne Tonks I want put into an inheritance vault for their heir Theolonius Edward Remyus Lupin. That amount should be 3 million which was given to Remus and additional 100,000 that was awarded to his wife Nymphadora Lupin ne Tonks.

“The Villa that was awarded to Remus from my mother I would like to retain. I was informed that I was named Theolonius Lupin’s magical guardian as such I would like his vaults sealed and a trust set up for when it comes time for his schooling. I would also need the information required to have my godfather’s dream achieved so that Theolonius will have his father’s legacy and can take over when he reaches his majority. The penthouse awarded from Sirius should be awarded to Theolonius Lupin by proxy.” Harry explained.

“The monetary amount of 300,000 galleons that was awarded to the order of the phoenix I want to be set up in account for Hogwarts to help with the repairs on the school. The key should be sent to Headmistress McGonagall;” Harry finished his expression one of deep contemplation.

Apponox made the necessary changes to that Harry requested before handing him papers to sign.

Harry signed the documents cutting his finger he placed a drop of blood on the forms to make them binding.

“Very well,” Apponox stated once all the forms were signed. “Is there any further business you need of Gringotts today?”

“Yes I need to get funds from my vault,” Harry stated before he was led from the room by a goblin and a quick cart ride later. Harry had an anti theft pouch full of galleons which he converted half to
muggle money. By the time Harry and Andromeda left Gringotts it was nearing half eleven. Andromeda and Teddy were heading to Devonsgale Hall to check on the condition of the manor while Harry was heading to Hogwarts to help with repairs.

Kissing his godson’s head briefly Harry quickly headed towards the apparition point disappearing with a distinct pop.
“You’re hardly ever around these days.” Ginny complained to Harry as the pair walked down the well known path towards the pond. Her smaller hand held gently in his larger one.

“Can we just enjoy our day together?” Harry asked not wanting to fight. Ginny had been complaining about the amount of time they got to spend together since his release from Saint Mungos. Harry had been really busy lately with trying to get things straight with his estate, helping Andromeda with raising his godson and learning how to run his businesses.

“I know I haven’t been around a lot but you know the reasons. There’s a lot going on right now with my learning how to run my estate properly and helping out with the rebuild at Hogwarts. Not to mention I’m Teddy’s magical guardian.” Harry explained.

He thought she understood why he wasn’t able to spend a lot of time there. She didn’t seem interested in visiting him at Andromeda’s when he was needed at home to watch Teddy. She wasn’t interested in helping out at Hogwarts when he asked her if she wanted to. Harry didn’t know what others ways he could spend time with her that didn’t involve her doing things she didn’t want to do.

Harry could see that things were going to get worst with time when Andromeda returned to her position at Saint Mungos where she was one of the senior healers on staff. He would be limited in the amount of time he would be able to spend with Ginny alone because he had a responsibility to his godson. One that Harry refused to take lightly.

Today he promised he would spend with her so he stopped by to have a picnic lunch with Ginny down by the pond. He had visited a small deli near the brownstone where he and Andromeda were staying while the repairs were being done on the manor she inherited from the Black estate was finished.

Harry had already prepared the area when they arrived a large navy blue blanket was spread out over the ground near a large tree to shade them from the sun; a brown wooden picnic basket in the center along with a chilled bottle of sparkling cider.

Once seated Harry removed the items from the basket, there were perfectly prepared club sandwiches with pickled wedges, potato crisps and fresh strawberries with clotted cream and cut chunks of cheese.

Removing the two champagne glasses from the basket Harry spelled the top from the bottle pouring them each a glass of sparkling cider before handing one to her. The pair ate in silence each lost in their own thoughts.

“Harry can I ask you a question?” Ginny asked.

“You don’t have to ask permission to ask a question; just know that if I don’t answer either I’m not ready or I don’t have an answer to give.” Harry replied.

“Why didn’t you come after me that night we argued and I left you in the room of requirement?” Ginny asked her heart racing wondering what his answer would be.

Harry looked thoughtful for a minute. Ginny feared he wouldn’t answer the question. “I didn’t follow you because we both were angry and it wouldn’t have helped because you wanted something
that I wasn’t able to give at the time.”

Harry replied remembering the argument clearly.

(Room of requirement…Hogwarts Harry’s 6th year)

Ginny sat straddling Harry’s lap her arms around his neck as they kissed. Harry’s hands were on the side of her face holding her head in place as his tongue met hers in a deep tangle of passion.

Ginny could feel the tingling between her legs and wanted Harry to touch her to relieve the ache that started so deep within her. Pulling one of his hands from her face she directed his hand to her breast but instead of him complying and fueling their passion further he pulled back.

“We should stop,” Harry stated his voice husk with want but he knew it was better to stop before things spiraled out of control.

“What? why?” Ginny whined looking at her boyfriend. Ginny wanted Harry to make her feel good.

“Harry I want you too,” Ginny sighed trying to get him to kiss her again. Kissing up his neck licking at his earlobe. “What is wrong with you?” She huffed getting upset that he was withdrawing again.

“There’s nothing wrong with me,” Harry replied, “Ginny why are you trying to rush things?” Our relationship just started.” Harry asked.

“What are you trying to say?” Ginny hissed getting up from his lap. She had never had a guy to turn her down before even Dean was willing to go beyond kissing. They hadn’t gone all the way but he had sucked her nipples until her pussy flooded and creamed her panties.

“I’m not trying to say anything,” Harry snapped in irritation, “I’m only saying that we don’t need to move at warped speed just because everyone else is claiming to do it.”

“I don’t care about everybody else Harry Potter. I didn’t realize that you were such a prude when we started dating.” Ginny snapped.

“Since when is going at a pace that is comfortable to us being a prude?” Harry questioned.

“Why did you even want to be my boyfriend if you only want to hold hands like we’re twelve.” Ginny hissed.

“This relationship isn’t solely about what you want Ginny. Merlin you aren’t the only person in this relationship. All you do is complain about what you want. Have you ever thought about what I want from this? What about how I feel? what I need?” Harry questioned her.

“How would I know what you want you never say. All you do is brood about that blonde ferret and what he could be up too. Makes me think you have a thing for blokes.” Ginny hissed out in anger.

Harry looked as if he were slapped.

“I don’t care if none of you believe me but that blonde git is up to something and I’m not brooding. I plan to catch that little sneak at whatever he’s doing.” Harry hissed back his anger getting the best of him.

“I never had this issue with Dean! He didn’t have a problem with what I want why do you have such a problem with it?” Ginny hissed wanting an answer her answer making her lash out to hurt him in the worst possible way.
“If Dean is so accommodating then why in the hell did you two break up and why are you with me?” he questioned.

“Exactly my thoughts,” Ginny stated “The way you’re acting you’re going to be thirty and still a virgin,” before running from the room leaving Harry standing just as angry.

Harry remembered they didn’t speak for days after their argument. They eventually made up but the problem with their intimacy still remained between them. This made Harry wondered if Ginny even knew about the curse that affected her family. What it would have meant if they fell to their lust for each other. Harry wasn’t sure that either of them would not have lived to regret that decision.

“Listen Ginny,” Harry stated reaching over taking her smaller hand into his own. “Did you read the book you gave me?” Harry asked curious.

“No, my parents have been teaching us the family history for years. I didn’t feel a need to read the book.” Ginny advised him.

Harry looked thoughtful, “When we started dating I wanted us to truly get to know each other without all the boy-who-lived hoopla getting in the way but to do that it takes time. I didn’t want either of us to do something that may have led to us being miserable with each other.”

“Come on Harry, I could never be miserable with you.” Ginny stated her heart racing.

Harry smiled at her kissing the back of her hand. Maybe one day soon they will reach that level of intimacy but Harry wanted to be sure that they both were ready for it because it was a decision that couldn’t be reversed.

The pair continued with their meal in comfortable silence. Ginny asked about what he was learning and listened as he talked about learning to run his estate.

Harry spoke of the things he was learning about his family history as he dished up strawberries and clotted cream for the both of them. Yet he held back on telling her too much about his estate and being the Lord of four houses.

They hadn’t got to share many intimate moments like this before the war ended. They were either separated, surrounded by order members or at school where it was very hard to find a bit of privacy.

Hermione kept disappearing during the year and would snap at them if they pressed her on where she’d been. Ginny remembered Seamus and Dean joking about Hermione having some sort of sorted love affair with the books in the restricted section because of her love of studying.

Harry fed her strawberries dipping them in the cream before teasing her lips with the confection.

“How have things been for you since the burial?” Harry questioned as he dipped another strawberry in clotted cream bringing to his mouth taking a bite.

“I miss him, I think George is affected the worst by it,” Ginny explained, “Dad has work to keep his mind off things and mom is worrying over everyone one.”

Harry listened as Ginny spoke about her family and how they were dealing with the loss of their sibling. He figured George would be taking things hard. I couldn’t begin to imagine what it was like to lose a sibling. Sure he remembered losing his parents but that was so long ago.

They were soon interrupted by Ron who had heard that Harry was there for a visit.
“What’s in the basket mate?” he questioned joining the pair on the blanket.

“Go away Ron this is a private picnic?” Ginny ordered.

“It looked over to me.” Ron replied looking in the basket for possible leftovers.

Harry sat back smiling at the arguing siblings. Ron was famous for his temper but even more for his stomach and boy could he eat. Ron pulled out a sandwich that was wrapped in deli paper taking a bite moaning in delight.

“This is delicious thanks mate.” He stated leaning back on his arms munching away at the sandwich looking out over the pond.

Ginny stood angry her brother had interrupted her alone time with Harry stormed towards the house.

“She’s been doing that a lot lately mate.” Ron warned, “Mom thinks she gone around the twist the way her emotions have been all over the place lately.”

Ron quickly polished off the sandwich pulling another from the basket.

“Don’t let Ginny here you say that.” Harry warned knowing the famous Weasley temper.

“I won’t!” Ron replied with a laugh before finishing off what remained of the second sandwich. “The guys are talking about meeting up this weekend for drinks at Pandora’s Box.”

“Pandora’s Box?” Harry questioned, “What is that place exactly?”

“It’s a bar in Diagon Alley not far from the shop.” Ron advised. “Could be fun you know check out some birds and have a few drinks.”

“I’m dating your sister,” Harry reminded him.

Ron laughed, “Well in your case have a few drinks and ignore all the available women.” Ron suggested.

“Git,” Harry stated throwing a strawberry at his friend. Ron caught the piece of fruit biting into it.

“What do your parent’s have planned for Ginny’s coming of age celebration?” Harry questioned.

“You know mum mate, she already has the meal planned out and is getting things ready to make the cake.” Ron explained.

“Tell her don’t worry about the cost I will cover everything.” Harry stated, “I will rent the tables and chairs as well as the slates for the dance floor. Seamus knows a squib I can hire to play music for her coming of age celebration.”

“You know you don’t have to do that mate?” Ron stated, “Harry was always willing to help out but Ron as well as his family had difficulties accepting any help from anyone.”

“It’s my girlfriend’s birthday, Ron why wouldn’t I want to spoil her?” Harry asked with his brow raised.

Ron laughed Harry looked ridiculous impersonating Snape with the brow thing the man was famous for. “Come on mate lets head back before Ginny thinks we’ve run off to parts unknown again.” Ron suggested.
Harry laughed spelling the blanket to fold itself before reaching down for the handle of the basket. The pair laughed and talked on their way back towards the house for the most part it had been a nice day.

Harry entered the house behind Ron to find Ginny in the kitchen helping their mother with the evening meal.

“Oh Harry dear, I thought you’d gone.” Molly greeted.

“Hey Mrs. Weasley, no I was just catching up with Ron before I head to check on Teddy.” Harry replied.

Ginny looked sullen at his comment. Harry hardly spent time there, when he did come it was only for a few hours before he would have to leave. Harry walked over kissing on the forehead briefly, “I’ll see you in a few days,” he assured her before heading into the living room and back out the door.
Devonsgale Hall

Harry moaned covering his face with his arm. He was never going to let Ron talk him into anything ever again. Harry’s head pounded behind his eyes from the hangover he had.

Andromeda would be entering his room any minute now if he didn’t get dress for breakfast. He had a very busy day ahead of him and was not looking forward to spending countless hours in the sun.

Twenty minutes later Harry was dressed in old faded jeans with a few tears and a dark blue faded t-shirt. His wand was concealed in an invisible wand holder on his arm.

Andromeda was already sitting at the small dining room table with Teddy sitting in his highchair being fed pureed apples with chicken and rice.

“Good morning Andy,” Harry greeted taking his seat at the head of the table.

“Rough night?” she questioned seeing that the young man seemed quite hung over from his night out. He had gone out the previous evening with his friends to a wizarding club in the Alley.

“Nothing I can’t handle,” Harry replied hoping the sharp pain would recede to a dull ache after he ate.

Andromeda smirked, her brow arched but otherwise she remained silent at the young man’s discomfort.

At exactly 7:30 their breakfast appeared on the table. Harry held out his hand for hers to prepare for their morning blessing.

Harry centered his thoughts before rendering the blessing “Blessed Goddess creator of all things. We welcome you and ask thy blessings for thy bounty. Let it fortify our minds, nourish our bodies and strengthen our spirits. We ask these blessings with grateful hearts as a continuation of your bounty and providence. May your generous blessing descend upon us; by magic through fire, water, wind and rain Goddess who lives and reins we welcome thy spirits and blessings. So Mote it Be”

“So Mote it Be,” Andromeda repeated before releasing his hand to fill her plate with food.

“Have you decided when you are planning your betrothal to young Mrs. Weasley?” Andromeda questioned.

“I want to take things slow” Harry sighed, “Ginny and I haven’t truly been able to spend enough time with each other and even though I care deeply for her I want to be sure that I’m making the right choices as I know the choice will be final when I make it.” Harry replied.

“Final in what way?” Andromeda questioned.

Harry summoned the Weasley family book that he was given by Ginny placing it on the table before him.

“I was given this book in my six year by Ginny. It was given to her by her father it has to do with the family history and their traditions. I promised her father that I would wait until our wedding night to consummate our love for each other.” Harry said with great difficulty.
It bothered him to reveal that he was eighteen and still a virgin even though he wasn’t ready at the
time and he couldn’t honestly say that he was ready to explore that part of life yet at this point either.

“That’s nothing to be ashamed of Hadarian,” Andromeda assured him. “It’s very honorable that you
would honor her family in such a way.”

“The reason Mr. Weasley requested I wait was to be sure that what we felt for each other was
genuine and not just a teenage crush or merely lust. Anyway the Weasley family has been affected
by the chastity curse for centuries because of a failed betrothal. Avonlea Weasley fell pregnant out of
wedlock by her future husband; who then refuse to fulfill the betrothal contract so the curse was then
place on the females of the line to ensure that it would never happen again. If a sexual act happens it
would bind the couple magically and therefore force compliance.” Harry sighed.

Andromeda paled.

“Oh dear, that’s horrible.” Andromeda sighed, “I’m sure Ginerva is aware of the curse?”

“I assumed she is but I’m not sure. Ginny never read the book. I asked her when I last visited the
Burrow.” Harry sighed, “I’m in no hurry to marry. Ginny and I have all the time in the world to get
to know each other besides she still has to complete her final year at Hogwarts. By then I should
have the hang of running my estates and can talk with her about a possible betrothal and what we
both expect and want.

Andromeda nodded in understanding. Andromeda was becoming sort of a parental figure to Harry
since he moved in with her. She was nothing like Molly however she never pushed or forced him to
talk when he didn’t want to discuss the issue. “What are you plans for the day?” she questioned.

“I have a meeting with Gringotts this afternoon after which I will check on the last renovations at
number 12; then I have an appointment with the realtors about the properties I was looking for and
my final stop will be a meeting with Kingsley.” Harry replied. “From there if there is any time left I
plan to head to Hogwarts to help with the rebuild.

“Realtors? What on earth for?” she questioned.

“A project,” Harry stated secretively, “Besides I can’t just live here forever I do have to move
eventually.”

“I expect you will move once you and Ginerva have bonded but until such time.
You know that you don’t have to move out. This place is large enough for all of us,” Andromeda
stated with a smile.

“I know, but I don’t want to intrude on your life here. Besides you might meet an eligible bachelor
who may want to romance you and sweep you off your feet. You can’t do that if you have a young
man such as me living here,” Harry replied.

“Hog wash!” snorted Andromeda, knowing full well that he needed her and Teddy just as much as
they needed him.

“I can’t imagine walking in and you are entertaining guest in very unique ways,” Harry said laughter
clear in his eyes.

“I will have you know Hadarian James, that I’m as very much a lady as I was raised to be,”
Andromeda said, her voice going very aristocratic and posh.
Harry burst into laughter, he could just imagine Andromeda giving some poor wizard a hard time and making him earn each moment of her time. Andromeda laughed, the sound of her laugh was light like soft tinkling bells.

“I do hope you aren’t planning to wear what you have on to your meetings.” Andromeda stated looking at the frayed jeans and faded blue t-shirt with trainers.

“What’s wrong with what I’m wearing I’m clean?” Harry questioned truly confused about why Andromeda was making such a big issue about what he was wearing.

“What’s wrong? You couldn’t possibly think that is appropriate attire?” She started looking at the young man before her. “I didn’t know you were attending meetings in such a fashion.”

“This has to be fixed surely you were taken to get an appropriate wizarding wardrobe,” Andromeda asked with flummoxed expression.

“Dumbledore was very busy with the war,” Harry stated, he was so used to making excuses for Dumbledore’s failings that it had become second nature to defend the man.

“Besides there was no guarantee that I would survive,” Harry quickly added, trying to lessen Dumbledore’s faults. Dumbledore was a very important part of his life and Harry felt his loss everyday. Sure he knew Dumbledore wasn’t perfect and he’d made plenty of mistakes in regards to Harry but he still loved the man like a grandfather and didn’t want anyone being disrespectful to his memory of the man.

“Don’t be ridiculous Hadarian, Dumbledore neglected to teach you what you would need to succeed as a Lord. That was a dereliction of his duty to you as your mentor and magical guardian once the ministry appointed him,” Andromeda stated in a matter of fact voice.

“I don’t doubt that you were close to the man and cared for him very deeply but Dumbledore isn’t a saint and he was wrong for failing you in this matter,” a fact that I plan to rectify first starting with these atrocious clothes that you are wearing.”

“There’s nothing wrong with my clothing, they are a far sight better then what my muggle relatives gave me,” Harry insisted.

“They are fine if you are digging in the dirt or working on repairs at Hogwarts but you are a Lord and representation of nobility. You are about to be a very public political figure and must look, behave and become the Lord that you were born to be whether you want the responsibility or not. If you want to gain any allies among the Wizengamot members you must learn to look and think like them,” Andromeda informed him.

“You can’t go to meetings or luncheons or dinner parties dressed like a street urchin,” Andromeda stated with a look of discernment.

Harry looked doubtful about gaining allies. He truly just wanted to be left alone to live his life as he saw fit, but from the determined look in Andromeda’s eyes he knew that he wasn’t going to be allowed to just fade into the back ground.

“You are a representation of your houses and you will dress becoming of your station. You are a now a man who needs to garner the respect as a adept political figure and you can not do that dressing in hand-me-down muggle fashion and don’t give me that look. Of course I know what muggle fashion is I married a muggle born after all,” Andromeda stated getting up from where she was sitting.
Harry wondered what his friends would think seeing him dressed in posh clothing like Malfoy. Harry worried about so many things. He knew change was inevitable but would his friends understand the changes that he needed to make in order to make a difference in their world; changes that were definitely needed to protect the wizarding world from any future wars.

Knowing where his thoughts were going Andromeda touched his shoulder.

“Hadarian you are no longer a school boy, you are a Lord and with that you need to present yourself in that manner. Sure you may lose friends, but if they are truly your friends it won’t matter how you dress. You are still the same person they shared a dorm with at Hogwarts and the same person who they played quidditch with and even the same person that they fought in the war with, but you also have a responsibility to your family.”

“I’m not going to be left alone about this am I?” Harry questioned.

“You’ll thank me for it,” Andromeda stated with laugh which meant Harry wasn’t getting out of whatever it was that Andromeda had planned for him.

“Our first stop is to Garmeaux Couture, in Desjardins,” Andromeda stated in a no nonsense way expecting Harry to go willingly.

“Where is this place?” Harry questioned, he had never heard of such an alley and wondered if it was located in a wizarding town he had yet to visit.

“Desjardins is a shopping square located in Geneva Switzerland. It caters to high society clientele,” Andromeda informed him.

Harry knew that the meant people like the Weasley family although pure blood wouldn’t have need of such a place because it was far too expensive for the family who was very poor but had wealth in what truly mattered.

In less than an hour after Andromeda’s impromptu lesson on what was expected of Harry has a Lord. Harry knew he would never be out of the public’s eye.

Geneva was a very beautiful place. It had one of the largest wizarding populations in Europe. Harry knew that he had a family estate here but had yet to take the time to visit his homes, he did request that the goblins saw to any repairs that were needed at each of his homes.

The shopping square was a completely magical district. There were many fancy shops, eateries and well as several Hotels for visiting witches and wizards.

Harry was even surprised to see an exotic magical menagerie. The stationary shop Leon’s Essentials they passed looked very expensive if the parchment outlined in gold was anything to go by.

He even saw a gourmet ice cream shop and wondered if the ice cream there was better than Florean Fortescue’s ice cream Parlor in Diagon Alley which made ice cream in every flavor.

As they approach the shop Harry noticed robes on magical mannequins in the windows. On the left was what he assumed to be male attire and the right female attire.

Harry followed Andromeda slowly into the shop wishing he had eaten more at breakfast that morning. Harry didn’t think he would survive this shopping trip.

Ron had always complained about being forced to go shopping with his mother, forced to carry bags the manual way and spending hours at the shops while his mom wrangled bargains out of the shop
keepers.

The look on Andromeda’s face told him that he would live to regret bending to her will.

The store was appropriated with cooling charms that made Harry feel that he just stepped into an air conditioned store.

After 7 years in the magical world Harry was still amazed at what a bit of magic could accomplish. Harry looked up when an older man approached them quickly speaking rapidly in what he thought to be French.

“Lady Black, Il a ete si longtemps depuis que vous avez visite,” Janvier stated hugging her briefly kissing each of her cheeks.

His eyes shown in pure happiness at seeing Andromeda; Harry wondered if they pair had dated in their youth or maybe they were just dear friends.

“Bonjour Janvier amour, c’est Lord Potter-Black et il a besoin d’un ensemble de wardrobe inherente a son poste,” Andromeda replied as they broke apart.

Harry placed the carrier with his sleeping godson on the large chair beside him as he watched the pair catch up with one another. He hoped the pair would forget he was there and he would be able to slip out unnoticed.

Andromeda turned towards Harry, Hadarian I would like you to meet, Janvier Garmeaux; we have been great friends since childhood.

Harry stood walking towards the man shaking his hand briefly before letting go.

“Pleasure!” Janvier stated.

“Like wise,” Harry replied.

“Now Lord Potter-Black,” tell me about your self,” Janvier insisted.

“Not much to tell,” Harry insisted. He truly hated talking about himself.

“Not much to tell hey, I would beg to differ. I need to know what you like that way I can tailor attire that will flow with you instead of hindering your movement,” Janvier explained.

“I not really hard to please,” Harry insisted. “I can’t honestly say what I like as I never truly had time to sit down and think about it.

“Okay lets start with something simple,” Janvier insisted, “Tell me what colors you would rather I stay away from.

Harry thought about it for a minute before letting out a deep sigh. “Well, my favorite color is emerald green because it’s the color of my mom’s eyes. I don’t like forest green or dark browns. I want colors that represent my houses well and I would like this image embroidered on the left collar of the shirts, robes, handkerchiefs and scarves.”

Harry handed over the image that showed a gryphon standing on its hind legs with a sword between its beak, which appeared to be standing on top of a pyramid with two grim like dogs on either side under the pyramid however was cross wands.
Janvier thought the mixture of animals strange but didn’t question the young Lord’s wishes.

“That’s all?” Janvier questioned.

“Yes nothing in bright red, I might have been a Gryffindor but I don’t think red is a very good color on me. I think burgundy or a wine color would be more complimenting,” Harry continued “and nothing even close to being Slytherin green.”

Janvier laughed at Harry’s last statement. “Oh I wouldn’t think to do such a thing to you Lord Potter-Black.”

“Okay let’s get started,” Janvier stated whipping a tear from his eye.

Harry was ordered to remove his clothing. He felt bare standing on a stool in nothing but a pair of worn boxers. He wished he’d had the forethought to change when Andromeda insisted they visit the shopping district today.

Andromeda sat not far away watching as Janvier began with the measurements. Thoughts of her sisters came to her mind. Andromeda felt their loss as well. Not that she was on speaking terms with either of them and if truth be told she practically loathed Narcissa more than words could ever describe.

Andromeda held so many secrets close to her heart. She knew a lot about betrayal of family. Her aunt Wulburga Black convinced her parents to disown her after she ran away.

Andromeda was the odd one in the family. She much like Sirius was not sorted into Slytherin, although to her parents Ravenclaw was much better then being in the house of rash Gryffindors.

She however felt her young cousin was brave to go against his family wishes and fight as hard as he did against them. She only wished that he’d survived the war to help in teaching Hadarian all that he would need to know about the Black family history.

Wulburga Black felt she was an abomination because she refused to marry who her parents chose for her after having her heart ripped out. No her family had caused her more harm then they ever did good. It hurt even worst when she read on the death eater trials only to find that her once betroth was responsible for the death of her husband. Rabastan Lestrange wasn’t one to take rejection lightly. He had spent countless attempts trying to win her over. She didn’t admit to anyone that he made her skin crawl. He was a cruel boy, just as cruel and ruthless as his older brother Rodolphus.

His wife Romelda Kirk was killed during the first war. Andromeda remembered reading it. The poor girl truly didn’t stand a chance when she stood up to her Rabastan against Voldemort. Andromeda wouldn’t have been surprised if Rabastan killed his own wife on order from Voldemort. They were all so loyal to him even when she was a child. She often avoided the man at all cost when he visited her parent’s home.

Harry was the last of her family. Now her head of family and she would make sure that he was a proper Lord representing his houses with honor. He would be well respected and have allies that will help him advance in the political arena.

Harry stood on the step stool has the measuring tape zoom around his frame taking his measurements.

He felt exposed standing there; his mind going back to the thoughts of his friends’ reactions would be when they saw him dressed in such a way.
He did notice that Neville’s clothing even his every day wear appeared to be expensive. Although he never really paid much attention to what people wore, Neville wasn’t as flashy as Draco Malfoy but his clothes held an understated elegance about them.

After his measurements were complete Harry was shown only the highest quality of materials, like acromantula silk and Egyptian cotton that would be used to make his shirts, boxers and his handkerchiefs. Every day robes would also be made from Egyptian cotton as well as some in vicuna wool; the cotton robes were much lighter and would be more suited for summer wear. For formal occasions robes would be made out of vicuna wool and acromantula silk that was more pliable for the symbol to be embroidered on the material.

The last material Harry was shown was the softest fur he had ever touched. He remembered as a child touching Petunia’s fur coat that she’d gotten from his uncle Vernon for some occasion or another. Harry remembered Vernon forcing him to hold his hands over the fire as punishment. He wasn’t allowed to remove his hands until long after they were already blistered and was forced to stay home from school for an entire week until they healed.

Pushing the thoughts of his childhood from his mind, Harry looked questioningly at the tailor.

“This will be the material for your winter cloak, as well as one in a heavier wool. I will have dragon hide in every color owl ordered for your dragonhide trousers and vest as well as specially ordered dragonhide boots,” Janvier explained.

Harry nodded knowing that arguing against any of this was a waste of time because Andromeda was determined that he was going to dress like that git Malfoy.

Harry decided he was going to protest being made to behave like that snobby little toe rag.

It was well into the afternoon when they left the shop. Andromeda had several packages of clothing sent ahead of them while they strolled along. Teddy was now awake looking around curious at the different people walking about. Harry noticed several times the baby’s hair had changed colors before they made it down the street.

“Where are we going next?” Harry questioned.

The Stationary store,” Andromeda replied leading him in the direction of the shop they passed earlier that day.

Harry walked around the store noticing they had everlast quills that were up higher quality then the ones sold at the stationary store where he got his school supplies for Hogwarts.

Harry stated formulating plans in his mind. “If he planned to be respected for something other than offing Voldemort he needed to become someone people wanted to respect and support, not because of some sense of duty but because they believed in what he was trying to accomplished.

This one trip into Desjardin was an eye opening experience. Harry knew that the person he was becoming may very well cost him a few friends. Harry only hoped the backlash wouldn’t be too hard on him.

He would face things when the time came but for the time being he would welcome the change he was finding himself going through and all it took was Andromeda seeing him dressed in hand-me-downs.

He guessed Andromeda was going to make a proper pureblood out of him yet.
Harry is annoyed by Ron and Ginny's reaction to how he's dressed.

Number 12 Grimauld Place

Harry looked around what was formerly known as Number 12 Grimauld Place. The dark dreary atmosphere of the place was now gone. It was now light and inviting. The door that once held a snake knocker was no longer there; in its place was a set of white double doors with gold door knobs and the knockers were now that of two perfectly carved Antipodean Opaleye dragons with their bodies curled in on themselves and their tails clamped in their mouths.

The entrance hall was expanded, the walls were no longer dingy with pealing faded wall paper were now painted a crisp white with gold scones along the wall on either side. The floors which were once dull gray stone were now black and gold marble.

The chandelier was grand once more lighting the entrance hall where the wide winding stairs leading up to the other levels of the house were covered in thick black carpeting and the banners were of dark wood that shone under the lit entrance way.

The entrance that once led down into the lower level of the house was now sealed. Where the door should have been was now a blank stretch of wall. The wall that once held the dulcet tones of the late Wulburga Black was now a portrait of mountain scenery.

The lower level of the house would now house the office that would help facilitate his dreams. What was once the front parlor was now two offices with large handsomely made desk of dark wood with large brown leather chairs; in front were matching arm chairs. The floor was covered in thick black carpeting, the windows spelled to show an image of the garden in the back of the house.

The large study that Dumbledore often could be found using after order meetings was now the receiving room of the house. On the right left wall of the room was a large seal of a pentagram with a dragon intertwined in it. The deep sapphire blue of the pentagram shone brightly against the white crisp walls as did the large purple and blue dragon entangled in the image. Its wings expanded.

In front of the wall was a large desk with a very comfortable leather chair. A large fireplace on the wall to the right of the desk in front of it black leather furniture with dark wood tables. The wall in front of the across from the desk was filled with floor to ceiling bookshelves hat dominated the entire wall.

The remaining wall held the words that would become very dear to what Harry was trying to build.

The other rooms on the main floor were offices that were furnished as well as his and hers lavatories for their use.

The upper levels of the house would be used for housing. The first floor now held a large parlor, formal dining room, study as well as a large library the was filled with copies of books that Harry found he had several copies of.
The other rooms on this floor were two bathrooms as well as an office and two gathering rooms.

The other 3 floors held bedrooms as well as ensuite bathrooms; however the rooms were now set up much like the dorm rooms as Hogwarts.

With a deep sigh that Harry closed the doors on Grimauld Place. Once outside Harry inspected the final changes. The house no longer had pealing dull paint. It now was covered in white vinyl siding with freshly painted black shutters bracketing each window. The boarders around the windows were also black and were spelled to be protected against them being broken.

As he stepped from the wards the fidelus fell and the house could once again be seen however the former wards remained strong.

Harry disappeared with a displacement of air appearing moments later in small wizarding village of Hogsmead walking towards the realtor’s office he was given by Gringotts.

It had taken Gringotts a bit of time to find properties for him to view. Harry had narrowed his choices down to three locations. Two were located on opposite sides of Coventry England and the other in Yorkshire.

He was already scheduled to meet the reality witch to view the three properties before making his final decisions. He wondered why they never noticed the small office among the shops in the village before.

Upon entering the building Harry first noticed it was handsomely furnished. A Large fireplace dominated the right wall; the room however was one of comfort. Harry was welcomed by an older witch whose hair was just beginning to gray at the edges.

“How may be help you Lord Potter-Black, she asked. “I have an appointment with Myra Journey,” Harry quickly replied.

“Have a seat Lord Potter-Black, I will let her know you have arrived, the older woman stated leaving the main room heading down a back hall.

Harry sat in an arm chair, making a mental list of the things he needed to get taken care of.

Myra quickly grabbed her things before heading out of her office she entered the waiting area finding her client waiting.

“Good morning Lord Potter-Black sorry to keep you waiting,” She stated in greeting.

Harry rose from the arm chair he was sitting in. “Good morning.”

“Have you decided on which properties you would be interested in viewing?” Myra questioned.

“I have decided to view three of the seven properties, the two in Coventry and the other in Yorkshire,” Harry replied.

“Well lets get started shall we,” she stated holding out a portkey to take them to the first property…

“This property used to belong to an old wizarding family. They are wishing to downsize their estate. The Manor was made of hued colored bricks almost the size of a medium size castle with extravagantly manicured lawns and a beautiful garden. As you can see the property is quite large, it has been well kept over the years. It has modern day plumbing however it doesn’t come with any house elves, the family wish to retain them,” Myra informed him. “If you require any you can submit
your request to the proper office at the ministry,” she added as an after thought.”

It took quite a bit of time to view the house and the grounds although Myra did employ the use of a flying carpet for the most of the tour.

The second property was also located in Coventry but on the opposite side of the city. It was a large white stone Manor a bit larger than the previous one, with beautifully crafted stone pathways through the garden and around the fountains. There was even a large stone pathway leading from the front stairs of the house to the front gate.

As the flying carpet lowered back towards the ground for them to step off, Harry had made his decision. This was the property that he would raise the next generations of Potter-Blacks in.

“Shall we view the third property or would you rather view it another day,” Myra asked as they stepped off the flying carpet.

“Actually I have already made my decision,” Harry stated. “Great, which property have you decided on?” she asked. “I’ll take both of them,” Harry replied surprising her.

“Both of them,” Myra stated surprised.

“Yes, I think they will suit my needs just fine,” Harry stated with a smile.

“Lets return to the office and we can take care of the final paperwork,” Myra smiled thinking of the commission she would get on the sale of two large estates.

Harry touched the portkey, his thoughts on getting everything he needed ready. Things were finally falling into the place for him.

After returning to the realtor’s office it didn’t take long for the paperwork to be sign and the final paperwork to be sent to Gringotts for the funds to be transferred and the deeds of ownership to be transferred to Harry.

As he left the small realtor’s office couldn’t help but smile, this day put Harry one step closer to fulfilling his purpose. He was going to become a man that his parents would be proud of and that the wizarding world would respect.

Harry apparated away appearing moments later at the edge of the wards; walking swiftly towards the misshapen house in the distance.

He was dressed in tailored gray slacks with a matching gray shirt with his family crest embroidered on the collar. The over robes he wore were charcoal gray with silver fastenings and polished black shoes. His hair was pulled back from his face give clear view to his prominent facial structure.

Harry knocked and only waited a few minutes before the door was opened by Ron who immediately noticed his attire.

“Hey mate what’s up with the snobby robes?” Ron asked jealousy clearly seen in his eyes. Ron had a problem with his family not having money and felt jealous of anyone who had it including Harry.

“Andromeda,” Harry replied as if that would answer the question.

Harry followed Ron through the house noticing his tense shoulders and how he seemed to be upset about something.
“Is something wrong mate?” Harry asked concerned at Ron’s behavior.

“I noticed you haven’t been around much lately.” Ron stated as if that answered Harry’s question.

“I’ve been in meetings with Gringotts most of the week and at the ministry; not to mention helping with the rebuild at Hogwarts.” Harry explained. “Did something happen?”

“You see me at Hogwarts nearly everyday,” Harry reminded his best friend.

“I know, I’m just wondering why you’ve been distant.” Ron stated sitting on the sofa pulling a throw pillow into his lap.

“I’m not being distant. You can visit me at Devonsgale Hall too ya know.” Harry reminded him.

Ron hadn’t thought about visiting Harry. He was so use to his friends spending time at the Burrow that it never dawned on him to visit them at their homes.

Ginny entered the living room a few minutes later, “I thought I heard voices, How long have you been here?” she questioned.

“I’ve only just arrived.” Harry explained, “thought I would stop by before I headed home.”

“Why are you dressed all fancy did you attend some sort of day party?” Ginny questioned, wondering if he went to a wizarding event without asking her to attend.

“No, I was just explaining to Ron, I’ve been at Gringotts in meetings and with a realtor.” Harry sighed, “what is this about?”

“You come here all dressed up I just wondered if you went to a party.” Ginny stated simply.

“No I haven’t been to any type of society functions. I’ve been avoiding them like the plague.” Harry admitted.

“Why?” Ginny questioned.

“I’m not in the mood to have people sucking up to me that I hardly know if I’m even acquainted with at all. I have enough to deal with trying to straighten out my estate so things are overwhelming at the moment.” Harry assured her.

Ron sat staring at the ring sitting on Harry’s finger in shock. The ring had four different stones and seemed to be made of two different types of metal. He couldn’t make out what the crest on the ring was but it was fairly large the gems were worth a large sum of galleons.

Harry was beginning to feel uncomfortable with both Ron and Ginny acting as if he’d wronged them in some way.

“How are things going with the renovations on number 12?” Ron questioned trying to act as if nothing was bothering him pulling his attention away from the ring on Harry’s finger.

“I went by there today actually,” Harry replied, “They managed to complete everything. I wasn’t expecting it to be done for another few of weeks but it turned out quite nice.”

“Are you planning to move back into Grimauld then?” Ron questioned. Hoping he would be able to move in with Harry to get out from under his mother and have his own space for a change.

“No, I never planned to live at number 12 and none of my other properties in the area appeal to me.
So I’m staying at Devonsgale Hall for the expectant future.” Harry replied.

Ron expression held a disappointed look he’d hoped Harry would want to have him as a room mate once Grimauld place was completed.

Ginny’s expression turned sour when Harry informed them he would not be moving from Andromeda’s house. Although Ginny didn’t personally know the woman she didn’t care for her. Andromeda had integrated herself in Harry’s life in the short time he had been staying with her.

The woman’s influence on Harry was becoming a problem in Ginny’s opinion. She thought Harry should be spending more time with her since the war had ended.

“You speak a lot about Andromeda,” Ginny stated more so as an observation than expecting a rebuttal.

“You’ve changed since being in her company,” Ginny continued.

“Changed how?” Harry questioned.

“You’re distant and more closed off and you’re never here Harry,” Ginny snapped going into the same argument as before.

“Not this again,” thought Harry, it seemed every time he came to spend time with Ginny all she wanted to do was complain about how little time he spent there. Harry sometimes felt far older than his friends. He didn’t have time to be lax and just spend countless days there with her. Harry had an estate to run and responsibilities.

“Ginny we talked about this. You know I have other obligations and responsibilities. I come as much as I can. What were you expecting, me to move here after the war?” Harry questioned in disbelief.

“Would that have been so bad?” she asked.

Harry rubbed the bridge of his nose. He should have expected this was coming. “Listen I never planned to come here to live after the war. My intentions originally were to move to Grimauld Place do the renovations and move again.”

“What’s so bad about living here?” Ron questioned feeling anger at what he thought was Harry’s disgust at their living status.

“There is nothing bad about living here Ron! This has nothing to do with how much money your family has. Why is everything with you about money?” Harry asked getting frustrated with the pair of them.

“Then what is wrong with you moving in here?” Ginny questioned.

“Ginny my place is with my family.” Harry sighed, “I’m the head of the Black family. I have responsibilities to Andromeda and Teddy as their head of family not to mention I’m Teddy’s magical guardian. I can’t be here all the time as if I don’t have responsibilities. My attire as to do with dressing appropriately I can’t wear faded denims and t-shirts to meetings or functions. I’m not saying there is something wrong with it but if I want to be taken seriously I have to dress in a manner that will garner respect not ridicule.”

“Andromeda feels that I need to dress befitting my station. I’m a Lord and I must present myself accordingly.”
“She plans to achieve that by dressing you up like Malfoy?” Ron questioned in disbelief.

“I may not like the little annoying ferret but when have you ever seen Malfoy dressed less than impeccable?” Harry questioned, causing Ron’s face to turn red in anger and jealousy. “Can we talk about something else?” Harry asked in exasperation.

“You’re changing,” said Ron, it’s like I don’t even know you anymore.

“Ron kill the woe is me act. Why do you have to make this about you? I won’t apologize because my family has money. What I wear does not change who I am.” Harry said wondering why he even bothered to stop by.

“I’ve already explained to you why I’m dressed formally but you want to make more out of it than it is.” Harry said looking at his friend who clearly hadn’t gotten over his issues with his family not having money.

“Oh hello Harry dear, don’t you look nice today?” Molly stated when she entered the living room. “Is everything okay?”

“Thank you, everything is fine Mrs. Weasley I was just explaining some things to Ron and Ginny. How have you been?” Harry asked politely.

“Everything is as well as can be expected. I’ve finally gotten George to leave his room.” She stated, “He’s with Lee at the shop they are assessing the damage to see what he would need to reopen.” Molly informed him.

“Well I best get dinner started are you staying?” She inquired about his evening plans.

“No mam, Andromeda is returning to work this evening so I have to be home to get Teddy.” Harry informed her.

“He’s such a beautiful baby do bring him by sometimes Harry.” Molly requested.

“Sure Mrs. Weasley I would love too. He’s growing so fast I try not to miss so much time with him.” Harry replied with a smile.

“They are so lovable at that age,” Molly stated wiping her hands on the towel in her hand.

Ginny wasn’t pleased with the thought of being forced in the company of an infant. Now that Andromeda was returning to work Harry’s time would be more limited.

Ron remained quiet with a frown on his face. He didn’t like the changes he was seeing in Harry but he didn’t want to lose Harry as his friend either. Ron sighed he often wished that things were different for his family. Now that he was out of school and Ginny was the only person who had to complete her studies his parents would have more money because they would only be paying tuition for Ginny when Hogwarts reopened.

Ginny sat on the sofa beside Harry laying her head on his shoulder. Part of her was angry that Harry was so happy to spend his time with a child who wasn’t his own but the other part felt guilty because the child was just like him an orphan who lost his parents due to the war.

“You’ll tell me if you decide to accept an invitation to any society functions?” Ginny asked hoping that he would say yes.

“If I decide to attend any functions. I will let you know,” Harry replied wrapping his arm around her
waist pulling her closer to him. “Things will work out the way they should you’ll see?” Harry stated kissing her forehead. Ginny leaned into his body soaking in his scent.

Ginny hoped that he was right because at this point she didn’t understand her intense dislike for Teddy nor why she felt threaten by his relationship with Andromeda Tonks.

Ginny pushed her unsettling thoughts from her mind deciding to enjoy the time she had with him before he needed to leave.
Revelations

Chapter Summary

Harry learns more about wizarding customs....

Harry woke to the sun shining brightly through his bedroom floor to ceiling windows. He had spent his birthday having a quiet dinner with Andromeda much to the Weasley’s disappointment.

Mrs. Weasley had begun planning a party for him, but Harry talked her out of it but she still insisted on baking him a cake for his birthday which he readily accepted.

Ginny wasn’t pleased that he wouldn’t be spending his birthday at the Burrow and made her displeasure known by arguing with him every time he came to spend time with her.

(Flashback)

“Are you excited about your upcoming birthday?” Ginny asked as they sat under what she thought of as they’re tree down by the pond.

“I haven’t really thought about it really. I’m sure Andy has something planned but we haven’t discussed it.” Harry replied never once opening his eyes to look at her.

“I thought you would be spending the day here. Mum has started planning a party for you and everything. I’m sure everyone will come.” Ginny informed him.

“I would rather she didn’t. I don’t want a fuss made about my birthday. The party last year was more than I wanted. Your family has done enough for me.” Harry assured her. “I just want a quiet dinner at home maybe go out to the theater and watch a movie.”

“Anything that will keep you from spending time here,” Ginny stated with a sour expression pulling away from him.

“Let’s not do this Ginny,” Harry sighed it was becoming common occurrence every time he visited that Ginny would complain about how short his visits were or why he couldn’t find more time to spend with her.

“I just thought that we could spend your birthday together celebrating with our friends.” Ginny whined.

“We’ll see everyone in a couple of weeks. I’m sure your mum is planning a coming of age celebration for you. You only turn seventeen once after all.” Harry replied pulling her back in his arms.

“Your birthday is important as well,” She continued, “You have a lot to celebrate besides it will give people something else to think about instead of dwelling on their losses from the war.”

“That may be so but I don’t want a party,” Harry stated gently.

Ginny huffed in annoyance. Harry wouldn’t budge on the party idea. She knew if she could convince
him to have a party at the Burrow that she would be able to spend more time with him.

(End of flashback)

Harry laid thinking about the day ahead. He had a lot to accomplish and planned to spend the day shopping.

Harry opened the door to his walk in closet. On right side was his wizarding wardrobe and the left side had his muggle wardrobe. Harry thought back to his shopping trip in muggle world and smiled.

As he dressed he thought about Yolanis Elliston. She was very beautiful with glossy black hair that was naturally curly. Her skin was the color of rich caramel and her beautiful almond shaped greenish gray eyes were rather exotic for her complexion. She was average in height but her slim curvy frame drew both men and women attention to her.

Altamura was one of a chain of fashion boutiques her uncle owned through out Europe and the United States. They spent more than two hours in her shop before she accompanied him to other stores and helped him pick out enough clothing to complete his wardrobe. Harry was grateful for her assistance and thanked her by treating her dinner at her favorite restaurant.

Harry had a closet full of the latest fashion, from jeans to suits and anything in between. He owned more muggle shoes than he ever had in his life in various colors.

Today however he would be shopping in the magical world. Harry walked over getting a pair of dark gray pants with a white cotton shirt and matching dark gray over robes. He pulled black chinos from the box heading back into his bedroom he removed the towel from his waist before pulling on a pair of gray boxer briefs.

Yolanis had told him that they would be more comfortable then regular boxers and Harry had to agree they were very comfortable. He dressed quickly pushing the thought of his newest friend from his mind.

Harry walked down the cobbled street of Diagon Alley, a lot of the repairs had already been completed and shops were once again open for business. People were beginning to rebuild their lives and starting to live again without fear. There were repairs also being done in Hogsmead and at Hogwarts. Some muggle areas had suffered damages in death-eater attacks during the height of the war.

Even the goblins had suffered losses. Voldemort had left no one untouched. There were still numerous people unaccounted for after three months since the end of the war.

He was surprised that Gringotts had been repaired so quickly. The building still stood out like a beacon in the alley.

Harry found it disheartening that everyone still refused to speak the man’s name even after his defeat and death. Pushing the thoughts from his mind Harry made his way through the alley. “Maybe one day he would tell his story,” thought Harry but after brief consideration decided it was best left untold.

“Hey Harry what are you doing in the Alley?” Neville asked walking towards him. Neville was only ten minutes older than Harry with his time of birth being 11:58 pm on the 30th of July and Harry being born at 12:08am on the 31st of July.
“Hey mate, I’m looking for the furniture store,” Harry stated looking around at the shops in the area where they were standing.

“The best furniture shop would be Beyersdorf’s Furniture it’s located in Gaelemar Alley.” Neville explained. Harry looked confused he wasn’t aware of another alley besides Knockturn Alley which was not a place respectable wizard went.

“Gaelemar alley is located closer to Gringotts. Its not surprising you didn’t know about the alley Harry, you never had need of it,” Neville explained. “Gaelemar Alley caters to exclusive clientele.”

Harry nodded in understanding. He’d always come to Diagon Alley with the Weasley’s so he never would have noticed it. “What brings you to Diagon Alley today?” Harry asked as they headed back towards the bank.

“I have a meeting with Gringotts about my accounts. Maybe we can have lunch.” Neville suggested.

“Sure,” Harry agreed.

“Meet me at Akakios say around noon. I should be finished by then,” Neville responded, “It’s just up a little farther on the right from Beyersdorf’s.

Harry turned down the side alley as Neville continued on towards the bank. The shops looked expensive much like the fancy shops he saw in Switzerland

Gaelemar Alley catered to more exclusive clientele. Harry figured he never noticed the Alley because he didn’t have need of anything from its many shops. Magic was funny that way; it showed you things when you had need of it.

Harry entered Beyersdorf’s Furniture Store, it was a rather large establishment with a large show room floor that was sectioned off he saw setting room furniture, elegant pieces of formal dinning tables and chairs, Antique furniture that would be well placed in front parlors and bedroom sets as well as nicely crafted desk, arm chairs, wine cabinets and many other pieces of furniture as far as Harry could tell.

He was only looking around for a minute when he was approached by an older man. “Welcome to Beyersdorf’s how may I be of assistance today?” an older gentleman asked Harry at once.

“I just recently acquired two new properties that I must furnish and I was wondering if you might have a catalogue that I can order from? They are fairly large in size and it will take me quite a bit of time to get them adequately furnished.” Harry informed the man.

“Yes we do have a catalogue from which you can order from, you may also browse around the show room if you see any pieces here we can have those pieces set aside for you as well to be sent to you at a later time if you so wish it.” The man explained. “I will get you the catalog while you browse the selection here. We also can custom make something for you if there’s nothing here that you like.”

“I will keep that in mind when I begin ordering,” Harry stated as he walked away his attention drawn to where beds were set up on display. Harry walked around admiring the many pieces of finely crafted furniture but immediately fell in love with a large gothic style bed that was made of some kind of pale white wood with thick post in the carved in the center of both the headboard and the footboard was a gryphon with its wings spread.

There were matching nightstands with two drawers with gryphon drawer handles as well as matching burrows. Harry nodded at the attended, “I would like this entire set including the bed, nightstands and burrows in king-size.”
“Of course sir?” the man stated making note of the order falling back allowing him to pursue the other items in the store.

Harry continued through the items before finding a leather white sofa with a chaise and two arm chairs along with cocktail tables with cast iron gryphon bases. Harry simply nodded before moving on. After checking around the store picking out several other pieces Harry accepted the catalogue to order the rest before paying for his order with promises of future orders.

Harry filled out the necessary forms with the address to send the furniture to before handing over his card for payment. It wasn’t until he handed over his card that the man paled realizing who was in his store. “Forgive me Lord Potter-Black, I didn’t recognize you sir?” he profusely apologized.

“No apologies are necessary,” Harry assured him accepting his card back. “I hope however that discretion in this matter is handled appropriately.”

“Of course Lord Potter-Black, we keep our clients shopping matters private,” the older man assured him handing over the receipt of purchase.

Harry left the store heading quickly back out of the alley towards the building where the department of the control of magical creatures was located. The ministry departments were currently scattered through Diagon Alley because of the taint of dark magic permeating the ministry building.

Harry headed up the side stairs towards the door opening it he quickly headed to the correct door before entering sitting in one of the few chairs in the small waiting room.

Marietta Edgecombe entered the room and paused at seeing Harry Potter sitting there. She hadn’t quite gotten over the trauma of the hex Granger applied to the parchment for the DA. She had to suffer months before they were able to reverse the spell.

“Have you been waiting long?” She questioned taking her seat at her desk.

“Not really,” Harry answered, getting up from where he was sitting walking over to the front of her desk.

“What brings you to the department of control of magic creatures?” She asked going through the standard questions before she could send him to the correct department.

“I’m here to inquire about house elves. I’ve just acquired two new properties. I was told by the realtor to come here to apply for them.” Harry explained.

“If you would proceed to the third door down on the right, these forms will need to be filled out. Depending on the size of the property you may need quite a few.” Marietta informed him handing him the forms that needed completing.

“Thank you,” Harry replied heading towards the correct door. He was surprised to see her. He hadn’t thought much about her after she was booted out of the DA for squealing on them to Umbridge.

Once in the office Harry sat in one of the chairs along the wall on the small table were quills and small bottles of ink. Harry quickly filled out the forms noticing that she gave him to separate applications for each property.

It only took a few minutes before he was leaving the office. The house elves would arrive at each property. He would have to officially bind them before he could set them to cleaning the properties before furniture could be delivered and set up.
It was nearing time for him to meet Neville so he headed back towards Gringotts back where Neville was descending the stairs.

They walked in silence towards the restaurant. Akakios was an exclusive Italian restaurant that served superb food. Harry followed Neville through the door into the restaurant it was decorated in various shades of blue. There was dark blue carpeting covering the floors with dark wood tables and chairs with cream decorative fabric on the seating of the chairs. The walls were a pale blue with pictures of skillfully manufactured floral arrangements. The scones that decorated the wall were gold with candles burning in them lighting of the place.

They walked towards a female standing in a long navy blue skirt with a crisp white dress shirt with light blue over robes with the restaurant name embroidered on the left breast of the robe.

“How can I help you gentleman? Do you have a reservation?” the greeting witch asked the pair of them.

“Longbottom party of two,” Neville informed the woman with out pause. “This way sir your usual private dining room is available.”

Neville nodded his head in acceptance following the witch down a side hall towards the private dining areas.

Harry looked on in wonder he’d never seen Neville speak for eloquently. He was used to Neville being shy and unsure of himself but he guess everything changed after the war.

Once they were seated Neville ordered a bottle of white wine before bringing his attention back to Harry. “How are things with learning about your estate?” Neville questioned.

“Things are going a lot better than before,” Harry admitted, “It was a bit much to take at first you know.”

“I can imagine that things are difficult. I’m experiencing some of the same woes as you are. “My grandmother can be a brutal taskmaster.” Neville rebutted.

“Andromeda has been teaching me quite a bit. What she doesn’t know Gringotts are teaching me.” Harry explained.

The white wine was nicely chilled as Neville poured them both a glass. “What have you been up to?” Harry asked as he tasted the wine that Neville chose for the meal.

“I’ve been busy with my grandmother learning to run the estate before I leave for my apprenticeship.”

“Wouldn’t it be easier to just allow your grandmother to manage things while you’re in training?”

“In normal circumstances that would be the case but with my father being hospitalized my grand thinks its best I take control of everything. She hasn’t been at her best since the war. I think it may be a bit much for her to continue managing.” Neville replied as he picked up the menu ordering what he wanted. A steaming dish of orecchiette with mini chicken meatballs and simmered tomatoes, globs of mozzarella and a sprinkling of basil appeared in the plate before him.

Harry nodded in understanding before ordering his meal of shrimp scampi with linguini, the shrimp was sautéed with shallots, and then deglazes with lemon and white wine. The custom basket of freshly baked dinner rolls and a tray with honey butter appeared on the table between them.
“Did you finish all of your shopping?” Neville inquired taking a sip from his wine glass.

“I’ve accomplished all I can here in Diagon Alley. I have one more stop to make before I head home to collect Teddy from Andromeda.” Harry replied.

“Mind if I ask you something?” Harry inquired. “What’s this about?” Neville inquired wondering what was on his mind.

“Andromeda has me reading these old wizarding customs books and I ran across the subject of betrothals.” Harry stated with a thoughtful look on his face. “I was wondering if these practices still occur.”

“For the most part in old pureblood families betrothals still occur, even some half-blood families have entered into betrothal contracts in the past. Some families don’t however like the Weasley’s they don’t bother with them.” Neville stated taking another fork full of food.

“Does your family still use the practice?”

“Yes, my family still set up betrothal contracts. I’ve been betroth since I was a few months old.” Neville sighed.

“That has to be tough,” Harry stated as he picked up his glass of wine.

“Some times it can be but seeking contracts early it allows the two betroths more time to learn each other and form some sort of bond. My betroth and I are rather close.” Neville admitted.

“Well I’m glad that your situation turned out so well.” Harry replied raising his glass to Neville.

Leon’s (pronounced Lee’on’s) Essentials was fairly busy when Harry entered. Harry walked around undisturbed by other shoppers and was able to browse through the different types of parchment, quills and specialty inks that were sold.

Making a mental note of what he wanted Harry continued on towards the area where the quills were. There were several different styles of dictation quills, he was fairly certain he would need several of those in the coming months.

At the time of his first visit he hadn’t the time to really look around with meetings to attend to but he noticed the specialty counter in the back of the store.

Harry wandered further into the back of the store where the counter for special orders could be placed, walking over quickly he placed the picture on the counter drawing the man’s attention to him for the first time.

“How can I help you sir?” The man asked looking up from his magazine at him.

“I require this design to be made into four seals two a large and two small all of them should have this design and with this name. Looking briefly over the design; it would be an easily enough design to accomplish. “I can have both ready for you in a couple of hours?” the man replied, “will you be waiting for them or do you require they be shipped.”

“If it isn’t too much trouble I’m pressed for time shipping them would be better.” Harry replied.

The man quickly wrote out the order form before the pricing appeared on the form with the total
owed. “If you would fill out the bottom portion of this form I can have to seals sent to you by carrier once they have been finished. They will include the wax and the heating dish.”

Harry quickly filled out the bottom portion of the form before handing it back. The man cast a duplication spell on the form handing it back. “You can pay the attendant in the front after you have finished your shopping.”

Harry thanked the man before heading towards the front of the store retrieving a basket to get the remaining items he would need. Harry picked up blemished blue parchment with pinkish purple edges. He picked of everlast quills in with blending colors of blues and purples as well as white and grays. He picked of an assortment of inks in black, blue, purple and green.

He also picked up blue wax that would be used to seal official documents. He knew he would have to venture into the muggle world for the rest of things he would need making a mental note of what he still needed to buy he quickly picked up the other items before heading to the counter to pay.

Leaving the store Harry activated his return portkey home. It would be soon time for Andromeda to head to work and he wanted to be settled before than. Over all it was a day well spent.
Indiscretions

Chapter Summary

Ginny is faced with the realization that having fun can have lasting consequences.

“A Lover without discretion is no lover at all”: Thomas Hardy

The Burrow Ottery St Catchpole Devon England

“I have nothing to worry about,” she said to herself, as she paced the floor of her bedroom waiting the return of Ron’s owl Pig. If anyone could help her it would be Hermione.

“Hermione was always good with this sort of thing. She wasn’t the smartest witch of the age for nothing,” thought Ginny as she paced the floor of her bedroom.

She had been avoiding her parents as much as possible the last few weeks. Trying to keep her moods from spiraling out of control, Ginny didn’t know when she’d ever felt less in control than she did now. She jumped as a knock sounded at her bedroom door. Her nerves were on edge out of anticipation and pure dread.

“I’m fine mum,” she called out, fearing it was her mother at the door who she knew would begin asking too many questions about her odd behavior.

“It’s me,” Hermione whispered quietly through the door.

Ginny rushed over opening the door in sweat inducing relief, hurrying her best friend inside Ginny closed the door quickly behind Hermione to avoid drawing unwanted attention to the pair.

“What took you so long? I’ve been waiting ages.” Ginny complained, as Hermione passed her to sit on the bed near the open window.

“I came as soon as I could,” Hermione answered taking a seat on the bed, “I wasn’t exactly alone when your letter arrived.”

“Did you bring it?” Ginny whispered, afraid of being overheard by anyone in the hall near her room.

Hermione handed her a brown paper bag. “Are you going to tell me now what is going on and your reasons for having me buy a muggle pregnancy test?” Hermione asked.

“Shhh!” Ginny hushed her afraid someone would hear. “I messed up.”

“This could all be stress you know. It’s normal to miss your menses due to stress, Ginny, you may not even be pregnant,” Hermione explained trying to get her to calm down, “I mean with the war just ended a few months ago.”

Ginny wanted so much to believe her friend but the voice in the back of her mind kept telling her she already knew the answer.
“Let’s get this over with,” Ginny stated, sneaking from her room down stairs into the bathroom that was rarely used. Hermione followed her hoping Ginny was just overreacting and it was just a matter of stress and everything would return to normal once her body stress levels decreased.

“It should be straight forward,” Hermione assured her when she saw Ginny reading the instructions from where she was standing in front of the counter where the sink and mirror were located in the small bathroom.

Letting out a shaky breath Ginny held the stick of the test in her urine stream before capping it placing it faced up on the back of the toilet bowl, discarding the wrapper inside the applicator box.

“What is taking it so long?” Ginny asked in worried frustration.

“You’ve only just done it. It’s gonna take a few minutes for it to work properly,” Hermione advised, trying to ease Ginny’s worry. The pair sat in an uneasy silence, both lost in their own thoughts.

“It should be time now,” Hermione advised looking down at her watch. Ginny sat scared, not moving to get the results.

“Can you?” she asked, her voice trembling, her eyes already filling with unshed tears.

Hermione could see apprehension her Ginny’s frame as she walked over picking up the small applicator looking at the small window at the results, closing her eyes. “I’m sorry Ginny the test is positive.” She informed her pale friend.

Tears fell unhindered down Ginny’s face. She didn’t know what she was going to do. “Mom and Dad are going to kill me. I knew, I knew and I didn’t want to listen. I went against everything my family believed in. I thought them sexist and stupid. I thought I could do what I wanted without anyone finding out. You know have some fun for change,” Ginny stated ringing her hands nervously.

“They were so happy when he asked me out,” Ginny continued.

“Ginny that’s great to have your parent’s approval, but what do you want,” Hermione asked.

“I do want to be with Harry, I’ve been dreaming of marrying him since I was little and first heard the stories,” Ginny exclaimed.

Hermione looked worried; she thought Ginny had gotten over her childhood crush on The–Boy-Who-Lived. But it was still there clear as day.

“Would Harry ever find someone to love him for the person he is and not his scar,” Hermione wondered.

“Look Ginny lets go outside for a bit. I hate to have us overheard,” Hermione suggested banishing the test applicator as well as the brown paper bag.

Ginny agreed; washing her face to clear away some of the blotchiness before following her best friend out of the bathroom.

The kitchen was empty when they passed through the house heading towards the front door. Ginny wasn’t sure where her mother was at the moment but was glad to avoid being seen at the moment. Her mother had become even more protective since Fred’s death.

Ginny wrote a quick note as to not worry her mother about her disappearance from the house. It was
quite a lovely day out it wasn’t nearly as hot as it was the day before a cool breeze was blowing. Ginny thought it was perfect weather to spend at the pond swimming or even having a pickup game of quidditch.

Quidditch hadn’t been mentioned in the house since Fred’s death. George was rarely seen now since he moved out. He’s sharing the apartment over the shop with his best friend Lee Jordan, much to her mum’s displeasure.

Ron was also helping George with getting the repairs completed so that he could begin restocking the shells of the store and reopen for business. He would tell her parents about the work they were doing and how long it might be before George was ready to reopen.

The pair walked down the well known path from the burrow towards the pond. The pair walked in silence both thinking of Ginny’s situation.

“Where were you exactly when “Pig” arrived with my letter?” Ginny asked curious as to what Hermione was doing now that the war was over.

“I was in Diagon Alley picking up some books for review Kingsley arranged for me to take my newts in France in a few weeks and I want to be prepared.” Hermione informed her friend.

“I thought we would be spending another year at Hogwarts together,” Ginny sighed; she didn’t even know if she would be allowed to continue at Hogwarts now that her pregnancy was confirmed.

Hermione remembered the terrible row the pair had before Bill’s wedding because Harry desperately wanted to end their relationship to protect Ginny when he was forced to spend the year away from Hogwarts to search for horcruxes. Ginny wouldn’t hear of it. Ginny had stormed away refusing to listen to what he had to say and the pair hadn’t made a final decision when the death eaters attacked the wedding reception and they were forced to flee.

Harry and Ginny Hadn’t spent much time together since his release from Saint Mungo’s due to his taking over as head of his family and helping with the rebuilding project. Hermione hoped now that with Ginny being pregnant that Harry would make more time for her pregnant friend.

She was bought out of her thoughts when Ginny began talking as they walked down the familiar path towards the pond that wasn’t too far from the house.

“I don’t know if you heard about Dean’s stepsister?” Ginny said as they begin walking along side the house towards the path.

“No, what about her,” Hermione asked.

“Well it was during six year when Dean and I were dating. He was telling Seamus about his stepsister falling pregnant by some older boy his step father had forbidden her to see. Dean said his stepfather was furious and that he forced his sister to get rid of the baby.” Ginny stated quickly.

“Please tell me you aren’t thinking of aborting your baby?” Hermione questioned horrified at the thought of killing an innocent life.

“I can’t have a baby Hermione! I haven’t finished my last year of school yet. I still have my whole life ahead of me. My goals in life doesn’t include being pregnant at 17 with no way of properly
caring for a child besides how can I play quidditch if I’m a single parent. Can you imagine what my mom would say?” Ginny sighed wanting this all to be a dream. Although her stomach was already rounded; she was simply drowning in a sea of denial for the past month.

“You can’t!” Hermione hissed in her know-it-all-voice, “abortion is illegal in the wizarding world you know that. You could go to prison if you’re caught.”

“Its simple we go to a muggle clinic,” Ginny stated as if it were the obvious answer. “My parents won’t ever have to know and this mess can be a distant memory.”

“Even in the muggle world, abortions are only done if you are under 12 weeks. Anything over you would have to carry the child to term and besides abortion procedures aren’t free,” Hermione explained to her friend. “I’m sure if you talked to Harry he’s going to do the right thing. He cares about you Ginny. When was the last time you and Harry had unprotected sex?”

“That’s the problem Hermione, this baby isn’t Harry’s,” Ginny stated, stunning Hermione into silence. “We’ve never.”

Hermione didn’t know if she could handle this, Ginny had cheated on Harry. “Ginny I think you should talk to your parents about this.” Hermione was worried that Ginny would do anything to keep Harry even if it meant lying to him.

“Are you crazy? Dad will disown me. He’s not exactly the kind of guy my parents would want me dating,” Ginny stated clearly irritated at her best friend.

“I tried Hermione I really did, but Harry wouldn’t hear of it. He always back off before things could get too far.”

“He was honoring your family traditions,”Hermione stated her expression one of disbelief, that Ginny would try to blame Harry for her being pregnant.

“I know, alright,” Ginny sighed sadly. “It happened after the argument Harry and I had. I wanted to have a normal teenage life you know. None of the other guys I dated were puritanical has Harry was being.”

“What argument?” Hermione questioned confused.

“It was a bit after Harry and I started dating,” Ginny replied, “It was during the time right after we starting dating that we weren’t really getting along.”

“Have you ever thought that maybe he wasn’t ready to take your relationship to the next level?” Hermione questioned.

“What guy isn’t interested in feeling up a girl? He wouldn’t do anything more than kissing before he would pull away. Can you imagine how frustrating that is?” Ginny asked. “Merlin Hermione, I didn’t intentionally set out to cheat on Harry. Things just happened. I was just so angry at the time. He wasn’t listening to what I wanted he just kept telling me we shouldn’t so I left him in the room of requirement.”

“It doesn’t seem like you were listening to what he wanted either Ginny,” Hermione couldn’t help but point out.

“How am I supposed to know what he wants; if he doesn’t tell me? All he ever does is keep pushing me away.” Ginny sighed feeling defeated,
“He found me in an unused classroom where I had been for a while. He didn’t say much just sat there and listened, I mean really listened. No one has ever listened to how I felt, what I wanted; I’m always treated as if I’m too young to know what I want. He didn’t say anything but I could feel that he understood. When he kissed me if was like nothing else mattered. It wasn’t like the kisses I shared with Harry.”

“You slept with Malfoy, because of an argument? Merlin Ginny couldn’t you have picked someone he didn’t hate?” Hermione asked horrified by the thought of Ginny betraying Harry with Malfoy.

She was startled out of her thoughts by Ginny’s laughter. “You think, you think, ha, ha, ha, that I would have sex with that ferret. Even I’m not that stupid.”

Hermione let out a breath of relief.

“Not that my choice was any better she added staring out at the pond in front of her.” Ginny informed her.

“You used both of them,” Hermione stated in disappointment. She never thought Ginny to be selfish or uncaring.

“Blaise wasn’t bothered. He knew of my feelings for Harry,” Ginny snapped back. “Besides I’m sure he’s betroth to some stuck up social light pureblood witch of proper breeding. We were just having a bit of fun.”

“That doesn’t make it right Ginny, now I understand the knowing smirks he used to give Harry,” Hermione stated.

“A bit hypocritical of you to judge me don’t you think?” Ginny replied.

“That’s different!” Hermione defended.

“How is your being in a relationship with Snape for last two years any different then my being with Blaise?” Ginny questioned feeling vindicated in reminding Hermione that she was keeping secrets too.

“I’m not deceiving anyone Ginny,” Hermione stated in exasperation.

“So Ron and Harry know that you were screwing around with Snape? Snape who is known to be cruel and sadistic as well has verbally abusive to you calling you an insufferable know-it-all for years; not to mention, the very same man, who has made Harry’s life a living hell at Hogwarts every year?” Ginny asked.

Hermione body tensed at being reminded of Snape’s former behavior towards her. Yes the man could be cruel and had a tongue that could cut you deeply and leave emotional scars but they were beyond that now. She knew Severus Snape beyond what Ginny and many people in the wizarding world saw.

“No, that is not what I meant and you know it,” Hermione stated in indignation. “I’m not claiming to be in love with someone and having an intimate relationship with another person.”

“I’m not in a relationship with neither your brother nor Harry sure they may not understand why I’m seeing Severus but I’m not deceiving them through lies.” Hermione stated.

“No you’re just lying by omission,” Ginny pressed further; “You know that Harry and Ron would have a lot to say about you being with Snape and they wouldn’t agree with it. Merlin’s sake they
probably would be very upset by it. Especially Ron with the way you harped on anyone bout about breaking school rules. How could you Hermione Granger the epitome of following rules, tell her friends that she’s having an inappropriate relationship with their most hated professor.” Ginny hissed back. “So spare me your indignation on my lapse in judgment. Are you going to help me or not?” her arms crossed in agitation.

Hermione looked at her friend clearly ready to refuse her help with her attitude; letting out the breath she was holding to calm her own temper. She was not about to justify her relationship to Ginny. She knew that Harry and Ron would probably be mad but they would allow her to explain how her relationship developed with their former professor.

“Please tell you weren’t cheating the whole time we on the run?” Hermione questioned, hoping Ginny would tell her no.

Ginny’s expression told her everything she needed to know. She doubted Ginny was even worried over their safety while they were away. She was preoccupied with sexual dalliances at Hogwarts.

That wasn’t comforting at all for Hermione. Ginny had cheated on multiple occasions with Zabini. Hermione was finding it hard to believe that Ginny was feeling remorseful at all and wondered if she hadn’t became pregnant if she would have ever mentioned this to her; letting out an breath in annoyance at the situation Hermione asked “When was the last time you had unprotected sex with Zabini?”

“The night of the final battle, it was before you all arrived in the castle actually. I was just leaving from with Blaise when I heard the news of Harry being sighted in Hogsmeade. I was just coming to get everyone for the meeting in the great hall.” Ginny explained, “That’s where I was coming from when I came into the room of requirement after you three had arrived.”

“As if this situation couldn’t get any worse,” thought Hermione. “Okay that would make your last sexual encounter with Zabini on May 2nd which would make you….”

Hermione calculated the weeks in her head, “I’m sorry Ginny, if that’s true you won’t be able to hide this. You are over the aborting stage for the muggle world. You’re going to have to tell your parents about this,” Hermione advised getting up from where she was sitting.

“I’m surprised however that you aren’t beginning to show,” Hermione stated more than asked.

“I’ve been wearing glamour” Ginny stated, revealing for the first time her rounding stomach.

“How are you able to do magic outside of school? It’s forbidden for under aged witches and wizards.” Hermione questioned.

“The ministry can’t detect who is doing magic in magical households. They expect the parents to monitor their children’s magic use.” Ginny replied as if it were obvious.

“Now I really must be going. I will see you at your coming of age celebration,” Hermione informed her. “I suggest that you speak with Blaise; he does have a right to know he fathered a child, then your parents,” Hermione offered, watching her friend sadly. Ginny closed her eyes feeling as if her world had come to an end.

“Thanks for coming,” Ginny said as an after thought. She didn’t want to seem ungrateful for Hermione’s help even when there wasn’t much that could be done. She did bring her the test.

“I’m glad that I could help,” Hermione assured her, “Don’t worry Ginny things will work out for the
best.”

Ginny sighed as the pair walked back towards the house. She wasn’t looking forward to her family’s reaction to her pregnancy in fact she was dreading it more than she was informing Blaise.

Ginny didn’t understand why these things always happened to her but then again when was her life ever simple. Ginny gave a final wave to Hermione as she headed towards the edge of the wards before entering the house.

All the while wondering what’s the worse that could happen?
Ginny felt miserable when she woke. Her eyes were puffy from the amount of crying she had done the days following the test results. She still hadn’t spoken with her parents about her pregnancy. The very thought of doing so tied her stomach in knots and made her feel nauseated.

She had gone through several ink erase spells as well as drying spells on the parchment to write Blaise about their current predicament because that’s what she saw it as. She was hoping the slytherin had a way to get them both out of this mess they’d created for themselves.

Grabbing her robe she headed into the downstairs bathroom to shower. She could hear everyone was already awake and waiting for her to appear. Stepping from the tub she wrapped the robe around her, before using a towel to dry her hair as she stood in front of the mirror.

Ginny feared what her family would say about her pregnancy. She dreaded seeing the disappointed expression on her parent’s faces when they found out. Her mother especially, Margaret Prewett Weasley had much to say about girls who were loose and did things that were shame to their families. She remember sitting through the sex talk with her parents about abstaining from sex and knew their stance on the issue.

Returning to her room, Ginny found a wrapped box on her bed; picking it up she couldn’t help but smile; removing the card with the words, “I saw this and thought of you.” She smiled at the thought of Blaise sending her a birthday gift. Even in the midst of her troubles she loved receiving gifts.

Opening the box she found an outfit, she could tell by the feel of the material it was expensive. Pulling everything out, she found a deep burgundy ankle length wrap skirt, tan and burgundy stripped top that would fit loosely around her and a tan summer sleeveless summer over robe. Laying the new outfit on her bed to wear later Ginny dressed in blue jeans and a red t-shirt heading down to have breakfast with her family.

Ginny entered the kitchen pasting on a fake smile for her family although she felt like crying as they shouted out “Happy Birthday” taking her place at the table, her mother placed a plate with a stack of pancakes in front of her with a candle inside. She smiled in thanks that didn’t quite reach her eyes.

After blowing out the candle they resumed breakfast as usual. Bill looked at his youngest sibling. There was something different about her, but he couldn’t figure out what. Her scent had changed, this bothered Bill more than he thought possible.

After breakfast Ginny return to her room without much fuss trying to get her mind off her impending doom. She worried about how Harry would react, whether or not he would understand and if they would still get married or even be together after she informed everyone of the baby. She hoped that he wouldn’t allow what she did with Blaise to come between them. She knew that her parents were going to be displeased with her. She just hoped that they would still be there for her.
Blaise seem to take the news fairly well. She had expected him to be angry but he assured her that he would look into what could be done and let her know. Ginny was hoping he would find out soon. She wondered “How could everything have gone so wrong?” She honestly thought that Harry wouldn’t have needed to know about Blaise that it could have been just one of those things in your past that wasn’t shared. She was sure things happened while he was away that he wouldn’t share with her not that she thought he did anything untoward with Hermione or her brother.

She didn’t think Blaise would make a big deal out of it coming from a pureblood family the worse he could do is request custody of the child; a fact which Ginny couldn’t be bothered by. She was sure he was probably already in a betrothal contract with someone else by now and schedule to be married in some fancy high society bonding ceremony. She would gladly give up the baby if it meant she and Harry could be together. Sure she knew her parents would be upset that she would willingly abandon her baby to his/her father but Ginny would do anything to be with Harry.

(Later that day)

Hermione arrived at the burrow early afternoon to help Mrs. Weasley set things up for Ginny’s coming of age celebration. Bill and Charlie had already set up the many white tables and chairs out as well as the portable dance floor that was rented. Mr. and Mrs. Weasley had made sure to invite all of Ginny’s friends from school.

“Hello Hermione Dear you’re right on time,” Molly greeted her when she entered the kitchen.

“Afternoon Mrs. Weasley,” Hermione replied, “I see you’ve put the boys to work outside.”

“Yes, if you would be a dear and take that box there outside and spell the table clothes onto the tables for me,” Molly requested.

“Of course Mrs. Weasley,” Hermione replied picking up the box of pale green table cloths heading back out the door.

Hermione noticed upon exiting the house the garden appeared to have an expansion charm on it; heading towards the tables Hermione made quick work of spelling the table cloths on the tables before placing the glass vases in the center conjuring teal and pale green daisies dropping them in the vase before moving to the next table to do the same.

The portable dance floor was already set up it was pale green and white marble on the back edge stood three long tables. Hermione assumed they would be for food because there were several dishes already out under preservation charms. Harry had gone all out for Ginny’s coming of age and he even hired a squib to play for her coming of age celebration.

After setting up the gift table Hermione headed inside to help Ginny get dressed as people had already started arriving. Knocking on the bedroom door before entering Hermione found Ginny already dressed in an ankle length burgundy wrap skirt with a tan and burgundy striped shirt that flowed around her body and tan shoes on her feet, the tan over robe still lay on the bed.

“You look beautiful,” Hermione stated walking over to her friend.

“Blaise has wonderful taste,” Ginny said with a laugh before turning to look at her friend.

Hermione cleared her throat uncomfortable with the turn in the conversation. She didn’t like the thought of Ginny wearing a gift from her lover to a coming of age celebration her boy friend was throwing for her.

“So you think that wise Ginny?” Hermione questioned.
“It’s a gift Hermione, he’s a friend. It would have been rude for me to turn down a gift from my child’s father. As I’m going to be dealing with him in matters of this child’s pending birth and care. I thought it prudent I play nice.” Ginny informed her friend dropping the matter.

Ginny turned back to the mirror picking up the brush to detangle her hair. Grabbing the brush from her hand Hermione used smoothed even strokes through her hair before spelling it into a French braid with gold ribbon through out it that fell to the middle of her back. Noticing the dark rings under her eyes, Hermione sighed “this won’t do at all.”

Opening her purse removing her muggle cosmetics Hermione applied a light amount of foundation to her face before penciling her eyes, applying mascara and eye shadow.

“Much better,” Hermione stated, putting away her things. “Now your guest awaits Madame,” she stated in a posh accent causing Ginny to burst into giggles.

Hermione always knew how to make her feel better. Ginny pulled on the tan over her clothes fastening the gold clasp just below her breast leaving the material to flow around her form. The pair headed outside into the garden where the party was full swing. The surviving order members were all at tables near her parents.

Her thoughts went to Fred, she wish he was there to help her celebrate her coming of age. Things hadn’t been the same since his death. George even seemed different without his other half. Pushing the depressing thoughts from her mind she greeted her friends.

It appeared that everyone in her year were there except for the slytherins of course. There were more Gryffindors; even students that graduated when she was just a first year who knew her were there to help her celebrate.

Oliver Wood, who had graduated in her second year, was there with his husband her brother Percy. The git, he had finally gotten his head out of his ass and apologized to their parents for being wrong for siding with Fudge. Not only did he drop his secret marriage in their laps but a two year old son as Well Ignatius Percival Wood. Her mother was practically giddy with excitement about being a grandmother. Ginny could hurl at her mother’s enthusiasm.

Ginny wasn’t ready to forgive her brother’s betrayal. He’d hurt her Dad and turned on the family. Disowned himself as if he were ashamed to be a Weasley, she was angry that they allowed him to come back so easily. She was angrier that he had the nerve to do this on her coming of age celebration taking the attention away from her.

Even Charlie had surprised them all by coming home with a date. They were all so sure that Charlie was too in love with dragons to fall in love with a witch or wizard. But apparently they were all wrong.

Cormac McLaggen was in Gryffindor and a total toe-rag, with a superior attitude much like Malfoy who thinks he knows everything there is to know about everything when he tried out for the gryffindor quidditch team. Ron disliked him something awful and took offense that Charlie was dating him; even if he was a former Gryffindor. Ginny thought her brother was confounded personally surely Charlie saw that Cormac wasn’t all that interesting.

“What are you doing here?” Luna stated, hugging her best friend.

“What are you doing here?” Ginny said in excitement “I thought you and your father were spending the summer in Spain?” Ginny asked surprised at seeing Luna at her party.
“We did but I ask to return early I couldn’t miss your birthday,” Luna replied with a smile.

“Oh you didn’t have to do that,” Ginny stated, hugging her “but I’m glad that my two best friends are here with me.”

“Spain is beautiful as always,” Luna assure her, “I will have plenty of time to visit again next summer.”

“Where’s Hermione?” Luna questioned.

“She’s helping mom with something,” Ginny sighed walking with Luna around the yard greeting their other friends as they passed. She was really excited about the turn out of people who came to help her celebrate her coming of age.

***HP***HP***HP***

About an hour into the party Ginny stood talking to a couple of Ravenclaws when she was hugged from behind.

“How’s my favorite girl?” Harry asked kissing her cheek; Ginny smiled her eyes brighten at seeing him.

The music was playing loudly and many people were standing around talking while others were on the dance floor dancing. The tables were filled with people talking and laughing with each other having a good time.

“I didn’t think you were going to make it,” she stated returning his hug.

“I would never miss your important day.” Harry stated with a wink.

She hadn’t seen much of him since he got out of the hospital and had often complained. Harry had been busy since the end of the war with rebuilding Hogwarts and learning what he needed to know about managing his inheritance and all that came with being the Lord and when Andromeda returned to work he had been busy with raising his godson Teddy. Ginny couldn’t help but resent the fact a baby was taking Harry’s attention away from her.

“Save a dance for me,” Harry said kissing her cheek before walking away.

“Sure!” she smiled, watching as him walk off in the direction of where her brother Ron was standing talking with Dean and Seamus.

Her eyes roamed his attire. He was once again dressed in his Lord attire. Ginny felt uncomfortable when he dressed like that. It made her feel below him somehow as if she wasn’t good enough.

Today he was dressed in black tailored slacks with a black tailored shirt and navy blue over robes with silver fastenings with fitted sleeves. His hair today however was loose around his shoulders and seemed a lot more manageable long then it was when it was shorter.

She knew Ron would notice it as well and wouldn’t react well to it. She hoped her brother wouldn’t cause a seen.

“Hey Harry,” Ron stated hugging his friend stepping back allowing their other friends to greet him. He stiffened when he noticed his attire. “Why are you dressed like that mate?”

“Not this again Ron?” Harry sighed he was tired of explaining what he wore to Ron.
“Really Ron what is wrong with you?” Hermione questioned hugging Harry in greeting. “Hello Harry”

“Hey Mione, how are things with you?” Harry questioned trying to head off an argument between his two best friends.

“I’m alright,” Hermione informed him.

“Where did you go off too Mione?” Ron questioned.

“You mom needed help putting the rest of the food out.” Hermione informed him bringing his attention to the food table that was filled with various dishes of Mrs. Weasley’s excellent cooking.

“I say we grab ourselves a plate of food and get a table so that we can all catch up?” Ron suggested leading his friends over to the large table that had been set up that was filled with food.

Harry agreed following his friends towards the food table fixing a plate of food. Harry’s plate was barely filled when he returned to table, unlike Ron who had two plates filled with food. Harry never understood Ron’s unhealthy appetite.

He understood being hungry but Ron’s stomach seemed to be a bottomless pit.

Ron, Harry and Hermione joined Neville, Seamus, Dean and Luna at there table and were soon joined by Ginny once she fixed herself a plate of food.

“What have you been up to Harry?” Dean asked, slapping Seamus hand away from his buttered dinner roll.

Seven years of living with a person you learned their habits and Seamus had the habit of stealing food from off people’s plates.

“Well since Pomfrey released me from the Saint Mungos I’ve been in various meetings with Gringotts, attending various death-eater trials because of subpoenas by the ministry, and helping with the rebuild at Hogwarts. By the way I’m surprised I haven’t seen you or Seamus there,” said Harry. “Professor McGonagall could use some more hands. She wants to get Hogwarts repaired as soon as possible to reopen.”

“Estate?” Dean question further, not understanding what he needed to do.

“Yeah, I inherited my parents and godfather’s family estate. I’m now the family’s head apparently there is a lot to do when you are the Lord.” Harry replied, taking a drink from a bottle of butter-beer. “With all the confusion at the time of my coming of age with the war; Gringotts wasn’t able to reach me about my inheritance so I’ve been busy trying to learn how to run my estate.” Harry explained further.

“I know I will probably need to hire business manager to help manage things not to mention and law wizard.” Harry added.

“Are you planning to take your family seats on the Wizengamot?” Neville questioned. “I know your father has one and same with your godfather. You being the head of both families I assume you at the very least have inherited seats.”

“Grand wants me to take over as head of my family as well. I will be attending the next Wizengamot session” Neville informed him.
“Yes I will be doing that as well, Andromeda has me studying the laws as well as researching the current Wizengamot members. She thinks I should know a bit of history on the voting families and their beliefs as well as what their standing is in the Wizengamot.” Harry informed Neville.

“My Grand has me doing the same,” Neville replied. “Maybe you should come over and we can bounce ideas off of each other.”

“Sure!” Harry replied liking the idea of having someone to talk to about the people he was researching. Andromeda was nice to talk to but sometimes it helped to have someone his own age to talk to that could relate to what he was feeling.

Ron sat quietly with his head down, his face held a sour expression. He hated being reminded that his family didn’t have much money. This however did not go unnoticed by his friends. Neville looked at Ron with a knowing expression. He knew Ron was always jealous of Harry; of anyone who had money. He’d hope that Ron would have gotten over his issues with money since the war and losing so many people but he guess he was wrong.

A look of jealousy passed over Ron’s face he didn’t like the thought of Harry hanging around Neville. Harry was his best friend after all.

“What would Harry need to have around forgetful Neville for,” were the thoughts going through Ron’s mind.

“I heard me mum and da talking about some of the trials reported in the paper.” Seamus informed his friends. “I can’t believe the Malfoy’s got off though.”

Dean didn’t say much, he remembered being transported to Malfoy manor by snatchers in the early part of January. He didn’t speak about his time in the dungeons to anyone. Draco Malfoy might have been a right git to them in school but he wasn’t cruel to them even when Bellatrix ordered him to curse them he refused. He even made sure they were fed. He couldn’t free them but he tried to keep attention off of them as much as possible.

“Bloody gits,” Ron hissed, “They probably bought their way out. Lucius Malfoy surely has enough money to grease the right palms to get them to vote in his favor.

Harry remained silent he wouldn’t tell his friends that the Malfoy’s were free because of him. He spoke for them, even when he didn’t have too. Harry had felt pained when he found out that Narcissa Malfoy hadn’t survived the final battle. In his eyes she was a true hero. She directly defied Voldemort no so much to protect Harry but because she loved her son more than her loyalty to Voldemort. He killed her for her treachery but Harry couldn’t help but admire her courage when it was uncertain how things would turn out. She acted as any mother would and Harry felt he owed to her to keep her family together even if she wasn’t alive to see it.

“I hope you aren’t planning to speak for that greasy git after what he did to Dumbledore” Ron stated simply drinking from his glass of butter beer.

“I haven’t been notified of Professor Snape’s trial if that is what you are asking Ron,” Harry replied taking another mouth full of food. “Besides its prejudices like this that keeps our world divided. There were many lives loss on both sides, Ron. If we aren’t willing to look beyond anyone’s flaws we will continue to be divided.”

Hermione tensed at Ron’s bitter tone speaking about Snape. She was planning to speak with them about her relationship with Severus but Ron’s attitude had just made it harder to do so.
“You think we should be forgiving to death-eaters? When they are responsible for all the lives taken.” Ron questioned with a frown on his face.

“I’m saying that its bigotry that keeps discord functioning. We can’t lump everyone in the same category. It’s just like at Hogwarts with the division between the houses. I’m all for being proud of the house you are sorted into but it’s wrong how the slytherins were alienated from the rest of the school just because of some age old wives tale that no one truly knows what happen they are just speculating. We are all guilty of it; just because they were in slytherin they are assumed to be dark wizards. What child truly knows what they want to be when they are that young? Children that age want to be a super hero not a dark lord.” Harry said with exasperation.

“What have you all been doing since the war ended?” Harry asked looking around the table at his friends wanting to get away from the conversation of the death-eater trials.

Ron took this as an opportunity to bring Harry’s attention to himself.

“The Falmouth Falcons are having open tryouts in a couple of weeks. They have a few positions open.” Ron stated with excitement clearly in his voice.

Everyone around the table smiled except Hermione. She hoped that Ron would find a more realistic profession that wouldn’t result in his possible death.

“What about your newts?” Hermione questioned her friend.

“I’ve accepted the honorary newts from the ministry.” Ron stated with a smile.

“What about you Harry you didn’t accept honorary newts did you?” Hermione asked.

“No, I didn’t accept honorary newts but I won’t be returning to Hogwarts.” Harry stated.

“You can’t be planning to not finish school,” Hermione hissed at her friend.

“I didn’t say I wasn’t going to sit my newts. I said I wasn’t returning to Hogwarts,” Harry replied.

“I’m set to take my end of year exams this coming week and upon the results have been accepted to attend a wizarding university in Ireland.” Seamus replied.

“That’s really great Seamus,” Hermione stated. She was happy that at least one of her friends were thinking more level headed. She hoped that Harry wouldn’t be tempted to try out for a quidditch team. Merlin only knew how many teams would be after him if he did.

Dean looked thoughtful for a moment taking in what his friends planned to do with their future. “I have already gotten my GCE and plan to do independent study so that I can sit my newts by the end of the year.”

“GCE what’s that?” Ron questioned.

“It’s what muggles get when they complete their secondary education Ron; it stands for general certificate of education advanced level.” Hermione informed him in her know it all voice.

“What will you do after newts?” Seamus questioned his best friend. “I know you love art and all but I didn’t think you wanted to paint for a living.

Dean laughed, “Of course not, I will be attending muggle university to get my degree in psychology and human services.”
“What about you Hermione what do you have planned?” Ron questioned.

“I’ve already registered to sit my newts in France in a couple of weeks and upon satisfactory newts and I will be accepted into the legal program at the Wizarding University in France,” Hermione explained.

“I’ve already sat my newts and have been accepted into The Conservatory of Herbology in Italy,” Neville informed them.

“What about you Luna?” Neville asked.

“Well I’ve already taken my newts as well while in Spain and I’m in the process of starting my own magazine. I hope to get my first edition at the beginning of the New Year,” Luna informed her friends.

“Wow, Luna that great,” Ginny said with a smile. She was sort of envious of her friends because they already had plans for their future. She didn’t know what her future held for her.

“What about you Ginny?” Seamus asked curious as to what the youngest Weasley sibling was planning for her future.

“Mom wants me to return to Hogwarts to complete my final year. I’m not ready to sit my newts but Bill as offered to tutor me to see if I can sit them before the end of the year.” Ginny couldn’t see returning to Hogwarts after Fred died there.

“Other than that I hope to try out for the Holyhead Harpies,” Ginny stated after washing the food she eaten down with pumpkin juice.

Ginny held back the sigh wanting to escape her lips. She dreaded speaking with her parents about her pregnancy. She hoped that they would be understanding and supportive of her mistake.

Harry noticed that she looked sad and wondered what could be bothering her on the very day that she should be on top of the world.

“Ginny are you alright?” he asked.

Ginny looked up from her plate where she was dragging her fork through her pasta salad. “Yeah Harry I’m fine, why do you asked?” she questioned.

“You seem down,” he stated simply taking a drink from his bottle of butter beer.

***HP***

Blaise appeared at the coordinates he was given in Ginny’s letter with a large bouquet of pale pink roses in his hand. The first thing he noticed when he arrived was the odd misshapen house.

He was dressed in dark gray tailored pants with a matching shirt with charcoal gray tailored robes over robes with matching shoes. His back hair was tapered and pulled back into a clip at the back of his neck.

The large yard was decorated in pale green and white with a large with piece of slate that Blaise assumed was used as a dance floor. He knew the amount of money alone spent on the decorations probably put the family in debt for months.

What he assumed to be muggle music was being played loudly as people danced around the yard
Blaise gazed around the yard noticing people had broken off into groups talking; some were dancing while others were eating.

He spotted Ginny sitting at a table with her brother who was known for his quick temper, the mudbloods Granger and Thomas, Looney Lovegood, Finnegan and forgetful Longbottom.

But Blaise couldn’t help but smirk at the picture of homesome goodness that made up Ginny and the wizarding world’s savior The-Boy-Who-Lived.

Blaise walked up the path and into the garden where everyone sat. Ron was the first to notice him.

“What are you doing here?” he asked, standing from the table his face quickly becoming red with anger his wand already in his hand.

“I happened to be invited Weasley,” Blaise stated, walking over handing a bouquet of pale pink roses to Ginny kissing her briefly on the cheek in greeting as Harry watched from his place beside her.

“Is this true Ginny?” Harry asked.

“I can explain,” she stated, standing up from the table.

“This I’ve got to hear,” Ron stated his arms crossed; in his mind no reason was good enough to invite a cold blooded slytherin to their home.

“Blaise and I are friends.” Ginny advised.

Hermione snorted at this. Ginny gave her friend an evil look. Harry’s heart started beating harshly in his chest, his mind racing with thoughts of why Ginny would be friends with Zabini. She always made out that she hated the slytherins.

“I can be friends with whom ever I choose Ron Weasley,” Ginny hissed.

Luna could see that this was going to end badly. She’d often wished the things she saw didn’t come to light and was saddened to see them happen to her friends.

“He’s a slytherin Ginny,” Ron stated, as it if should be obvious why she shouldn’t be friends with him.

“What does what house he was in matter; he’s not at Hogwarts anymore. He unlike you has already sat his newts. Merlin, grow up Ron and stop being such a prat.” Ginny argued.

“You’re dating Harry; you shouldn’t be having other guys bringing you flowers. That’s just not right Ginny; you’re looking like some kind of scarlet woman,” Ron snapped.

“Merlin you’re such a git,” Ginny stated storming away from them with tears in her eyes.

“You can be so insensitive at times,” Hermione snapped, hitting him in the back of his head before walking off following Ginny.

“What did you do that for?” Ron stated, rubbing the back of his head; before he stormed off following his sister and Hermione.

Ginny reached her parents upset with the way things were turning out.
“What’s the matter dear?” Molly asked, her youngest child.

“Mom make Ron stop he’s ruining everything.” she cried into her mother’s shoulder. Her emotions finally getting the better of her.

Harry stood confused. Blaise smirked, so the boy wonder doesn’t know yet, even better he thought. Blaise wondered how the boy wonder would take it. Blaise found pleasure in knowing that he was the first to slide his cock into the Weasley chit hot little pussy.

“I wonder if he will cry” Blaise thought to him self smirking.

Harry walked towards Hermione as she continued to fuss about Ron’s immature behavior. This brought the attention of the rest of the Weasley siblings. Bill, Charlie, Percy and George soon joined them.

“What seems to be the problem?” George asked.

“There is no problem Weasley,” Blaise stated when he reached the arguing duo, looking down on them as if they were something nasty on the bottom of his shoe.

“He’s a guest of Ginny’s,” Hermione offered.

“Why would Ginny invite another guy to her birthday party when she’s dating Harry?” George asked his brow arched much like the slytherins.

Your guess is as good as mine,” Harry stated as he walked off towards where Ginny was sitting with her parents.

“Umm, Ginny would you mind telling me what’s going on?” Harry asked.

Ginny looked at him with tears in her eyes. “I’m really sorry. I never meant for any of this to happen. But you wouldn’t,” Ginny began.

“So it’s my fault you invited Blaise?” Harry asked in disbelief.

“It’s your fault that I’m in this situation.” Ginny corrected him.

“My fault! How is any of this my fault exactly?” Harry questioned.

“If you wouldn’t been puritanical about everything this would have never happened. I’m pregnant you inconsiderate git and it’s your entire fault,” Ginny snapped.

Harry paled, he stood there in shock staring at the girl he thought he would spend the rest of his life with. His heart restricted in pain. He thought Ginny was the one person who truly saw him and not his scar. How could he have been so wrong about this? Harry didn’t notice the commotion going on around him; he was lost in his own grief his magic erratic as he tried to control it. Was he destined to live the rest of his life alone? Harry felt completely numb.


“He didn’t do anything Ron,” Hermione screamed, at him checking to see if her best friend was ok.

“What do you mean he didn’t do anything? My sister is pregnant Hermione in case you didn’t hear,” Ron snapped his face red with anger. He couldn’t believe that Harry would betray his parents like
Hermione was furious; she made quick work at healing Harry’s broken nose leaving only a pinkish red bruise on his face. Ron always jumped to the wrong conclusions. He was quick to turn his back on Harry when his idea of how things were didn’t go his way.

“Why don’t you ask your sister after all Ginny has been shagging Blaise for the last year while we all thought she was being faithful to Harry,” Hermione all but shouted, at her stupid friend.

“You Sanctimonious Bitch!” Ginny shouted in anger she couldn’t believe Hermione just said that in front of Harry. “HOW DARE YOU! I SHARED THAT IN CONFIDENCE WITH YOU.”

“AS IF YOU AREN’T HARBORING SECRETS OF YOUR OWN; SINCE YOU’RE SO FREELY SHARING MY PERSONAL EXPLOITS, WHY DON’T YOU SHARE ONE OF YOUR OWN? Ginny hissed. “WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID? AT LEAST I HAVE BETTER TASTE; I’M NOT BEING BANGED BY THE SCHOOL’S BAT OF THE DUNGEONS.”

Hermione paled…

Blaise brow arched at the revelation of Granger and Professor Snape. He’d never thought his head of house would stoop to dating a muggle born.

“BLOODY HELL!” Ron exclaimed, “That’s just sick,” his facial expression one of pure horror.

“SINCE WHEN HAVE YOU AND THAT GIT BEEN SHAGGING? HOW LONG HERMIONE? HAVE YOU BEEN SHAGGING THAT GIT THE WHOLE TIME WE WERE ON THE RUN. HE COULD HAVE GOTTEN US CAPTURED OR WORST KILLED. WERE YOU SNEAKING OFF THE WHOLE TIME MEETING HIM?” Ron questioned he and Harry wondered where Hermione would sneak off too when she left them in the tent.

Ignoring the gasp of those in hearing range Hermione helped Harry up from the ground; conjuring a towel holding it against his nose although she healed his nose it still appeared to be bleeding.

Harry couldn’t believe what he was hearing. Ginny and Zabini; Hermione and Snape. Harry felt like he’d stepped into some sort of alternate time warped world.

“Is this true?” Harry asked his voice calm and deadly but inside he was filled with so much pain and anger, pushing Hermione’s hand away from his face in irritation. Ginny looked at him with tears in her eyes.

Hermione stood feeling dejected and felt hurt at Harry’s reaction and possible rejection of their friendship. Her heart constricted. Would they hate her because she didn’t tell them? Ginny warned her they would be angry but would she lose her best friends because of her choices. Would they even listen to her reasons?

“ANSWER ME!” Harry shouted, “Is this true?”

“Yes, but I can explain,” Ginny began.

“You can explain?” Harry stated with a look of disgust. “What do you want to explain the first time you had sex with him or the last? Would this even be an issue if you hadn’t gotten caught? I doubt you would have mentioned it, if you hadn’t gotten pregnant,” he continued in anger. “We’re you with him the night you ran off?”

Ginny dropped her gaze she couldn’t bare to see the anger in his eyes. “I never meant for any of this
“DON’T YOU DARE! IT WAS YOU CHOICE TO RUN AWAY LIKE A SPOILED BRAT. YOU MADE THAT CHOICE. JUST BECAUSE WE HAD AN ARGUMENT DIDN’T MAKE IT OKAY FOR YOU TO HAVE SEX WITH SOMEONE ELSE.” Harry snapped at her, “A RELATIONSHIP ISN’T ALL ABOUT YOUR WANTS AND NEEDS GINNY!” Harry shouted.

Harry looked at Zabini; he thought he would feel some kind of rage at the slytherin, but all he could feel was disgust at Ginny for her betrayal.

“Congratulations Zabini she’s all yours,” Harry stated before starting to walk away.

“If you would just let me explain,” Ginny tried to get him to listen.

“What is there to explain?” Harry asked as he turned back around to look at her. “There is nothing that you can say that will justify what you did nothing. This discussion is over,” Harry stated “We are over.”

“I know we can work this out,” Ginny cried, running towards him grabbing a hold of his arm turning him back around. Harry forcefully pushed her away from him. “DON’T TOUCH ME! DON’T YOU EVER TOUCH ME!” he hissed, his eyes burning with rage his magic snapping around him.

Blaise stood in a detached sort of fascination. The drama unfolding before him would be note worthy to pass on to his friends. He could feel the smothering waves of magic coming off the boy wonder. For a half blood he was almost worthy of a pure blood Blaise thought in amusement.

“Harry pleased,” Ginny begged not wanting him to leave like this. Harry turned away; ignoring her crying out for him. Ron ran behind him grabbing his sleeve. “Hold up mate, I owe you an apology.”

“Give me a break Ron. You didn’t hesitate to think that I would break a promise I made to your parents. You’re supposed to be my best friend. Yet you thought so little of my character to assault me and you think apologizing solves everything? This just proves you have a lot of growing up to do. I don’t have time to wait for you to it. So go to hell,” Harry stated, yanking his arm from Ron’s grasp Apparating away.

"I can't believe he wouldn't let me apologize," Ron stated angry at Harry for leaving things unsettled between them.

His friends looked at Ron in disbelief; surely he didn't think that his actions against Harry would be easily forgiven.

"Of course you don't Ronald," Hermione snapped, "nothing is ever understood by you because you don't take the time to think before you judge people and lash out in anger and then expect people to forgive you when you realize that you were wrong. I would be very surprised if Harry ever forgives your latest betrayal."

"He can't hold what Ginny did against me," Ron snapped back at her.

"No, he can't but he can hold your jealousy, your unrelenting rage and unprecedented prejudice against you," Neville informed him.

"You have a lot of growing up to do Ronald," Luna added, "I just hope that the loss of Harry's friendship will make you realize that life is never simple and that a person's house affiliation doesn't
automatically mean that they are evil.”

“He didn’t give me time to finish what I was going to say.” Ron complained weary of the implications being pointed out.

“Like you gave him time to explain before you assumed the worst of him?” Hermione threw back in his face.

“YOU’VE GOT SOME NERVE JUDGING ME AFTER KEEPING YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THAT GREASY GIT A SECRET! ALWAYS HARPING ON ME AND HARRY ABOUT BREAKING SCHOOL RULES BUT YOU WERE HAVING SEX WITH A TEACHER,” Ron screamed at her.

“I’m not going to argue with you Ronald nor justify my relationship to you,” Hermione replied, “My relationship with Severus is none of your business.” Hermione walked back towards where his family was gathered as the guest started leaving.

“It’s fine for you to be judgmental and reprimand us of breaking rules. If we kept a secret from you we would never hear the end of it but since it’s you who is keeping the secrets its fine right?” Ron questioned. “You and your bloody double standards but it’s your friendship with me or your relationship with that greasy git” Ron snapped.

“You can’t be seriously giving me an ultimatum?” Hermione said clearly shocked that Ron would suggest something so ridiculous.

“I’ll make it easy for you Hermione since you’re trying to act as if you’re not comprehending,” Ron snapped in irritation, “As long as you’re in a relationship with the greasy git don’t bother contacting me.”

Hermione heart constricted at the thought of losing her friends. Would Harry say the same? “This was all Ginny’s fault. Hermione was regretting ever coming to help Ginny none of this would have happened if she had let Ginny figure out her own problems.

“I had hoped that I would be wrong”, Luna stated looking on as things played out.

“You can’t help that you know” Neville comforted his friend squeezing her hand gently.

“I know” she stated with a sad sigh.

“Come onI will see you home” Neville stated to Luna as the guest began leaving. Luna nodded walking along side him has they left the wards protecting the Weasley home.

Neville circled her waist with his arms pulling her close to his body, concentrating him and Luna apparated away with a near silent pop. The pair appeared a second later just outside of the wards of her home.

***HP***

Ginny looked at her parents disappointed faces; she knew they would forever be imprinted on her mind.

“Ginerva Margaret Elizabeth Weasley what were you thinking?” Molly asked her daughter.

“I wish you all would stop treating me like an arrant child. No body ever listens to me,” Ginny screamed out in anger.
“You want to be treated like an adult, you should first learn to act like one,” Molly scolded her youngest child. “Explain to me why you would do such a thing Molly asked her arms crossed.”

“Lets face it mom those ancient family traditions are sexist and unfair. They say nothing about the Weasley Males being force into a chastity belt until they are married. None of my friends’ parents are forcing old ancient family traditions on them.”

“What other parents allow their children is of little consequence young lady,” Arthur scolded, his daughter a look of disappointment on his face. “You were to follow the old ways. You had your whole life to experiment with your husband; to give yourself only to him. Didn’t you read anything from the book that we gave you?”

“It was total rubbish,” Ginny snarled. “I don’t care about what rituals are best used in betrothals. I gave it to Harry to read he needed it more than I being raised by those awful muggles. I’m sure once everything calms down Harry can be made to see reason, and we can still marry as planned.”

“That isn’t possible Ginerva,” Arthur sighed touching his daughter’s cheek. “You’ve bought this on yourself and are going to have to face the consequences of what you have done. If you had read the book you would understand,” Arthur advised, “There is a reason Harry never let things get too far between you. First was I asked him to wait until the two of you were completely sure you were serious about one another before taking that step. He went one step further and promised not to be intimate with you until both of you decided to marry. The other reason is the Chastity Curse that has affected the Weasley women for many a centuries. You being the first born female since Athena were given the book. I had hoped that it would guide you to understand why you needed to refrain from sex until marriage.”

“By having sex with that young man, Ginerva you have irrevocably bonded yourself to him. From the moment he penetrated you magically speaking the two of you were married.”

Ginny paled “no-no, no-no, no” she thought “this wasn’t supposed to happen flashed through her mind.

“Dad you can’t be serious?” Ron asked pale at the thought of Ginny being married to a slitherin. “I’m afraid; son I’m very serious,” Arthur informed him.

Looking at the young man in front of him, Arthur ordered more then questioned, “I expect you are going to do the honorable thing where my daughter is concerned. Or do I need to have formal charges brought against you for sleeping with my underage daughter,” Arthur questioned clearly displeased.

Blaise had originally planned to suggest that he would take custody of his heir and be done with the chit. He was sure his mother would be meeting with him to discuss a possible betrothal contract. The chastity curse clearly changed what he was able to get away with.

“That won’t be necessary Mr. Weasley. I will meet with my solicitor and have the necessary documents drawn up. I will send word by owl as soon as things are ironed out,” Blaise stated. His mother wasn’t going to be pleased by this news. Ginny Weasley was far from what his mother would think an appropriate spouse of the Zabini heir.

Fleur, stood beside her husband sadden by the events of the evening. She wanted to comfort Harry because he looked as if his heart was torn from his body. No one deserved such betrayal from the one they thought loved them. Bill stood beside her, watching everything unfold. He never thought his little sister to selfish. Sure they all spoiled her a bit being the youngest and only girl. He couldn’t help but think maybe they were wrong for doing so.
Charlie didn’t know what to think, he still saw Ginny as the shy precocious child she’d always been. The thought of her having sex at such a young age didn’t sit well with him.

Percy sat holding his sleeping son he was embarrassed that Ginny had shamed their family in such a way. He personally didn’t know Harry very well but he could clearly see how much this turn of events hurt him.

George paled, he had no idea his sister was such a brat. To think that she’d been cheating on Harry their whole relationship had to hurt. George sighed walking over to hug her. “I don’t know why you did this Ginny and I can’t say I agree with your choices but I’m always here if you need me.” George could only imagine how Harry was feeling at that moment.

“I expect you to treat my sister right.” George stated to Blaise, who didn’t appear to be at all worried by the threat. “Make no mistake if I think for one second that you are harming her in anyway. I will not hesitate to end your miserable life.” George hissed his magic flaring although he spoke very calmly. A moment later he apparated away not waiting for a reply.

Charlie hugged her briefly. “Its’ going to be ok Ginny,” he whispered in her ear. “I can’t say that I understand why you would do something like this but I do forgive you.”

Ginny looked at Ron, they were so close almost as close as Fred and George were. Ron wouldn’t even look at her. “Ron say something please,” she asked, tears falling down her face.

“What do you expect me to say Ginny? Congratulations?” He asked sarcastically.

“Ronald Weasley,” Molly shouted in reprimand of his attitude.

What mum? I don’t agree with his. I don’t even know who she is anymore. She didn’t stop to think how this would affect the family. She didn’t care that she was betraying Harry. All she was thinking about was herself and what she wanted. She didn’t even bother to read the book.” Ron stated his voice harsh over his own guilt of how he treated Harry and his embarrassment that their friends witnessed everything.

“Ron that’s not fair!” She cried out.

“Life isn’t fair Ginny,” he snapped. “I thought you loved him but you only care about yourself. I don’t like this, and I don’t forgive you. We were the last people Harry considered to be his family. You ruined everything” he yelled at her.

“Harry may never talk to us again,” he continued to yell his hands balled up into tight fist. “Fred would be ashamed of your actions and so am I. You are dead to me,” Ron stated before walking away.

“Ron No,” Bill called out pale at his brother’s words. He watched as if in slow motion as Ginny fell to the ground screaming out in pain as their bond snapped.

She felt the pain as the sibling bond she had with Ron snapped. Bill rushed over gathering her up in his arms trying to get her to calm down. He could feel the back lash of the magic in his body. They all shared a close bond with each other and the thought of Ron breaking that bond bothered him greatly.

“Take her inside the house son,” Arthur ordered as he and Molly saw the other guest from the yard. Once inside Bill sat in an armchair in the living room holding Ginny close to him as she cried.

Blaise followed the leaving guest; leaving the Weasley’s to deal with the fall out of her decisions
with her family.

Cormac sighed, “I should be going too,” looking at his lover. “I’ll see you when you return to our room.”

Charlie nodded kissing him briefly, “I won’t be long love. We’ll order in.” Cormac smiled before heading towards the apparition point.

Hermione smiled at the pair. They did make a cute couple. She hoped that he’d changed since his graduation.

Hermione stood at the gift table gathering gifts to be taken inside. Ginny would have time to open them later after everything calmed down. Hermione sighed when she saw the gift from Harry. “Do you think we should return this?” she asked, holding up the gift for Charlie to see.

“I think it would be best,” Charlie replied, spelling the gifts from the table into the house. Hermione shrunk the box placing it in her pocket. “Tell Harry that we are truly sorry for what happened with Ginny. I can’t imagine how he is taking this.”

“He’s truly alone now,” Hermione stated sadly.

“Hermione Harry, will always have us, this situation with Ginny doesn’t change that. I know Harry might feel alone with no one to turn to but we are always here should he need us,” Charlie reminded her.

“I know that this doesn’t change how you and the other’s feel about Harry. But Harry will not want to be anywhere near Ginny. I’m not sure at this point he will want to be anywhere near me.” Hermione admitted sadly.

“Harry will listen if you are willing to talk,” Charlie said with a sad smile.

“I just don’t wanna lose my friends you know?” Hermione sighed sadly.

“Ron will come around once he’s had a chance to think. I think today has come as a shock for the whole family,” Charlie stated hugging her briefly, “Things will work themselves out.”

Hermione sighed “Maybe you’re right. I hate that this has happened.”

“I better go,” Hermione sighed, “I’m not sure that my presence is a welcome one at the moment. Hopefully Ron will be ready to listen about my relationship with Severus when I return from Australia.” Hermione said before heading for her door without looking back.

The end of Ginny’s coming of age celebration marked the not only the knowledge of an irreversible bonding between Ginny and Blaise but the broken bond between Ginny and her Ron. It also marked a divide in the golden trio.
Chapter Summary

“Anyone who hasn’t experienced the ecstasy of betrayal knows nothing about ecstasy at all.” - Jean Genet.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Godric’s Hollow

Harry appeared behind what remained of the cottage where his parents lived. He could still feel the taint of dark magic permeating within the wards as they washed over him, his heart still beat harshly in his chest, he felt numb among so many other emotions; pulling the hood up on his hoodie Harry walked silently towards the grave yard where his parents were buried.

(Flashback) (Room of requirement...Hogwarts Harry’s 6th year)

Ginny sat straddling Harry’s lap her arms around his neck as they kissed. Harry's hands were on the side of her face holding her head in place as his tongue met hers in a deep tangle of passion.

Ginny could feel the tingling between her legs and wanted Harry to touch her to relieve the ache that started so deep within her. Pulling one of his hands from her face she directed his hand to her breast but instead of him complying and fueling their passion further he pulled back.

“We should stop,” Harry stated his voice husk with want but he knew it was better to stop before things spiraled out of control.

“What? Why?” Ginny whined looking at her boyfriend. Ginny wanted Harry to make her feel good.

“Harry I want you too,” Ginny sighed trying to get him to kiss her again; kissing up his neck licking at his earlobe. “What is wrong with you?” She huffed getting upset that he was withdrawing again.

“There’s nothing wrong with me,” Harry replied, “Ginny why are you trying to rush things?” Our relationship just started.” Harry asked.

“What are you trying to say?” Ginny hissed getting up from his lap. She had never had a guy to turn her down before even Dean was willing to go beyond kissing. They hadn’t gone all the way but he had sucked her nipples until her pussy flooded and creamed her panties.

“I’m not trying to say anything,” Harry snapped in irritation, “I’m only saying that we don’t need to move at warped speed just because everyone else is claiming to do it.”

“I don’t care about everybody else Harry Potter. I didn’t realize that you were such a prude when we started dating.” Ginny snapped.

“Since when is going at a pace that is comfortable to us being a prude?” Harry questioned.

“Why did you even want to be my boyfriend if you only want to hold hands like we’re twelve?”
Ginny hissed.

“This relationship isn’t solely about what you want Ginny. Merlin you aren’t the only person in this relationship. All you do is complain about what you want. Have you ever thought about what I want from this? What about how I feel? What I need?” Harry questioned her.

“How would I know what you want you never say. All you do is brood about that blonde ferret and what he could be up too. Makes me think you have a thing for blokes.” Ginny hissed out in anger.

Harry looked as if he were slapped.

“I don’t care if none of you believe me but that blonde git is up to something and I’m not brooding. I plan to catch that little sneak at whatever he’s doing.” Harry hissed back his anger getting the best of him.

“I never had this issue with Dean! He didn’t have a problem with what I want. Why do you have such a problem with it?” Ginny hissed wanting an answer her answer making her lash out to hurt him in the worst possible way.

“If Dean is so accommodating then why in the hell did the two of you break-up and why are you with me?” he questioned.

“Exactly my thoughts,” Ginny stated “The way you’re acting you’re going to be thirty and still a virgin,” before running from the room leaving Harry standing just as angry.

Harry remembered they didn’t speak for days after their argument. They eventually made up but there was a distance between them. Ginny’s attitude had changed slightly. Harry wondered if this was when the relationship between her and Zabini began.

So many questions came to mind as he continued walking towards the grave yard where his parent’s remains rested. He stopped briefly at Ignatius Peverell’s grave clearing the debris with a wave of his hand Harry conjured a stone vase placing red roses inside. He continued on through the grave yard where his parents were.

Clearing off their graves Harry sat down in front of it and allowed the silence of the dead to engulf him. The headstone was large and held both their names he whispered a spell and a beautiful lily was engraved in the stone on the top left side while at the bottom both a doe and stag appeared and another whispered spell gave them a life of there own.

He didn’t seem to notice when the first tear fell from his eyes but soon his body was shuddered with the force of his sobs as his arm curled around his torso.

The day’s events weighed heavily on his mind. He’d never felt more alone then he did right then. He was filled with immense pressure to scream from the pain that seemed to fill his whole being. Although the thought of Hermione dating Snape made his stomach curl, Harry couldn’t come to terms with Ginny’s actions.

He didn’t know how long there but soon his tears ebbed. He stared at the headstone wishing more than ever that he had the resurrection stone with him so that he could speak to his parents; to be in the presence of people who loved him, “was I wrong to wait?” he questioned himself. He had been so focused on learning what he needed to defeat Voldemort that Harry didn’t want to give him any means of hurting him further. He was no closer to an answer then he was before.

Harry wanted to scream and yell at the world, he didn’t know if this hurt, this feeling of betrayal and hatred would consume him. He thought after everything that had happened to him he would finally
be happy. Now he was simply lost and truly didn’t know how to deal with the latest drama that was unfolding in his life.

***HP***

Neville watched as Luna headed into the house before disappearing with a distinct popping sound of apparition. His mind focusing on finding Harry; he knew the first places anyone would check would be Grimauld Place or Hogwarts but Neville had a feeling he would have gone to the least likely of places.

Neville appeared in the wizarding village named after one of the founders of Hogwarts. Godric’s Hollow was much like Hogsmead with shops and pubs in the center of the city’s square and many streets lined with cottages. Neville imaged the village would be beautiful during the winter months. Walking through the center of town he paused at the statue of Harry as a baby with his parents. “Shame what happened to the Potters’” an old man stated drawing Neville’s attention away from the statue to where the man was sitting out in front of a small café.

“Yes, it is,” Neville agreed.

“You’re not from around here?” the old man questioned. “No, if you could direct me to where the cemetery is located” Neville requested. The old man looked curiously at the Neville.

“Aye, it be just passed the edge of town,” the man stated pointing northward. Neville nodded his head in thanks heading in the direction hoping he would find Harry.

Neville continued walking in the direction of the cemetery; as he approached the edge of town he followed the well worn path leading to the cemetery. When he reached the gate he opened it without thought cringing at the sound of the metal groaning from the movement.

“Point me,” Neville cast the spell silently following his wands movement to where Harry sat before what he assumed was his parent’s grave.

Neville sighed in relief, “I was hoping that I would find you here”, Neville stated, drawing Harry’s attention to him for the first time. Harry turned towards Neville, his eyes red and swollen from crying. Neville didn’t know what to say to comfort his friend; he hoped his presence would be enough to tell Harry that he wasn’t alone.

“I don’t need anyone’s pity Neville”, Harry replied turning his back to his friend. Harry held in his anger; he didn’t want to take things out on Neville who was simply trying to be a friend.

“Pity, oh Harry is that what you think this is?” Neville questioned his expression filled with concern. “I’m your friends Harry and I don’t pity you. We’re hurt by this too because you deserve better. This is not your fault and don’t start blaming yourself for Ginny’s actions and don’t you dare think its pity” Neville continued passionately.

“I can’t begin to understand what it is that you are feeling Harry,” his voice sincere. “But I want you to know that you aren’t alone. So what Ginny wasn’t who you thought she was? Don’t let her win by losing yourself in pain of her betrayal. Don’t give her power over you as if she was the only thing you could hope for. I know the Weasley’s were like family to you but so are your friends.”

“I know you’re probably trying to sort out your feelings about things and the issue of Hermione’s relationship with Snape isn’t making things any easier but we’re all worried about you. I’m sure Hermione is worried as well,” Neville informed his grieving friend.

Harry’s body shuddered at the thought of Hermione having sex with Snape. He wanted to scour his
brain to remove the memory of it.

“Was I wrong to honor tradition?” Harry asked him looking to see if Neville would give him an honest answer.

“Harry it’s honorable that you were honoring her family’s traditions. To be completely honest I’m glad you did.” Neville replied.

“I’m sorry to say this Harry, but I doubt she ever truly saw you anyway. She only saw what you represented. When she started dating other guys I thought her over her childish crush but this clearly wasn’t the case.” Neville stated. “Obsessive if you ask me” Neville thought with disgust.

Harry sighed rubbing his hand through his hair. “I never thought she would do something like this. This is all just unbelievable.”

“I must admit Zabini was a shock.” Neville stated, “But no matter she may live to regret that decision. Even after you were gone, she was going on about the two of you getting married,” Neville added.

Harry’s face held a look of utter disbelief. How could Ginny even think that after what she’d done that he would even want to touch her let alone still marry her? “No way in hell is that going to happen” thought Harry.

“She is truly delusional if she thinks that,” Harry replied.

“She is in for a rude awakening being bonded to Zabini. She’s going to learn what been the wife of a pure blood traditionalist is and I bet you all my Gringotts vaults that she is going to hate it” Neville stated with vicious glee.

Harry couldn’t help but laugh at the thought. Ginny could kiss her dreams of playing professional quidditch goodbye. Harry couldn’t bring himself to feel sorry for her ignorance. She had irrevocably bonded herself to Zabini with no hope of ending the curse.

“I can’t imagine the shame her parents must feel by her selfishness. For it to come out during her coming of age celebration is even worst. She blindsided everyone,” Neville continued. “Come on mate let’s get out of here.”

“What are we going?” Harry questioned.

“Who cares, let’s go celebrate your freedom from the shrew.” Neville replied with a laugh. You are better off without her mate.

Conjuring white roses Harry placed them on his parent’s grave; “I love you mom and dad,” Harry stated kissing his fingers before laying them against their headstone. Although he was hurt, Harry was a little relieved at not having to deal with the fall out for a while.

Harry spelled glamour to cover the blotchiness from his face; the pair apparated to Diagon Alley walking along the well known cobblestone road heading in the direction of Gringotts; the alley was fairly busy with proprietors working on repairs as well as people shopping at the open market not far where the apparition point was located.

“What should we go mate?” Harry questioned, as they continued to walk with no clear destination.

“There are quite a few bars if you fancy a drink or we can head to the Leaky Cauldron if you would rather not be around a lot of folk we can get one of the meeting rooms,” Neville suggested.
“I have a better idea,” Harry said with a smile, “Come on it will be fun.”

It wasn’t long before Harry led Neville through the Leaky Cauldron and out the front entrance into the muggle world. There weren’t many pureblood witches and wizards who ventured to this side of Diagon Alley because most hated muggles, while others feared them.

Neville looked around in wonder. He had never been to the muggle world before and was feeling a bit over whelmed by everything.

“I’m not sure about this Harry,” Neville said feeling anxious about being in this environment.

“What is there not to be sure about?” Harry questioned confused, “You’re not afraid are you, Neville I don’t want you to feel uncomfortable,” Harry sighed feeling awful for thinking that sharing this experience was a good idea.

“No, I’m not scared, just feeling a bit out of sorts is all,” Neville explained.

Harry didn’t have many experiences with the Dursley’s but they were often forced to take him shopping with them. They never bought him anything but he remembered the smells and the shops with all kinds of clothing and small trinkets, as well as small stalls that sold hand made crafts and even painters selling their original works of art but most all Harry remembered the street performers.

“You trust me?” he asked.

“Of course I do Harry, I trust you with my life,” Neville replied without hesitation.

Harry smile lit up his face has he led him to the nearest muggle taxi cab. Neville wasn’t quite sure how muggles got them to work without magic but he remembered Harry and Ron had come to Hogwarts in one in their 2nd year. He thought for sure the pair would be expelled for breaking the code of secrecy.

The ride was completed in silence, Neville looked out of the window as they car drove through the city. “Where are we going again?” Neville questioned.

“Covent Gardens,” Harry replied, “It’s not far from River Thames.” Harry didn’t want to draw the driver’s attention to their conversation. He knew the man would find it strange.

“What area would you prefer to be dropped off at sir?” the driver questioned.

“The apple Market is fine,” Harry replied as the driver slowed the car down in front of the large building. Harry quickly paid the fare before exiting the car. Neville looked around in wonder there were many shops, quaint cafes, and bars along side the Apple Market, where fresh produce was being sold, there were also stalls that sold handcrafted gifts, jewelry, painters selling personal works of art as well as other fascinating things.

There were people performing in a small square as they passed, dancing and singing. It soothed something inside Neville to know that Voldemort’s destruction hadn’t reached too far into the muggle world.

Neville was in awe of the elegantly crafted buildings as they continued to walk around browsing at what was offered.

Harry chose a small café with outside seating with a clear view of the street performers. They both ordered simple sandwiches and crisps with cokes. Harry thought Neville should experience muggle culture and soda was one of those things that a wizard would never get to experience without
venturing into the muggle world.

Neville was skeptical about the drink Harry ordered them but agreed to try it. It seemed to have tiny bubbles in the glass, Neville thought it strange.

“Try it,” Harry encouraged taking a drink from his glass.

Neville smiled when he tasted the drink, it was sort of fizzy but had a kick to it. “This isn’t bad,” he admitted taking another drink from the glass. “Are there any more drinks like this?”

“There are other flavors,” Harry informed him before he started naming the different types of sodas and flavors.

The meal passed quickly for the pair and soon they were looking through the shops. Harry purchased muggle clothes and shoes as well as a few handcrafted pieces of jewelry that caught his eye.

Neville however bought several pieces of crystal for his grandmother. She was an avid collector of fine crystal. The pieces were unlike any he’d ever seen in the wizarding world.

**Dante’s Inferno**

Hours later found the pair at Dante’s Inferno a muggle night club just south of the Leaky Cauldron in London.

Dante’s Inferno is a rather large building and the latest hot spot to party at. The entrance hall was open and large, the walls painted blood red with pictures of erupting volcanoes and several framed posters different muggle rock bands. The floor was covered in a deep red carpet with a large black leather couch on one wall and two arm chairs with a side table between them on the other.

A podium like counter was near the door that held a register where Bret a rather large man stood taking the money, checking ids and putting paper bands around their arm admitting them into the club.

An open door way led to a coat room where an attendant stood giving out tickets as she accepted their jackets, men and women bathrooms were across from the coat room and the other doorway led towards the main room of the club.

The main room was painted a deep gray with red and orange flames covering the bottom half of the wall; giving off the image of fire engulfing the place. The floor was also covered in a deep red carpet that covered the floor of the room except the large dance floor which appeared to be red and black marble. In front of the dance floor off to the left was a door that led to the DJ booth that had a large window in the wall allowing the DJ to look out over the room. Large speakers were in the four corners of the room as well as smaller ones attached to the walls.

Several large cages were placed throughout the room with men and women dancing their bodies gyrating to the beat of the music. Waitresses walked around in black satin shorts with tight fitted black tank tops with the club’s logo on the front. The waiters were dressed in black jeans and t-shirts with the club logo.

Small tables were placed around the dance floor and the rest of the room. The club had a total of three bars on the main floor, two on opposite sides of the wall and one in the center of the back wall.

A spiral staircase led down to the lower level where there was a small stage filled with band equipment that was being played by a local band, another bar, a smaller dance floor and the same table and chairs as on the upper level.
The music was ringing out loudly through the large open room. When they entered Harry immediately liked the atmosphere, the music seemed to flow through his body. Neville followed Harry through the club looking around in wonder. “They didn’t have anything like this in the wizarding world,” he thought as they walked towards the bar along the wall.

They both were dressed to blend in; Neville was dressed in dark navy pants with a navy silk with a pair of navy dress shoes. Harry on the other hand dressed more casually. He wore a pair of black jeans with a black t-shirt with the words “Man of Unmentionable Power” written on the front in bright green lettering with a black button down. On his feet he wore a pair of black chinos that he acquired when he took a much needed shopping trip.

Reaching the bar Harry leaned on the counter watching the crowd. Angelius was by far the best bartender that Dante Inferno employed. He was the only bartender able to handle the bar alone without incident.

He paused in mixing the drink when he spotted Harry and Neville at the bar. Handing off the drinks after getting payment Angelo made his way over to the pair. He was around their height give or take an inch with light blond hair that had been died deep cyan blue, his sparkling azure blue eyes were lined with kohl, his lips covered in blue lip stick. He wore black leather pants that looked like he was poured into them with a tight black t-shirt that had the club logo on it.

“Well hello handsome what can I get you”, Angelius asked clearly flirting. Leaning over the bar Harry asked “What’s your specialty.”

“Anything you like, however, I don’t have sex on the first date” Angelius replied causing Harry to blush however he wasn’t bothered by it. He too use to the twins flirtatious behavior. No one was safe from Fred and George when the pair got started. Thoughts of Ginny entered his mind, which Harry quickly pushed away. He wasn’t going to allow her to ruin the rest of his night. “Surprise me,” Harry stated with a small smile of his own.

Angelius smirked in a devilish way as he walked away to prepare their drinks. His thoughts on Harry who in Marty’s opinion had the most exotic eyes he’d ever seen on a man. Neville smiled when Harry blushed. He was glad to see that his friend wasn’t offended by a man flirting with him.

He remembered Collin being afraid of how people would react when he started dating a guy Ravenclaw. Neville learned from Collin that a lot of muggles frowned upon same sex couples. They had to suffer through being called fowl names and being degraded. Neville had to explain to the younger gryffindor that in the wizarding world those things didn’t matter.

He remembered the clear presence of joy on the younger boy’s face when he realized that he would no longer have to hide. Neville was saddened when Collin’s dead body was brought into the castle. He like many other students had lost their lives trying to defend the castle.

Neville was brought out his thoughts when Harry gently tapped his shoulder handing him his drink. “Is everything ok Neville” Harry asked as the pair walked away each carrying a drink called a hurricane. Neville only hoped that muggle alcohol wasn’t as potent as that in the wizarding world and was a bit skeptical about trying it.

“I’m ok I was just thinking about Collin is all,” Neville sighed with an air of sadness “Did you know he was dating Roberts from Ravenclaw”? Neville questioned.
“From the DA?” Harry questioned surprised. “Yeah,” Neville answered. “The pair started dating shortly after DA was started.”

Harry vaguely remembered Roberts from being in the DA, he didn’t talk much but he hadn’t noticed the pair acting any different during the meetings. “Fifth year, can’t say I noticed it but then again I was dealing with a lot that year.” Harry stated after a moment of silence.

“I found out by accident,” Neville stated with a laugh recalling the day that he found the pair snogging behind one of the alcoves on the 4th floor. “I was surprised however by his panicked expression. I didn’t know that muggles felt so negatively about same sex couples. He was expecting me to say something mean or show disgust because he was dating a boy.”

“Some muggles do react negatively when they see same sex couples. Its sort of taboo really,” Harry informed Neville.

“Collin told me all about it. His parents spoke against same sex couples. He was truly afraid of how his parents would react if they knew their son was gay. Dennis however supported him.” Neville said with a small sort of smile.

Making their way to the dance floor they found an empty table off to the side. Neville turned his chair so that it was facing the dance floor much like Harry the pair watched the many gyrating bodies dance to the upbeat music.

Neville took a tentative sip of the drink and was surprised when the burst of citrus flavor formed on his tongue. The drink was green with bits of fruit in it. He wasn’t sure what kind of alcohol the drink was made of but he liked it.

“They definitely don’t have anything like this on the other side of the alley” Neville stated. Harry laughed “thinking definitely not.”

“What made you think about Collin” Harry questioned after the pair had gotten comfortable at their table.

“The muggle what was his name Angel”? Neville stated.

“Angelius”, Harry replied.

“Yeah well anyway his flirting with you brought Collin’s muggle upbringing to mind” Neville told his friend.

“What’s this about Neville”? Harry asked curious as to what his friend was referring.

Neville thought back to the day when he caught Collin and Roberts snogging in an alcove on his way to gryffindor tower. He could remember how upset Collin was at being found out.

Instead of going into the story Neville asked Harry what he thought of homosexuality.

“I’ve never truly thought about it really. I mean of course my muggle relatives were prejudice against anything that didn’t fit into their perfect world view of things. Being a homosexual would be scorned harshly by my muggle relatives,” Harry answered.

Neville nodded in understanding, no one knew exactly what happened during the time Harry had to spend with his muggle relatives but he didn’t think it was very pleasant.
Little did Neville know, his thoughts were way below how horrendous it was for Harry when he was forced to stay with his relatives. Harry had already finished his drink, so he stopped the waitress and ordered two more. Neville nodded in thanks as he finished off his.

The two talked about different things enjoying just being away from life expectancies and what awaited them both as Lords of their houses.

“Has anyone checked on Dennis?” Harry questioned, being unconscious for six weeks had put him behind on a lot of things.

“Dennis is living with his paternal aunt now. His parents were killed by snatchers when they started hunting for muggleborns. He and Collin were hidden by Professor McGonagall in her home with a few other students that the order managed to save from snatchers.” Neville replied.

“I’m glad that some of them were saved.” Harry sighed rubbing his head. He and Hermione hadn’t known that Voldemort had deatheaters and snatchers out hunting muggleborns until Ron showed up after storming off leaving them on their own for months. The pair fell silent each lost in their thoughts; while music playing was nothing more than background noise.

Neville was surprised however when a large busted muggle woman with dirty blonde curly hair pulled Harry on the dance floor with her. She wore far too much makeup and had on minimal clothing. Neville thought she was absolutely hideous but didn’t stop Harry from rising to dance with her.

From where he was sitting Neville had a clear view of Harry who seemed a bit acquired.

Neville put the empty glass on the table and quickly ordered another round for him and Harry all the while keeping an eye on him. Harry returned to the table a big smile on his face.

“I ordered us another round,” Neville said pointing to the fresh drink on the table.

“Thanks mate,” Harry replied taking a long drink from the glass. This was unlike the stiff movements of the waltz he was forced to learn for the tri-wizard tournament.

Three drinks later found Harry back on the dance floor. Harry’s mind was cloudy from the amount of alcohol he drank but he couldn’t be bothered by anything not when he was being sandwiched between two bodies. He could feel the beat of the music under his skin.

Yellow diamonds in the light

Now we standing side by side

As your shadow crosses mine

What it takes to come alive

It’s the way I’m feeling I just can’t deny

But I’ve gotta let it go

Harry danced with his eyes closed; arms were wrapped around his waist holding him against the broad chest of the man behind him while the woman in front of him ground her hot sex against him. The words to the song beating against his emotions that he refused to acknowledge.

Harry felt pulses of pleasure race through him as the man behind him bit lightly along his throat.
We found in love in a hopeless place
We found in love in a hopeless place
We found in love in a hopeless place
We found in love in a hopeless place

Harry could feel the length of his arousal against him but couldn’t be bothered to care. The man’s hands were up his t-shirt and his fingers were playing with his nipples causing Harry to moan out in pleasure.

Shine a light through an open door
Love and life I will divide

Turn away ‘cause I need you more

Feel the heartbeat in my mind

It’s the way I’m feeling I just can’t deny

But I’ve gotta let it go

The man behind him, Javier looked much like his twin. His blonde hair however was cut close with just enough hair on top to run your fingers through. He wore black jeans with a black t-shirt. Azure blue eyes roaming his body setting it ablaze. He stood quite a few inches taller than Harry with broad shoulders and two perfect dimples in his cheeks.

Harry hissed when he felt the man nibble his ear shock waves of intense pleasure pooled in his lower belly.

Yellow diamonds in the light
Now we’re standing side by side
As your shadow crosses mine (mine, mine, mine)

We found love in a hopeless place
We found love in a hopeless place
We found love in a hopeless place
We found love in a hopeless place

Harry couldn’t have felt more alive in that moment. His magic pulsed as he allowed the man behind him to move his body. Here he wasn’t the famous Harry Potter, the man-who-lived-to-kill-the-most-evil-psychopath-in-magical-history. Here he was just another guy having fun. Here he felt free for the first time in his life and Harry was almost drunk with the feeling.

Neville sat silently keeping watch over his highly intoxicated friend. He felt slightly guilty for
allowing Harry to consume so much alcohol. He knew Harry needed the escape if only for a few hours.

***hp**hp***

Harry found himself in a small room with a large comfortable sofa being pushed down on his back. Julius’ larger form leaned over him before kissing him deeply. Harry sighed into the kiss, it was gentle and searching.

The more they kissed the more Harry’s inhibitions seem to leave him. Harry’s body was a continuous erroneous zone and demanded that he submit to the pleasure Julius had awoken in his body.

His kissing were passionate and demanding driving Harry to distraction. He had never been kissed like that before nothing compared to it and he found he wanted more and willing bent to the other man’s will.

Neville was just paying the waitress when he noticed that Harry was no longer on the dance floor.

He quickly headed towards the restroom to thinking Harry would be in there. However the bathroom was empty. Turning to leave Neville heard moaning from a side door across from the men’s restroom.

Opening the door, he found Harry laid out on a sofa both of his shirts removed with the guy he was dancing with trying to remove his pants. Harry was brought out of his pleasure filled haze by a voice that sounded too far away.

“Harry there you are I’ve been looking all over for you” Neville stated gaining his friends attention.

“Nev”…Harry smiled brightly at his friend…..

“Come on Harry its time to go the club will be letting out soon” Neville stated calmly trying to get his friend away from the muggle who he felt was taking advantage of Harry’s drunken state. Merlin only knew what kind of muggle diseases he could have given his friend.

Javier was irritated at being interrupted before he could have a taste of the brunette. “Can’t you see we’re busy,” Javier hissed irritated and horny, his cock so hard it could split nails. Neville had been thought by many to be a coward but he had grown exponentially since the war. He had grown in confidence and in power and was far from being afraid of a mere muggle.

Javier however was dismayed when the object of his desire got up taking the other man’s hand while he helped him back into his shirt leading him from the room.

Neville looked at his friends kiss swollen lips and glazed eyes. He was glad that he found Harry before he done anything that he would have regretted.

Harry sighed when the cool night air kissed his sweaty skin of his neck. His mind however was still foggy from all the alcohol. Harry stopped in the middle of the sidewalk with an expression of disbelief. “I’m bet er off wi out her,” he stated his voice slurring his every word. "Wa I jus snogging a man?” Harry questioned his mind foggy but his heart felt light. A silly grin on his face as he let out an undignified snort of laughter.
Neville laughed at Harry's shocked expression leading his friend down a small alley pulling Harry into his body Neville apparating the pair away. "You were a bit more than that mate," Neville stated with a laugh. Causing Harry to continue to laugh in mirth.

Neville half carried Harry from the anti chamber through the entrance hall and up the stairs in Devonsgale Hall where he was currently staying with Andromeda Black. Neville held onto Harry has they climbed the staircase but was forced to stop several times when Harry burst into laughter. Once on the second landing Harry pointed out his room allowing Neville to lead him inside.

“Shanks … hick..hick.. ah mean..Shanks …ha ha ha” Harry laughed in his inebriated state. “You’re …a good friend mate” Harry managed through his bouts of giggles. “Ah had..hick..hick…hick..ah grea …. great time” Harry stated smiling brightly at his friend.

“Let’s get you to bed mate” Neville stated helping Harry onto the bed before removing his shoes for him and spelling his clothes into pajamas pulling the cover over Harry who was well on his way to sleep.

Neville smiled sadly at his friend, “you’re going to get through this Harry” he stated, Harry however had already succumbed to sleep. Neville headed back down stairs using the floo network to get home.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Lyrics We Fell in Love by Rihanna
The Pureblood Traditionalist

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

(Sylvila Villina Genoa Italy)

Blaise came from a family with a deep rooted history in magic. The Zabini’s were highly respected in the elite of the wizarding world high society. Blaise maternal great grandfather Mathis Castell, who lives in France, is the Supreme Mugwump was appointed the Supreme Mugwump in the International Confederation of Wizards after Dumbledore was removed in Blaise 5th year at Hogwarts; his Grandfather however was the Headmaster of Merlin’s University of Magic in Milan Italy. His paternal great grandfather Baldasarre Zabini is the Chief Warlock of the Italianadel ConsiglioWizards (Italian Wizard’s Council).Blaise was raised on the strictest of wizarding etiquette and traditions that his family and most pureblood families within high society come to expect.

The early morning light could be seen through the partially opened drapes. Blaise lay thinking on the events of days prior. Throwing back the covers Blaise headed towards his ensuite bathroom.

His mother had long since moved out of the master suite that she shared with his father into a room on the third floor. He had only recently taken over the room leaving the room he used during his childhood much the same as it had been when he left for Hogwarts.

Unlike his childhood room this room was done in royal blue. The walls a crisp white with silvery gray drapes hanging at the window across from his king size bed that was covered in silvery blue colored Egyptian sheets with large pillows in gray and royal blue dominating the head of the bed, the comforter was also royal blue and silvery gray hanging around the bed. The floor was covered in dark gray carpeting that sunk in with each step.

Blaise entered his personal bathroom; the white walls held silver sconces with candles that lit as he entered. The counters were a slate marble with twin basins and silver taps.

The tiles on the floor were a royal blue and gray in a swirling pattern that led to the large sunken bathtub. His and her shower stalls were on the other side of the bathroom beside them was a door leading into what would become Ginevra’s bed chambers.

Blaise removed his clothing placing his wand on the counter before walking over starting the taps on the shower. Steam quickly filled the room as Blaise stepped into the stall allowing the heat of the water beat down on his tense muscles.

Washing and conditioning his hair, Blaise washed his body with scented soap quickly rinsing off he stepped out of the stall. Wrapping a thick fluffy towel around his waist Blaise used another to dry his wavy black hair that now reached the middle of his back.

Returning to his bedroom Blaise noted his personal house elf Wimple had already laid out clothes for him to wear, dressing in dark gray slacks with a navy blue silk shirt and a sleeveless over robe of navy blue with silver fastenings.

On his feet were ankle length black boots of dragon hide. Blaise stood in front of the wall mirror brushing the tangles from his wavy hair. He spelled his hair into a single braid tying it off with a leather throng.
Blaise went over the things he had to accomplish before dealing with his mother. Then he would have to deal with the rest of his family. A matter Blaise would put off until it was unavoidable.

Avoiding his mother was not easy but Blaise managed to escape Sylvila Villina without his mother’s knowledge and breakfast. Blaise entered the Italian ministry heading towards the international portkey office. He truly hated to travel by port-key but he was up for making the tedious trip through several jumps of apparition.

The thing with apparition could get messy if you’re spotted appearing by muggles or Salazar forbid you and another wizard appear at the same location at the same time. No it was far easier just to get an international portkey.

It wasn’t long after entering the porting office that Blaise was leaving heading towards the porting station in the building to wait his departure port-time.

It was a half nine when Blaise entered the private practice of Barone, Barone and Cartwright Legal Establishment.

Perseus Barone sat in his office waiting for his 11:15 appointment. He looked up at the knock on his door. “Entrare”, his called.

Marsha leaned her head around the corner of the door. “The Zabini heir is here to see you”. “Mandarloingrazie Marsha”, Perseus replied.

Blaise entered to find a black man in his 50’s sitting behind a large mahogany desk. “Signor Zabini cosa posso fare per voi questa mattina,” Perseus asked? He hadn’t expected see the young Zabini heir until after he had taken over as head of family Zabini.

Its Lord Zabini actually, Blaise corrected in English. “I wasn’t aware that you had taken over as head of family” Perseus stated. “Circumstances made it necessary” Blaise informed him.

“What is your reason for being here today Lord Zabini” Perseus asked offering him a seat before his desk. I need a standard marital contract drawn up between myself and Ginevra Weasley.

“No” Blaise replied “it’s a little complicated.”

“Complicated in what way” Perseus questioned, not looking up from the notes he was writing about the contract.

“The young lady that I’m getting engaged too is already pregnant with my heir” Blaise informed him. Perseus paused in his writing looking up at the Zabini heir. “I see” Perseus stated.

“What family are you marrying into” Perseus asked? “I’m marrying Ginevra Weasley so you can understand why the standard things don’t apply in this case. I wouldn’t be marrying her if we weren’t already bonded to each other” Blaise stated through his frustrations.

“Bonded” Perseus questioned further. “Ginevra as well as all the women born into the Weasley line are affected by the chastity curse” Blaise sighed “I hope that the child is male he stated when thinking that this curse would now affect his blood line as well.”

“Okay that’s perfectly understandable how the two of you are now bound to each other”, Perseus replied, jotting down more notes. “You are correct the standard contract wouldn’t suffice in this case.”
“I’m assuming that you will be providing a bride’s price” Perseus stated not really expecting an answer from the young Lord.

“Yes I want the bride price drawn up as 350 thousand galleons to be paid once the contract is signed by both parties” Blaise informed him.

“The stipulations on the heir as already been fulfilled but make sure to include the possibility for more heirs in the future. The Weasley’s may not have the monetary clout in pure blood circles but they are war heroes” Blaise continued.

“Include the infidelity clause, I won’t have my wife indiscriminately lying with anyone else and the clause should no children be born of our marriage” Blaise added.

“Is this young lady aware of how much control you will have over her life once this contract is signed?” Perseus asked with a small smirk on his face.

Blaise Smirked in return, “she hasn’t got a clue but there is no other option in this case. She was after the wizarding hero’s girlfriend. I don’t want her to get any ideas into that pretty little head of hers.”

“I will take care of it” Perseus assured him. “I will send an owl when it is ready. You can set up a time that you and the Weasley’s can meet here to get everything signed. Blaise thank him shaking his hand briefly before leaving his office.

With his business done for the day he decided to return home.

The house was quiet when he arrived. Blaise assumed his mother was out for the afternoon. Blaise sat behind the large mahogany desk in the study that once belonged to his father. The room was fairly large. The floor to ceiling windows covered the entire left wall looking out over the garden. The carpeting on the floor was a deep burgundy with Italian Leather Settee, two making arm chairs and mahogany tables. The facing wall however was covered in bookshelves that held many books that his father loved.

“Blaise” his mother called gaining his attention. “There you are darling; I’ve been meaning to speak with you on the matter of your betrothal.” Parveneh Zabini stated as she entered the study.

Lady Zabini has been called exceptionally beautiful by many who have had the pleasure to be in her company. Her light mocha skin smooth and radiant; her hair the darkest black that Blaise had even seen fell in deep waves down her back. However that drew most men to her was her bright almond shaped violet hyacinth colored eyes. Although Blaise thought his mothers’ eyes were more blue then purple.

She wore day robes in sapphire blue that seemed to bring out the blue in her eyes. Her hair was in an updo which told Blaise his mother was going out.

Blaise followed his mother over to the sitting area ordering tea before taking his seat. All was quiet between the pair as his mother made her tea. “I see you are dressed for an outing should I be worried mother” Blaise questioned.

“Of course not darling”, Parveneh laughed. “I have a ladies luncheon with Lady Greengrass, Lady Goyle and Lady Davis. It’s just dreadful what has happened since that dreadful war,” his mother continued. “It has practically torn families apart.”
Sebastien’s mother is practically beside herself with worry over his health. He has yet to regain consciousness since the war.” Parveneh explained to her son.

Blaise knew that his opinion on the current issues plaguing high society and the positions that many were revealed were aligned with the Dark Lord.

“Now darling I have given this much thought and feel its best to betroth you with that nice young lady your dear cousin Risa’s friend the Crombine girl” Parveneh explained to her son.

“I’m afraid any betrothal isn’t possible at this point” Blaise interrupted quickly before his mother could start giving him the young ladies good qualities and her family breeding.

“What on earth are you talking about darling?” Parveneh questioned her son placing her cup on the side table.

“There has come an issue with a chastity curse.” Blaise started “What have you done?” Parveneh hissed cutting him off. “Is this girl even of good standing? Does she have pure blood she continued throwing questions at him.”

“Of course she is mother” Blaise added between her rants. “Who is she” his mother asked her facial expression showed her disapproval. “Ginevra Weasley”Blaise finally informed.

His mother covered her mouth in dismay. “A Weasley surely my son you have better taste then a Weasley”.

“There’s more” Blaise quickly continued; “she is currently carrying the heir to the Zabini line.”

“WHAT!” She mother screamed.

“This can be fixed” his mother stated muttering to herself. “Why didn’t you just invoke the rights as the father and take custody of the child not marrying the blood traitor” his mother suggested.

“I would if I could but I don’t have an out here mother” Blaise assured her. “She was underage at the time of our union. It was either face imprisonment for bedding an underage witch or marrying her,” Blaise finished.

“Besides according to Mr. Weasley, when I penetrated her, the chastity curse bound us” Blaise stated leaning back.

“Your uncle and grandfather aren’t going to be pleased about this” Parveneh assured her son. “We both know how you feel about Grandfather and Uncle Rafael?” Blaise stated. “My feelings on this matter are along with theirs in this case” his mother replied.

“You my son have gotten yourself into a bad spot. She isn’t of our breed they will eat her alive” Parveneh sighed in dismay at her son’s careless choices. Why had he shamed her so? She thought.

“Well then mother, we will just have to teach her what it means to be the wife of a Zabini won’t we” Blaise stated.

“She’s so common my son” Parveneh sighed in defeat. “I’m sure that you are having the standard contract drawn up” his mother inquired.

“Of course mother I’ve already met with Perseus this morning about the contract. only I’m taking the part out about a dowry because of the circumstances it would not be wise.” Blaise replied.
“You’re most assuredly right in that sense. This isn’t a regular betrothal” his mother agreed.

Blaise sat in companionable silence with his mother until she left for her luncheon. Blaise wondered how his friends would take his news. He knew Draco would prove to be a chore as usual. The blonde was such a drama queen at times Blaise found it hard to deal with his personality.

Retaking his seat behind his desk Blaise picked up his everlast quill and began making a list of things that he needed to take care of being the announcement could be made for the newspaper in Italy as well as in Britain.

Chapter End Notes

A/N:

Entrare (enter)
Mandarlo in grazie (Send him in thanks)
Signor Zabini cosa posso fare per voi questa mattina (Mr Zabini what can I do for you this morning?)
Chapter Summary

Doubt, indulged and cherished, is in danger of becoming denial; but if honest, and bent on thorough investigation, it may soon lead to full establishment of the truth.

Ambrose Bierce

Life at the burrow was stifling for Ginny. Her parents kept an annoying close watch on her as if she would somehow shame them again. What else could she possibly do; that would bring any more shame to her parents. She had never seen her father so angry or disappointed; not even Fred and George’s constant misconduct at school garnered such an expression of displeasure. She couldn’t begin to imagine what Blaise was thinking when he found out about the chastity curse.

It is not like they ever had a meaningful conversation. There dalliances were purely for physical pleasure. Part of her knew that Blaise was being vindictive because she was Harry’s girlfriend. She honestly thought Harry would never find out about her seeing Blaise.

They weren’t planning on a relationship just fun. She couldn’t begin to think of how his family would take the news. Her family might be pureblood but they weren’t readily accepted in elite society. Her grandfather and his wife were but not her father because of his fascination with muggles.

Ron still refused to speak to her. He ignored her at meals and avoided her any other time; it was as if she didn’t even exist in his eyes. Ginny couldn’t describe how much it hurt for Ron to treat her in such disgust; even Hermione hadn’t visited since her birthday.

Ginny knew it was partly because she ousted her relationship with Snape in front of all of their friends. She knew it was wrong but she was just so angry that Hermione told everyone she’d cheated on Harry the whole time they were in hiding. Ginny didn’t know if their friendship could be repaired now that everything was out. Hermione hadn’t even stuck around after her mum had sent the guest home.

George was rarely around now; because he was busy getting the shop back running and developing new products. Charlie had returned to Romania to work. Bill and that wretched wife of his had also returned to their home. Ginny couldn’t believe her own sister-in-law sided with Potter, the traitor. Oh how she despised her brother’s wife and her French accent.

Fleur refused to believe that Ginny truly loved Harry. She thought Ginny to be a selfish little girl
who didn’t care for anyone’s feelings. Ginny wouldn’t admit that Fleur’s opinion of her hurt but she wasn’t going to let an outsider make her feel guilty for experimenting.

Would she ever be looked at the same in their eyes or would they all end up like Ron and disowning her and never speaking to her again? Ginny never felt so alone in her life. The lingering pain of their broken sibling bond was a constant reminder of what she lost. Her heart constricted; Ron had deserted her and wouldn’t even acknowledge her, not even as a person.

Ginny couldn’t see that her actions had shamed her father. She couldn’t grasp the concept that just because you wanted something didn’t mean that you would get it.

She didn’t know how she was going to manage it, but, she was going to get out of her forced engagement to Blaise and marry Harry. At least once she managed to convince him that he belonged with her. Ginny knew that only she could make him happy. Then maybe she could repair her relationship with her brother.

Her life was becoming a cruel joke. Nothing was going the way she thought it would. She had her life planned out and no where in those plans did it include being pregnant at 17 and magically bonded to the wrong guy. Now she was overly emotional due to her pregnancy, and no seemed to care how the pregnancy was affecting her.

“The child she carried should have been Harry’s heir,” thought Ginny, letting out a depressed sort of sigh. “How could her life have gotten this complicated.” She no longer wore the glamour to hide her growing stomach that was rounding with pregnancy.

Ginny sat in the kitchen with her mother as she made lunch. Her mother much to her disgust, stood at the stove talking about her future. “What future,” Ginny thought. The more she thought about the events on her birthday she only felt sick. She wished more than ever that she’d read that stupid book. It was the cause of her problems. She didn’t know that Harry was pulling back because he wanted to give them time. She now wished she had more time, more choices and more options.

Molly looked at her daughter briefly. Ginny’s skin had a glow of pregnancy that Molly was unsure how she missed it. Ginny being pregnant explained the erratic mood swings her daughter had been experiencing as of late.

Molly had such hopes for her youngest child, but could clearly see that spoiling Ginny had the worst effect on her. She was selfish in how she treated people and more than a little spoiled. Sure they didn’t have much but they gave Ginny what they could, being she was the only girl.
They respected old wizarding traditions although they weren’t fanatical about things like some of the darker families. “Ginny was much like her uncle Jared,” Molly thought sadly. He was known to thumb his nose at traditions and did things in his own way. Molly didn’t know if her daughter would know how to handle being the wife in a traditionalist family. She would be limited in what she was allowed to do.

Molly was sure that the Zabini heir came from a traditionalist family one with traditionalist ideals. She and Arthur however, could not protect her from this. Her choices tied their hands and Ginny would have to face those consequences.

Molly looked up from the pot she was stirring to tapping on the kitchen window. Ginny’s face lit up when Molly let Nefertari in through the kitchen window but instead of the blue peregrine falcon flying over to her; it landed on Molly’s out stretched arm. Harry had purchased the falcon not long after he was released from the infirmary. The falcon was very distinctive with deep blue plumage around its face and head the color darkening around its eyes with a yellowish marking around it beak that bleed into blue coloring. The underside of the falcon was speckled in white and blue. The tail feathers bleeding from the deep blue with white tips, it was much like the muggle counter part however this bird was a magically bred falcon. She was much larger than Hedwig had been.

Molly removed the package and Nefertari flew back out the open window. Molly opened the brown wrapped package. She wondered what Harry would be sending them; lying inside was the book Arthur had given Ginny to read and a note.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Weasley,

First I would like to begin by apologizing for my behavior the last time I was at your home. The news was an unexpected shock and I acted in a manner unbefitting of my station. This leads to the reason of this missive. Enclosed is the book given to me by Ginevra and I thought it best that I return your family in this manner. I can not begin to understand how your family will deal with the fallout of this situation. I only hope my actions did not bring you any further shame. I also would like to thank you for the kindness that your family has shown me over the years it is greatly appreciated. In light of these events I believe its best that I distance myself from your family while you all go through the transition of welcoming Lord Zabini into your lives. I wish your family the best and request that no one contacts me.

Best Regards

Lord Hadarian Potter-Black

Ancient & Noble house of Black

Ancient & Gallant house of Potter
Molly heart constricted at the formal tone of his letter. “Well, what did he say?” Ginny questioned her mother. “He’s requesting that we not contact him.” Molly sighed starting on making a pot of tea before taking a seat back at the kitchen table. She had hoped that Harry would still feel he was apart of their family. This unfortunate mess that Ginny made was going to have an everlasting effect on everyone.

“What do you mean he doesn’t want to be contacted?” Ginny questioned further. “Don’t you worry about that young lady; it’s time for you to accept that you are irrevocably bound to that young man. You’ve caused enough shame on this family. You will stay away from Lord Potter-Black,” Molly scolded her daughter.

Ginny refused to accept that she was bound to Blaise. (Even after her father spoke of the curse.) They both had their own plans for the future. She would marry Harry and Blaise was going to marry who ever he was contracted to marry.

Pure blood supremist and their nonsense with arranged marriages. She could only thank Merlin, Godric and Morgana that her parents didn’t believe such nonsense.

She felt kind of sorry that Blaise couldn’t marry for love. She was sure that Blaise was already making arrangements with his solicitor to get custody of the child she carried. Ginny honestly didn’t care; she only dreamed of one thing that was being Mrs. Hadarian (Harry) Potter-Black.

The only other thorn in her side was the child she carried which was a constant reminder that she cheated on Harry. If only she had spoken to Hermione sooner maybe things would have been different. Harry wouldn’t have known about her indiscretions and they could have still been together.

She only brought back to her attention that she and Hermione weren’t currently speaking either. Not even Luna had come by since her birthday. She guessed all of her friends were avoiding the situation. She guessed they didn’t want to choose sides between her self and Harry.

Ginny refused to go to Saint Mungo’s for a check up being that she had gone 14 weeks without any kind of prenatal care. But of course her mother refused to listen. That leads to Ginny’s current situation.

Madame Pomfrey arrived at the burrow by floo finding Molly sitting in the living room knitting what she believed to be a baby blanket.
“Poppy how are you? I’m glad you are able to see Ginny on such short notice,” Molly stated in greeting.

“I’m glad that I can help. I’m sure Mr. Potter will be thrilled to hear how his unborn child is doing. Now if you could show me to your daughter’s room” Pomfrey replied.

“Of course, right this way,” Molly stated leading the Hogwarts resident healer up the staircase. She couldn’t bring herself to inform the healer that her Ginny was pregnant by someone totally unexpected. On the second landing Molly knocked on Ginny’s door.

Ginny opened the door, stepping back to allow not only her mother but Pomfrey into her bedroom.

Pomfrey removed a portable curtain before handing Ginny a hospital wing issued gown. When Ginny came out from behind the curtain, Pomfrey had set up a portable exam table.

“You will need to drop your glamour Mrs. Weasley it will interfere with the scans,” Pomfrey informed her. Ginny removed the glamours hiding her rounded stomach from view before getting onto the exam table.

Pomfrey asked her questions about her eating habits and if she had experienced any morning sickness.

When it came time to do the scan Ginny was nervous. Part of her hoped that Pomfrey would tell her she was under the muggle aborting period and she still would be able to fix things with Harry.

Pomfrey explained the process briefly before starting her scans. Ginny closed her eyes and tried to ignore the itchy feeling of the scan against her skin.

“You are currently in your just about 15 weeks pregnant. I will be prescribing you prenatal potions that will need to be taken 3 times a day with meals. You will need to eat more you are currently under weight and I want you to gain at least another stone before your next checkup.”

“Would you like to hear your children’s heart beat?” Pomfrey asked. “CHILDREN!” Ginny screamed, “What do you mean children?” “Mrs. Weasley, you are pregnant with twins, surely you know that you shouldn’t be showing this much already for your first pregnancy?” Pomfrey questioned. Ginny, laid there, her eyes closed; silent tears falling down the sides of her face into her
She didn’t want to be like her mother.

“I will see you in about 4 weeks at that time if you want I will be able to determine the sex of the children,” Pomfrey informed her.

“You can get dressed now,” Pomfrey stated as she pulled out a file filled with parchments which she began writing the necessary information on the form for the prenatal potions.

“If you still experience nausea just let me know and I will prescribe something to help ease it,” Pomfrey assured her.

Molly escorted Pomfrey back down the staircase and into the living room. “Thank you for coming to check over Ginny,” Molly smiled sadly.

“It was no trouble at all. I’m sure that Mr. Potter has been made aware of the situation?” Pomfrey inquired.

Molly sighed, “Lord Potter-Black isn’t the father of Ginny’s unborn children.” Pomfrey eyes were wide in shock. “Well that explains why Mr. Potter isn’t here.” Though Pomfrey as she used the fireplace to return to Hogwarts leaving Molly to her thoughts.
Building Alliances

Edelweiss Hall, Isle of Wight England

The bedroom was the perfect picture of elegance. A large sleigh bed dominated an entire wall. The bedding was a rich burgundy with various burgundy and gold silk throw pillows. The head board of the bed was engraved with an Eagle with cross wands in its claws. The words above the image were in “Mori Infamia (Death before Disgrace) the family’s motto...

Neville had taken the Master bedroom on the day of his 17th birthday. His grandmother had the rooms redone for him. The walls off white, with golden colored vines along the top edge of the walls, the floor to ceiling windows were covered in sheer burgundy drapes trimmed in gold that were pulled back allowing in sunlight. The floor was covered in rich golden brown carpeting. The small sitting area was furnished handsomely with burgundy furniture and dark wood tables that faced the fireplace. Over the fireplace was the picture of a beautiful landscape of the French Rivera.

The remaining three doors led to matching walk in closets as well as the ensuite bath that held matching his and hers showers and a midsize oval shaped tub. The counter held double sinks and on the wall were a set of four oval shaped mirrors trimmed in gold. The walls in this room were the same off white. The towel racks held burgundy and gold towels with the family crest embroidered on them. The floors were burgundy and gold tiled on the other side of the room was another door which led into another bedroom that was often used as the wife’s chambers.

His parents before him used the room as his nursery. Neville thought he would use it as the same or turn it into a small study away from the main part of the house. Neville checked his reflection once more ignoring the mirror’s comments he exited his bathroom through the bedroom and out into the hall closing the door quietly behind him.

Neville walked swiftly from the family wing of his ancestral home. He was a bit anxious about Harry visiting. He had sent out the formal invitation a few days prior and hoped that it was received positively. Being raised by his grandmother, Neville already knew what was expected of him as the sole heir of the Longbottom legacy.

It had taken a bit of work to have his father declared mentally incapable to maintain the head of family status. There were many rules about uprooting the current head of house before their deaths. Neville’s grandmother had prepared him over the years for the taking over as head of the Longbottom family. She was only able to hold the seat by proxy until Neville was of age to take the seat. Augusta Longbottom, a formidable woman who was not only very protective of him but very stern.

Today he was dressed in bistre brown colored pants with a matching Egyptian cotton shirt with the Longbottom family crest embroidered on the right collar matching leather shoes and a collarless deep burgundy sleeveless light weight robe with gold fastenings. He had grown his blonde hair out over the last year and with the help of a hair growth potion it now reached mid back when loose however it was currently spelled into a single braid tied off with a brown strap of leather.

Neville entered the family room on the first floor to find his grandmother already there ordering tea from nobly. Nobly had been in the family for centuries and was the head house elf at Edelweiss Hall. She was dressed in an ankle length bronze colored dress with a dark spring green robe with gold stitching and gold fastenings. It fit her frame snuggly to her waist where it flowed loosely around her
small frame. Her blonde hair pulled up in an elegant twist. Her pale green eyes looked him over.

“Grandmother, I thought you were visiting Madame Marchbanks today?” Neville questioned as he took the armchair across from her.

“I am child; Griselda and I are meeting with the charity board this afternoon however that won’t happen for a while yet.” Augusta informed her grandson, “The Wizengamot is currently looking for an alternative location to hold sessions in until the issues with the ministry building can be resolved.”

“I thought the building didn’t take much damage,” Neville replied wondering what could be going on with the ministry it wasn’t much in the prophet these days.

“The heavy use of dark magic by deatheaters had permeated the wards and the very walls of the building. I wouldn’t be surprised if the minister isn’t looking for someplace else to house the ministry.”

“But wouldn’t that be unwise?” Neville questioned, “I mean it could take centuries before the wards would be saturated with enough magic to be powerful enough to withstand an attack.”

“That may be true child but that fact still remains that too many people were slain within the walls of the ministry and that leaves a taint not only in the building but the magic as well,” Augusta sighed taking a sip of her tea, “What time are you expecting Lord Potter-Black’s arrival?” Augusta questioned her grandson.

“He should be arriving an about half pass twelve I’ve already planned the meal for lunch everything is set up in the formal dining room. We’ll dine at around one,” Neville explained.

“Hadarian and I spoke briefly a few weeks ago about throwing possible ideas off each other. Lady Black is teaching him what he needs to know has the head of family. She wasn’t pleased at all that Dumbledore neglected his duty as his magical guardian. He is truly being over whelmed by the vast amount of information that Andromeda insist that he learns.” Neville informed his grandmother.

“I thought I would be beneficial to both of us to study the members of the Wizengamot together that way we can try to start building alliances of our own. Before you say it Grandmother I know it won’t be easy because we’re both young and many will resent us for taking part in the sessions. Especially Harry because he is the wizarding world’s hero and can ask for just about anything and be granted his wish.”

“Lord Potter-Black is in the ideal position to make changes Wizarding Britain what we desperately need. I’m sure that Lady Black as already explained the fundamentals to him and with a little help he will be ready when the sessions begin.” Augusta assured her grandson. “How are you feeling about the meeting tomorrow?” she questioned.

“According to the Goblins everything should be straight forward. Gripknot assured me that I shouldn’t have problems with gaining the estates as well as the head of house status.” Neville assured her.

Augusta nodded in understanding. Her grandson was more than ready to take his place among the elite in wizarding society. She had sheltered him from so much wanting to protect him from the harsh realities of war. He and his former classmates were far too young to be forced to defend themselves in a life or death fight but wars were brutal and the opposing side it didn’t concern themselves with the age of the victims.

Her grandson like many others had fought and she was forced to see that Neville was no longer the
small child who she feared wouldn’t have magic due to being put under cruciatus curse when he was 1 ½ years old. No life wasn’t so cruel as to wipeout his magic; he had come into his own and she couldn’t have been more proud.

Harry entered the formal dining room in the home he now shared with Andromeda and his godson Teddy. He knew Andromeda would critique what he’d chosen to wear so he dressed carefully. Today he’d chosen to wear light gray tailored slacks with a silvery blue Egyptian cotton shirt with silver buttons with his family crest embroidered on the right collar. His over robes were gray silk with silver fastening that flowed around his frame. He paused at seeing someone sitting at the table conversing with Andy.

“Good morning,” Harry greeted as he took his place at the head of the table. He was surprised to see they had a guest. They didn’t get many visitors at the manor.

“Good morning Hadarian,” Andromeda greeted, “This is Emera Carsten; she’s the nanny that I hired to care for Teddy. Emera this is Lord Hadarian Potter-Black, he is my grandson’s legal magical guardian.”

“Nice to meet you Lord Potter-Black,” said Emera with a heavy German accent.

Harry smiled briefly, “Nice to meet you as well Emera, I’m sure you and Teddy will get on nicely.” He hoped that he managed to keep the shock off his face. He and Andromeda had spoken briefly about the possibly hiring a nanny but when she decided to drop to working half days, Harry assumed the issue wasn’t necessary. After the introductions Andromeda proceeded to go over Harry’s schedule for the day with him. Andromeda’s return to work hadn’t lessened the time she spent instructing him.

The new nanny would lift some of the responsibility off Harry and Andromeda as they both were fairly busy. Andromeda had returned to work at Saint Mungos were she was one of the head healers on staff.

Harry was constantly busy with financial lessons from Gringotts as well as helping with the rebuild and meetings with various departments at the ministry which was now scattered throughout Diagon Alley.

Harry picked up the morning issue of the Daily Prophet reading through it. Several more deatheater had their trials the previous day. Some of the verdicts were not surprising he was glad that Kingsley and the Wizengamot weren’t taking any chances. All the accused were given the truth serum to assess the extent of their guilt before verdicts and punishments were given.

The prisoners were being held in ministry holding sells with magic suppression bracelets on their arms. There had been some talk of stripping the guilty of their magic so they would no longer have the ability to cause harm. Harry wasn’t sure if the loss of their magic wouldn’t kill them.

He had read in the paper a week back that the former Azkaban prison had been demolished due to the damage it had taken with the mass breakout. The island located in the North Sea where the prison was built. Harry wasn’t sure how long it would take to build the prison but was sure it wouldn’t be as long as muggles contractors would take to build things.
He was glad the dementors were destroyed during the battle of Hogwarts. The new Azkaban prison was now going to wizard run. The former wards on the prison were still intact and would help to protect the building that was currently being constructed.

Harry looked up from the paper when Andromeda started talking with the young lady who would now be apart of their lives.

“Emera I will show you to your rooms now if you are finished with breakfast dear,” Andromeda advised.

“Sure I’m done,” Emera answered getting up from the table to follow the older woman. “It was nice meeting you Lord Potter-Black. I hope we build a great working relationship in the future.”

“I’m sure we will,” Harry assured the woman before his eyes returned to the paper he was reading. It wasn’t much longer before he folded the paper placing it back on the table leaving the room for his personal study.

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At exactly a twenty pass twelve Harry left his personal study heading towards the anti chamber to floo to the address given on the invitation.

Exiting the floo network Harry entered the antechamber where Neville stood waiting for him.

“Good afternoon Harry, I’m glad you were able to make it,” He greeted with a bow of his head.

“Afternoon Neville, Thanks for inviting me,” Harry replied. “This way,” Neville stated leading him from the anti chamber through the entrance hall that was handsomely decorated with sculptures and pictures of who Harry assumed were his ancestors.

Neville led him into the family room where his grandmother was still sitting drinking a cup of tea. “Lord Potter-Black, may I formally introduce you to my grandmother Dowager Augusta Longbottom. Grandmother this is my dear friend Lord Hadarian Potter-Black,” Neville stated.

“Lord Potter-Black, it’s a pleasure to meet you under better circumstances.” Augusta stated.

Harry kissed the back of her hand, “The pleasure is mine, Dowager Longbottom” he stated releasing her hand before taking the seat offered by Neville who took the seat across from him on the brown leather sofa.

Harry looked around the room before settling his gaze on his companion. “You wanted to discuss some things?” Harry questioned.

“I thought we could discuss what we’ve learned in researching the Wizengamot members. As you know we will have a difficult time being accepted due to our age but also because we will be considered to be Dumbledore supporters.” Neville explained.

“We are Dumbledore supporters and I’m well aware of how fickle the wizarding world can be,” Harry sighed wondering where Neville was going with this conversation. Sure he was angry at some of the decisions Dumbledore made in regards to him but he was a good man and wanted the best for the wizarding world.
“I’m not saying that we aren’t, but we have to form our own alliances. From what I’ve researched there are three factions in the Wizengamot, light fanatical, dark fanatical and families who fall between them.” Neville explained, “The strictly light families are known to be supporters of Dumbledore’s cause. They are pro light and nothing that is even remotely dark or leaning in that direction will cause them to become irrational and try to stop bills from passing. They will interfere with anything that would go against muggleborns or lean towards pureblood supremacy. The same can be said for the dark. The gray families however are neutral and often will vote with either side when the specifics of the bills are given and if they align with their goals for the wizarding world.”

“Lord Potter-Black what my grandson is trying to convey is that you will have an uphill battle to gain alliances within the Wizengamot. The members are have their ideals and views on that is best for the wizarding world and yes some of those ideals will work against what you may want to do to improve the wizarding world. The key is to appeal to their sense of traditions when you speak on any law or bill you are trying to get passed.” Augusta informed him.

“So what do you suggest we do?” Harry questioned, “We know that there isn’t a chance in hell that the dark families are going to support anything that we put forth to the Wizengamot. They are all for tradition of the wizarding world not that I’m knocking traditions because I agree with some of them but the segregation between wizarding kind because of blood status is really a foolish ideal.”

“We can start by building our own alliance,” Neville explained.

They were interrupted by Nobly, “I’m sorry Master Neville lunch is being served now in the formal dining room.”

“Lord Potter-Black I hope you enjoy the rest of your visit. I’m afraid I won’t be joining you for lunch I have a prior engagement to see too.” Augusta stated rising from where she sat.

Thank you Nobly,” Neville sighed getting up from where he was sitting.

“Enjoy your afternoon grandmother,” Neville stated offering her his arm walking from the room.

Augusta headed towards the anti chamber to floo to her destination while Neville led Harry towards the formal dining room.

The Dining room was decorated in cream and green. A large cherry wood table dominated the room with comfortable chairs with cream upholstery.

Harry took the seat on Neville’s left before the joining hands. Neville voiced the blessing smoothly before they each filled their plates with food and started their conversation where they left off.

“How do you suggest we start building this alliance,” Harry questioned curious to his friend’s ideas.

“Tomorrow I’m meeting with Gringotts to make my taking over as head of the Longbottom family official. Some other things are being worked out, but I’m hoping to have everything in order before the Wizengamot session starts up again.

“If we work together and combine our votes we will have a greater chance at succeeding in making changes.” Neville said taking a sip from his wine glass.

“But we can’t do this on our own though,” Harry sighed wondering how they were going to form an alliance when the votes would be stacked against them. “With you taking over as head of family your grandmother will no longer be holding the voting seat. She could have helped us with some of the light families.”

“True that’s why Lady Black as well as my grandmother has us researching members of the
Wizengamot. This way we will know how they voted in the past and what in wizarding society is important to them.” Neville explained.

“Won’t it be a problem with Dimitri Flint as the Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot?” Harry questioned, from his research of the man, he was borderline supremist.

“My grandmother says that although Dimitri Flint and Professor Dumbledore bumped heads during meetings, he’s more gray than dark. He didn’t believe in what you-know-who stood for,” Neville explained.

Harry held in the need to roll his eyes at Neville’s use of you-know-who. He truly wished people would stop fearing the man’s name. “Well that’s good at least we don’t have to worry about him automatically being aligned with the dark faction.” Harry replied as an after thought.

The pair spent the rest of lunch talking about different members and what they thought the best strategy they could take to gain allies to their cause. They both were aware of the pit falls of them being so young and Harry being at a disadvantage because he wasn’t prepared to take on his responsibilities.

They worked through each of the Wizengamot members listing their views on various topics especially the ones that death with creature laws and laws limiting muggleborns employment options.

It was well into the late afternoon before Harry left promising that they would meet again to discuss more options once Neville met with Gringotts the next day and taken care of his loose ends.

Harry also had things he needed to get done before they could make more concrete plans to better the wizarding community. Harry thought that with Kingsley as Minister of Magic they stood a fair chance of getting laws over turned as well getting new laws passed for the betterment of the wizarding world.
Harry appeared with a displacement of air outside the warded gates of Hogwarts walking quickly through the open gates, Harry headed up the well know path towards the school. Today he wore faded jeans with a long sleeve burgundy t-shirt with a dragon on the right sleeve and black trainers on his feet. His hair was once again pulled back from his face by a leather throng. More than a week had passed since his lunch with Neville. They had both made plans to meet again in the next few days when they weren’t so busy with their other projects.

Harry pushed the thoughts of Andromeda’s disapproving looks at his attire that morning at breakfast but Harry wasn’t about to wear wizarding robes to help with the repairs.

McGonagall was heading towards the other side of the court yard towards the bridge that Seamus expertly blew up on her orders, that was now proving to be a bear to repair.

“Morning Potter”, McGonagall stated when he reached them. “Headmistress” Harry stated. “You’ve gotten all of your business taken care of” she questioned.

Harry smiled and with a laugh replied “all that I can get done in the next few days at least however I will be here early afternoon tomorrow. I have a meeting with Gringotts in the morning and I’m not sure how long it will last.”

“That is to be expected” McGonagall stated before looking down to her clip board.

“How much more is there to be completed before Hogwarts is ready to open?” Harry questioned.

“I’m hoping to get the outside repairs completed before the weather turns the repairs on the inside of the castle can be completed through the winter months. The goblins believe those repairs shouldn’t stop the school from opening. Once the outside is complete everyone will be assigned inside. The bridge is my major concern as well as the quidditch pitch,” McGonagall informed him.

“You will be working on the side courtyard today. They have already started” she informed him. Harry smiled “yes mam” he stated bowing before heading off in that direction.

McGonagall shook her head at him before conferring with her reparation schedule. She had hopes of the school opening on time in September first but the problems with getting the bridge repaired would prevent the school from opening.

Harry entered the side court yard to find everyone working on rebuilding the walls and strengthening them where there were weak spots. “It took you long enough to get here,” Seamus stated, from where he was working casting spells silently.

“McGonagall put you to work I see,” Harry said laughter clearly in his voice.

“I had some things to take care of this morning. Have you guys been here long?” Harry asked as he started working on the wall along with Seamus.

“We’ve been here a couple of hours I think,” Dean replied as he came towards the pair levitating a large amount of bricks they were using to replace the wall that had been decimated by trolls. Harry was surprised the castle damage wasn’t more extensive than it appeared.
Harry thought about the recovery effort since the war. There were many pictures appearing in the daily prophet about the damage done to not only to the ministry but Hogsmead, Hogwarts and Diagon Alley. There were many volunteers helping where they could with repairs while the professionals handled what they couldn’t.

Many people had lost their homes due to fires and were filing claims to start rebuilding or repairing their homes.

Harry hadn’t seen the Malfoy’s since their trial but he knew Lucius Malfoy had donated quite a few galleons to help with repairs. Harry imagined that they were busy trying to renovate Malfoy Manor to remove traces of Voldemort from inhabiting it. He also figured they were mourning the death of Narcissa Malfoy.

The ministry departments were scattered throughout Diagon Alley because of the damage and magical taint at the old ministry building. Kingsley Shacklebolt the in-term minister and his department however had taken up residence in the private meeting rooms of the Leaky Cauldron.

Harry allowed his thoughts to wander as he lost himself in the mundane task of rebuilding the wall and forgot about his own personal problems. When they broke for lunch most of the court yard right wall had been repaired. They only needed to be fortified with spells and protections.

Harry believed they would be finished that area before they called it quits and would be assigned in another area when they returned the next day. Most of the extensive outer wall damage outside the castle had already been repaired by the goblins that could still be seen working to ensure the structure of the old building was strong.

“So what are your plans?” Dean asked Harry as he filled his plate with roast beef, mashed potatoes and broccoli. They were all sitting at their former house table.

“I have a few plans on the table actually. I have a meeting at the Ministry tomorrow. Once I have that sorted out I will meet with Gringotts again and get things moving in the direction that I want things to go,” Harry stated.

“What are you planning mate?” Seamus asked.

“I can’t say yet. I want to make sure that I have things well under way before I say anything to anyone,” Harry confided in his friends.

“Well if you need some help let us know,” both, Dean and Seamus told him. Harry nodded in acceptance. It felt good that he still had friends that he could count on. Lunch passed fairly quickly with everyone talking about the remaining repairs and moving on to the next location to offer their help in getting the magical community back running and people could begin to live again.

Harry followed Seamus and Dean back out into the courtyard where they separated Harry went over to the left side while Seamus and Dean headed back to where they were finishing the last bit of wall on the right that seemed to have settled incorrectly while they were at lunch and they had to fix it before moving on to the last bit of wall needing repair.

“Have you heard from Ron?” Dean asked as he started levitating bricks over to them while they added mortar before spelling them in place.

“He has written several times however I haven’t read any of his letters.” Harry explained to his friends. “I’m surprised that he hasn’t been seen here however.”

“He went for the Falcon’s Training Camp,” Seamus said as he mixed another batch of mortar for
them to use.

“I forgot about that,” Dean admitted, they all knew Ron had an obsession with quidditch and always dreamed of playing professionally.

“What do you think about Hermione and Snape?” Dean asked curious as to what Harry thought of the pairing.

“I try not to think about it honestly,” Harry said with a look of revulsion on his face, “It’s a bit disconcerting really. It gives me the creeps just thinking about it. It seems the last two years has been full of secrets and deceptions.”

“So she’s explained her reasons behind being with Snape?” Seamus questioned curious what Hermione would see in their git of a potions professor.

“I haven’t spoken to her.” Harry stated without any reservations.

“After you left mate, Ron and Hermione had a terrible row. I thought for sure Hermione would deck him. I think it’s safe to say that their friendship is down the drain.” Dean revealed.

“What are you on about Dean” Harry asked.

“After you left Ron didn’t take the news of Hermione and Snape very well. He actually told her it was either her friendship with him or her relationship with Snape.”

“That’s a low blow.” Seamus agreed, “I mean what are the odds of Hermione ending her relationship to appease our feelings. Its not like we have to deal with the man. Sure I can’t say that I care for the man or even like him generally speaking but how would we feel if it was done to us?”

“It’s a bit much to accept,” Harry replied looking thoughtful, “I would be lying if I said it didn’t bother me. It seems to me that the dynamics of our friendship has changed. She like Ron will have to live with the consequence of those choices.”

“It goes to show you don’t truly know people as well as you think you do,” Seamus stated has he walked off to get more bricks.

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Ginny entered the school grounds she couldn’t believe she had to sneak away from home. Her mother was being such a mother bear since her pregnancy had been revealed. She was also avid about her staying away from Harry.

She was hoping she would catch Harry working on the rebuild to give them a chance to talk without her family interference. She had dressed very carefully in a long flowing blue peasant skirt with matching top and flat shoes; a dark blue summer day robe over it. Her rounded stomach was again concealed by glamour as she made her way into the court yard.

She didn’t care what her parents thought she was entitled to be married to the man-who-lived-to-save-them-all-again. She was destined to be Lady Potter and no one was going to stop her.

She smiled when she saw him working by himself rebuilding a short side wall. She walked quietly towards him knowing he was unaware of her presence.
“Oy you need to leave” Seamus stated, when he noticed her approaching Harry who fortunately wasn’t aware of her presence.

“I don’t think it’s up to you whether I’m allowed on Hogwarts grounds or not Finnigan,” Ginny hissed. “I’m not here to see you anyway so butt out.”

It wasn’t until he heard her voice that Harry wished he had stayed home. Everything that happened the week before came rushing back into the forefront of his mind. Ginny was walking towards where he stood in the courtyard calling out Harry’s name to get his attention and the attention of everyone else.

“Don’t you think you’ve done enough” Seamus questioned Ginny. “Stay out of this Finnegan this is between me and Harry. Its’ none of your business,” Ginny continued her attitude getting more violent.

Harry pressed his fingers against his temples wishing that Ginny would just leave. He was grateful that his friends wanted to defend him but it truly wasn’t necessary in this case.

“Harry are you going to talk to me now? I’m sure if you have calmed down that we can talk about things and figure a way out of this whole mess” Ginny stated her voice taking on a whining note.

“As you can see, I’m working. You however aren’t in any condition to help with repairs so you should leave,” Harry stated in a calm voice although inside he was boiling with anger.

“Not in any condition what in the bloody hell do you mean I’m in no condition to be here?” Ginny raised her voice drawing more attention to the pair.

“If you weren’t acting like a complete and utter fool you and I could have married and run away together” Ginny stated as if there was a simple fix to her surmountable problems.

Harry looked at her as if she were truly delusional. “Have you forgotten that you are magically bonded to another man and carrying his heir? Furthermore you are suffering under the delusion that I would ever consider taking you back after what you did” Harry hissed his voice taking on a Snape like quality and that was saying something. “LEAVE!”

Ginny continued her eyes filling with tears “but Harry if you would just listen.”

“I SAID LEAVE FUCK;” Harry swore, “YOU SANCTIMONIOUS BITCH I DON’T WANT TALK TO YOU. I DON’T WANT TO SEE YOU” Harry roared in anger his magic lashing out around him.

“What makes you think that I would have anything else to do with you? Why do you feel, you have the right to even come here asking anything of me causing a scene. What in the bloody hell makes you think I would sully my heritage with an ingrateful selfish little whore like you,” Harry continued. All of his hurt and anger came bubbling to the surface.

Ginny looked as if she’d been slapped. She never dreamed that Harry would speak to her that way. She looked at him tears clearly in her eyes. How could Harry speak to her in such a way she thought? She knew in her whole heart of hearts that Harry didn’t mean the things that he was saying.

A tear fell down her face out of anger Ginny wiped it away. “Why are you acting like this? I thought you loved me,” she cried out. “You promised me that we would be together, you promised.”

“Oh give me a break for Merlin’s sake. Don’t act as if you are hurt by
ALL THIS. YOU DIDN’T GIVE A DAM ABOUT NOTHING AND NO ONE BUT YOURSELF AND WHAT YOU WANTED. NOW YOU EXPECT ME TO FEEL SORRY FOR YOU. OH POOR, POOR GINNY BOO HOO” Harry cut into her.

The arguing pair had drawn a crowd as their voices continued to rise in irritation.

“Why are you making a big issue about Blaise, he doesn’t have to come between us.” Ginny insisted.

Harry grabbed his hair in irritation. “WHAT PART OF I DON’T WANT TO SEE YOU DONT YOU UNDERSTAND? I DAM SURE, DON’T WANT TO BE IN A RELATIONSHIP OF ANY KIND WITH YOU,” Harry stated drained. Ginny had taken his good mood and shredded it into a million little pieces.

Mc Gonagall reached the pair. She could see that Potter was becoming more irritated the more Mrs. Weasley insisted that they speak. She didn’t know what had transpired between the pair. The last she knew they were heading towards engagement.

Well that explained everything she thought when Harry began yelling about her illicit dealings with the Zabini heir. That would definitely ruin a relationship.

“Miss Weasley I think its time for you to leave,” McGonagall stated drawing everyone’s attention to her presence.

“Professor McGonagall,” she stated looking guilty at causing such a scene. She just knew her mother would be hearing about this. It would be too much for Professor McGonagall to keep this to herself.

“I will leave of course,” Ginny stated however she was looking at Harry with longing. “I hope one day soon when you’re on longer angry that we can talk.”

“I am done speaking with you Mrs. Weasley, the next time you seek me out I will file charges of harassment with the ministry. Are we clear?” Harry questioned her as if she were an unruly child.

“But Harry please,” Ginny begged wanting him to understand wanting him to love her as much as she loved him. Harry turned his back to her, he just wanted her gone. He didn’t need the constant reminder of her betrayal and the site of her made his blood boil.

“Mrs. Weasley you should go,” McGonagall urged, “I’d advise that you do as Lord Black-Potter has requested and stay away from him. It would be unseemly for this to become a media circus.”

Harry felt shame for allowing Ginny’s presence at Hogwarts to upset him. “My apologies Headmistress but I think maybe I should leave as well. I have disturbed the repairs enough for one day,” Harry stated.

McGonagall touched his shoulder, all things take time Harry she stated with a sad smile. Harry nodded before walking silently away.

As he walked away Harry thought, he had once again allowed his anger to get the best of him.
Chapter Summary

Harry finds the muggle world an escape from the pressures of the wizarding world. There he wasn't Harry Potter the man who conquered, he was simply Jamie a regular ordinary guy.....

Muggle London

Harry sat at an outside table of a small café a glass of coke sat untouched in front of him, while he ate a freshly prepared grilled chicken caesar salad. He had just left a meeting he had scheduled at the muggle child welfare office. They were able to give him a wealth of information on their processes dealing with misplaced children due to abuse, runaways or through abandonment. He planned to spend the rest of the day browsing the shops and maybe get a few things for his godson who seemed to be growing quickly out of his baby clothes. He also needed to look for some muggle paintings that could be used in the two new homes he acquired. It was the first day he’d been able to get away from the responsibilities of the wizarding world.

After Ginny caused a scene at Hogwarts Harry had left partly due to embarrassment but also because he didn’t want to see the looks of pity on people’s faces. He’d had enough of that through his years at Hogwarts and didn’t want it following him into his adult life. He had hoped his letter to Mr. and Mrs. Weasley would curb Ginny’s repulsive behavior but was annoyed the obsessed chit thought she was only one who could and would love him; as if he was some sort of charity case.

Harry was so over the hero worship from the masses. People needed to get on with their lives. He was still being bombarded with copious amounts of fan mail that included indecent pictures of women and men to include some of the younger year students much to his dismay. Romilda Vane even sent a picture of herself in canary yellow lace under garments with her face painted heavily with makeup and her hair in some sort of complicated looking updo.

He knew that soon he was going to have to hire an assistant because Andromeda Goddess bless her was swamped with helping him manage his influx of mail and appointment calendar as well as pulling long hours at Saint Mungos where she was a Senior healer. Harry felt awful about putting so much on the older woman who was becoming a very important part of his life.

Ron was still being persistent in writing him letters although he hadn’t bothered to read any of them. He didn’t truly didn’t care to read what his former friend had to say. Harry figured it was probably just Ron’s poison tongue speaking ill of Hermione and Snape’s relationship and that the redhead would soon get tired of Harry ignoring him and cease writing. Ron although a pureblood was very prejudice in his ideals; he equated all slytherins to dark wizards even when he knows that dark wizards can be from any house even gryffindor. He would speak so negatively on wizarding traditions sprouting that it’s something that dark wizards upheld and that any respecting witch or wizard wouldn’t take much stock in it and neither should Harry.

Neville on the other hand had become another change in Harry’s life. Although they were dorm-mates Harry couldn’t say that they were truly close friends but he was becoming more of a best friend to Harry. The pair had shared lunch and discussed things that Ron would have been jealous or
hotheaded about. Neville could relate to what Harry was experiencing and took the time to explain things that Harry was confused about without making him feel stupid like Ron and Hermione did when he asked them things.

Harry was coming to learn that wizarding traditions had nothing to do with whether witches or wizards were dark but whether or not they valued the traditions of their families and customs that made them magical. He found these traditions to be something to be proud of not to something to fear.

Hermione had also sent him a letter returning his gift that he’d purchased for Ginny; he was thankful it had been returned wizarding protocol wouldn’t have allowed him to ask for it back without it being seen as negative. She mentioned her trip to Australia to track down her parents due to her obliterating them to protect them from Voldemort. He couldn’t begin to imagine how she must have felt to erase herself from her parent’s memories like that. Harry wouldn’t have ever asked that of her but he understood her reasoning. Death eaters were actively hunting muggleborn witches and wizards and they wouldn’t have thought twice of killing her parents. The letter also mentioned the argument she had with Ron and the rift between the pair because of her relationship with Snape. Harry didn’t think Ron could sink any lower but it was obvious that he was wrong on that score.

Ron had a jaded view of the world due to many factors. Harry believed part of it stemmed from his family not having much money the other Harry believed had to do with his mother’s view on things. Harry didn’t think that Mr. Weasley was prejudice. The man was obsessed with all things muggle and held a firm belief in traditions. Molly however had a jaded view on the wizarding traditions where she thought families that followed the ways of old were supremist and dark.

Harry didn’t understand Molly’s views though because her father was a traditionalist from what Andromeda was able to tell him. Federalius Prewett was a man who ruled his home with an iron fist. Harry wondered if that was the reason Mrs. Weasley was so against traditionalist. Andromeda had spent a full afternoon explaining the intricacies of wizarding traditions and the old ways. Old pure blood families wanted to preserve wizarding traditions that were being discarded as more and more muggleborns came into the wizarding world.

Harry sighed, he understood wanting to preserve traditions but he didn’t agree with denying muggleborns the right to learn magic. What was the possibility of magic being passed from squib parents to children? They were born of magic. This gave Harry something else to research.

Hermione had also alluded to them speaking upon her return to England. Harry wasn’t sure they would speak. He wasn’t sure how he felt about Hermione hypocritical actions, she was so adamant about them not breaking school rules yet she was in an inappropriate relationship with Snape of all people. Keeping her relationship with the greasy git a secret was something that could have cost them their very lives.

The man had killed Dumbledore and during their year on the run there was no proof that Snape wasn’t the evil bastard they all thought him to be. Harry sighed trying to end his wayward thoughts. He no more wanted to think about Hermione’s illicit affair with his former professor then think about Ginny’s illicit affair with Blaise Zabini both made his stomach sour.

The muggle world was becoming an escape for Harry. Here is wasn’t famous nor were his responsibilities weighing on him. He and Neville came here when they could and were beginning to truly get to know each other now that he was not closeted by Hermione and Ron. They were his buffer while at Hogwarts. Harry wondered if his parents will had been followed and he was raised as they wanted if he would have even been friends with either of them.

Dante’s had become a hang out spot for Harry and Neville, they both needed to escape the pressures
of wizarding expectations and just be regular guys going out for a pint. Harry loved the atmosphere of the club, he even had begun to enjoy dancing not the formal stiff dancing that the wizarding world was accustomed too but the freeing kind of dancing where you could just let go and go as crazy as you wanted without reprisal.

Dante’s however was more than met the eye, Harry thought on one occasion that it was wizard ran because he could feel subtle brushes of magic but it would leave as soon as it came which made him think he had imagined it. The club was opened seven days of week even during the day.

There was a smaller side which opened on the side street where other sport bars, small restaurants and pubs were located. The sports bar side had a laid back feel to it. It was a place where you could un-whine after a hard day of work, have a drink with friends, shoot a game of pool or just come in have a drink at the bar and watch the game. Dante’s catered to a large base of clientele and held special nights for their clients. Harry made sure to only go on nights where the atmosphere would be unhindered.

Harry had made several new friends since his venture into the muggle world. Yolanis Elliston was one of them. From her beautiful almond shaped greenish gray eyes to her beautiful caramel complexion Yolanis would cause many men to stare at her when she entered a room. She was a regular at Dante’s and could be found most of the time in the center of the dance floor dancing.

Aidric was another example of fine; with his Asian and European ancestry his athletic but muscular frame drew ladies and men alike. Harry met him his first night at Dante’s. Aidric was one of the bouncers. Fortunately or unfortunately depending on who you asked Aidric was currently in a semi serious relationship with one of the cage dancers. Harry hadn’t personally met her but he knew her because she always wore bright colorful bras.

He also met the sexiest bartender in all of London Angelius better known as Angel who was both Brazilian and European. He had thick lashes that any woman would die for, hypnotic blue eyes that were lined thickly with kohl and a body that was drool worthy. He also was the twin brother Javier, a bouncer, who was practically smitten with Harry and was quite upset the night they first met when Neville interrupted their make out session. Neville had insisted that they leave pulling Harry away from the other man. That was the night of Harry’s break up with Ginny. Harry vaguely remembered being fiercely kissed by the man and pulled into a room somewhere. He was glad that Neville had prevented anything untoward from happening that night because Harry was not ready to have an intimate relationship with anyone.

Not that the man wasn’t gorgeous. Harry had seen the man quite often since he’d returned to the club several times since his initial time. Harry enjoyed the quiet peace of the morning as he watched people walk by.

Harry looked up when a shadow fell over him. “Well, hello gorgeous! What a pleasure it is to see you; when I’m not in the confines of my bar.” Angelius said looking at the raven haired man before him sitting at the table.

“Well if it isn’t the blue eyed devil himself.” Harry said with a smile, “Hey Angelius, how are you?” leaning back in the seat looking up at the man standing in front of him. He had gotten use to the man insistently flirting with him. Angelius Delgado had a very flirtatious nature.

“I’m fabulous, if only I could get rid of that hideous person with my face. My life would be grand.” Angelius sighed taking the chair across from him. Today he was dressed in blue skinny legged jeans with a white polo shirt and white trainers. His blonde hair was pulled back from his face. However what surprised Harry was the man was without his usual flare of rich colorful lipstick and kohl lining his eyes. Harry laughed at his dramatics. Angelius always complained about his twin
Javier, who seemed to be such a sex magnet for women and men. His silent nature seemed to draw people to him while Angelius flirtatious nature caused many to just brush off his words as idol chatter.

“Come now Angelius, I’m sure that Javier has the same troubles as you.” Harry mentioned. “Your brother would be devastated to hear you plotting his demised in such a way.”

“Oh bother!” he sighed as if putout “Not you too. Really Jamie you could at least be head over heels in love with me after all I’m better looking.”

“Angelius, you’re identical.” Harry reminded gently with laughter clearly in his voice. “What brings you out of your man cave so early during the day?”

“I could be asking you the same thing. Shouldn’t you be still in the bed with some beautiful specimen of lickable goodness?” Angelius asked his eyes sparkling with mischief.

“I’m always up early smart arse.” Harry replied with a snort of laughter. It felt good to just be able to joke around with a friend without the burdens of the press. The only other person he felt this free with as of late was Neville, however Neville was busy today with several meetings for businesses that were apart of his estate.

“I’ll have you know Jamie that I had a class this morning at a rather dreadful hour I might add but sadly I can’t expect to be great without attending them.”

“I didn’t know you were taking classes?” Harry replied, “what are you going to school for?” It was good to see another side of the fun loving man. Harry knew that Angelius would make someone a great husband if they could get over his flirtatious behavior.

What Harry didn’t know was that Angelius and Javier Delgado came from a very prominent pureblood family in wizarding Brazil. They attended a Silveira Academy for Wizarding Arts much like Hogwarts however it was by far very different because they earned both muggle and wizarding educations and started school years before their contemporaries. He and his brother had gained their healing certificates and certification while in school.

“I’m actually in medical school here.” Angelius replied; most people were surprised when he revealed his course of study. He and his brother attended the same school from the time they were 5 until they graduated just after their 17th birthday. They had already completed their healer requirements and was now attending Muggle University to learn the muggle side of things.

“Wow that’s great, what are you going to specialize in?” Harry questioned further.

Angelius was surprised that he seemed truly interested in what he wanted to do with his life, coming from a prominent family Angelius and Javier were weary of meeting people because they’re parents were well known in both the wizarding world and the muggle world. “I’m interested in internal medicine actually; my brother Javier however is doing concentration in neurology.”

“Your parent’s must be really proud of you and Javier” Harry stated taking a drink from his cup.

“My parents are difficult to explain,” he sighed. His parents were not aware of what he and his brother were doing with their time abroad. They both were trying to have fun and not think about their looming betrothal contacts waiting their return. Angelius’ future spouse was still attending Silveira’s and would be graduating by the time he completed his studies the next year. He and his brother both would be returning to Brazil after their final year to pass the examinations board exam and start practicing healing arts.
“They mean well, but both Javier and I are limited in our freedoms. We hope to enjoy our last year here and return home and fulfill our responsibilities to our family.” Angelius explained.

Harry could understand that. He sometimes wished that he still had time to come to term with the losses and just enjoy being free for the first time however luck wasn’t with him. The war just ended and he was thrown into his responsibility with no warning.

“ I can’t imagine my parents faces if they knew what Javier and I got up to here in the United Kingdom.” Angelius stated with a snicker, “They probably would have us on the first flight back in to Brazil before the sun had set.” Harry couldn’t help but laugh at the thought of both Javier and Angelius being dragged off by their ears.

“What about you? What are you planning to do with your life?” Angelius questioned.

Harry looked thoughtful, wondering what he could say that wouldn’t give more information then needed.

“Well I just got control of my parent’s estate that has been in trust since I was just over a year old. I’m not really sure what I want to do. My parent’s have a lot of investments that I have to look after so I may look into taking business classes to further my business interest.” Harry stated after a moment.

“That seems like a smart plan.” Angelius advised. “What brought you out today?”

“I was actually getting some background information on child protective laws from the child welfare office here in London. I’ve been thinking of starting a group home for teens who have been the victims of abuse in honor of my parents. They were killed when I was a baby by a man who was mentally ill.” Harry explained he hated to lie, so he said as much of the truth as possible leaving out the bit about magic. Harry replied.

“Is Dante’s in your plans for tonight?” Angelius questioned hoping to get another glimpse of Harry again.

Harry laughed, “Unfortunately Dante’s will have to wait until Friday. I have a very busy day ahead of me tomorrow. You and Javier will have to wait and fight over me later.”

Angelius looked surprised at Harry’s expression of innocence. “I’ll tell the guys I saw you. If you have some free-time stop by,” Angelius said getting up from the table. “And Jamie,” Harry looked up at the older man, “You would be quite the prize to win.”

Harry couldn’t help the blush that appeared on his face.
Ginny thought she had time but unfortunately even the best of plans can be foiled.

Time passed by agonizingly slow for Ginny if was at if the cosmos was punishing her for wanting to be an average teen-witch before settling down with Harry. She couldn’t believe how He treated her at Hogwarts in front of everyone. She never thought he would still be so angry. Harry was always so forgiving in the past. “Surely he would forgive her this?” She thought.

Her only saving grace was that her parents were unaware that she went to Hogwarts against their wishes. She had to speak with Harry but it seemed she only mad things worse. He was almost cruel in his manner of speaking to her. He treated her as if she were a pariah. As if she was no more worthy of his attention then Malfoy. Why couldn’t he forgive her this when Ron had done countless other things that Harry forgave? She made in her mind that she would just have to try again.

Ginny was startled out of her thoughts by the large owl in front of her; removing the letter from his leg Ginny quickly opened it assuming the owl was waiting for a reply because it still remained. Ginny unrolling the expensive parchment she quickly read through the letter.

Dear Ginevra,

I hope this missive reaches you in better spirits then when we last spoke. This letter is to inform you that I have met with my solicitor and requested a marital contract be drawn up. Normally I would be writing to your father about this information, but as our situation is slightly different than a normal betrothal contract I thought I would notify you. I will be setting up a meeting time with the local office of my solicitor in London so that we have the necessary documents signed before an announcement can be made for the paper as well as your introduction party as my intended. Please let me know the earliest day that we can meet with my solicitor to take care of these matters.

Yours in Truth

Lord Blaise Zabini

Antica e Nobile Casata di Zabini (Ancient and Noble House of Zabini)

Ginny balled the letter up in irritation. She needed more time to get out of this. No way in hell she was going to sign an unbreakable contract when there was still a chance for her to marry Harry. “I don’t have a reply,” she hissed at the owl; getting up from the table heading to her room.

Molly watched as Ginny stormed away leaving the crumbled paper forgotten on the table. Summoning the paper to her Molly quickly read the short note before deciding that it was time that her daughter owned up to her mistakes. The bridge with Harry had already been burned to ciders. With that thought in mind Molly pulled ink, a quill and parchment from a side drawer in the kitchen.

Dear Lord Zabini,

I’m afraid that my daughter isn’t adjusting well to recent events; however, she has to be made to see reason as to why this bonding must take place. I can not allow her to foster any ill conceived hope
that she can walk away from her choices without consequences. So with this in mind we can meet
you at your solicitor’s office at your convenience. Send your reply address to myself or my husband
and we will ensure that Ginevra is there for the contract signing.

Madame Margaret Weasley

The Swift and Mighty House

Of

Prewett and Weasley

Molly called the owl to her tying the letter to its leg before getting up to open the window. Molly
knew Ginny would be angry but it was for the best to keep Ginny protected. Her dreams of being
Harry’s wife were long over. The chastity bond was old sacred bond that had no means of being
broken and once placed on a family it couldn’t be lifted.

“Merlin help her”, Ginny was going to face this head on, for Molly wasn’t going to allow her
daughter to self destruct.

3 days later Genoa Italy

Blaise welcomed the new day with his spirits light. There was much he would need to get done in
the coming weeks. His mother had come to terms with what had occurred and was already in the
preplanning stage of Ginevra’s introduction party.

Although his mother considers Ginevra beneath his station, he was sure his mother would make a
proper pureblood wife out of her yet. He also knew that once the contract was signed there would be
no keeping his mother away from his intended. If one thing he knew about his mother, she refused to
be made to look like a fool and didn’t suffer fools gladly.

Whistling he entered his private bathroom to complete his morning absolutions before dressing in
dark gray slacks with a navy blue silk shirt and a sleeveless over robe of navy blue with silver
fastenings.

On his feet were black books of dragon leather. Brushing his wavy hair Blaise thought on what
needed to be done to get his up coming nuptials planned in the next few weeks.

Blaise entered the formal dining room just after 8 that morning to find his mother and uncle already
seated at the table.

Morning mother Blaise stated kissing her cheek taking his seat at the head of the table. Uncle he
acknowledged with a brief nod of his head.

Parveneh Zabini watched her son as he sat down to breakfast.

“Enrico your mother tells me that you have moved into the master suit of rooms that use to belong to
your father” Demarco inquired.

“I thought it pertinent to move now that I’m head of the Zabini line and estate” Blaise simply stated.
“Without speaking to your mother first” Demarco pressed.

“My decision has no reflection on mother as she moved from those rooms soon after father’s death
and besides they are rightfully mine to take” Blaise replied.

“I was under the impression that you weren’t ready to take over running the estate,” his uncle continued to question him. “I have already met with Gringotts and have taken my rightful place as head of my line,” Blaise stated placing his fork down on the napkin, realizing that he wasn’t going to have a peaceful breakfast.

Demarco looked at his young nephew with a calculating expression.”What foolishness have you done boy” he hissed.

“Uncle you forget your place” Blaise stated with an air of impatience. “Although I do appreciate you’re looking after Salvatore Industries I will be taking over my assets. I’m sure Mother has already informed everyone in the family of recent events,” Blaise stated picking up his fork once more.

What situation Demarco questioned, looking towards his sister for answers. “Blaise has already decided on his future bride,” Parveneh stated taking a small sip from her glass to clear the food particles from her mouth.

“What is this foolishness? He decided?” Demarco asked a frown on his face.

“Not to worry uncle she’s a pure blood,” Blaise reassured his uncle. “I actually have a meeting this morning with Perseus to have the contract signed. I’m hoping to have her introduction party within the next week or so.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Demarco hissed at his nephew. “Of all the codswallop I’ve heard. Parveneh I can’t believe you would keep such a thing from the family. Allowing the boy so much leeway as to think he can decide his own betroth.”

Blaise knew that his uncle was one of the Dark Lord’s sympathizers and would have a problem with him marrying someone from a light family.

“This matter is not up for discussion,” Blaise stated, “We are already magically bound. The bonding ceremony will only be a formality.”

“There is no such thing,” Demarco snapped at his nephew. “You may as well meet with Perseus and tell him to void the contract of all the foolishness you’ve gotten up to over the years. I must say this is the most unbelievable. “

“I’m sure you are familiar with the chastity curse uncle,” Blaise stated more than questioned. “That very curse affects all female children born into the Weasley line for centuries.”

His uncle paled at the mention of the Weasley family name. The curse hadn’t quite registered. A Weasley he stated with distaste, I did think you had better sense.”

“It doesn’t matter from what pureblood family she comes from uncle the fact remains that I’m affected by a chastity curse that is upon her family.” Blaise stated clearly irritated that he put is fork down pushing his plate away from him.

“Very well then,” he stated but his expression showed that he was greatly displeased…..

“If you would excuse me Mother… Uncle,” Blaise stated, “I should be heading out I do not wish to be late.” As Blaise left the room, he missed the looks that passed between his mother and uncle.

He would worry about the fall out with his family when he returned to Italy.
The Burrow (the same day)

Ginny woke to her mother’s demanding presence. Her mother hadn’t bothered her for the most part except to make sure she was eating enough and taking those horrible prenatal potions that were prescribed. Since her argument with Harry at Hogwarts Ginny had been sleeping until late morning and found her self irritated at her mother for waking her so early.

“Mum! What on earth are you waking me up at this hour for?” Ginny questioned.

“Get up and get dressed,” Molly ordered her only daughter. She wasn’t going to allow Ginny’s behavior to deter her from doing as she asked.

Ginny rolled her eyes at her mother, she had become more unbearable now then before she knew of her pregnancy; dressing in a long deep green skirt with a black comfortable jumper, Ginny pulled her hair up into a ponytail. She didn’t bother to apply makeup it was too early to worry with such things. The concealment charm took too much magical energy to hold and with her further along in her pregnancy she didn’t bother to apply it.

Pomfrey had already warned her that her magic would focus more on her unborn children as her pregnancy progressed. She supposed Blaise would be thrilled that she was carrying boys. At least they wouldn’t have to suffer through the chastity curse.

She had begun to accept that she was pregnant and looked forward to giving birth; if only to have her body back, she felt completely violated by the two magical beings inside her. She had already begun looking up names in the baby book that Hermione had given her as a gift for her birthday as well as muggle cosmetics. It was a muggle book but Ginny found it to be very informative because it gave the meaning of each name and she wanted her son’s to have strong names, unlike the plebian names her mother gave them.

Ginny sighed when she thought about her friendship with Hermione. She felt awful about revealing her relationship with Snape to Ron and Harry but at the time she just wanted Hermione to hurt just as much as she was. She didn’t know if they were even still friends because she hadn’t heard from her since her coming of age celebration.

Ginny sighed as she entered the kitchen to find her father still at home. “Morning mum, dad,” she stated taking her seat at the table accepting a plate filled with eggs, bacon, home fried potatoes and toast. “Thanks mum,” she stated as she began to eat.

“What are you doing home?” Ginny questioned her father. He had been working a lot of hours helping Kingsley sort out various departments.

“Your mother and I have a meeting this morning. You will be accompanying us.” Arthur ordered with no room for argument.

After breakfast they took the floo network to the Leaky Cauldron and exited on to the muggle side of the pub.

“Why are we in London?” Ginny questioned her parents.

Molly had received an owl from the Zabini heir about the time for their meeting to sign the contracts and wanted to avoid Ginny’s displays of dramatics for as long as possible.

“Come along dear,” Arthur ordered his daughter. Arthur Weasley was known to be a very kind and
gentle man, however when angered Arthur was a force to be reckoned with. He would see his
dughter through the transition of this wedding.

Arthur trusted his only daughter to follow their family ways. He had worried on the amount of the
influence Molly's Uncle Jared had on his daughter but trusted Molly’s judgment that her old uncle
was harmless. It seemed that trust was badly placed.

"Harmless indeed," thought Arthur as he opened the door entering the large sitting area. On the wall
behind the receptionist desk was the office sign “Barone, Barone & Cartwright Legal Esquire with
the symbol of a wand lying diagonally across a scroll.

Ginny paled at reading the sign. “Why were they seeing a lawyer? What are my parents up too?”
Ginny sat nervously wondering, if her parents were separating or something. Ginny had forgotten the
letter she tossed from Blaise.

Molly led her pregnant daughter to a sofa sitting down beside her. No words passed between them as
Ginny’s mind raced thinking about the state of her parent’s marriage. “Surely what happened
between she and Harry wouldn’t drive a wedge between her parents,” she thought. Molly had
refused to answer any of her daughters’ questions since she had awoken her that morning.

Arthur walked to the receptionist desk; Martha looked up from the parchment she was sorting.
“Good morning Sir. How may I assist you?” She questioned. “Yes, I have an appointment with
Perseus Barone my name is Arthur Weasley.” “Of course Mr. Weasley,” Martha smiled, “if you and
your family would follow me, they are waiting for you in conference room 3.”

Arthur waved Molly and Ginny forward following the young witch down the hall. She knocked
briefly on the door before entering. Blaise sat at the large conference table speaking with who Arthur
assumed was his law wizard.

Blaise stood walking over to meet them. “Mr. Weasley, Madame Weasley, and Ginevra,” he greeted
before leading them towards the table before retaking his seat across from them. He was surprised to
see Ginevra’s stomach rounded in pregnancy. She looked further along then he thought. This made
Blaise question if the chit was even pregnant by him.

She was dressed in a dark green peasant skirt with a black top that hugged her small frame and made
her stomach appear far larger than it was. Ginny noticed his look but couldn’t be bothered to care,
she was more worried about how her parents found about the contract. She was sure that she had
gotten rid of the letter that Blaise had sent days prior.

“This is my law wizard Perseus Barone.” Blaise introduced. Perseus sat watching the scene play out
before him. He could see upon first glance that young Mrs. Weasley had no idea her reason for being
there but it was quickly dawning her if her surprise at seeing Lord Zabini was any indication.

Blaise wore dark gray slacks with a navy blue silk shirt and a sleeveless over robe of navy blue with
silver fastenings that flowed around his tall frame. Ginny knew she was in trouble the minute she
saw him in the room.

Blaise grew concerned when she briefly touched her stomach with a look of wonder on her face.
“Are you alright?” he questioned as noticing her expression and fearing that the stress of the meeting
was affecting her somehow.

Molly smiled, “I believe she just felt one of your son’s kick.” “Sons!” thought Blaise. “I found out
from my healer that I’m carrying twins, twin boys to be exact,” Ginny stated wishing her mother
hadn’t just volunteered information on her pregnancy; being forced to sit between her parents she
had no hope of escaping the room. They had effectively blocked her means of exiting.

“Shall we get started?” Perseus asked, to which everyone but Ginny nodded. “I was informed of the chastity curse and its effects so revisions have been made to the contract to make it more fitting to the circumstances.” Perseus went on to explain the infidelity clause in the contract as well as the expectations of the bonded to the Zabini heir.

Arthur smiled nodding in understanding.

Molly however wanted to protest the limitations that would be placed on her only daughter but Ginny’s actions had placed her under the control of her husbands like so many of Molly’s friends were forced under. These were the kind of consequences she always warned her children about.

Perseus continued to detail the aspects of the contract before he handed the contract over to Blaise for signing.

Blaise sat watching Ginevra’s face as the details of the contract were covered. Blaise reached for the contract as Perseus handed it to him. He quickly signed the document handing both the contract and quill back to his lawyer.

“I’m not signing that like I’m nothing more than a piece of property,” Ginny snapped her anger finally at its peak. Her emotions were very volatile as of late.

“Mrs. Weasley I understand that this can be upsetting for you. Betrothals such as this can make things seem that your freedoms are to the whims of your husband but although you are of age Mrs. Weasley, your father by law can sign betrothals on your behalf. Your refusal to sign is of little consequence,” Perseus assured her.

“You must be out of your bloody mind if you think my father would do such a thing to his daughter,” Ginny stated knowing her father would do anything for her including not signing such a contract. “Tell them daddy?”

“Ginevra I’ve given you enough time to come to terms with this situation. The chastity curse can’t be undone and you young lady must face the consequences of your choices. You will not bring further shame to this family,” Arthur scolded his youngest child.

Ginny heart broke when her father accepted the contract and quill from the lawyer signing his name. Tears fell silently down her eyes partly because she would never be free to get Harry to forgive her; her chances of escaping this farce of a marriage was now impossible.

“It is time that you stop all this foolishness and accept that you are now the bonded of Lord Zabini. Don’t think for one second that we aren’t aware of what you’ve been up to,” Molly informed her as Arthur handed the contract back to the legal wizard.

Blaise removed the black velvet box from his robe pocket removing the princess cut yellow canary diamond from its place. Taking Ginny’s hand in his larger one, Blaise placed the ring on her left ring finger.

“I will see to the announcement being drawn up for our engagement once I have made the necessary arrangements for Ginevra’s intended party. I should have everything ready by the end of the week,” Blaise informed them. He spoke formally as if they hadn’t both just sealed their fate.

Ginny felt a since of betrayal at her parents; she never thought her father would force her into an unwanted marriage. She knew that she made a horrible mistake but why couldn’t they just understand that it was all apart of being a teenage girl. She wiped away the tears in anger. “How
could her father sign away her life as if she was nothing but a broodmare,” Ginny thought to herself.

“As per the contract Master Weasley, the bride’s price will be forwarded into your family coffers. Arthur nodded shaking the lawyers then the Zabini heir’s hand. “Gentlemen,” Arthur stated before leading his wife and shocked daughter from the office.
Hermione walked through her childhood home; since her return from Australia she felt loss. Her plan was so simple; obliviate her parents, send them to Australia so they would be protected from Voldemort and the death eaters. Yet nothing went according to plan, her parents were supposed to be safe, she didn’t take into account that the muggle world even in Australia had their issues with criminal activity.

She had been very meticulous in setting up her parent’s life away from Britain including new identities and bank accounts. She left no detail out. She placed herself as the beneficiary of their estate in both Australia and Britain.

When she arrived in Australia her first stop were her parent’s home. The house was empty and the furniture in a thick layer of dust. They had been gone for some time. As she exited the house was when her world crumbled down around her.

The neighbors words replayed in her mind, “You must be the Roberts niece that they were so fond of,” the woman questioned. “Yes, I am, I’ve been out of the country and thought I would come by for a visit but it appears my aunt and uncle aren’t home” Hermione replied.

“Oh dear, weren’t you notified of their passing?” “Passing?” Hermione questioned. “Yes dear they were killed in the early morning hours of New Years. Drunk driver hit them head on.” In that moment Hermione felt hollow. After all she’d done to protect her parents they’re lives were still ended before she could reverse what she’d done.

She spent a week in Australia meeting with the man who was handling her parents’ estate to take over its management. After which she returned to their home and cleared it of their personal things. Her last stop was the cemetery where they were laid to rest.

When she returned to Britain she filed the necessary paperwork to get the insurance money before returning to her family home in Westminster, England. She had already donated her parents clothing to the local shelter.

She remembered her first thought was how she was going to hold things together now that she didn’t have Harry or Ron there to help her through it. Her one comfort was that her lover agreed to move in with her. She feared he would refuse having a home of his own. Severus had taken over as head of the Prince Estate, which included several properties and quite a bit of money since his release from the hospital and was now using Prince as his last name. It helped, that the properties of his estate were in need of repair. Yet they had managed to blend their lives together without incident.

The house would give them privacy from the wizarding world and the conveniences of the muggle world. Their separate lives were blended together now and her childhood home reflected them both. It no longer held the many portraits of her and her parents nor her mother’s taste in decorations.

The living room furniture that was once white suede was now filled with a beautiful set of antique Queen Anne furniture in a rich burgundy with mahogany end tables and cocktail table and the center of the floor a beautifully crafted Persian rug.

In her study an entire wall was filled with bookshelves while the others were painted a beautiful cream color. The furniture was a rich brown with a multitude of colorful pillows of various shades of
brown and gold that surrounded the fireplace that dominated the room. The bookshelves were filled with the many books that she’d bought over her years in the magical world as well as muggle world.

The matching his and her closets in the master suite were filled once more with Severus’ clothes as well as her own. It took little effort in combining their lives.

The three empty rooms in the lower level of the house were now Severus’ private potion’s lab, potion storage cupboard, as well as his personal study. Hermione guessed Severus comfortable living underground, after years of living in the dungeons at Hogwarts.

The one shock came when the two small house elves appeared, Mipsy and Bits, who belonged to Severus. She was horrified Severus owned house elves. The small creatures were subjected often to cruel masters. Severus immediately warned her against freeing them. She was irritated to find out that what her friends had been trying to tell her about house elves were true but she refused to listen thinking that rich pure blood families were just lazy and abusive.

Hermione’s hope of freeing house elves deflated. She was horrified at the thought that her actions could have killed the enslaved creatures. She promised that she wouldn’t free them.

Returning to the main level of the house Hermione could see splashes of Severus throughout the house this brought her a little comfort that she wasn’t alone. Her future was with her former professor and although they didn’t really talk about their future being living together Hermione hoped that they would one day bond and start a family. She was surprised Severus decided to return to Hogwarts to help with the rebuild but Hogwarts had been home for many students even Severus for his entire school life and nearly twenty years after he graduated.

Entering the study Hermione found her owl deliveries were placed on her desk by Mipsy. Picking up her mail, Hermione walked over to her favorite arm chair before looking through what had come in. She like, Ron, and Harry had gotten job offers since the war ended but Hermione wanted to further her education before she took any form of employment. She didn’t know why she was so disappointed that Ron accepted honorary NEWTS instead of returning to Hogwarts to complete his last year. Harry wasn’t much better because he refused to return to Hogwarts as well. He did however say he would finish his last year just through private study.

Ron on the other hand was so unmotivated about important things in life. He was only motivated when it came to things that didn’t matter like chess and quidditch. All it would take was one serious injury and his hopes of a long career on whatever team would be over and he wouldn’t have any education or skills to help him get into another job that would be worthwhile.

Hermione paused at seeing a letter from Ginny. The younger witch hadn’t written her since the blow up at the Burrow at her coming of age celebration. To be perfectly honest Hermione hadn’t expected to hear from her with the way things ended. Opening the letter Hermione wondered what drove Ginny to write to her.

**Dear Hermione,**

I know my letter has come as a surprise. I first want to apologize for outing you to Ron and Harry. I guess you can blame it on pregnancy hormones. I was just so angry at the time and I wanted someone to know how much I was hurting. Harry was looking at me with loathing that Professor Snape reserved for Gryffindors at Hogwarts, like I was nothing. I want you to know that I never meant to hurt you in any way. I know my rash behavior has caused problems between all of you. So much has happened since you took your trip. Were you able to locate your parents? I hope that everything worked out well on that end. Here things are still rather tense. George has moved out and is now staying in the apartment over the store with Lee. Ron still isn’t speaking to me no matter how
much mum and everyone else tries to plead with him. He left soon after by birthday for the quidditch training camp. I was surprised when his name was listed in the Daily Prophet as one of the starting chasers for the ‘Falmouth Falcons’ even that git Malfoy made the team. If I know my brother he isn’t pleased. I can still feel the ache of the broken bond and hope that it will soon heal either by us repairing it or the pain dulls enough that I don’t notice it. I’ve had my ultra sound recently and it was revealed that I’m having twins. I think I cried for days after. I guess this is my punishment for cheating on Harry; not only am I pregnant by the wrong guy but I’m also magically bound to him. As you know I have been searching for a way to sever the bond however now all hope is lost. My parents don’t understand my love for Harry and have decided to put their foot down where my life is concerned. I must admit I’m still in disbelief that my father, my father would sign a betrothal contract that can’t be broken. I can’t help but feel resentful towards them for ruining my chances of ever making things right with Harry. But I digress nothing in my life has gone according to plan. Blaise’s mother arrived at the Burrow unannounced I may add forcing me into a shopping trip in Paris with her. I think she just wanted to see the lower class woman her son was saddled with. As if I want to be apart of that family; anyway I know I was wrong in the way I handled things and I hope this doesn’t ruin our friendship.

Love from

Ginny

Heading back over to the desk, Hermione quickly composed her reply to Ginny. She was hurt that she revealed her relationship with Severus but with the loss of her parents and Ron and Harry not speaking to her, Hermione felt a deep loneliness. She didn’t think that she would ever fully trust Ginny again with her secrets but if she were honest with herself she just didn’t want to lose another friend.

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Harry stood looking at the large house that his best friend lived with her parents. He hadn’t spoken to Hermione since his breakup with Ginny. Her letter said she wanted to talk. Harry assumed it was about the secrets she’d kept. He wasn’t sure what she was expecting. He would never like or willingly associate with Snape no matter how many times the man saved his life over his school years at Hogwarts.

He respected the sacrifices that man made but he wasn’t foolish enough to believe that Snape did them cause he cared. No the man did those things because he was in love with his childhood best friend who didn’t see him in a romantic light. Harry thought it was a love based on near obsession. The memory of Snape begging Dumbledore to save his mother wasn’t one Harry would soon forget. The man could have cared less if he and his father perished he only wanted his mother because he thought she would return his feelings if his father and he was out of the picture.

Snape hated him from the day he stepped foot in Hogwarts. His vile behavior was not only unwarranted but was vindictive and cruel. He made it a point to try to shred his self worth and confidence during his years at Hogwarts. Harry’s first instinct was to ignore her letter but he knew she would eventually seek him out and he didn’t want that. He wasn’t sure what Hermione’s place would be in his life, if she had a place at all.

Stepping through the wards Harry walked up the paved walkway leading to the front steps of the house. He guessed muggle dentist made a fairly large salary to afford a home of this size. A long cement paved drive way lead to the side of the house Harry assumed where the garage was located. Hermione never really mentioned her home life. He knew that her parents took her on holiday every
summer; much like the Dursley’s did with Dudley.

Harry rang the door bell before turning his back to the doorway looking out over the lawn. The houses here were unlike the middle class neighborhood where he grew up all the houses were the same cookie cutter homes with perfectly manicured lawns.

There was nothing unique about where he lived as a child. All the houses were the same here however the homes were grand in their own right; none of them were the same nor were they close enough to the other to allow neighbors to spy on one another. He knew Vernon Dursley would have boasted if he lived in such a neighborhood.

Hermione was startled when the door bell rang; she wondered who it could be; she wasn’t expecting any visitors. As she headed towards the front entrance way Hermione’s thoughts went to Harry, he’d agreed to come speak with her today and she couldn’t help but feel nervous. She wasn’t sure if her letter had been well received but his two line reply didn’t give her much hope that he would easily forgive the secrets she kept from them.

Hermione wasn’t the smartest girl of the age for no reason. She knew that Severus didn’t care for her friends especially Harry. Any one who attended school with them knew of the fierce animosity between the pair. A look of disgust would form on his face when she asked if he’d seen Harry working on repairs. She didn’t know what Harry’s father did to cause Severus to project his feelings onto Harry.

Hermione sighed things were just so different then she thought they would be. She figured that she, Ron and Harry would always be best friends. That Harry would eventually fall in love with Ginny and they would get married. She didn’t have many hopes for Ron as his taste in Lavender Brown in their 6th year proved her theory that Ron had the emotional range of a teaspoon.

Hearing the door being opened Harry turned around expecting to see his friend instead before him stood a house elf. Bits stood dressed in a black pillowcase that looked new with a crest that Harry didn’t recognize.

“What can Bits be doing for Sir?” The house elf questioned. Harry assumed this house elf was male because his voice wasn’t high like Winky’s when speaking.

“I’m here to see Hermione Granger. My name is Harry Potter”, Harry advised the small creature.

“Thank you Bits,” Hermione stated entering the entrance hall seeing her best friend standing there her heart racing in her chest. Harry was dressed in a blue jeans and a long sleeved gray t-shirt with a black dragon going down the left sleeve of the shirt. His hair was longer since she’d last seen him yet something about him looked different she just couldn’t figure out what.

She walked quickly over to her friend hugging him around his waist. Harry stiffened when she touched him. A pain flashed through her at his rejection. “No he’s definitely not going to easily forgive her,” thought Hermione. “I’m glad you agreed to come. We can sit in my study where it’s more comfortable,” Hermione said leading him through the house. Harry followed behind his former best friend wondering what kind of excuses she would give.

The first thing Harry noticed was the dark rich colors in the room. Though dark it was warm and inviting. Hermione noticed his perusal of the room and smiled. He thought Hermione would have such taste in furniture; it showed how little he knew when it came to her personal thoughts. Their lives surrounded the wizarding world. She and Ron seemed more concerned with integrating themselves in his life.
“How are things?” Hermione asked after ordering tea from Bits.

“Things are well” Harry replied, however he knew those few words would not satisfy Hermione but he wasn’t about to let her think things could go back to the way they use to be. “I don’t think you wanted to talk to me about what I’ve been doing.”

Hermione tensed at his flat tone of voice. It seemed her best friend had become cynical since his break up with Ginny.

Hermione hadn’t planned on Ginny lashing out at her when she was yelling at Ron because he attacked Harry. She hadn’t really spoken to Ginny since her coming of age. She knew that Ron and Harry would react badly to the news but she hadn’t expected Ron to end their friendship over it. Ron had said many hurtful things that day but more so that she was judgmental.

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you.” Hermione began, feeling guilty about keeping such a huge secret from her friends. They were running for their lives and during the year they were hunting for horcruxes. “But Severus thought.”

“Snape,” hissed Harry, “You lied to us and endangered our lives because Snape didn’t want it to get out that he was shagging a student?” Harry asked with a look of disbelief. “And I thought Ginny’s behavior was inconceivable. You both were only thinking of yourselves.”

“That’s not true,” Hermione argued her voice pleading with Harry to understand.

“You expect me to believe that? Come now Hermione, you are the one person I expected to be honest. Yet you had a secret relationship with a professor who hated the sight of me just because my father married the woman he thought himself in love with. Oh he didn’t tell you?” Harry questioned.

“I knew that neither you nor Ron would understand you both hated Severus.” Hermione replied sadly, she wanted so much for Harry and Ron to trust her judgement and accept her choice to date their former professor.

“I had a reason to hate the man. He verbally abused me the entire time I was at Hogwarts. Not to mention, that man verbally abused you and you want me to believe that you kept this a secret because of the way we would react?” Harry questioned further. He refused to allow Hermione to sweep her behavior under the rug as being fearful of their reactions. No she knew exactly how they would react. Yet she did what she wanted, risking their lives in the process. She didn’t see Snape for what he was. Harry wasn’t surprised however Hermione always had a thing for authority figures.

“Yes, I knew how you would react like two spoiled children. Severus gave me something that neither of you could. You and Ron were so prejudice against anything slytherin. Our last year at Hogwarts you spent the entire year playing I spy on Malfoy,” Hermione snapped, her anger taking over.

“And I was right about him being up to no good. Now I know why you were so offended when I kept bringing it up.” Harry said in a bored sort of voice. This was a waste of his time. “My relationship with Severus had nothing to do with it.” Harry looked at her with an expression of really.

“I just want us to go back to the way we were, you know,” Hermione said sadly.

“I don’t think you’re being realistic, in your wants Hermione,” Harry replied. “You have to accept the fact that you were dating a death eater and put not only my life but Ron’s in danger. I’m surprised we lasted that long knowing that you were in contact with Snape the whole time.”
Hermione paled she hadn’t known that Harry was aware of her sneaking off while they were on the run most of the year. She was the reason Snape knew where they were to plant the sword of gryffindor in the lake. She didn’t know Harry nearly drowned trying to get it.

Hermione sighed leaning back in the arm chair she was sitting in. her feet curled up under her body. Harry was usually the open minded one. She never thought that her dating Snape would cost her, her friendships. The pair sat in silence both lost within their own thoughts. Hermione felt him more than saw him. Her body seemed to be hyperaware of Severus. “You’re home early,” Hermione stated greeting her love.

“I wasn’t aware you were having guest today,” Snape replied. “I asked Harry to stop by so we could talk.” Severus expression was closed his black eyes looking at Harry with intense dislike.

“I will see to dinner,” Severus informed her leaving the doorway to speak with Mipsy.

Harry froze at hearing his professor’s voice. He hadn’t seen the man since the war. He knew that he was also helping at Hogwarts but he hadn’t had the displeasure of seeing the man himself. It was strange hearing his voice without malice or disgust. However his intense gaze on his person, he knew it was one of loathing.

“I should be going,” Harry stated getting up from where he was sitting. “I thought we could finish our conversation. We haven’t resolved anything.” Hermione stated as she got up from where she was sitting.

“To be honest with you Hermione I truly don’t care why you started dating Snape. All I know is I can’t trust you to be honest and that is something that you will have to accept. Your reasoning behind the deception would never be enough to justify your actions. Let it go Hermione move on with your life, I have.” Harry stated.

Tears fell from Hermione’s eyes. Ron had given her an ultimatum for their friendship. One that Hermione wasn’t willing to make. She would never leave Severus just because her friends weren’t happy with her choice in partners. Harry was just shutting her out all together. He was right that she needed to accept her decisions and live with the consequences. Hermione couldn’t bring herself to feel bad. Severus position as spy was at stake and with Harry’s mind being so open to Voldemort she didn’t risk telling them.

Had she already chosen Severus over the well being of her friends even then? Although she understood in her mind, Hermione’s heart still ached from the thought of losing the only friends she’d had since she was 12 years old.

The pair spoke quietly both unaware of being watched by their former professor. Snape could see that Hermione was upset. Her eyes were glassy with unshed tears. He wondered if she would lose Potter much like his loss Lilly when he called her that awful name when they were 15. “No, Potter is too much of a foolish gryffindor to end their friendship.”

Not wanting to dwell on the past Snape slipped from the door way heading towards the dining room as it neared the time for dinner, he assumed the pair would soon be following.

Harry left the home of his former best friend without a backwards glance. Ignoring her calling out to him; his life was his own now and he wasn’t going to bend to conform to the wishes of friends nor the wizarding world. Harry felt another weight lift from his shoulders. He would no longer have the crutches of Hermione and Ron to convince him to do things their way. No it was passed time he did things on his own.
“Master is ready for dinner to be served?” the small elf questioned. “Yes Mipsy, if you can call your Mistress and her guest for dinner.” Severus requested.

Mipsy entered the study finding the pair still catching up. “Mistress dinner is being ready.” Mipsy stated

“Thank you Mipsy.” Hermione replied wiping her face of tears. Harry had refused to stay. She entered the formal dining room to see Severus sitting at the head of the table. The floor was covered in deep blue carpet with a large oblong table in the center of the room. A large sparkling chandelier hung above the table lighting the room; a simple floral arrangement in the center of the table.

Hermione took the seat on Severus left her face still blotchy from crying. “Potter not joining us?” he questioned.

“No,” Hermione replied unfolding the napkin draping it across her lap. “I’m not sure if we are friends anymore.”

Severus looked at her with a calculated expression. “What has Potter done?” “The truth,” she sighed, looking at the older man that she had come to love deeply. “I chose your safety before Harry’s or Ron’s. I’ve been selfish and hypocritical towards them, when I was in an inappropriate relationship with a teacher. I took advantage of the fact that neither would question how long I spent in the library.”

“Surely Potter,” Severus said the man with disgust, “Understood the delicate situation we were in with the war?” “He doesn’t care Severus neither of them do. After Ron’s betrayal in 4th year we promised to always be honest with each other. Yet it didn’t stop me from keeping secrets and lying about where I was and what I was doing.”

Severus placed his fork on his plate taking her hand in his own. Hermione’s eyes sparkling with tears. His silent comfort soothed her, she didn’t know what the future held for them but she knew that she loved Severus Tobias Prince with every fiber of her being.

She knew in her heart that if she had the chance to go back and do things over she wouldn’t have changed the decisions she made. It seemed lies, betrayal and secrets had lethal potential in ruining friendships. She realized that now but long after the damage had become un-repairable.
The News of Blaise’s betrothal is announced and Draco isn’t pleased to find out his best friend is bonding with a Weasley.

Malfoy Manor Wiltshire England

In the months after the final battle at Hogwarts for Draco it seemed like only yesterday. His life had gone to hell after his father’s imprisonment in Azkaban at the end of his 5th year at Hogwarts. Nothing could have prepared him for being forced to serve a mad man.

At first he believed it was his aunt’s influence on his mother that had her bartering with the Dark Lord for leniency for Lucius’ failure. He was submitted to the very thing his father wanted to protect him from.

Draco left his bedroom dressed in gray tailored slacks, dragon hide shoes, and a dark blue dress shirt with summer weight tailored robes of gray. His blonde hair fell around his face; no longer desiring to keep the image he was famous for at Hogwarts.

Draco wasn’t foolish enough to believe that people didn’t already think the worst of him and his family; to the outside world, the Malfoy’s were one of the darkest pureblood families in the wizarding community. Yet people only knew what they showed them. His father for example was and still is a very well respected leader in high society. His subsequent imprisonment might have tarnished his image a bit but the respect still remained.

He never imagined that they would not make it through the war. Yet the image of his mother’s body lying on the floor in the great hall among the rest of the casualties never left his thoughts. A small part of him felt a disbelieving anguish, while in reality all he felt a deep sense of relief; relief that his mother couldn’t barter her way out his father’s wrath.

It was probably unbelievable that I her only child would feel no lost or longing for my dead mother; that I could feel satisfaction that she was struck down by the very being she used to bargain with a madman. Draco would never forget finding his mother on her knees in front of the Dark Lord begging for mercy on his father’s behalf as if his father hadn’t made contingency plans in case the worst were to happen.

Draco wasn’t naïve enough to believe that his mother cared for him the way a mother should. The many wizarding photo albums of his childhood was filled with pictures of he and his father, very few could be found of he and his mother alone. Narcissa Malfoy was more concerned about being seen on the arm of the infamous Lucius Malfoy; his perfect little trophy wife to be a proper mother to her son.

Yet his father never looked at his mother in what he thought would be love. Once he was old enough to understand Draco realized that his father only tolerated the woman he married. His father heart held no love, for his mother. Draco would go as far as to say his father seemed annoyed in his mother’s presence, pushing the thoughts of his mother from his mind; Draco quickly descended the main staircase heading towards the formal dining room that had been stripped and redone. His father
wanted to remove all reminders of Voldemort’s presence in his home. The house elves had worked tirelessly and the manor never looked better.

The room was far lighter than it had previously been. The walls painted pale green to match the pale green carpet covering the floor of the room. The large dark wooded table that once dominated the room was replaced by pale wood with engraving on the table of a large dragon. The matching chairs were high-backed with the same light green upholstery. Gold sheer curtains hung at the windows letting in the light from the morning sun.

Along the side wall sat various china cabinets displaying priceless china belonging to his family that was centuries old. They also matched the wood grain of the table and chairs. Where the large chandelier hung from the ceiling previously had been replaced and now four smaller ones hung above the table.

“Good morning Father,” Draco greeted as he entered the formal dining room. “Good morning son,” Lucius replied before lifting his cup of coffee to his mouth, as Draco sat at the table to his right. He was impeccably dressed in robes of dark green with black tailored trousers and matching black shirt. His hair was pulled back at the nape of his neck.

Ordering breakfast the pair dined in silence; not even the sound of the cutlery against their plates.

Lucius observed his son throughout the meal. Draco had changed since the Dark Lords reign had come to an end. Being truly free for the first time Lucius was looking forward to life now that he was widowed. As expected he and Draco would go through the normal grieving period after losing Narcissa.

If only to himself Lucius could admit that he failed to protect his son. He could never say that he cared deeply for his deceased wife but he was aware of her deep feelings for him. “Master Lucius,” Geisha is bringing the morning paper, the small house elf greeted placing it on the table beside his left hand.

“Thank you Geisha,” Lucius replied unfolding the paper.

**Zabini Heir to Wed**

Blaise Zabini, son of the late Lord Salvatore Zabini and Parveneh Zabini ne Castell and sole heir to the Zabini Family fortune and future Lord of the Zabini Family announced his plans to wed Mrs. Ginevra Weasley, daughter of Artecuos Weasley and Margaret Weasley ne Prewett known heroes in the wizarding world for their help in the defeat of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named and his followers. Many would question the motives the young Lord has in joining the Zabini and Weasley family, there are is not doubt the differences in how both families view the current state the war left the wizarding world. An introduction party has been planned to an exclusive number of guests to attend. When asked about his feelings towards his betroth this is what the young Lord had to say. The pair is looking to bond in the coming weeks. We here at the Daily Prophet wish them both well in their future together.

Henry Albright

“Blaise has accepted his Lordship,” Lucius said as he read the article, “A Weasley, such a pity.”

“What was that father?” Draco questioned. Without answering Lucius removed the front page from his paper handing it over to his son. Lucius was only able to read a few lines in the financial section
when his son voiced his opinion.

“A Weasley in high society; what is Blaise thinking?” Draco shouted in anger at his friend.

“I’m sure there is a viable explanation for that son. When was the last time you spoke with Blaise?” Lucius questioned.

“Not since the we left Hogwarts,” Draco admitted feeling guilty about his distance from his friends. “We are all meeting for lunch this afternoon at Che’ Jacque’s Gaelemar Alley.”

“I’m sure your questions will be answered later today,” Lucius offered. “The last time we spoke Lady Zabini was talking about a possible contract with the Crombine family. This doesn’t make sense,” Draco said with a look of revulsion.

“Indeed,” Lucius agreed, folding the rest of the paper placing it back on the table. The pair left the dining soon after, Lucius headed towards his home office and Draco back up the stairs towards his personal rooms.

Draco was the first to arrive at the restaurant he and his friends had been meeting over the summer of their 4th year at Hogwarts together to keep in touch without it being during one high society function or another. This was actually their first meeting since the war ended and Draco was looking forward to seeing them. This visit would be a much needed respite from their expected isolation and grieving period.

Che Jacque’s was the only restaurant in magical Great Britain that sold French cuisine, the floors were covered in dark gray carpeting, the walls pristine white with silver scones along the wall lighting the entry way. Draco walked towards the wizard standing at a podium.

“Bienvenue auCheJacqueMonnomestMarceau” (Welcome to Che Jacques, my name is Marceau), “Avez-vous une réservation?” (Do you have a reservation?) The host on duty asked. He was dressed in high quality black slacks with a matching black shirt and burgundy over robes that had the restaurants name and logo embroidered on the left breast.

“Malfoy groupe de huit” (Malfoy party of eight), Draco answered. “Si vous voulez me suivre Maître Malfoy l'un de nos salles à manger privées a été réservé pour votre fête” (If you would follow me Master Malfoy one of our private dining rooms has been reserved for your party).

Draco nodded following the other wizard down a side hall where the private dining rooms were located. Marceau opened the door leading him inside the room that was richly decorated in shades of blue.

“Je vais vous laisser attendre votre arrivée pour le parti” (I will leave you wait your parties arrival), Marceau advised before heading back towards the front of the restaurant.

It was only a few minutes after he took his seat at the table that Daphne and Tracey arrived. Both of the teens were dressed in shades of blue. Daphne robes were almost royal and Tracey robes were of a lighter shade.

“Dragon,” they both greeted kissing the air beside his cheek before taking a seat at the table.

Draco smiled, “I’m glad you a both could make it. It’s been too long.” “It has,” Tracey agreed.

“I’m sorry guys I had to bring Peony, I just couldn’t bring myself to leave her with the house elves,”
Pansy said as she entered the room followed by the hostess who had a chair floating in front of him to place at the table. Draco ignored the place setting when it appeared on the table.

Pansy was dressed in pale pink robes that match her little sister. Unlike Pansy who had dark hair, Peony dirty blonde curly hair was spelled into ponytail on the top of her head.

“That’s nothing to worry over,” Draco assured her conjuring a pillow to place in the seat before Pansy assisted her little sister in sitting down. The small girl looked shyly around the room.

Greg and Theo were next to arrive, both were dressed in robes Theo were a dark gray and Greg’s navy blue. The pair greeted them before sitting on either side of Pansy.

“Have you all been waiting long?” Theo questioned pouring water into a glass. “Not at all Daphne replied, “I was just telling Dragon how good it is to see everyone.”

“Its unfortunate that Morag couldn’t be here though,” Tracey added.

Millicent arrived in robes of lilac her hair in a French braid down her back. She joined them at the table taking a seat beside Theo who was talking quietly to Pansy’s little sister.

They talked among themselves waiting for Blaise to arrive. “What do you all think about our Blaise bonding with the Weaslette,” Millicent questioned.

“I thought the chit was so head over heels for Potter,” Greg added. Theo snorted into his glass trying to keep from laughing at the thought of the Weasley chit being ensnared by the wizarding hero.

“If, I had not read it in the paper I would surely think it all some elaborate hoax,” Draco said with a look of disdain, “I mean surely Blaise wouldn’t sully himself with the likes of a Weasley.”

“I’m sure Blaise has his reasons,” Theo offered. “A Weasley in high society?” Pansy questioned with a look of disbelief.

“Where is he?” Draco snapped in irritation at the person he considered to be his best friend. “He will be here, it’s just a few minutes till 12” Pansy assured him.

Draco gave her an evil look, to which Pansy easily ignored. Being in the same house as the blonde made her immune to his melodrama; Pansy wondered how on earth his betroth who ever she may be will put up with him.

There were far too few seats at their dining table. The missing few from the table was easily felt. Ethan Rosier was still at Saint Mungos for injuries that he suffered while trying to escape the castle. Although his father taught him to believe in blood supremacy Ethan wanted to be as far away from the war as he could.

“Where are you currently staying” Millicent questioned her best friend.

“Oh we’re staying at our summer home in France” Pansy assured them that she and her sister were fine. “I was hoping that you would all come for a visit.”

Pansy’s father and older brother were both killed during the battle at Hogwarts. Her mother had died not long after she bore Peony. So it was just the two of them now. Her father hadn’t completed a betrothal contract for her so she would be able to marry on her own however she was planning to set up a proper contract for her sister when the time came.

“I think I can say for all of us that we would love to spend some time in France and get away from
Britain for at least a little while,” Millicent assured her.

Diagon Alley was busy with renovations being done on damaged buildings as well as people shopping and enjoying the nice weather of summer. Blaise walked quickly down a side lane into Gaelmar Alley, this alley was much different from Diagon Alley because it held stores that catered to witches and wizards of high society. The dining alone would probably cost more than some made in one pay.

Blaise entered Che Jacques,

the only restaurant in magical Great Britain that sold French cuisine, the floors were covered in dark gray carpeting, the walls pristine white with silver scones along the wall lighting the entry way. “Bienvenue auCheJacquemonnomestMarceau”(Welcome to Che Jacques, my name is Marceau), “Avez-vous une réservation?”(Do you have a reservation?) “Je suisavec le Parti Malfoy,” (I’m with the Malfoy Party), Blaise informed the man. “De cette façon, Monsieur vous êtes la dernière à arriver” (This way Sir you are the last to arrive),” Marceau informed him leading him into the private dining room.

“It’s about time you got here!” Draco snapped at his fellow slytherin. Blaise arched his brow at him clearly amused at the dramatic display.

Blaise took his seat between Daphne and her best friend Tracey. Theo and Greg bracketed Pansy and Peony with Millicent sitting between Greg and Draco.

Once settled in his seat, “I apologize for my tardiness everyone I had an unavoidable meeting this morning” Blaise simply stated.

“Care to explain why I, your best friend had to find out about your betrothal in the morning edition of the prophet?” Draco hissed.

“You’re forgetting your place Draco,” Blaise reminded, his expression one that they rarely saw on the Zabini heirs face.

“We are all dealing with the aftermath of the war,” Blaise explained, “I did not want to intrude on your family’s grieving period.”

It would have seen unseemly for Blaise to contact Draco about such things during the grieving period for a loved one.

“How have you all been coping since the restructure of the ministry and the trials?” Blaise asked ignoring Draco’s question about his business affairs

Draco sneered at the thought of the ministry. The new minister was one of Dumbledork’s toadies. It was only a matter of time before all of the wizarding traditions were outlawed and muggle traditions put in place.

None of them knew the particulars of the trials. They were all conducted in a closed forum not even the press was allowed in the hearings. The ministry only issued a statement on what the charges were and the outcome of the trial. They weren’t taking any chances on information being leaked to the press.

Theo was the first to speak. “With the state of things as they are, I don’t plan to return to Hogwarts to complete my 7th year. “I have already placed my name on the waiting list to sit my newts at the
testing office.”

“I have accepted my titles with Gringotts, I’m now Lord Nott and will be claiming my family seat on the Wizengamot at the next august body.” Theo sighed, “on another note my grandmother is already trying to find a suitable betroth for me. She has been going on and on about possible candidates. Marriage contracts are the furthest thing from my mind at this point. But you all know how my grandmother is.”

The previous Lord Nott was sentenced to life in prison and was currently a resident in a damping cell in the old ministry building until the new prison was built. The damage the prison took during the breakouts was reported in the paper. Theo had read about the plans to rebuild a new facility on the land to house prisoners.

Blaise felt sorry for Theo, it was only he and his grandmother left.

Draco was grateful that he and his father both managed to escape prison sentences. Many of his friends’ parents weren’t so lucky. Not even Vincent’s father was spared meaning that the Crabbe family line would die out unless one of the other family members took the name and title to keep the family line.

Draco felt a pang in his chest for his friend. Vince had always found ways to make them all laugh even when he was feeling down himself and he never failed to protect him, not that Draco needed anyone to protect him.

Pansy smiled sadly at her friends. “Well I’m happy to say that the ministry has awarded me custody of Peony and we will be moving back into the manor once the repairs have been completed. I won’t be returning to Hogwarts either because I can’t bear to leave Peony in the care of anyone else. So I have also registered to sit my newts with the testing office.”

Tracey smiled sadly, her voice trembling, from being both exhausted and truly scared. She wasn’t dealing with the death of her boyfriend very well. Their last words were of a heated argument; no words of love spoken just him choosing his father over his love for her. “My time since the war has been spent at many charity functions with my mother as well as attending as many socialite parties so my father can introduce me to possible suitors.”

Although her parents remained neutral during the war she was betroth to a child of a deatheater. Seth was truly sweet to her; unlike some children of deatheaters he treated her like she was the most precious thing in the world to him. Yet she felt betrayed and abandoned when he ran from her in the slytherin common room telling her his place was at his father’s side fighting for their Lord. That was the last time she saw him alive.

Daphne cringed at the thought of being bartered off to the highest bidder. Her friend was in such a bad way. She could not imagine the pain Tracey must feel at losing her betroth.

She didn’t have to deal with worrying over possible contracts wondering who her parents would sell her off too. She’d known her betroth since they were mere children.

Rubbing her hands together in distress Tracey continued. “I was informed this morning however that an old contract between my family and the Rosier family has been activated.”

“No!” Daphne gasped horrified at thought of Tracey being betroth to Ethan Rosier.

“But he has a betroth already doesn’t he?” Pansy questioned.

“Actually he doesn’t,” Greg spoke up for the first time. “His father was in meeting with the Carson’s
but nothing was set in stone. “But it doesn’t change that fact that he is in love with Morag” Tracey reminded them.

“There’s no hope to stop this”, Tracey continued. “My father has already had the old contract activated but other then that I’ve already sat my newts in France last week. So I don’t have to return to Hogwarts.”

“Speaking of Morag, has anyone heard from her?” Millicent questioned. “She and her parents are currently on Vacation in Spain,” Tracey explained to her fellow slytherins. She hated that this new development in her life was going to put a large wedge between her friendship with Morag.

“How am I going to tell her this?” Tracey voiced her concerns to her friends. “Don’t worry Tracey I’m sure Morag’s parents have been discussing contracts for her as well.” Pansy assured her. They weren’t very close but she understood how devastating it could be to be in love with someone but have to marry someone else.

“Care to share how you and the Weaslette ended up in a betrothal contract?” Pansy questioned, “It wouldn’t by chance have anything to do with the blow up at Hogwarts between Weaslette and Potter.”

Draco smirked, they all knew about Potter’s famous temper. They had seen it in the works plenty in the halls of Hogwarts.

“I wasn’t aware of any arguments with Potter,” Blaise replied. “Potter wasn’t pleased with her showing up there,” Pansy continued, “Rumor is she cheated on Potter and is up the duff with some poor unfortunate blokes’ baby.” Pansy continued to tell her friends about the recent drama that was plaguing the lives of the wizarding world heroes.

Daphne shook her head, and then paled looking at Blaise. “Oh Salazar please say that’s not the reason for the sudden betrothal,” she questioned her friend. Blaise hand went to the bridge of his nose rubbing it trying to stave off the headache he felt coming.

“It’s not what?” Draco demanded wanting to know what in Salazar was going on.

“It’s true,” Blaise admitted, waiting for the accusations and complaints from his fellow slytherins.

“What!” Sputtered Draco, “you can’t be serious” he continued. “The Weaslette honestly Blaise how could you be so careless.”

“Speak louder Draco I’m sure the witches and wizards in Argentina haven’t heard you,” Blaise snapped sarcastically beginning to get annoyed at Draco’s need for dramatics.

Draco had never truly learned how to just be friends. He was still riding on the coat tails of his father. Lucius Malfoy is an important man in high society and the wizarding government as a whole. Although the war has tarnished the Malfoy name a bit. Lucius presence still demanded the respect of those in his presence. Draco however was nothing like his father. Blaise could see more and more of Narcissa in Draco with all of his melodrama.

Theo didn’t say much he just listened; he had known about Blaise fooling around with the Weasley girl. They both thought it funny that she professed to love Potter so much; yet while he was in hiding she was shagging Blaise every chance she got. For all intents and purposes Blaise would’ve been considered Potter’s enemy. He also knew that if Draco would kill the dramatics, Blaise would explain the recent events.

“Do you mean to tell us you’re admitting to knocking up Weaslette?” Draco snapped.
“She’s currently 4 ½ months pregnant with twin boys,” Blaise admitted, “It wasn’t anything serious. She was still planning to bond with Potter and I was resigning myself to bond with a witch of my mother’s choosing. What I wasn’t aware of was the Weasley family was affected by the chastity curse in all female children, who aren’t supposed to have sex until they are in a betrothal to be married.”

“However Ginevra, didn’t”….”Ginevra oh you’re calling the Weaslette Ginevra now” Draco interrupted.

“It would be crazy to call her Weasley Draco, Salazar must you be so melodramatic” Blaise questioned in irritation. “I have had enough of if from my uncle thank you.”

“To make a long story short Ginevra is affected by the chastity curse like all the women of the Weasley line before her and our having sex”, Blaise started, but Daphne finished his statement, “you are magically bound to each other.”

“Yes”, Blaise replied. “Why didn’t you just take custody of your heir?” Greg questioned Blaise. “Honestly that was my intention however with the curse in place and her being underage it wasn’t much I could do if I wanted to stay out of prison for having sex with an underage witch,” Blaise replied.

“Technically we are already married in the eyes of magic but the betrothal was signed because I didn’t want to leave anything to chance.”

“It’s the standard contract that is expected of one of traditionalist family is it not?” As if it was his right to know everything going on in his life. For Draco no matters in his friends’ lives were beyond his knowledge and they had no right to keep secrets from him.

“If you would stop interrupting”, Daphne scolded, “maybe Blaise will be able to finish his what he is trying to tell us.” Draco frowned at being scolded by his friends.

“The Weasleys can’t be pleased about what has happened?” Greg asked curious to the answer.

“They aren’t,” Blaise admitted, “They had no choice in the terms because we are technically bonded because of the curse.”

Blaise remembered vividly how Ginny felt about the contract. Even her mother bristled at the terms but there was much she could do to change it. Blaise had been her guardian since their first time together unknowingly to both of them.

They all took a moment to order their meals after which the menus disappeared to a side table near the door. Their food appeared on their plates as they began eating their conversation continued.

“So twins huh?” Theo said his eyes sparkling with mirth. They had a running joke in slytherin about the Weasley chit about her breeding ability. Laughter could be heard around the table.


“We were only planning to take her shopping for proper attire. Salazar knows her family can’t afford to buy her robes to befit her roll.” Daphne stated without malice.

“My mother took care of it,” Blaise assured the pair.

“We can at least get gifts for the twins,” Pansy stated more than asked.
“Fine gifts but please don’t go overboard,” Blaise replied rubbing his eyes trying to rid himself of the headache he’d gotten since entering the room.

Draco couldn’t believe that his friends were all okay with this travesty of a bonding between Blaise and the Weaslette.

“Greg how is everything with you now that you are head of the Goyle family”, Theo asked cutting into his baked chicken breast.

“Things are as well as can be expected, my mother, however hasn’t really spoken since father’s conviction. I did sit my newts in France much like Pansy. I plan to travel for the next year or so before settling into a job.”

“Sounds fun”, Theo stated, “I may just join you. I don’t fancy being stuck with my grandmother. I want to avoid her suggestions of a betrothal at all cost.” Theo informed his friends.

“What about you Milli?” Pansy questioned.

“Unlike her friends, Millicent’s father wasn’t in Azkaban; he was a permanent resident on the Janus Thickey ward for spell damage. He was injured in her 5th year at the ministry when death-eaters broke in and attacked Potter and his friends.

“My mom wants us to start over in the states. She fears that Aharon will be shunned here because of father. She wants him to have a fair shot. She has already accepted his admittance into Merlin’s Academy for Magic in California. I have been accepted at a university there as well,” Millicent informed them.

“You’re leaving?” Pansy gasped in saddened shock at the thought of losing her best friend.

“Just until I’m able to finish my studies, by then I hope to have found a nice wizard to bond with and begin a life without the prejudice that I would face here in Britain.” Millicent replied.

But won’t that affect, your family’s inherited seat on the Wizengamot Theo questioned. “My Uncle Oswald will be taking the seat by proxy until Aharon is old enough to take over,” Millicent assured her friends.

No one seemed to notice that Daphne hadn’t shared what had been happening in her life but Tracey.

As they were getting ready to leave they all hugged and agreed to spend two weeks with Pansy in France before Millicent was to leave by international portkey to America.

“You should tell them,” said Tracey as she and Daphne headed towards the apparition point in the alley.

“You see how Dragon reacted to Blaise. How do you think he would react if I told them I’m also betrothed to someone they all hate,” Daphne sighed in defeat.

“It doesn’t matter what Dragon thinks,” Tracey scolded, “We’re your friends and I don’t hate you for it.”

“I’ll think about it okay,” Daphne said hugging her once more before disappearing with a near silent pop.
“I was beginning to think you stood us up?” said Yolanis, her hands firmly on her shapely hips when she spotted Harry walking towards her through the crowd of people at Dante’s. “Now why would I want to do something so unbecoming?” Harry questioned with an expression of innocence. Tonight he was dressed in black Diesel skinny legged jeans with a black long-sleeved t-shirt with metallic blue graphics. He wore black and blue trainers and his hair loose falling around his face.

“I so hate you?” Yolanis whined, “Jamie you’re God awful with that ‘love me I’m innocent’ look?” Harry couldn’t hold the expression any longer his laughter ringing out causing her to laugh as well.

“Are you going to tell me now why you begged me to come here tonight?” Harry questioned. This was his first time coming to Dante’s on a Tuesday night. “Karioke of course,” Yolanis said with a big smile, “You’ve never done it before have you?”

“I can’t say that I have,” Harry admitted. “I thought this would be fun for all of us to get together and hang out,” Yolanis continued trying to gage whether he would agree to her plan.

“Do you sing?” Harry questioned. “Yes but only in the shower. I wouldn’t dare get up on stage in front of all these people and sing. Trust me it wouldn’t be appreciated by anyone listening,” Yolanis offered

“She’s kidding,” Javier stated wrapping his arms around Harry’s waist. “You look practically sinful tonight,” Angelius said as his eyes roamed Harry’s body. “You’re incorrigible,” Harry replied with a snort of disbelief.

“I thought it would be fun to go to the skating rink,” Yolanis admitted. “I’m so not sticking my feet into skates that Merlin only knows who wore them before me?” Angelius said startling the pair.

“I concur, that is just unsanitary,” Javier added. “Well aren’t you just a little ray of sunshine,” Harry replied his eyes sparkling in amusement.

“What?” Harry questioned, curious twisting his body so he could look in the face of the man behind him. “Nothing,” Javier answered not allowing himself to think about how Harry’s attire was affecting him.

Angelius smiled at his brother before drawing his attention back to Yolanis. “Well boys I suggest we find ourselves a table.”

Harry agreed following the slender female through the small crowd of people. Once seated at the table Harry opened the song book to see what kind of songs was listed. “What kind of songs do people normally sing?” Harry asked as he turned another page in the book. “Fast songs,” Yolanis
answered, but Angel said “slow songs.” “Love songs,” Javier whispered in his ear sending goose bumps down his arms.

It was something about the man’s voice that sent his pulse to racing. “Behave,” Harry whispered. “You’d like me better when I’m bad,” Javier returned before biting his ear lobe gently.

“Is either one of you going to sing?” Harry questioned his friends marking in place in the song book with his finger. “Are you planning to sing to me?” Javier questioned as his hand rubbed against Harry’s muscled stomach.

“I might,” Harry said with a smile before his lips were captured in a deep kiss. Yolanis sat across from the kissing pair fanning herself. “Dam that’s hot,” she sighed hoping the pair would forget they had an audience.

Angelius got up from the table, “I’m going to the bar,” he called out as he walked away.

The kiss ended to soon for Harry. “Você é bonita demais para palavras” (You’re too beautiful for words) Javier said looking deep into Harry’s eyes. It was as if the words drew Harry to him, a moan escaped him as the older man’s voice washed over him. He leaned in for another kiss wanting nothing more than to feel the man’s tongue caressing his own.

“Don’t stop on my account,” Yolanis said with a wicked grin on her face.

Angelius returned a few minutes later with a tray of drinks. For Yolanis he had a glass of her favorite white wine, for Harry a long island iced tea and a beer for himself and a double shot of cognac for his brother. “Oh I see you have stopped giving each other deep cavity searches,” Angelius stated sitting back down at the table.

“Você faria o mesmo irmão se você estivesse no meu lugar,” (You would do the same brother if you were in my shoes) Javier replied bringing his cup to his mouth to hide his smirk.

“Você não ganhou ele ainda irmão,” (You haven’t won him yet brother) Angelius shot back with a saucy grin. “Você me ferir irmão. Quando foi que eu já não conseguiu fazer com que o que eu quero?” (You wound me brother. When have I ever not succeeded in getting what I want?)” Javier questioned finally noticing the effect they were having on Harry.

“Can we get in on what you two are talking about?” Yolanis questioned. “I don’t want to know,” Harry said with a laugh “because I’m quite sure I would either be offended or you too are betting on me.”

It wasn’t long before their table was filled with different plates of food. “These are divine,” Harry moaned out as he ate sweet barbeque wings with ranch dipping sauce.

“Must you make something as simple as eating erotic?” Yolanis complained causing her companions to laugh. “I don’t see why you’re complaining, I’m not voicing my opinion about the boat load of drinks that arrived at the table mysteriously,” Harry said with a wink.

“Who’s to say they were admiring me Jamie?” Yolanis questioned with her brow raised. “Oh please, after Javier’s performance who would bother to even look my way?” Harry stated pushing the issue off on her.

Many people had sung songs. Some Harry wished hadn’t tried they were horrible but he could tell they were having fun doing it.

“If it were up to these you the three of you would be a Jamie sandwich,” Yolanis said her voice full
Harry blushed at her implications, he would never admit that he’d thought about the very thing but he would never act on it.

“You two are up next,” Yolanis informed Javier and Angel, she couldn’t wait to hear the pair sing.

When the last note was sung a bit off key by some extremely drunk guy Javier and Angelius headed up to the front each sitting on stools side by side.

They both began to hum before Javier began singing

*Turn down the lights*

*Turn down the bed*

*Turn down these voices*

*Inside my head*

*Lay down with me*

*Tell me no lies*

*Just hold me closely*

*Don’t patronize*

*Don’t patronize me*

Harry’s eyes were wide in shock, “Wow they’re amazing. I knew you said they could sing but this is beyond what I could have imagined.”

*Cause I can’t make you love me if you don’t*

*You can’t make your heart feel*

*Somethin’ that it won’t*

“He is totally singing to you,” Yolanis sighed. Harry snorted in laughter, “As if.”

*And here in the dark, in these final hours*

*I will lay down my heart*

*And I will feel the power but you won’t*

*No you won’t*

*‘Cause I can’t make you love me*

*When you don’t*

*When you don’t*
Harry covered his mouth with his hand and was surprised to feel tears running down his face.

Angelius came in again as Javier’s verse ended

*I’ll close my eyes*

‘*Cause then I won’t see*

*The love you don’t feel*

*When you’re home with me*

*Morning will come*

*And I’ll do what’s right*

*Just give me till then*

*To give up this fight*

*And I’ll give up this fight*

Everyone in the room was rocking from side to side as the pair sang.

They both came in together singing

*Cause I can’t make you love me if you don’t*

*You can’t make your heart feel*

*Somethin’ that it won’t*

*And I will lay down my heart*

*I will feel the power but you won’t*

*No you won’t*

*When you don’t*

*When you don’t*

“Thank you,” they both said as they put the mics back in the holders before heading back to their table.

When they reached the table, Harry raised his brow at the pair, “you call that singing a little?”

Javier laughed before kissing him to hush him from scolding them. Once the kiss ended Harry looked at him, “kissing me will not get you out of answering my questioned Javier.”

Angelius laughingly said, “We only sing for fun.”

Yolanis rolled her eyes at the twins, “Ignore them Jamie. They sing because they want patron’s swooning after them. Harry couldn’t help the giggle that escaped when he noticed the pair was trying to look innocent.

Later that night as they were leaving Javier pulled him close, “Come home with me.” “I really
shouldn’t,” Harry sighed looking into the disappointed face of the older man. “Do you always do what expected of you?” Javier questioned.

“You’re just trying to get me alone so that you and your brother can do unmentionable things to my person,” Harry scolded playfully. “You would love it,” Javier replied his hands running along the side of Harry’s face.

“Merlin you make me feel things that shouldn’t be allowed,” Harry sighed resting his head against the taller man’s chest. “You say that like it’s a bad thing,” Javier commented.

“I don’t want to do something I’ll regret,” Harry admitted. “I won’t do any more or less than you want me to,” Javier assured him and without further prompting Harry got into his jeep.

It was a twenty minute drive to the large town house that Javier shared with his brother. Entering the house Harry noticed the hardwood floors in the living room.

The walls were painted an off white with Egyptian art decorating the walls. A large screen TV dominated the wall in front of the huge comfortable looking sofa. An archway led into a den that they used for a study it was decorated in earth tone colors but the best feature of the room was the grand piano sitting off to the side.

An oval shaped dining room table sat in the dining room that led into the large open kitchen with an island in the center and double sinks and wall ovens.

“You have a truly beautiful home,” commented Harry as he was led back into the living room. “Thank you. Angelius and I decorated it my parents were concerned when we requested money for the piano though,” Javier stated with a laugh.

“I can imagine,” Harry laughed, “Most kids ask their parents for cars. “My parent’s had already arranged for the vehicles we have,” Javier admitted.

Harry snorted Javier and Angelius reminded him of the little pampered Prince of Slytherin.

Javier sat on the sofa pulling Harry to lean against his body as he turned on the TV. The next remote he used to lower the lights. “What language were you speaking earlier?” Harry questioned. “Portuguese is my native language,” Javier replied but I’m also fluent in Spanish and French.”

“Well I’m fluent in English and English,” Harry stated being cheeky before falling into peels of laughter.

“Você realmente é bonito. Eu poderia olhar para você por horas sem tentar” (You truly are beautiful. I can look at you for hours without tiring), Javier said as he breathed in Harry’s scent.

“I don’t know what you said but it sounds sinful,” Harry admitted before kissing him softly. This kiss wasn’t as tingling as the previous kisses he’d shared with the man.

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“I can’t blame you or Javier for falling for Jamie,” Yolanis sighed leaning back in the front seat of Angel’s truck. “Javier has set his site on Jamie,” Angelius admitted. “And you don’t?” Yolanis questioned.

“I can appreciate his beauty just as I can appreciate yours,” Angelius revealed. “Oh a sweet talker,” said Yolanis with a bright smile on her face. “Where to Mi Lady,” Angel questioned as they pulled away from the curb.
It wasn’t long after setting the navigation system that the pair was driving in the direction of Yolanis’ condo.

“If you don’t mind my asking what is your nationality?” Angelius asked when they stopped at a red-light. “My father is Italian and my mother is Creole,” Yolanis said with a smile.

“Its just ahead on the left,” Yolanis informed Angelius. “Thanks for ride. Do you wanna come in or are you planning to go crash Javier’s party?”

“I think I will admire your beauty until I get enough,” Angelius said with a saucy smile. “I hope you don’t think you’re getting any with that line,” said Yolanis as she got out of the truck heading for her door not waiting for his reply.

The Yolanis turned back to see if Angelius was going to reply but was silenced when he covered her mouth with his.

Picking her up he carried her through the door closing it behind them.

Harry sighed when Yolanis phone just rung until it went to voicemail. “You don’t think anything is wrong do you?” “I’m sure that my brother and Lani are fine,” Javier said with a knowing smile.

“No,” Harry said his eyes wide in surprise, “but, no,” Javier laughed at his astonished expression. “I would not have thought them together,” Harry admitted.

The pair talked late into the night about their experiences until Harry yawned more than twice in a span of ten minutes. “Come on let me get you to bed,” Javier stated leading him up the winding staircase.

Once inside his bedroom Harry eyes were drawn to the king-size bed that dominated the room. pulling open drawer Javier pulled out two sets of sleep pants. “You can change in the bathroom.”

Within minutes Harry had changed into the sleep pants hiding his wand in the shirt he took off. When returned to the bedroom Javier was already in the bed. “you can put your things in that chair.” Javier informed him pointing to the chair against the wall.

Harry got into the bed and immediately molded himself to the other man’s body. “Sleep,” Javier ordered kissing him briefly. “This is nice,” Harry thought as he drifted off to sleep.

“OhGesù” (Oh Jesus),” Yolanis moaned as Angelius’ cock plundered deep in her folds. “I’m Angelius darling.” He replied as he slowed his movements.

“Cristo, farlo di nuovo” (Christ, do that again), Yolanis ordered meeting his movements. Them both covered in sweat.

“Você amameu paubatendoseubichanodocehein” (You love my cock pounding your sweet pussy huh?) Angelius questioned. Yolanis cried out “Porra,porra, porraestougozando” (Fuck, fuck, fuck I’m cumming.)

“Segure firmeo meu amor” (Hold tight my love) Angelius sighed as he allowed her juices to wash
over his cock. “Oh, eu vou amar tarde da noite” (Oh I’m going to love you long into the night), Angelius promised before he began to slowly rock into her core.

Yolanis melted into his body her words soon became illegible as their bodies met in a continuous motion. Her legs wrapped tightly around his waist as his movements became faster. She cried out in sweet agony as her orgasm overcame her.

He slowed only to build her want again. Pulling from her body, Angel laid down beside her pulling her into his arms bringing her leg over his thigh as he slid his turgid flesh back into her heated center. “Você ama meu pau hein? Sua buceta é tão apertado em volta do meu pau,” (You love my cock huh? Your pussy is so tight around my cock) Angelius whispered in her ear as he plundered into her. Yolanis could only moan long past begging. “Você quer que eu cum em seu bichano apertado?” (You want me to cum in your tight pussy?) Another pitiful moan her walls tightening around him. “Você já teve o suficiente?” (Have you had enough?) A whine came deep from within her as another orgasm washed over her. With a whispered word in her ear Angelius powered into her his body rushing to orgasm he continued to move has his orgasm rushed through his body.

“I think you broke me?” said Yolanis as he kissed along her neck. “It’s the good kind of broken though?” Angelius stated as his left hand rubbed along her stomach.

It was then she noticed the missed calls on her phone. “You don’t think anything is wrong do you?” she questioned worried. “Knowing my brother he has his little emerald eyed beauty in bed,” Angelius replied.

“You’re probably right,” Yolanis agreed snuggling into his body as the pair drifted off to sleep.

It was early morning when Harry woke. The sky was still slightly darkened as night drifted into day. “Morning,” Harry whispered when Javier’s arm tightened around his waist. “Manhã meu tesouro” (Morning my treasure) Javier replied as he kissed him just behind his ear.

“What are you plans for today?” Javier questioned. “I have meetings, meetings and more meetings,” Harry replied snuggling further into the man’s embrace. “Have dinner with me?” “I’d love to,” Harry said turning kissing me chastely before getting up from the bed.

“Where are you going?” Javier complained. Harry winked before walking into the bathroom. Javier turned on his back thinking about his plans for their dinner date. It wasn’t long before Harry slipped back into bed with him resting his head against his shoulder.

They laid in comfortable silence before the sound of the alarm blared to life. “I guess that means it’s time to get up sleepy head,” Harry laughed. Javier huffed in annoyance cutting off the alarm, “I completely forgot to cut that thing off.”

“Uh huh,” Harry replied laughing.

It wasn’t much longer that Harry dressed in the clothes he wore the night before, while Javier headed to shower and dress for the day. “I’m going to see to breakfast,” Harry called out through the door before heading down to the kitchen.

Looking through the cabinets Harry quickly pulled together a simple breakfast of pancakes, sausage links home fried potatoes and scrambled eggs with cheese. “Well aren’t you just delectable,” Angelius greeted with a saucy grin.

“Devine,” Harry replied as he quickly filled three plates full of food before grabbing mugs and glasses filling them with orange juice and coffee. Harry whipped down the counter before joining the pair at the dining room table.

“You didn’t have to cook you know,” Javier said as he took a bite of food. “Hush, you cretin this beats fast food any day,” Angelius scolded his brother. Javier snorted into his coffee. “Brother you’re just a sucker for a good meal.”

Harry let their banter flow over him as they finished the meal. It wasn’t long after the dishes were cleaned and they headed out. “Where should I drop you off?” Javier questioned as they headed back towards Dante’s. “You can drop me off at the club. I need to stop by the store across from it before I head home.”

“Are you sure? I don’t mind taking you home.” “Yes, I’m sure,” Harry said leaning over kissing him on the edge of his mouth.

“I’ll see you tonight,” Harry said as he leaned over to kiss him. “You bet your fine ass you will. Até então,o meu tesouro’’ (Until then my treasure) Javier said as Harry got out of his truck.

Javier watched as he entered the store before pulling away from the curb.
A Brief Escape

More than two weeks had passed since the bonding announcement hit the front page of the Daily Prophet. Much to Ginny’s disgust her mother cut out the article with the picture planning to place it in the photo album with the rest of the memories.

Ginny sighed in relief as she managed to slip from the house without her mother noticing. She was looking forward to a day away from her overbearing mother and her future mother in law with her elegant tea parties and social engagements. Ginny hated being around the rich snobs Lady Zabini frequently spent time with. She would never want to be in the company of Lady Goyle or Lady Nott nor would she ever want to dine at Lady Greengrass’ house. Ginny would rather eat dry wood.

All the people that Lady Zabini was forcing her into the company of hated her family and she was not interested in getting to know any of them and didn’t care what charities any of the them donated too nor was she interested in anything they were trying to use her status as a war hero to get their sorry excuse of a dark status back into good standing in the wizarding world.

As if Ginny didn’t know what she was trying to do fat chance.

Ginny thought about her family as she walked towards the outskirts of the village where Luna lived with her father. The evening before, she learned of Ron’s success at gaining a starting chaser position along with Draco Malfoy for the Falmouth Falcons quidditch team much to Ron’s disgust.

Her mother hoped Ron would learn to curb his anger enough to keep his job. Now that he had one that he wanted so much. Although she was partly happy at Ron’s success part of her was jealous that he would do such a thing knowing that it was her dream.

Ginny sighed; she couldn’t honestly say that Ron wasn’t a quidditch fanatic. It was something they both shared like the rest of their siblings except Percy. He was never much of a quidditch fan.

Ginny entered the wards surrounding the Lovegood home walking towards the oddly shaped house. Ginny knocked when she reached the door hoping Luna was ready to leave.

“I thought we were leaving from your place?” Luna questioned surprised at seeing her there. “I needed to get out of the house,” Ginny stated not wanting to admit she was avoiding her mother.

“Come on in,” Luna said stepping back.

The room was fairly cool from the muggle cooling system. Hermione moaned into the kiss as Snape held the back of her head in his left hand; his right hand palming her left breast through her white swimming top causing a needy moan to escape her. Kissing down her neck he gently moved the material aside before taking the tip of her breast into his mouth.

The floo flared green a moment before Ginny stepped from the fireplace followed by Luna. Snape head snapped up looking towards the fireplace. “Your guests have arrived,” he stated as he fixed her top out of the view of the pair.

“Luna! Ginny! I totally lost track of time said Hermione as she rushed towards the pair leaving Snape sitting in the dark leather arm chair.

“Professor,” Luna greeted as if it was everyday you caught your professors doing unmentionable
things to your friend.

“Miss. Lovegood,” Snape replied watching as Hermione and Ginny shared a quiet conversation.

“Professor how have you been,” Ginny questioned.

“Quite well, Miss. Weasley,” Snape replied before getting up from where he was sitting, “Enjoy you’re afternoon ladies.” His voice washed over them as he walked from the room.

“So what do you have planned for us today?” Luna questioned.

“I thought we all could bond over a day of special treatment. I booked us three hours at one of the best spas in the area. We are going to get pedicures, manicures and full body massages and body wraps,” Hermione informed them.

It wasn’t long after they arrived that Hermione led them outside to her father’s suv. Hermione unlocked the doors with a push of the button on her key ring before getting in. Ginny joined her in the front while Luna made herself comfortable in the back.

The suv was all black with gray leather interior with heated seats, power windows locks and doors. It came with a built in navigation system and a double sun roof for both the front and back seats.

“Is car like the one my dad had?” Ginny questioned.

“If you’re wondering if it can fly no. My father taught me how to drive a couple of years ago. They had planned to get me a car once I graduated from Hogwarts,” Hermione informed the pair.

“Why are you looking like that?” Hermione questioned as she pulled from the drive way.

“I’m trying to imagine Professor Snape riding in something so muggle?” Ginny answered causing Hermione to laugh at the hilarity of it all.

“I’ll have you know Severus is a very good driver,” Hermione replied sending Luna and Ginny into further peals of laughter.

The ride to Palisades Beauty Salon and Spa was a short distance from the gate community where she lived. The building stood away from the other stores in the little strip mall.

As they entered the cooler temperatures from outside Ginny looked around at the elegant setup.

“Good morning ladies. My name is Cherise how can I help you?” lady running the front counter questioned.

“Good morning, I have 3 booked appointments for today. Under Granger,” Hermione informed the woman.

“Right this way ladies you are scheduled for massages, then body wraps to follow up with hair, feet and nails,” Cherise said as they walked through the facility by passing the salon and a room that looked like it had a whirl pool in it.

“Jessie your 10:15 has arrived,” Cherise informed the head masseuse.

“Good morning ladies. Come with me so I can get you all setup in your private massage stations. Ginny and Luna looked around in wonder. They were full of questions but didn’t want to draw attention to themselves.
They arrived in a large open room with three massage beds. Opening up a cabinet Jessie removed three robes still in their packaging from the shelf. Remove all of your clothing and slip into these,” he ordered before leaving the room.

“He can’t be serious?” Ginny questioned holding the still wrapped robe in her hand.

“Of course he is,” Hermione informed the pair, “they don’t give massages through clothing. Trust me you won’t regret it.”

An hour later Ginny was totally surprised how relaxed her body felt after being massaged with scented oils. She understood why muggle women enjoyed being pampered.

The body wrap was next on their list. “What is this wrap exactly?” Luna questioned curious about this new experience.

“The wrap we are all getting is suppose to remove toxins from our bodies,” Hermione explained, “there are different types of wraps I thought this one would be the least invasive.”

It wasn’t until they were sitting in massage chairs with their feet soaking in bubbling hot water did Ginny asked further questions. “I don’t ever wanna leave?” Ginny sighed as the heat from the water caressed her swollen ankles. “Do you come here often?”

“Not as much as I would like,” Hermione admitted, “my mum brought me here the summer after my 16th birthday.”

Their hair took the longest because they couldn’t decide on how they wanted their hair styled.

At the end of their appointment Hermione handed over her credit card before leading them from the building.

That afternoon the three of them lounged outside near the pool. Luna and Ginny both were skeptical about the whole thing at first, questioning why spend they would spend the day allowing muggles to do things that a simple spell could take care of but after spending the morning experiencing the luxury of being catered too the pair realized it was about being made to feel special.

Luna was laid out on one of the many lounge chairs surrounding the large pool area her eyes covered by a dark pair of shades that she bought while they were out and a simply cut bright multi colored bikini with bright blue colored toe nails. The big toe with a sparkling sun painted on it with little gold Rhine stones reflecting from the sun.

Her nails were painted the same blue color with fancy designs on them. Luna was fascinated how the girl seemed to remember how she created each design without having to spell them on each nail.

Luna’s perfectly straight hair however now hung in deep ringlets of curls that she was absolutely in love with. The curl spells never curled her hair quite right so she never bothered with them.

On the table beside her was a plate filled with chunks of watermelon and cantaloupe chunks that she was eating at intervals as they talked licking the juices off of her fingers.

Ginny much to Hermione’s surprise chose a black fingernail polish for her nails and toes. She did simple black French tips with deep blood red roses with vines on her nails and big toes.

Ginny’s thick deep red locks were roller set to give her tighter curls which she loved because it made
her hair appear shorter than it was.

She wore a long ankle length dark red sundress with black flip flops on her feet with a black and red run hat on her head and a short sleeve black half jacket.

Ginny moaned around the sweet juicy bit of strawberry she bit into. “This was heaven” she thought. She had managed to escape that morning before her mother had time to notice that she was even awake to bother her.

Molly wasn’t even aware Ginny had plans to spend that day with Hermione today. Molly would make all kinds of reasons as to why it would be dangerous for Ginny who was pregnant should not attend. Ginny was sick of being treated like she was a child. She was 17 and an adult and she didn’t need her mother’s permission to do anything and today just proves the matter.

Ginny hadn’t really been speaking to her parents since their fall out with the marriage contract signing. The ring on her finger was as much of a reminder then his mother’s unexpected appearances at her home.

She and Blaise Zabini were now officially engaged much to her dismay and were currently expecting the birth of twin boys in the coming months and in the midst of planning their upcoming nuptials. Not that Ginny was doing much of the planning, Blaise’s mother had taken over everything, and didn’t as much as ask what she like or wanted or anything. Ginny truly just felt left out of the whole situation and it was supposed to be her wedding and her special day. Nothing about the whole situation felt special or exciting to her.

All his mother ever did was sent orders to her disguised as little letters. As if she gave a rat arse about what Lady Zabini wanted her to wear for the pre bonding Dinner. Who said she wanted a bonding ceremony anyway. The more she thought about the entire thing the more the whole thing rankle her.

Hermione sat across from the pair her eyes covered in white framed shades, dressed in a white string bikini top a sun tattoo around her navel with a piercing in her navel a diamond hanging from it and matching bottom with white flip flops on her feet. Her hair had been straighten to be more manageable and colored to a radiant copper fell down her back; her nails and toes done in French tips. A plate of honey dew melon sat almost empty on the table along with her half empty bottle of water.

“What’s wrong Ginny? Is everything alright with you and Blaise?” asked Luna.

“I guess, I don’t know. You guy’s it’s just that things are ugh. I hate this,” Ginny sighed.

“Hate what?” Hermione questioned, she and Ginny had gotten through their issues. Hermione had even told her of the end of her friendship with Harry.

“Okay, for the most part Blaise is okay. It’s everything else that gets on my nerves. First his mother, she has decided that we are to have a bonding ceremony. So she has already started planning everything. She hasn’t asked what I want or what I think. She just made her decision. She has even decided what I should wear. I mean, who does that?” Ginny questioned.

“So she just took over everything?” Hermione asked. “Did you tell Blaise how you feel about this?”

“Hermione really what would be the point. It’s his mother do you really think that she would care how I feel. It’s like she wants everything to be perfect for her son. She doesn’t give a dam if I like it or not,” Ginny replied.

“Ginny, if it bothers you this much, I think you should speak with Blaise about it. It’s your ceremony
too. You should like what you are wearing and be apart of it too. She shouldn’t be making all of the decisions for the ceremony. She shouldn’t have decided that is was going to be a bonding over a wedding ceremony that should have been a decision between you and Blaise.” Luna added trying to convince Ginny she deserved to have the ceremony of her dreams.

“Don’t get me started on these events that I’m expected to attend,” Ginny continued.

“What events.” Hermione questioned curious.

“Be very lucky that Professor Snape isn’t apart of high wizarding society Hermione because dealing with the snobs in wizarding society leaves a lot of be desired even for light wizarding families. Especially for those who are considered to be blood traitors or to be from lesser families,” Ginny informed her.

“Lesser families,” what does that suppose to mean,” Hermione asked.

“Lesser families are families with half bloods or muggle blood in their blood lines,” Luna stated “its all pureblood suprimes if you ask me.”

“Well I’ll find out soon enough won’t I, as professor Snape as accepted his title as Lord Prince,” Hermione stated.

Ginny leaned over her chair coughing to keep from chocking on a bit of strawberry that she swallowed wrong at Hermione’s announcement.

“Professor Snape is now the Lord of the house of Prince,” Luna asked surprised by the news. She knew the family had no living direct descendents. “Maybe professor Snape is related through his mother.”

“Yes, he took over a few weeks ago actually,” Hermione informed her friends.

“How serious are things between you and the professor?” Ginny questioned, wondering just what Hermione mentioning Snape’s new title meant for her friend.

“Well me and Severus are kind of hard to explain,” Hermione sighed. “He makes me feel safe you know.”

“I know I love him and he loves me and that we want to be together we just don’t feel we need to but a declaration on it I guess.” Hermione tried to explain.

“I think I understand,” sighed Luna, “you both love each other but you don’t need to prove to anyone else.”

“Yeah exactly” Hermione stated.

“I just hope one day Lord Prince decides to make an honest woman out of you,” Ginny stated holding up her wine glass of pineapple juice at Hermione.

From one future Lady to another cheers, she stated taking a sip from her glass before lying back closing her eyes.

“We should make plans to do this more often,” Luna admitted, “I believe that more witches should take the time to allow muggle to pamper them in this way. If more pure bloods experience this type of thing they wouldn’t be trying to kill the lot of them.”
“Pure bloods like my future mother in law are too shameful to admit that she wouldn’t know the first thing about blending in, in the muggle world first. Then they would ask too many stupid questions that would get them chunk right into one of those looney bins.” Ginny stated, “What do you call them again?” she questioned Hermione.

“Insane Asylum,” Hermione stated.

“Yeah one of those,” Ginny giggled.

“I’d say let them continue to be ignorant. You have crazies in every breed now days,” Luna sighed, “even muggles have them. Look at that Hitler fellow; I remember reading about him in one of those old history books professor Burbage allowed me to borrow. He killed all those people just because of their religious beliefs. That’s sort of like Voldemort wanting to kill all the muggle born witches and wizards because their parents didn’t have magic. It’s all crazy if you ask me.”

“We are all different we all have different talents, different likes, different wants, dreams and different goals and want to be different things. I think we should just learn to accept those differences and treat people like decent human beings,” Luna added before falling silent.

“Me too Luna,” Hermione added with a teary smile, that was the most she had ever heard Luna say. She had gotten use to Luna talking about imaginary creatures that didn’t exist that she rarely talked this clear.

“I’m sure with you starting your new magazine company that you will be helping the cause greatly,” Hermione encouraged.

Hermione’s simple suggestion of a “Girls Day” started their tradition of a day of getting pampered once a month with just the three of them.

The both agreed before separating headed home at the end of the evening.

It was later than Ginny expected when she floo’ed in everyone was sitting down to dinner.

Even Ron had returned home which was a surprise with him now playing chaser for the Falmouth Falcons. Ginny was surprised to see him in the house at all these days with him being away at practice or games, not that Ron was speaking to her.

“Where have you been all day?” Molly questioned with worry at Ginny’s late arrival home. “You had a visitor.”

“I wasn’t aware I needed to check in like I’m a child?” Ginny snapped, “I’m an adult I don’t have to tell you if I want to go somewhere mum.”

“I’m not even getting into this with you tonight I’m going to bed,” Ginny stated leaving the room heading up the stairs for her room.

Ginny didn’t notice the letter that her mother had placed on her bedside table for her that came that morning after she left for the day. The very letter that spoke of her prearranged appointment for her fitting for her bonding robes, “ugh,” she moaned, dreading the fallout standing up Blaise’s mother was going to cause.

She didn’t know what her mother said to her future mother-in-law to explain her absence. Now she felt absolutely horrid for snapping at her mother when she wasn’t at fault. She couldn’t seem to control her emotions since her pregnancy was revealed. She couldn’t wait for the twin abominations to be born so that she could have her body to herself again.
Ginny woke feeling refreshed and ready to start her day anew. She had an appointment first that that morning with Poppy so she showered first thing before cleaning her room with house hold cleaning charms and applying a light application of make up to her face before heading down stairs to have a cup of chamomile tea to settle her stomach.

The house was quiet which meant everyone was already gone for the day and her mother was probably outside feeding the animals they had or out spelling laundry to dry.

After drinking her tea Ginny headed back to her room. She noticed the letter.

“What’s this?” she thought opening it.

She noticed it was dated for the day before.

Dear Ginevra,

I have scheduled your fitting for your bonding robes for today with François. I will be there to accompany you around half ten. We will have lunch and then attend to other things before returning you home.

Lady Zabini

Now what she thought. She didn’t know what this fallout was going to bring. She was sure that Lady Zabini was going to be such a dam drama queen about the whole thing.

If she was being totally honest about the whole situation she wasn’t happy about any of it. His mother was planning everything the way she wanted it. She didn’t ask she told. She chose everything as if she had the right to. Ugh Ginny just hated it and just wanted to time to just think, time to just be.

The war just ended a few months ago and she was already pregnant and getting married and she hadn’t even graduated from Hogwarts. She didn’t even think she would be allowed to return to Hogwarts now that she was to be married.

Ginny tensed when she realized she was no longer alone in her room.

“Lady Zabini arrived here yesterday; she said that you and she had an appointment. I made an excuse for you that you an unexpected emergency and had to leave,” Molly explained. “I’m not sure how you spent you day yesterday, but I hope that you didn’t blow that woman off you do something foolish because you are against this bonding.”

“I wasn’t aware Lady Zabini was arriving yesterday Mum. The letter you put in here was telling of her arrival. By the time the letter came I was already gone. I already had made plans for yesterday. Lady Zabini does not have control over my time. Just like you do not have control over my time.”

Ginny hissed.

“If she’d stop trying to control and plan everything she would realize that this bonding ceremony is not about her. She has picked out everything. What color I’m wearing, what kind of robes I’m wearing, where there ceremony will be held, who is doing the ceremony, everything. As if it’s her right. I hate everything. This is supposed to be my day. I’m supposed to be happy and I hate this. I hate everything about this,” Ginny screamed things had become too much for her to deal with.
Molly stood shocked she was under the impression that Ginny was okay with the way the planning of everything was going. “Why didn’t you say something?” Molly questioned.

“This is your ceremony. I thought you had input in everything when you went off with her. I had no idea that she was doing this. I thought you didn’t want me involved so I allowed you to do this on your own. I’m sorry. I didn’t know she was doing this.” Molly looked saddened on one side but angry on another.

“No, she hasn’t ask my opinion on anything, all she does is order everything the robes, nothing I have in that bloody wardrobe was picked out by me, she Okayed all of it.” Ginny was just tired of it all.

Everything was finally coming to a boil and Molly was getting the out burst from all the frustrations that Ginny was feeling at everything that was going on with her dealings with her future mother-in-law.

“Ginny, if you weren’t happy with what she chose why didn’t you speak up sweet heart? You have you wear the clothing.” Molly questioned further.

“I can’t change what has already happened dear but the matters of your ceremony can be changed. I won’t stand for her treating you this way Molly stated walking from the room. Her children may think her many things but she would not allow them to be treated any kind of way. This was to be the one of the most important days of her daughter’s life and she wasn’t going to allow Lady Zabini to just plan things to suit her wants and not take Ginny’s wants into consideration. No sir that wasn’t going to happen.
Calm Before the Storm

Chapter Summary

Neville takes his betroth to meet Harry.. How will Harry react. Will Neville's worry be all for not?

Harry stood under the spray of the shower. He smiled at the thought of how he’d spent the night before. He had been spending more and more time at Dante’s and found he missed his friends when he didn’t go.

Turning off the water with a twist of his wrist Harry slid the clear glass door open stepping out wrapping a thick towel around his waist before grabbing another to get the access water from his hair.

Exiting his ensuite bath Harry entered his walk in closet pulling a pair of black skinny legged Diesel jeans from the hanger with a dark green long sleeve graphic shirt and his black Nike boots.

Dressing quickly Harry left his bedroom heading downstairs for breakfast. “Good morning Ladies and Teddy Grahams,” Harry greeted when he entered the formal dining room for breakfast kissing his godson’s head before taking his place at the table. Emera had easily become a part of the family since being hired as a nanny for his godson.

He was a bit weary of the woman at first but after she hadn’t made a big issue of his status in the wizarding world he allowed himself to relax around the other woman.

“Good morning, Hadarian,” Andromeda greeted with a warm smile.

“Lord Potter-Black,” Emera greeted as he joined them as the table. They quickly joined hands in blessing before filling their plates from the dishes of food on the table.

“What do you have scheduled for today?” Andromeda questioned as she stirred to sugar cubes into her morning tea.

Harry looked thoughtful for a moment before sighing, “I’m not really sure, to be honest, it slipped my mind to check. I know I’m scheduled to have lunch with Neville this afternoon.”

“Hadarian you really have to get better control of managing your time. Maybe you should consider hiring a PA,” Andromeda suggested, “They would help you with your work load and keep track of your appointments. Merlin only knows how many correspondences are still on your desk in your office that you have yet to even read.”

Harry smiled sheepishly, “I’ve been a bit busy lately, with the rebuild at Hogwarts, meetings with Gringotts and trying to get things finished with my project.”

“A personal assistant would help you manage your time better. It will give you more freedom. At least you would be aware of which correspondences need your immediate attention,” Andromeda advised.

“I’ve noticed the state of your desk in your study. You obviously need assistance with keeping things
organized and tackling the massive amount of mail that you receive daily,” Andromeda explained to her clueless ward.

That would put another stranger in the house and Harry wasn’t sure he wanted another unknown around Teddy.

“I can assign Winky to sorting the mail out,” Harry replied looking thoughtful, “You sure you are okay with another stranger being in the house?” Harry questioned Andromeda as he bit into his toast.

“It’s not as if they would be a live in assistant. I will arrange for a private floo connection to your personal study. There is a large room off of your private study that can be turned into work space for an assistant,” Andromeda advised.

“Do you want to place the ad or shall I?” Harry questioned.

“I will see to the ad and the interviewing,” Andromeda assured him, Merlin only knew what kind of applicants they would get.

After breakfast Harry returned to his personal study sitting behind the large desk. Maybe Dromie was right, I do need some assistance with the growing number of correspondences he received since the end of the war.

“Winky,” he called out waiting on the small elf to appear.

“Master calling his Winky,” the elf questioned.

“Yes Winky I have a new assignment for you. I know that you and Kreacher are busy helping the other house elves getting the new properties ready however I will need you here,” Harry informed her.

“Whatever Master wishes,” the small elf replied, “Is Winky been doing something wrong Master Harry?”

“Not at all Winky, I require you to begin sorting through the mail delivered. I need it separated into categories such as personal mail, business mail, and correspondences, “Harry explained, “If the mail doesn’t fit into any of those three categories set them aside and I will deal with them later.”

“Winky gets started right away Master,” the small elf replied disappearing without further orders.

Harry moaned thinking about the ridiculous amount of fan mail that sat in the mail delivery room at the manor. He may need to consider a personal assistant just to tackle that issue.

Making a mental note to speak with Dromie about hiring two assistants Harry started going through the numerous rolls of parchment on his desk.

It was mid afternoon when Harry walked through the doors of Dante’s. The smaller side of the club was fairly busy with patrons eating, drinking at the bar as well as shooting pool at various tables.

“You’re late,” Javier said when Harry reached the table where he was sitting; pulling him into the chair beside him. Harry melted into the man’s body as their kissed became more heated.

“A friend is meeting us here,” Harry informed the older man.

“Who is this friend?” Javier questioned, wondering who his little green eyed treasure was introducing him too.
“No one you know,” Harry replied with a knowing smile. “I never took you for the jealous type.”

“Me jealous, never I just thought I might know him or her,” Javier replied nipping lightly along his neck.

“Behave,” Harry ordered hitting him lightly on his arm, “I’m only kidding Neville is meeting us here.”

Javier and Neville hadn’t started out on the greatest of terms. He was quite upset him when they first met. Javier didn’t like his quest being interrupted and Neville had interrupted their impromptu make out session.

“He says he’s bringing a date,” Harry informed his companion.

“How long have you and he been friends?” Javier questioned curious to the younger man’s past.

“I met Nev when I was 11 we attended boarding school together and shared a dorm,” Harry easily explained.

Javier seemed surprised that they had known each other that long. He wouldn’t admit to anyone that he’d thought the other man was interested in his treasure when they first met. Harry was coming to learn a lot about Neville that he hadn’t had the chance to learn while at Hogwarts. Since the end of the war they had begun spending more time in each other’s company and Harry could honestly say that Neville was closer to him than Ron and Hermione had ever been in the 7 years he’d known them.

Neville was also learning about his other estates as well so they both had a lot to share with the other. He was surprised to learn that Ron and Hermione prevented him from making friends with their other house mates. Neville had revealed a lot in their talks. Harry was unnerved by how blinded he had been when it came to either of them.

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“Is there any particular reason that we are going into the muggle world?” Daphne questioned her betroth following him down the busy street in London.

“I thought I would formally introduce you to Harry,” he replied, his larger hand holding her smaller one within it. Even with the numerous hours he spent puttering around in his family’s green houses his hands were soft as a newborn’s skin.

“Couldn’t he have chosen one of the restaurants in our world? Surely Akakios would have been a better choice then coming to the muggle world,” she insisted becoming very uncomfortable in her new surroundings.

“You’d be surprise at the things muggles have accomplished,” he responded cheekily that was filled with love.

“Where are we going exactly?” she asked hoping she would get a straight answer.

“Love, I promise you’ll love it,” Neville assured her, “Then we can spend the rest of the afternoon shopping if you like.”

“Fine but you owe me,” Daphne sighed allowing her betroth since a young age to guide her along entering a pub.

As they approached the entrance Neville quickly opened the door allowing her to enter in front of
Daphne looked around in wonder; there were quite a few muggle milling around, some playing billiards at the various large tables at one end of the room, while others sat along the large bar.

Spotting Harry, Neville led them over towards the table. He wasn’t surprised to see the bouncer who had been attached to Harry’s hip every since their first adventure into the club on the night of his break up with Ginny.

“Hiya Jamie,” Neville greeted as they approached. Daphne’s face held a confused expression. “Why in Salazar was Neville calling Potter, Jamie” she thought as Harry stood shaking his friend hand in greeting.

“Well, hello Nate, haven’t seen you at the club in a couple of weeks,” Javier greeted.

“I was actually on vacation. Me in this lovely lady spent two weeks in Athens,” Neville replied.

This was getting more confusing by the minute for Daphne. Yet being a slytherin she wouldn’t let it be known that she was loss.

“You’re right on time,” Harry said as he retook his seat.

“Neville you remember Javier,” Harry said leaning into Javier once more.

“Of course how have you been Javier?” Neville questioned pulling out the chair for Daphne before taking the seat beside her.

“I’ve been well,” Javier replied placing his arm on the back of Harry’s chair.

“At least someone can manage to arrive on time,” Javier mentioned taking a swallow of his beer winking at the younger man beside him.

“Hush you,” Harry scolded playfully.

“Lost track of time again huh?” Neville questioned with a bright smile on his face.

Harry laughed and said, “I always lose track of time when I'm with Teddy; he’s getting so big these days. I swear that I’m going to miss something important with how busy I’ve been lately.”

“Teddy?” both Daphne and Javier questioned curious as to who this person was.

“My five month old godson,” Harry explained, “His parents were killed a few months back. I’m helping his grandmother care for him,” Harry explained.

“That’s horrible,” Daphne said knowing he meant the baby's parents were killed in the war.

“It’s wonderful that you are taking your responsibilities serious,” Javier mentioned, “many your age wouldn’t.”

Neville had thought long and hard on what he was about to reveal to his friend and hoped that Harry wouldn’t feel differently about him.

Harry couldn’t help his curiousness at who Neville’s companion was. He knew he’d seen her somewhere but he couldn’t place her.

“Nice to meet you I’m Daphne,” she replied shaking his hand briefly.
Javier greeted her he could see the pair was very much smitten with each other.

“The reason for asking you to lunch today is because I wanted to introduce you formally to my betroth,” Neville said.

“Oh wow, congratulations Neville,” Harry said genuinely pleased for his friend. “I remember you mentioning you were betroth but I thought maybe she was a few years your junior. Why are you just introducing us now?” he questioned.

“Daphne and I didn’t think it best with your recent break up,” Neville replied.

“Congratulations,” Javier said raising his bottle of beer at them.

“Hogwash!” Harry replied, “You don’t have to down play your happiness for me Nate. I’m glad that you found someone that makes you happy and that you don’t have to deal with the shit that I do.”

“Who is this Ginny person?” Javier questioned curious as to what kind of person Jamie dated.

“She’s a mistake that I shall never repeat again,” Harry replied not looking at the older man. Harry's expression was tight until Javier leaned over melding their mouths together. Neville couldn’t help the smile on his face, “maybe, just maybe his friend was finally healing.”

Javier whispered something in his ear that Neville was sure was Portuguese before kissing Harry briefly again.

Daphne was shocked by the fire that was in Potters eyes that seemed to turn to complete abandoned passion before they closed as the kiss deepened between the pair.

“Behave,” Harry quietly ordered the older man.

“You like me better when I misbehave,” Javier assured him nuzzling his neck with his nose.

Harry could see his friend looking at him with a weary expression.

"You see what I have to put up with?” Harry questioned before noticing the strange expression on his friend's face.

“Is there something wrong Neville? You look as you expect me to angry that you’re in love or something?” Harry asked.

“Jamie, I can call you Jamie correct?” Daphne inquired.

Harry smiled brightly, “Sure.”

“Neville is worried that you will have a problem with who I am rather than him being in love.” Daphne stated simply.

“Why would I have a problem with you exactly?” Harry asked confused the girl before him looked around their age however he didn’t recall coming into contact with her at any point.

Neville looked at him in disbelief, “Harry, you don’t recognize her do you?”

“No, should I?” Harry asked with a credulous expression on his face.

“Lady Daphne Greengrass nice to meet you Lord Potter-Black,” Daphne introduced herself with her hand out in his direction.
Javier sat shocked, “No his mind raced. It can’t be?” he thought. His mind couldn’t comprehend that the man he desired was the wizarding world’s savior. There wasn’t a magical community in the world that didn’t know his name.

Harry accepted her hand without hesitation kissing the back of it the encounter was brief but she was surprised that he accepted her without thought of her house affiliation.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you Lady Greengrass,” Harry replied letting go of her hand before taking a sip from his glass of water.

“You’re not at all like I thought you would be,” Daphne said curious as to his easy acceptance of her relationship with Neville.

“How did you think I would be?” Harry asked as the waiter entered bringing the wine selection and menus.

“I’ll give you a few minutes to decide on your order,” Landri informed them before walking off to a table near the back.

“Any one who attended school with us in the pass 7 years are very familiar with your temper,” replied Daphne an amused smirk on her face.

“Ah, but even heroes grow up,” Harry replied not in the least offended by her comment.

“You’re really okay with this?” Neville questioned nervous he was there for the fall out of the golden trio’s friendship and it wasn’t something he wanted to repeat.

“Neville, you’re in love. How can I have a problem with that? Even if she is a slytherin,” Harry said laughing, imagining Ron’s face if he were present, “Can you imagine how Ron would have reacted to the news?”

Neville snorted into his wine glass, Ron Weasley hot headedness and loud mouth was also well known at Hogwarts. He always spoke before he thought which caused him more problems than a little bit.

“Weasley is too much like his mother,” Daphne sighed crossing her legs placing the napkin across her lap.

Harry couldn’t fault her reasoning. Ron did have many of his mother’s ways and beliefs.

“Is something wrong?” Harry questioned Javier, noticing he was rather quiet.

“Everything is fine meu tesouro (my treasure),” Javier replied his hand rubbing along Harry neck.

Part of him wanted to reveal that he was also a wizard but Javier held back. He and his brother tried their best to blend in muggle society while they attended college which meant nearly no use of magic.

The only other witches the pair managed to meet were Landri and Yolanis both of which work at Dante’s with them.

He wasn’t sure if he would share the news of who Jamie truly was or not. He would need to speak to him first. He didn’t want the younger man to think they befriended him because of who he was. Javier still wondered why he looked so differently from the pictures that littered the news papers. Sure the eyes were the same, but his hair was different and he was far taller than he appeared in the
“School will never be the same. A rivaling houses betroth to each other; oh the horror,” Harry joked causing the pair to laugh.

“I wanted to thank you Jamie,” Daphne said a serious expression on her face, “What you did for the Malfoy’s was very honorable.”

“It was the right thing to do,” Harry said, feeling uncomfortable about the topic. The hearing was a closed hearing at his request.

“Draco told us how you fought to keep them out of prison when you could have condemned them like so many others were,” Daphne continued.

Harry couldn’t reveal that Narcissa Malfoy loss her because she loved her son with a reckless abandonment.

“They had suffered enough,” Harry said quietly his voice filled with compassion, “It’s not right that people judge them so harshly without thought of what the followers of such a madman had to face. Don’t get me wrong I’m not condoning the horrors they committed. I do question whether they did them out of duress and fear.”

“I think it’s safe to say that we would all kill someone if your family member’s very lives were being threatened,” Harry finished.

Neville smiled at his friend sadly. Harry had seen too much death in their young lives.

“Well what do we have here?” Angelius Delgado questioned.

“What wrong have I committed to have you plague me today?” Javier questioned his brother playfully.

“You wound me brother?” Angelius replied grabbing a chair turning it backwards at their table.

Harry snorted into his glass at the antics of the twin brothers.

Angelius you remember Neville,” Harry questioned, “this is his fiancé Daphne.”

“Sure, how have you been?” Angelius asked looking at Neville.

Neville was shocked to see the older man without the dark kohl lining his eyes and the blue lipstick. Like his twin the man was gorgeous but this image of him Neville found shocking.

“I’m well, thought I would introduce the future Lady Longbottom to my best friend,” Neville said with a mischievous grin, “don’t bother using your flirtatious charm on Daph she is immune.”

Harry and Javier laughed at Angelius’ wounded expression.

“How are the Malfoy’s fairing?” Harry questioned, going back to their previous conversation before Angelus arrived. He didn’t personally care for the family but he thought everyone deserved a second chance much like Dumbledore before him.

“They are going through a period of grieving,” she replied, “Draco is taking his mother’s death very hard but he’s still the same snobbish little cretin we know and love,” causing both Harry and Neville to laugh.
“So when is your big day?” Javier asked.

“We are planning a spring bonding,” Neville informed his friend. Harry nodded thinking it would be a perfect time of year for a bonding whether it was held outside or in an elegant ball room somewhere.

“How are you holding up?” Daphne questioned, everyone in wizarding Britain now knew of Ginny’s betrothal to Blaise. She was sure he was being hounded by the press wanting to know his feelings on the couple.

“I’m well,” Harry replied he knew the question was coming looking towards the older man beside him. He knew Javier was betroth to someone back in Brazil but just being in his company was helping Harry over come his anger at Ginny’s betrayal.

It was an unavoidable topic. Andromeda hadn’t mentioned the announcement in the paper. He’d hope that he could avoid talking about the fallout between he and Ginny. Andromeda had become a mother figure to him and he wasn’t sure how the woman would react to what happened.

Javier watched the young man who had captured his attention the first time he entered Dante’s. He could tell that Jamie had been deeply hurt by whatever transpired between he and his ex-girlfriend.

“Her loss,” Javier murmured kissing him on his neck just above the collar of his shirt.

“Are you returning to school to complete your last year?” Daphne asked Harry taking a bite of her perfectly grilled salmon with steamed vegetables.

“Headmistress McGonagall has hinted at wanting me to return. I haven’t planned on returning though. I have enough of my plate already. School would just complicate matters,” Harry sighed, knowing that his presence at the school would help promote unity.

“Andromeda is inquiring about tutors. I’m hoping to complete my testing before the year is out,” Harry continued to explain.

“What about you? What are your plans for the future?” Harry questioned interested in what she wanted to do with the rest of her life.

“I haven’t given it much thought beyond bonding. My father believes that my place in being in the home raising the next generation of Longbottom’s and Greengrass’ heirs,” Daphne replied.

“I don’t expect you to just be a house wife,” Neville assured her, “You are welcome to pursue your dreams too.”

Daphne face lit up in pure happiness at the thought of not being the house wife her mother was forced to become.

Harry was shocked, “were all purebloods like that. Would he be faced with marrying a girl who had no ambitions beyond marriage?”

“Is your mother just a house wife?” Harry questioned.

“My mother is a legal witch however she only works on legal matters for charity organizations. My father would have a coronary if my mother were to work in a criminal capacity,” Daphne replied.

Harry rubbed his head trying to wrap his head around the double standard that still existed in the magical community.
“What are you expecting in a partner?” Daphne inquired wondering what he would want in a person that he would bond with some day.

“Why me of course,” said Javier causing everyone to laugh.

“Angelius told me about your family’s traditional beliefs. I wouldn’t be surprise if you and Angelius weren’t in England sowing your wild oats so to speak,” Harry said laughing.

“Must you reveal all of our secrets?” Javier questioned his older brother.

“Ah brother you try to deny those impossibly enchanting emerald green eyes of his?” Angelius countered.

Harry watched the brothers banter back and forth hoping they would all forget the questioned.

“Are you going to answer the lady?” Angelius prompted. Harry huffed, he would remember. “Honesty above everything else, I expect them to honor my lines values. I’m not sure if that person exist though,” Harry said laughing, “I don’t plan to bond with anyone for a while yet. I have too much on my plate.”

“Hmm will this person be a witch or a wizard?” Daphne continued.

“I’m open,” Harry replied honestly, “I’m attracted to both male and females.”

“Oh a threesome, meu tesouro, be still my heart,” Javier said his voice sounding as smooth as silk.

“Not even,” Harry pushed the older man away laughing.

The meeting turned out to be light hearted and a welcome respite from the happening in Wizarding Britain.

As Neville as Daphne were leaving she looked at the man she had come to love deeply over the years, “thanks for doing this,” she said kissing his cheek, “Now you promised me shopping.”

Neville laughed hailing a taxi to take them to the shopping district near Kings Road.

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The next day Harry sat in his office going over the ledger for the Black account. He had already begun the process of having Bellatrix inherited vault from the Black family to be combined with the family vaults.

Narcissa vault he put into an inheritance for her only son Draconius Malfoy. Taking note of other changes that needed to be made; Harry place the ledger back inside the warded side drawer of his desk.

Andromeda stood in the doorway of his personal study watching him unnoticed. Hadarian had become an intricate part of her and her grandson’s lives. He had a sadness about him that wasn’t from the loss of war but something else.

“I saw the news of Mrs. Weasley’s engagement,” Andromeda informed him, “I’d thought that you would have informed me. I can’t help but wonder as to why you allowed me to find out this way.”

He knew that she would find out about his and Ginny’s breakup but he didn’t want to dwell on his personal drama.
“I really just wanted to forget,” Harry answered not wanting to dwell on his past mistakes with Ginny. “I apologize for not informing you. It wasn’t a matter of my trusting you,” he added quickly, “I just didn’t want to draw more attention to an already troublesome situation.”

“Hmm,” Andromeda sighed, “I’m here if you need to talk.”

“I know,” Harry replied pushing away from his desk getting up.

“I have set up a few interviews for tomorrow for your personal assistant,” Andromeda informed him.

“About that,” Harry interrupted, “I wanted to run something by you. I’m not sure if one person can handle all that I will need to get accomplished. I would probably need a person to handle just the ridiculous amount of fan mail that is collecting.”

“That’s simple enough to handle,” Andromeda assured him, “I will let you know who the prospects are once the interviews have been completed.”

“Thank you,” said Harry before kissing her cheek, “I’ll be back before dinner.”

“Don’t work to hard at Hogwarts and make sure that you get some rest,” Andromeda called out as he was leaving.

“I won’t,” Harry replied, however both he and Andromeda knew that he would overexert himself as he done since he began helping with the rebuild.

Harry arrived at Hogwarts to see the progress they had made on repairing Hogwarts.

Today they were working on repairing the bridge that Seamus spectacularly blew up during the final battle. McGonagall was completely dismayed at the sheer amount of damage he caused to the old structure with the blast.

Harry smiled at her murmuring when she headed back towards the castle to assign duties to other workers.

“Hiya Harry,” Hagrid greeted, as he and Grawp walked towards him carrying large logs trees that had been cut and the limbs removed to assist with the bridge rebuild.

“Hold on mate,” Seamus warned just before the ground shook from the force of Grawp forcing the huge tree log into the ground. Seamus and Dean quickly used the cement and drying spell to hold the log in place.

Harry and Oliver stood side by side levitating Seamus and Dean as they secured the metal extensions to secure the bridge. Neville worked quickly spelling huge nails into the planks of wood making up the floor of the bridge.

While Michael Corner and Terry Boot worked on the new railings.

“About 8 more ought to do it,” said Hagrid as he and Grawp headed back into the forest to find more suitable trees to cut down to repair the bridge.

“Alicia slowly lowered Neville to the ground being careful of his head when passed a wooden plank being levitated up to Boot and Corner.

“Thanks, Alicia,” Neville said when his feet touched the ground, “I think we are at a good place to stop for lunch. It’s going to take Hagrid and Gawp some time to get the next set of supports ready.”
It was only a matter of minutes before those being levitated were once more on the ground.

“You will never guess who I saw this morning?” Dean said as they made their way to the castle.

“Who?” Harry questioned curious.

“Professor Snape,” Seamus told them, “He’s been coming since his release from St Mungos he’s brewing potions to restock the infirmary.” Madame Pomfrey had used the entire stock healing the injuries of those who fought in the final battle.

Harry hadn’t seen the man since his visit to Hermione’s a couple of weeks prior.

As they got closer to the castle Harry couldn’t help the sense of accomplishment he felt at the repairs they all helped to make. The court yards were completely repaired. There were new benches and sculptures were being ordered to replace those that were destroyed beyond magic.

As they entered the castle they could see various carpentry goblins working on the inner structure of the building. The school would soon be ready to welcome the next year of students into her halls. The tables were already filled with dishes of food when they entered heading towards the gryffindor table.

“McGonagall is going spare at the cost of all the repairs on Hogwarts,” Seamus sighed taking a much needed drink of ice cold pumpkin juice.

“She’s worried about the pitch,” Dean questioned noticing the quidditch pitch hadn’t been touched.

“Well the other repairs are more a need then the pitch,” said Seamus much to the horror of the others.

“Hogwarts without a quidditch pitch is an awful thought Seamus,” said Oliver. Harry agreed. He had learned to fly and play quidditch at Hogwarts there was no way that the school would open without one. Deciding that he would speak with McGonagall about it after lunch.

“Good to see you Mr. Goldstein you’re working on the west side of the castle. The carpentry goblins will tell you what they need you to do.” Anthony nodded leading another guy with him down the hall.

The west side of the castle took the most damage they would be repairing the inner side of the walls and staircases while the professionals worked on the walls holding the large building together. Harry only hoped that they would be finish before the weather changed for the worst.

Walking towards his former head of house Harry paused at seeing Snape coming up from the dungeons.

“You’ve finally decided to come out have you?” Minerva questioned her colleague.

“I’ve finished another batch of potions for Poppy. This should complete her store for pepper up potions, and bone mend potions for at least the start of term,” Snape informed her, “with the number of broken bones during the first week of classes it was a miracle the school healer could keep enough potions on hand.

“Potter,” Snape greeted his voice filled with disdain.

“Professor,” Harry greeted in kind.

“Did you need something Mr. Potter,” McGonagall questioned.
"I wanted to speak with you about the quidditch pitch. I noticed no repairs in that area has been completed," Harry inquired. Snape brow raised at the mention of the pitch. The Death Eaters had burned it down during the battle. "Headmistress," Snape stated before walking off leaving them to their conversation.

"I see Snape is still unpleasant as ever," Harry mentioned as he followed McGonagall towards her office.

"Severus is a complicated man," McGonagall admitted as they reached the stone gargoyle guarding the entrance to her office.

"How are the repairs going?" Dumbledore questioned from his painting when he noticed Minerva.

"Good afternoon professor Dumbledore," Harry greeted as McGonagall took her seat behind the large desk. The office didn’t look the same as it did when Dumbledore was headmaster. The many silver trinkets and odd things were no longer scattered throughout the room on the many tables.

The large stone desk had been removed in its place was a large desk of dark mahogany finishing. The two arm chairs before the desk looked very comfortable the burgundy suede with the Hogwarts crest embroidered into them.

"Hello Harry my boy. Minerva told me you had finally been released from St Mungos. It does my old heart good to see you well," Dumbledore said in greeting.

"Mr. Potter what exactly did you want to speak to me about?" McGonagall questioned bringing Dumbledore’s rambling to a close.

"We were just talking about the repairs and I noticed nothing has been done to the pitch," Harry said wondering if the school had already used up the galleons in the account he’d setup.

"The repairs to the castle are more costly than I hope that would be. There just isn’t enough funding to repair the pitch at this time," McGonagall admitted.

"You received the key from Gringotts didn’t you?" Harry questioned worried that somehow things got overlooked in the upheaval of his accounts.

"Oh heavens yes. Mr. Potter, those funds are much needed to help with refurbishing the books in the library and replacing the books that can’t be fixed.

"Hogwarts can’t go without quidditch," Harry exclaimed, "that would be like 4th year when they destroyed it with that Merlin awful maze."

"I understand your worry Mr. Potter, truly I do but I have to consider the education of the students that will be returning to Hogwarts. The Books are more important that the quidditch pitch," McGonagall sighed, "if the funds were available Mr. Potter I would have assigned the task for the repairs.

"I’ll take care of everything," Harry said after a moment of silence.

"You’re already done more than enough Mr. Potter," McGonagall assured him.
"The school can not expect any more of your kindness."

"Then it will be my gift to the school. The school can repay me by having an annual memorial quidditch match of alumni in remembrance of those who fought here and lost their lives," Harry said.
pleading with the older woman.

Dumbledore sat in his frame agreeing with Harry. He was sure the young man would make the pitch even better than it was before.

“You’re agreeing with his Albus?” Minerva questioned, “He already given nearly a half a million galleons towards the repairs. Can the school accept such a gift after he’s already given so much?”

“I want to do this professor besides the money was willed to the Order. I just changed it because the war is over now. The Order has no use for the funds. I think my parents and Sirius would want the money to go towards repairing the school,” Harry insisted, “The pitch would be my contribution please professor.”

McGonagall finally sighed, “very well Mr. Potter I’m granting you your wish.”

“YES!” Harry exclaimed jumping up hugging the older woman before rushing from the room, “You won’t regret this professor.”

Harry felt elated as he walked back towards the main entrance to exit the castle to help finish the repairs on the bridge.

The war had changed them all. All they could do was rebuild where they were able, repair the broken families as much as they could and repair the damage the war has created among magical people, beings and creatures.

The community coming together in an effort to rebuild Hogwarts, Diagon Alley and Hogsmeade was attesting to the fact that they were all one community. Harry believed it was the first step of many to come.
“Sorry I’m late Minister! My meeting ran late” Harry greeted rushing into the room dressed in dark gray tailored slacks with a black silk shirt and dark gray robes with his family crest embroidered on the collar of his robes with black expensive dress shoes. His hair was pulled back from his face with a leather strap, looking the very image of a respectable Lord.

His meeting at Gringotts had run over there were discrepancies with one of his holdings and they had to find where the error occurred and wouldn’t allow him to leave until they did. Goblins were sticklers for getting finances corrected.

Harry paused when he noticed the Weasley’s at the table. When Kingsley asked him to come to lunch he wasn’t aware that it was a meeting of surviving order members. The large table was filled with surviving Order members. Hestia Jones sat talking quietly with McGonagall about the repairs being done at Hogwarts, while Snape and Hermione sat close to one another looking around the room. Bill, Charlie and Fleur sat on the opposite side of the table from Arthur and Molly.

Harry looked at Kingsley with a confused expression on his face. The air was tense with an uncomfortable silence upon his entrance.

Fleur rushed over to him speaking rapidly in broken English, “eet es so wonderful to see you, Harry,” kissing both of his cheeks before dragging him towards the table forcing Bill to move over one place so that he could sit beside herself and Bill. Harry not wanting to cause a scene by pulling away allowed himself to be pulled along behind the older part veela trying to keep up with what she was saying as he sat down beside her. Charlie snorted quietly in amusement at his sister in law.

Bill watched his over affectionate wife as she pulled his sister’s former boyfriend towards the table. He and Fleur and talked about what transpired at Ginny’s coming of age party. Although Ginny was his sister and he loved her dearly Bill couldn’t uphold her in her mess. He would always be there for her but she was wrong.

Hermione watched her former best friend enter the room and was shocked by his appearance. She knew that he’d taken his Lordships. Yet she never thought she would see him dressed in such a manner. His robes alone screamed old money much like Malfoy’s robes when he attended Hogwarts.

“Lord Potter-Black good you’ve made it, I was beginning to think something had come up. We were just talking amongst ourselves but we can get started,” Kingsley greeted with a smile.

“It’s Black-Potter actually but I’ll answer to either or, however I prefer to be called Hadarian in less formal settings,” Harry explained.

“Since when has your name changed to Hadarian?” Hermione questioned drawing everyone’s attention to her at the end of the table.

“If you must know Hadarian is the name I was given at birth, Harry was simply a nickname my parent’s called me;” said Harry as he poured water into a goblet in front of him. “I thought it time to separate the stigma of Harry Potter from Hadarian Black-Potter.”

Snape raised his brow at this curious as why their little hero wanted to distance himself from his Man-Who-Conquered status.

“If you must know Hadarian is the name I was given at birth, Harry was simply a nickname my parent’s called me;” said Harry as he poured water into a goblet in front of him. “I thought it time to separate the stigma of Harry Potter from Hadarian Black-Potter.”

Snape raised his brow at this curious as why their little hero wanted to distance himself from his Man-Who-Conquered status.

“Then why have you gone by Harry Potter all these years if your name wasn’t Harry?” Hermione questioned in her know it all voice.
“I’ve been going by Harry because my parents called me that as a nickname which appears to be the only name the wizarding world knows me by,” Harry replied before taking a sip trying to get his thoughts together before speaking to everyone.

He hadn’t seen Hermione since their talk weeks ago that severed their friendship. She had invited him to talk wanting to explain her relationship with their hateful former potions professor. As if he wanted to hear any explanation. Hermione was very hypocritical in the things she did and found fault in everyone else as if she was the only person who could break the rules that were so immoral that he didn’t dare think of it.

He felt uncomfortable being among the Weasley’s after what happened with Ginny. The events of that day were still fresh in his mind and although they couldn’t blamed because their daughter chose to be a whore. He felt unsettled in their company. The air was tense and Harry knew that before the meeting was over Molly Weasley would try to speak with him. Harry wanted to avoid the woman as much as possible. He easily ignored the looks he received from Hermione.

Andromeda found out about his and Ginny’s breakup from the announcement of her engagement to Zabini in the Prophet. Harry knew it would only cause problems if he continued to have a close relationship with the family now that he no longer had ties with them. He and Ginny were over and his friendship with Ron destroyed, it was now time for the Weasley to put their efforts in getting to know their future son-in-law.

“Ow ave ou been Harry?” Fleur questioned, as she sipped from her glass of what he assumed was wine.

“I’ve been very busy, with the rebuild of Hogwarts and the running of my estate and exploring the muggle world now that the war is over,” Harry replied not wanting to be rude. Fleur wasn’t responsible for Ginny’s actions and he couldn’t bring himself to be cold towards her just because she married into the Weasley family.

Harry could feel the various eyes on him but he chose to ignore it; much as he'd done while attending Hogwarts. Snape’s dark expression hadn’t changed much over the years. Harry wondered what the man’s purpose was being there; Merlin knew that man didn't get along with anyone if his expression was anything to go on. From his expression alone Harry knew that Hermione had informed him about their argument when he’d visited their home.

He really couldn’t be bothered to worry about how Snape reacted to him ending his friendship with Hermione. She proved in his eyes that Snape’s well being and protection was more important then his or Ron’s for that matter. The man should know how that felt after all his mother ended their friendship after he'd called her a mudblood in their 5th year at Hogwarts. Harry guessed the pair deserved each other.

Kingsley cleared this throat bringing all of their attention on him. “First I would like to thank you all for coming on such short notice. As you all undoubtedly know the ministry is functioning in a very limited capacity due to the magical taint in the Ministry of Magic building. Currently the only department still residing within the building is the department of mysteries,” Kingsley started, “I have been in various meetings with Gringotts trying to find enough land that can be used as not only the new location of the ministry of magic, Saint Mungos and any other building that could benefit being in the same location as well.”

“Are they having any luck?” Bill questioned, he knew the amount of land the ministry would need for such a venture would take time to find and could be near impossible.

“As of yet there hasn’t been any leads on enough land in one location,” Kingsley sighed rubbing his
face in frustration.

“Can’t a purifying ritual remove the taint?” questioned Charlie.

“Unfortunately no,” Kingsley advised, “the taint of death magic has twisted the original wards of the building.”

“But won’t building a new Ministry Building leave it vulnerable to dark magic because it lacks the years of symbiotic magic?” Fleur questioned.

“What I’m going to propose is making the area sacred grounds. This will prevent any form of offensive magic from being performed on the grounds against another magical person, being or creature,” Kingsley stated wondering how everyone would react to his idea.

“That’s not a bad idea,” Bill agreed, “It would prevent anything like the ministry invasion from happening again in wizarding Britain no offensive magic would be able to be performed on the grounds at all so the wizarding government would be safe.

“I plan to make several changes at Hogwarts as well,” Minerva confided, “I never agreed with Albus about removing the wizarding traditions classes from Hogwarts but I had little control as he was headmaster. It put the muggle born students at a disadvantage and made them appear to shun wizarding customs.” Minerva informed them, “Hogwarts was once a school of academic excellence, over the years, that has begun to decline after Britain started outlawing magic they deemed dark to be illegal. That has limited the classes that we are able to teach at Hogwarts a fact I hope to change before Hogwarts open again for the new term.”

Hermione frowned at her former head of house.

“What changes are you planning to implement?” Snape questioned curious. He had no idea that Minerva had planned to make changes. He’d assumed that she would leave the school curriculum the same as it always been. He’d heard rumors of many changes that had been made before even he had attended in his youth.

“First I hope if we can get the magical treaty redone Hogwarts will no longer strictly accept witches and wizards but all magical beings capable of performing magic. Classes will be divided by years on levels of magic ability to prevent students from being held back in their learning. I also hope to reinstate the apprenticeship programs that Dumbledore disbanded. I have been researching other magical schools and Hogwarts curriculum is terribly lacking and needs to be broadened to include things like blood magic, healing arts, ancient studies, diplomacy, ritualistic magic and a lot of others. If we list the schools by top academic excellence Hogwarts would be somewhere in the bottom half because of the ministry restrictions on magic and what we are allowed to teach.” Minerva stated.

Filius agreed. “I questioned some of the changes Albus made. The changes didn’t make much sense. Why is a magic school celebrating Christmas when we celebrate Yule? I understand that we need to make muggle born children feel accepted and included but removing wizarding traditions isn’t the way to do that. I never agreed with the way Albus did that.”

“I have already decided to do away with muggle holidays. We are a magical school and its time that muggleborns learn to become apart of society and not just exist in it. I don’t know what Albus was thinking celebrating them instead of wizarding holidays. It’s blasphemous.” Minerva replied.

Snape snorted into his cup of tea. Albus was a hard man to sell on any change that wasn’t in his interest. Dumbledore only made changes that he wanted many that benefited his ideals that hindered the progress of the school and further alienated the students of Slytherin House.
“We all know what good that did,” Snape stated leaning back with his arms crossed. “Albus only made changes that further alienated the Slytherin students from the remaining houses. None the changes promoted unity among the school.”

“What’s wrong with celebrating Christmas?” Hermione questioned it was clear she was offended being a muggleborn raised on this tradition.

“Mrs. Granger you are a perfect example of what we are trying to get across,” Filius said before explaining things, “If you were taught wizarding traditions when you entered Hogwarts you would have learned the customs of our world, such the holidays we celebrate, their meaning and why they have an importance to magic. Without this knowledge and understanding many muggleborns upon graduating Hogwarts return to the muggle world further placing the wizarding world in danger by having magical children and revealing our existence.”

“You can’t expect muggleborns to want to be apart of a society that shuns them for their blood status,” Hermione insisted she was right. Hermione face still had a look of offense. “How will the wizarding world ever progress it they are stuck in the dark ages. Muggles have made major progress. Muggles have computer technology now and telephones which is far more convenient than floo calling.”

“We are not saying that muggles haven’t evolved far beyond what the wizarding world has. What we are saying is as a young muggle born witch you should have been taught the ways and traditions of the world you are now apart of. This has nothing to do with progress of either world but ignorance of not knowing when something you done is offensive to another witch or wizard. There is etiquette and rules governing us as a people much like the muggle world.” McGonagall explained.

He was surprised that McGonagall was going to make changes at Hogwarts. He agreed that Hogwarts had the potential to be one of the top ranking schools in the world if they stopped being selective in their classes and allowed magical beings into their schools.

Harry was very interested in the idea of changes Minerva was speaking of. “I believe that Hogwarts wouldn’t be remise to incorporate a mechanical writing class as well. I don’t know about wizarding world raised children but in the muggle world 11 year olds aren’t taught how to write essays until they are much older. They don’t start writing essays and such until they are well into their secondary education. A Latin Language class wouldn’t go amiss either. How are students going to understand the functions of spells if they can barely speak the language?”

“I never thought of that Lord Potter-Black. It’s a very good point. We can’t complain about students writing ability if they haven’t been properly instructed on how to do such things,” McGonagall replied before directing her attention to Snape. “I have been informed of recent events will you be willing to present this?”

“Wouldn’t this be better received coming from Lord Potter-Black? He is the poster child for the light right now,” Snape questioned.

“Nonsense Severus, you are Lord Prince, you have accepted your title,” Minerva stated in a matter of fact voice.

“I am also the man who killed Albus Dumbledore, whether he ordered me to kill him or not, Minerva those people still see me as a pariah,” Severus hissed in a tired voice.

The room became tense at the mention of Dumbledore’s death. Snape had been cleared of killing the man but still people felt angry against him for carrying out the older man’s wishes.
“I’m planning on presenting this to the Wizengamot at the first meeting if I can find the land but first we must have the laws against magical beings reformed because we need a treaty in place. In order for the symbiotic magic of scared grounds to hold the ritual must take place between all magical beings, creatures’ light, dark and gray magic,” sighed Kingsley bringing the attention of the room back on him.

“They’ll never go for it,” Arthur stated sadly, “even if it will protect the magical hospital and the magical government from destruction that we just faced with this war.”

“It’s time the Wizengamot got a swift kick in their behinds,” McGonagall added from where she was sitting, “Those laws against magical being and creatures are born of prejudice and fear.”

“He’ll never get the pureblood supremist to go for it Minerva, not that I disagree with you,” Molly argued. “Besides we would need cooperation of the whole magical populace to get it to work and I don’t see that happening even after so many lives have been lost in this mess.”

“I appreciate all the feedback from you all but the fact remains that we have to find the land first,” Kingsley reminded them, “If things work out I believe it will be a true start to healing magical Britain.”

Harry listened quietly as they other members offered their opinions. He understood they were more or less playing devils advocate but he noticed the main views were why it wouldn’t work not what they needed to make it work.

“I think it’s a good idea,” Harry finally commented after listening to everyone’s point of view. “I can’t help but notice the negative reasoning behind everyone’s responses. In order for the magical community to heal we have to stop this them against us mentality.”

“The land isn’t the issue; the issue is whether or not Kingsley can get enough members of the Wizengamot to back his proposal.” Harry stated, his lessons with Andromeda was coming into play. “Another issue is the location of this land and whether it is in a muggle populated area or wizarding area. We do not need another ministry building sitting in the muggle world. It defeats the purpose of secrecy.”

“Lord Potter-Black has a valid point, we need to be discussing how we are going to make this happen to better our world not saying what is already obvious,” Hestia Jones agreed.

“What I need is researchers that can research everything that we will need to perform the ritual that will help make the area sacred land. We need all details; that must be a part of the ritual, what potions if any are needed and all other necessary materials and what magical beings are best suited for this to be a success. We need to know when it can be done and how magically powerful the Master of Ceremony must be.” Kingsley started rambling off orders.

“We also need people willing to reach out to these magical beings and get their support because lets face it people if they aren’t willing this will fail.”

“Might I suggest you call a wizarding counsel meeting,” Snape spoke for the first time. “It would seem logical to call the heads of all magical beings such as the centaurs, Moroi leader, the leaders of the werewolf and wereleopard packs won’t be a miss either.”

Harry looked at his former professor he was still unpleasant as ever it seems. He couldn’t help but to wonder what appealing quality his misguided former friend saw in the greasy git. Harry knew the Moroi were magical vampires, unlike the Vulturi who had some magical ability due to being a vampire like telepathy, empathy and other talents which are enhanced due to their vampirism.
Moroi weren’t dead they were living vampires that feed off blood and sexual energy, they still had their souls, they were the by product of a succubus and a demon producing children. They were adept at sex magic and elemental magic and nothing human could match their speed.

Harry had learned briefly about the Moroi during his third year at Hogwarts when Remus covered magical creatures and beings. The mention of the moroi made Harry think of how Snape being the super git that he was forced them to do an assignment on werewolves in an attempt to out Remus, which he successfully did a the end of the school term by letting it slip to the Slytherin students.

Kingsley hadn’t thought of the wizards’ counsel it hadn’t been used since the treaties were but into place but that was a good a start as any. “Thank you for mentioning that Severus I hadn’t thought of the wizards counsel, it hasn’t been used in almost 500 years.

“When you present this I will support your proposal,” Harry stated, “I will ask Neville as well being that we both plan to accept our seats on the Wizengamot when it reconvenes. You only need four members to back your proposal to get it to a vote.”

“That will be great Hadarian,” Kingsley stated with a smile, it was one less thing he needed stressing over. “I’ll let you handle getting the proposal to a vote and work with things from there.”

“This sounds like a massive undertaking; how much land are you talking about?” Elphias Doge questioned for the first time.

“More than Gringotts has been able to find,” Kingsley stated sadly.

“Kingsley how much land?” Harry questioned again.

“Harry we’re talking maybe 100 acres of land or more for all the buildings and grounds,” Kingsley answered.

“If I can get you the land……” but Harry was cut off mid sentence by Molly.

“How do you think you can pull that kind of sway if the Goblins can’t find that kind of prime land?” Molly questioned irritated that the boy didn’t seem to understand that large amounts of land wasn’t being sold as a bulk these days.

“Molly dear that was quite rude to make such assumptions, my apologies Lord Potter-Black if my wife offended you,” Arthur offered his apologies for his wife's overbearing personality.

“It’s not a problem Mr. Weasley, we all are here after all for the same cause are we not?” Harry questioned, “As I was saying Kingsley before the interruption, I have the necessary land that is undeveloped in Godric’s Hollow on the outskirts of the village in the West, it came into my possession through a inheritance and I’m willing to donate it to the ministry for the propose of making it sacred grounds.” Harry stated, “It is more than enough for what will be needed. It’s in my opinion a good location as Godric’s Hollow is a wizarding community.”

“What’s that catch?” Kingsley questioned with a smile knowing the younger man was up to something.

“The wizarding world needs to fall under a new covenant. That’s not the say that our traditions should be sat aside to appease muggleborns. As leaders of the wizarding community we can’t fault muggleborns their ignorance if we haven’t bothered to teach them what being apart of this new fascinating world that they are now apart of. I however want something more than new treaties for the magical beings in the community; the wizarding world needs a magical covenant that protects not only magical children born within the magical world, but those born in the muggle world as well. It
is my belief that there is no such thing as a muggle born but the magical miracle to two squibs producing a magical child,” Harry informed them.

Snape looked thoughtful, he never theorized the issues of witches and wizards being born of none magical parents. He hated to admit the Potter brat had a sound theory on how those children came to be.

“You have no proof of this foolish theory. Muggleborns are a magical anomaly that can’t be explained,” Molly argued.

“Whether I have proof or not is not up for discussion,” Harry snapped in irritation at the older witch his patience at her attitude was grating on his nerves, “We need to stop pureblood families from dumping squib children in the muggle world. We also need to create a magical ordinance for magical beings that protect their rights as beings so that they can become productive parts of society and not be shunned because they are different,” Harry added further thinking of Remus and his struggles while he lived.

“That’s preposterous,” Molly stated “squibs have no place in the magical world. They will only be resentful that they don’t have magic.”

“Squibs are resentful because of bigoted idiots who think because they have active magic that these innocent children aren’t worthy of their families affections.” Harry hissed tired of Molly’s bigoted views. He could now see where Ron got his attitude from.

“I will do everything in my power to help you push this through but I also need you to back this issue,” Kingsley advised, he found the theory to be a viable explanation of how these children displayed magic in the first place.

“Of course,” Harry smiled.

Molly sat with a frown on her face. She could see that being around Andromeda Tonks was having a negative affect on the child who had become like a son to her. It was as if she didn’t know who he was anymore.

McGonagall nodded in agreement with the things Harry mentioned she agreed. For far too long the wizarding community had shunned those different or with creature blood. It was now time that they embraced change or they would crumble and face something far worst than they could ever imagine.

They spoke for several more minutes breaking up the task into groups before they left. Harry stood speaking with Kingsley about meeting up so they he could view the location of the land. Godric’s Hollow was an all wizarding village which Harry thought would be he ideal place for the Ministry of Magic. They needed to separate their worlds as much as possible.

The Leaky Cauldron would be the only entrance into their world from the muggle world until such time as they were able to locate squibs and reintegrate them into wizarding society. Molly approached the pair just as Kingsley was talking briefly about what to expect when he accepted his place among the members of the Wizengamot.

“Harry dear, I’m sure if you allowed me to explain the shame behind squibs remaining in the magical community. You will see it’s for the best that they live in the muggle community,” said Molly hoping the young man would listen.

“Madame Weasley, although I appreciate all you and your husband have done for me during my childhood. I am under no delusions about my position on the matter of squibs and magical children
abandoned in the muggle system,” Harry responded politely with a very impersonal air.

“I just don’t want to see you disappointed when you fail to get the support you want on this issue,” Molly pressed further, “We still care about you greatly dear.” Harry recoiled at her statement. He really wasn’t in the mood to deal with an emotionally charge Molly Weasley.

“I believe Madame Weasley that you have other issues that need focusing on. I’m not one of them. What’s has happen can’t be undone and its time that all parties move on with their lives,” Harry said ending any reason for her to approach him again.

The relationship he once had with the Weasley family was severed and he only wanted them to allow him move on without being harassed about what happened between him and their daughter.

Molly noticed his reaction to her words, “Very well,” she sighed sadly before walking away.

Harry sighed glad to avoid the woman bringing up her daughter. Things wouldn’t have ended well. “What’s that all about,” Kingsley questioned, he and never known Harry to be so formal with the Weasley’s.

“Nothing that I can’t handle,” Harry replied diplomatically. He didn’t think he would be able to tell Kingsley the problem he had with the family he was once so close too.

As Harry returned home for dinner he felt a sense of closure with the Weasley’s. He was sure that in time they would in some way rebuild some form of relationship with him, maybe not quite the way it was before but a relationship of some kind but if for some reason it didn’t happen, Harry found that he was okay with that.

Things seemed to move quickly for Harry after the meeting Kingsley called with the Order. He had several meetings with Kingsley and Gringotts to determine the particulars of the land he was donating to the Ministry Of Magic.

Harry pushed the thoughts of his previous meetings at the Bank with Kingsley. It had taken the Goblins sometime to survey that land to ensure that it was viable to build on. Harry wanted to make sure the creatures that lived within the wooded area would still have enough land to roam freely.

Good morning Lord Potter-Black, Minister Shacklebolt, “Ironfist greeted them, “What can Gringotts London assist you with this morning?”

“Good morning,” Both Harry and Kingsley replied.

“The Minister and I are here to speak with you about the process of the Potter estate donating land for the purpose of making it sacred grounds where the new Wizarding World Government will be located as well as other Magical facilities to remove them from the muggle world,” Harry explained.

Ironfist look at them both with a thoughtful expression. One that was weird to see on any goblins face. They weren’t known to ever visibly show any kind of emotion.

“Unfortunately Lord Potter-Black no wizarding form of government can actively own land that is made sacred,” Ironfist informed them.

“So, I can’t donate the land to the Ministry,” Harry asked wanting clarification.
“Sacred land has been privately owned lands of the citizens of the wizarding community,” Ironfist continued to explain, “Once the land has been made sacred the owner is free to do with the land what he/she wishes even allow buildings for the wizarding government to be built on that land or any number of other things.”

Harry was dishearten to know that the Ministry could not own the land if it was to be considered for Sacred Land. Harry would have to retained ownership of the land and would be considered as Donator.

“Lord Potter-Black it would be remise if it didn’t mention that those in use of the buildings must pay rent of the land used,” Ironfist added.

“What I don’t want to be paid rent. I’m doing this for the good of our world,” Harry complained things weren’t going nearly as well as he thought they would go.

Kingsley sighed knowing this was causing Harry more stress than the boy wanted to deal with. “If I may ask Ironfist. What is the monetary amount required for rental of such land?” Kingsley questioned.

“That is for the owner to decide within reason,” Ironfist assured them, “the monetary value of the land and the use of it must be taken into consideration.”

“Great just bloody great,” thought Harry.

Harry looked to Kingsley for an answer to what they should do. “We will figure this out Harry,” Kingsley assured him, “this isn’t a setback the hospital and the ministry can afford to the rent of the land. No matter who owned the land it would be the same thing.

Harry thought this was just another way of tying him to the ministry. Harry’s brow further creased when the Goblin mentioned portraits needing to be ordered of Harry for hanging in places of Honor in both facilities. Harry could do without the accolades for doing something that would be for the better of the wizarding world.

“I would rather that we didn’t do that,” Harry sighed not wanting to deal with such things.

“Nonsense, Harry, surely you realize what a great thing you are doing for the magical community? Anyone else would be asking great things from the ministry for doing the same,” Kingsley responded.

“But I am requiring something of the ministry,” Harry replied, “besides from what Ironfist is saying you will have to pay rent for the use of the land.”

“Harry your requirement is for the betterment of the wizarding world, all magical beings, magical creatures and squibs. It’s not a selfish request,” Kingsley reiterated, “the rent is of little consequence.”

“I know I just hate being made to seem that I’m seeking attention when I’m not. I’m only trying to help,” Harry sighed feeling defeated.

“Harry,” Kingsley sighed, touching his chin bringing his face up so that he could see his eyes. “You will come to realize that not everyone will agree with the decisions that you will one day have to make. You will not always be able to please everyone, but as long as you are happy with yourself than everything is as they should be.”

Harry smiled, “Thanks Kingsley,” he whispered sometimes he felt that no-one understood the kind of pressure that he was under being the man-who-conquered-the-dark-lord-and-won-again.
With their meeting done at the bank Kingsley invited Harry for a late lunch to further discuss the plans for the new ministry and medical building.

The pair entered Gaelemar Alley heading quickly towards Eleas Gi a Greek restaurant that he wanted try. Neville had spoken highly of the food there.

“Welcome to Eleas Gi. Do you have a reservation?” the hostess asked.

“Good afternoon I’m Lord Potter I have a standing reservation for a private dining room,” Harry informed the man.

“Of course Lord Potter, if you and your guest would follow me,” the hostess quickly replied leading them to a small secluded room leading them over to their table. “Your waiter will be with your shortly,” before leaving them.

“Standing reservation huh?” Kingsley questioned with a mischievous grin.

“The food is simply superb here,” Harry smiled getting comfortable pouring himself a goblet of water.

After being denied food by his mother’s adopted sister and her family. Harry spent a lot of time exploring different dishes in the restaurants in Gaelemar Alley.

“Good afternoon Lord Potter, Minister Shacklebolt, do you know what you would like to drink?” the waitress asked.

“Can I get a bottle of Palivou Estate Terra Leone Ammos,” Harry replied.

“I will leave you to decide on your appetizers and entrees,” she simply stated heading from the room to get their wine order.

“How are the designing plans going?” Harry questioned after hearing the doors close signaling they were now alone.

“They are going very well actually. The new design of the ministry I believe will make be far more secure than the previous building. I managed to get the muggle design of the Victoria Parliament Building. The carpenter Goblins have assured me that they can duplicate the building with modern plumbing and such,” Kingsley explained.

Their waitress returned opening the bottle of wine leaving it to breathe.

“You may place your order whenever you are ready.” She assured them before leaving them to their meal.

For appetizers they had Trahana soup with Haloumi cheese, with smoked egg plant salad

A nice size bread basket appeared on the table filled with handmade pita bread with olive oil and oregano.

Harry poured them both a glass of wine before placing a couple of pieces of bread onto a small plate to eat with his salad.

Over appetizers Kingsley explained the layout of the building and where he hoped to house departments. He was excited about adding new things to the ministry that didn’t have the necessary space in the last building. Wizarding space could only be used so much.
People could enter the building one of two ways by floo network into atrium which was going to be located on the main floor. The other was by apparition at an apparition point outside the building and coming in through the front entrance.

Instead of the fountain of brethren, Kingsley wanted sculptures of magical deities made with Goddess Gaia prominent form in a fountain on the left of the Ministry Seal that would be placed in the center of the atrium’s floor and Goddess Rhea on the right.

Kingsley wanted the Ministry to project the protection of Magic and her people. The magical community could no longer be divided.

Harry listened to the plans for the ministry with an open acceptance.

“It sounds like a nice idea. I didn’t quite like the fountain of brethren. It didn’t show and equality that I believe your idea will show,” Harry admitted.

To the right and left of the fountain were large fireplaces aligned the walls for ministry employees who worked within the Parliament Building. The Back wall held 4 lifts the one of the left taking employees into the left wing of the building, the center 2 lifts working the main building and the one on the right taking employees to the right wing of the building.

“I’ve had the goblins to include a dining hall on the main level in the left wing just off the atrium. The security offices will be housed on the main level in the right wing off the atrium,” Kingsley explained.

“There will be a total of three floors below the main floor. The first lower level is where the ministry holding cells would be located. The second and third levels would be exclusively for the Department of Mysteries.”

The plates cleared once they had finished. They took a moment to order their entrees before Kingsley continued discussing the plans for the ministry.

Harry decided on homemade pappardelle pasta with seafood and perfectly grilled vegetables with herbs.

Kingsley chose Gyros served with Metsovone cheese sauce and grilled vegetables.

Kingsley moaned in appreciation, “You are wonderful taste in food,” Kingsley admitted enjoying the dining experience.

“You can thank Neville for introducing me to this restaurant,” Harry replied with a bright smile.

“Do you know what the plans will be for St Mungos?” Harry asked curious if he were going to use a muggle design for that building as well.

“I have the goblins looking into the muggle designs for their hospitals. I believe the structure would be more pleasing than some of the older structures designs in the wizarding community,” Kingsley admitted.

Harry nodded in understanding. He had always wondered why a magical hospital was housed inside what muggles believed an abandoned department store.

“The other building I want built is a Banquet Hall for ministry functions that can also be rented out to the community to have events such as bonding celebrations and functions. In the past previous ministers held functions in their homes. I don’t think any member of government should have to foot
the bill for ministry functions,” Kingsley stated.

“The last building I want will be a memorial in honor of those who lost their lives in the wars against Voldemort and Grindlewald,” Kingsley sighed sitting back. “That’s one of the reasons for my wanting this meeting with you again today outside of our previous meeting.”

“Kingsley I was thinking that maybe I could donate the money that the ministry and St Mungos would have to pay for rent back to them,” Harry suggested.

“I think you should wait the first year to see what the taxes on the property will cost. I won’t scoff at you donating the funds back to both the Ministry and St Mungos minus the cost of taxes that you will incur to with the land being developed however there are many worthy charities that could benefit from such a donation,” Kingsley suggested.

Harry nodded in agreement he truly didn’t want to be paid for the land. He didn’t need the extra revenue the rent would bring in. If he found donating the money back to the ministry wasn't an option he would just donate the funds to his foundation. There was still so much to be done before Harry was ready to take his place in the House of Lords and join men and women who were decades his senior.

The rest of the meal passed without incident. They mostly talked about the efforts of rebuilding the wizarding world. Hogsmead still had a lot of work that needed to be completed.

The pair left the restaurant heading their separate ways. Kingsley thanked him again for lunch, “If you need any suggestions I would say contact the control of magical beast department. They should have the information that you are looking for. It may help you will developing a more sound way of classifying in the new covenant,” Kingsley suggested before heading in the direction of his makeshift officer in Diagon Alley.

"I will thanks,” Harry accepted, he hadn't thought of getting the necessary information from the magical beast department. He didn't feel so overwhelmed now that he had a clear avenue of getting the required information. The rest he would find through research.

Harry headed in the opposite direction towards the apparition point disappearing with a near silent pop.
Dante's Inferno Part Duex

Chapter Notes

Word Count 4240
I do not own the song lyrics... I just borrowed them. No copy right infringement is intended for their use.

Harry ignored the talking full body mirror has he looked at his appearance once more. He’d been annoyed when Andromeda insisted placing the thing in his room. “All magical houses have them,” she’d had told him an a matter of fact voice. He didn't bother to argue further because he knew it would be pointless.

Harry thought it was just another critic; it appeared that in the magical world even mirrors had opinions.

Without further thought Harry left his suite of rooms heading towards the anti chamber to meet Neville at the Leakey Cauldron. Andromeda had already retired for the night and Teddy would sleep until the early morning hours.

Tonight Harry was revealing his escape to his friends. Dante’s had become a way for Harry and Neville to get away from the confines their positions held for them in the wizarding world. However, tonight they were also celebrating because their home away from home was now complete. Hogwarts had been returned to her former glory.

Harry was immensely pleased with the new quidditch pitch. It was made slightly smaller than the quidditch pitch the ministry had designed for the world cup. Instead of four stands it was designed more like an arena. The house banners hung from the stands and as expected Gryffindor and Slytherin banners were hung on opposite sides.

Javier stood at the entrance of the club annoyed. It had been two weeks since discovering who Jamie really was and the same length of time since he’d laid eyes his treasure.

“Don’t worry Jay, I’m sure your emerald will show tonight,” Aidric called out from where he stood taking money.

“What are you talking about?” Javier questioned with a confused expression.

“Don’t you think we haven’t noticed that your emerald eyed Adonis hasn’t been here in a couple of weeks,” Aidric said with a slight wink placing the arm band on the person in front of him.

Javier snorted as wand down the next person before letting them in the building. The line had already nearly doubled since he opened the doors.

“So much for our idea of arriving early,” Neville sighed as they walked towards the large line descending from the club. Tonight he was dressed in black denims, with a gray long sleeved t-shirt and black NK boots.

“I guess everyone had the same idea.” Harry chortled. Dante’s Inferno was a popular nightclub in muggle London. Harry wore blue skinny jeans, with a dark green long sleeved graphics t-shirt and a
pair of expensive designer blue trainers.

They had hoped to get there a bit early to avoid the crowded line but they guessed the other patrons had thought of the same idea. As they neared the end of the line they were spotted by Javier they were waved to the front of the line.

“Tire sua bunda bem aqui em cima, meu tesouro,” (Get your fine ass up here, my treasure) Javier called out spotting Harry and Neville approaching the line waving the pair towards him.

Harry and Neville approached the older man, Neville couldn’t help being amused by the affect the older man was having on his friend as Javier pulled Harry into his arms in greeting.

The pair quickly paid and headed into the main room of the club. The dance floor was already packed with gyrating bodies and many other people crowding the various bars around the room.

“Are you and Javier getting serious?” Neville questioned as they headed towards the bar.

“We’re just friends,” Harry quickly said not wanting Neville to think more of it than it was.

“Okay just friends, but I would be remise not to warn you that the heated looks you’re receiving from the man is far from friendly,” Neville informed him wiggling his eye brows.

“It’s in their nature to flirt,” Harry said as they reached the bar. Harry hadn’t shared with Neville the conversation he’d had with Angelius about them both being in arranged marriages.

Harry was happy to see Angelius was working tonight. The man was a wiz at mixing drinks and always came up with something new when they came. Harry leaned over the bar when they reached it drawing the man’s attention to them.

“Hey gorgeous,” Angelius greeted spotting the two. Harry smiled in genuine delight at seeing the flirty bartender.

“Hello blue eyes,” Harry replied winking at Angelius. It had become routine for the pair to flirt shamelessly with each other. Neville rolled his eyes snorting at the pairs’ shameless behavior.

“Go on up to VIP, I’ll send up tonight’s’ special,” Angelius informed the pair.

“Is Lani here?” Harry inquired.

“In cage number 3,” Angelius pointed towards the large Cage closest to his bar.

Yolanis hair was up in a fancy knot on the top of her head. she was dressed in a pair of black paten leather hot pants with an iridescent pink bra like top and matching 6 inch heels boots that reached mid thigh.

“Neville waved in thanks following Harry through the crowd making their way up a small set of stairs that lead to the VIP section that over looked the dance floor.

Neville liked this seating much better because it was less traffic and he didn’t have to worry about being constantly bumped by drunken people trying to pass their table.

As expected Harry was pulled towards the dance floor by one of his friends who spotted him as they made their way through the crowd. Neville continued on to meet the waitress he knew would be bringing their drinks. He hardly danced when they came to Dante’s, but he did enjoy the atmosphere of the club.
He had contemplated on bringing Daphne. He wondered what she would think of the club. When they first started coming to Dante’s Neville thought it a regular night club however it had an almost cloaked feel of magic in the air.

Neville pushed the weird feelings he had been getting form the club from his mind as their waitress arrived at their table with their drinks.

“Hey Nate?” she greeted him “We missed you guys last week.”

“We both had to work,” Neville explained away their absence easily. Last week had been very hectic for both he and Harry with helping with the rebuild and various meetings. Neville thanked the waitress before taking a sip on Angelius’ newest concoction. This drink was blue in color with a burst of berry flavoring with a hint of alcohol, which Neville knew meant that drink was designed to sneak up on the person.

It had taken months to complete but Hogwarts shown in her former glory. They had completed the last of the repairs on the castle earlier that day and which was the reason for tonight’s impromptu visit to Dante’s was one of celebration.

There were several people suppose to meet them there. Harry had given them apparition coordinates to the alley a short distance from the building.

Neville bounced his head to the beat of the music. He found muggle music unlike the music he had grown up listening to in the magical world. This music was more vast and had many different genres. He learned there were all types of music from Harry. Classical, Jazz, Rhythm & Blues, Rap and even alternative and heavy metal; Neville didn’t know what to think about the heavy metal music.

It seemed to Neville to be a lot of screaming and racket but he found he enjoyed most of the music played at Dante’s.

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Dean and Seamus arrived at the apparition point only moments before Oliver, Katie, Angelina and Alicia.

Seamus led them all from the alley to where there was already a line of people waiting to get into the club.

“Are you sure this is the place?” Dean questioned Seamus for the tenth time, looking at the large warehouse like building.

“Yes, Harry clearly said Dante’s Inferno,” Seamus replied, shaking his head at his best friend. Harry invited all of them to celebrate at Dante’s. Seamus couldn’t wait to let loose after so many weeks of working to get Hogwarts completed so the new students would have a school to return too. McGonagall hadn’t been impressed with the damage Seamus explosion had done to the bridge. It was a bear to repair.

Dean whistled at the scantly dressed females in front of them, dressed in anything from short tight fitting dresses to sheer shirts with leather hot pants. The guys were dressed in anything from leather to worn jeans and t-shirts.

Seamus even saw one guy dressed in grunge.

Oliver let out a whistle when a female passed dressed in a pair of black leather hot pants with a sheer black shirt and neon blue bra; her hair was a riot of bright colored strains in neon pink, blue, purple and green.
“Don’t let Percy hear you doing that,” Angelina warned with a sneaky grin on her face.

“Pierce has nothing to worry about. I’m coming home to him after all,” Oliver answered with wiggling eyebrows.

“How did Percy react to you coming tonight?” Alicia questioned curious. Percy Weasley now Wood never did care for the rest of them and with how things ended with Ginny, Alicia wasn’t sure if Percy would react well to Harry inviting Oliver.

“Naturally he was concerned but I explained that everyone was going and that he was more than welcome to attend as well,” Oliver informed his former house mates.

“Ensuring that he would refuse, if he thought George and the other Gryffindors would be here,” Katie replied in a matter of fact voice.

“Naturally,” Oliver agreed with a laugh.

They were all casually dressed to blend in; Harry had made sure to inform them that it was a muggle club and charmed all of them muggle ids to get into the club without incident.

After they all paid, they entered the large building following Seamus where their hands were stamped before heading through the open doorway that led to the main room of the club.

The music was blasting from the large speakers near the front of the dance floor.

“Harry wasn’t exaggerating about the layout of the club,” thought Seamus.

The walls looked at if they were on fire from the orange and yellow flames cover the bottom half of the walls. The dance floor was packed full of gyrating bodies.

The girl they’d seen outside was dancing in one of the cages her sheer shirt now gone. The neon blue lace of her bra was like a glowing beacon in the darkened room.

“What do you think mate? Drink or scope out the place?” Seamus asked game for anything at this point.

“The bar,” Dean replied heading in that direction however the ladies headed towards the ladies room to freshen their makeup before joining the guys at the table.

Oliver paused at seeing the girls veer off in a different direction. “Oy Harry said to ask for the VIP section,” Oliver reminded them.

“See you in a few Katie responded not missing a step following the girls.

Oliver caught up with Seamus and Dean at the bar where Seamus stood staring at the bartender. The guy was stunning to be a man. His hair was dyed a deep cyan blue, his startling blue eyes were lined with kohl, his lips covered in blue lip stick. He wore black leather pants that looked like he was poured into them with a tight black t-shirt that had the club logo on it.

“I’ll be right with you,” Angelius called out when he saw the three of them standing there waiting.

They only waited a few minutes before Angelius stood before them. Seamus thought he was drool worthy from a distance, but up close he was simply gorgeous.

“Newbies! How charming. What can I get you?” Angelius asked his accent rich and colorful.
“I’ll have a jack straight,” Seamus answered his father was partial to the drink and he always wanted to try it.

Dean on the other hand requested a long island ice tea. He had researched muggle drinks over the internet so that he would have some idea of what to order when they arrived.

Oliver was at a total loss at what to order. He had never thought he would be in a muggle nightclub let alone order a muggle alcoholic drink.

“I’ll try the long island ice tea as well,” Oliver replied, hoping that Dean knew all that went into the drink.

Dean’s eyes never left the women dancing the cages around the room. The closest one to them was the one they had previously seen in the line coming in.

The watched the delectable beauty before him, from her thigh high boots to her hot pants that showed a perfectly plump and round bottom and her skin kissed with sweat.

“See something you like mate?” Seamus questioned, noticing what his friend was staring at.

“I see something I love,” Dean corrected his eyes never leaving the vision in front of him.

After paying for their drinks they made their way through the crowd to where Harry said he would be waiting for them.

Spotting Neville up on a platform sitting at a table over looking the dance floor Oliver tapped Dean’s shoulder to get their attention.

Nodding in understanding, Dean tapped Seamus pointing out Neville before they all headed towards the short set of stairs leading to the VIP section of the club.

There were a couple of tables up there with enough room for all of them to sit comfortably without overcrowding each other.

“Did you find the place okay?” Neville asked they all took a seat at the tables.

“Yeah, no problems,” Seamus replied taking a sip of his drink.

“What are you drinking,” Dean asked curious, noticing the drink in front of Neville.

“It’s called a blue dragon,” Neville answered as he gently bounced his head to the beat of the music.

“What are the girls?”

“They went to the ladies room,” Oliver answered taking a sip from the drink. Oliver nodded his head in appreciation. This drink was unlike fire whiskey that would have smoke coming out your ears. He could get used to a mellow drink such as this.

It wasn’t long before they were joined by Angelina, Katie and Alicia all with wine glasses in their hands.

“I thought Harry was meeting us here?” Alicia shouted over the music looking around for their missing friend.

“Harry’s on the dance floor,” Neville informed them, pointing to where Harry stood dancing between the bouncer that had taken a liking to Harry the first time they came to Dante’s and a brunette with rather large breast.
“Harry’s dancing?” Seamus asked an astonished expression on his face.

Neville laughed at their expressions. “Harry seems to enjoy it,” Neville advised. They all knew Harry wasn’t much for dancing while students at Hogwarts. He was completely horrified when he found out the champions in the Tri Wizard Tournament had to open the dance. He’d even tried to pretend to be sick to avoid dancing lessons that the students were forced to take.

“Isn’t that the bartender?” Seamus questioned seeing the same guy from the bar dancing behind Harry.

“No, that’s Javier, he’s one of the bouncers,” Neville informed them.

“He looks like the bartender,” replied Seamus.

“Oh I like this song,” said Katie bouncing to the beat of the music… Harry seemed to enjoy dancing more than he did years previous. His body seemed to move like liquid over sand. He felt completely free out there like he didn’t have any cares in the world.

“How did you guys find this place?” Dean asked liking the feel of the place and knowing that he would return in the future.

“We sort of found it by accident after everything happened at the Burrow. So we decided to celebrate Harry’s freedom after the mess at Ginny’s coming of age celebration,” Neville explained trying to avoid the elephant in the room at the mention of Harry’s breakup with Ginny.

“Yeah that was something wasn’t it?” Oliver agreed taking a sip of his drink, “I was embarrassed for not only Harry but the family as well. It’s not the sort of thing you expect to happen at a coming of age celebration.”

“How is Harry taking things now that they have died down?” Angie questioned.

“He doesn’t really talk about it much,” Neville responded honestly, “I think he just wants to get passed it and move on.”

“That’s understandable,” Dean added, “It didn’t help matters when Ginny caused that scene at Hogwarts.”

“If the wedding announcement was anything to go by. Harry shouldn’t be having any more issues out of Ginny,” Oliver informed them with a smile of relief. He might be married into the Weasley family but he didn’t agree with his sister in law’s behavior.

“I was rather surprised by the announcement,” Angelina sighed, “Even George was unaware that she was officially engaged to Zabini. I was afraid that poor Harry was gonna have to a-k her for a minute there.”

Everyone at the table laughed at the joke.

“How are you holding up?” Oliver asked Angelina.

Angelina smiled sadly, not many knew that she and Fred we’re planning to marry after the war ended. “I keep expecting Fred to come out of a hiding spot making one of his quirky jokes. I still can’t believe he’s gone,” she replied sadly.
Neville held her hand briefly giving her strength. “We all miss Fred. How is George holding up?”

“He’s planning to reopen in the next few weeks. He and Lee are working on getting the store stocked,” Katie informed them.

Neville smiled knowingly at Seamus noticing the direction he kept staring in.

“Who may I asked has caught your eye Seamus?” questioned Dean, “cause you’re surely acting odd tonight.”

“That’s some bartender,” Seamus sighed with an odd sort of grin on his face.

Neville snorted into his drink, Angelius was something alright.

“You’ve been coming here a while right?” Seamus questioned, “What can you tell me about him?”

“Angelius is eye catching,” Harry admitted joining them at the table, taking a long drink from his glass. “His twin brother isn’t bad either,” Harry further added eating the cherry tying the stem with his tongue before putting the stem on the napkin on the table.

“How did you do that?” Angelina asked with a mischievous grin on her face.

Harry laughed “Practice.”

“If his brother looks half as sinful as he does?” Seamus stated leaving off the rest as his eyes drifted back in the direction of the bar.

“They’re identical,” Harry said with a laugh making the others laugh at Seamus expression of lustful intentions towards the unsuspecting twin brothers.

Neville didn’t bother to mention that one of the twins had the hots for their hero.

“Hey mate, can’t believe you and Neville have been holding out on us,” this place is amazing,” Dean complained taking another drink from his glass.

“I mean they got birds dancing in cages,” Dean sighed, with lust clearly in his eyes.

Katie reached around Oliver popping him in the back of his head.

“Hey what did you hit me for?” Dean questioned, rubbing the back of his head.

“You are in the presence of ladies,” Alicia reminded him, “Even if there are females dancing in cages they still are deserving respect.”

Dean looked properly chastised and quickly apologized for his previous behavior.

“Sorry Dean but Yolanis and Angelius are sort of an item,” Harry informed him.

“No way,” Seamus whined sadden by the news, “I could of sworn he was at least bi.”

“Yolanis? Who is she?” Dean questioned looking around seeing if he could spot her.

“Caramel brown skin, exotic green gray eyes, she’s dancing in the cage over by the bar?” Harry told him pointing in the direction of the female dancing with the thigh high boots and hot pants on.

“Dam!” Dean replied.
Harry laughed in amusement. Yolanis was very beautiful and he understood why Dean found her very appealing.

“I never intentionally kept this place a secret. We never talked about places to hang out and have fun. So it never came up really,” Harry answered, “I thought this would be a great place to celebrate the completion of Hogwarts and just whine down from the stress of the day.”

“Do you come here often?” Oliver asked resting his now empty glass on the table.

“We’re here most Friday nights and sometimes on Saturday well at least until Neville leaves for the conservatoire where he will be taking an apprenticeship in Herbology,” Harry replied.

“I also come sometimes on Tuesday night they have Karaoke,” Harry admitted.

“What have you been up to mate?” Oliver asked, “I mean besides helping with the rebuild.”

“I’ve been very busy with meetings at Gringotts and the Ministry trying to get my estate in order so that I can run it without problems,” Harry advised.

“Hogwarts they sure don’t prepare young heir apparent to be ready to take over as head of their families and over see their estates.”

“Your case was a little different I’ll admit,” Oliver replied “but I would have thought Dumbledore would have prepared you.”

“Its all water under the bridge now,” Harry replied, “Dumbledore did the best with what he had and I can’t fault him for the decisions he’s made.”

“It still was wrong Harry,” Neville said sadly to his friend.

Dumbledore had neglected to teach Harry what he needed to know about his family and his holding. He placed Harry at a disadvantage when taking over as the head of his family and accepting his seats on the Wizengamot.

“Come on guys this is a celebration no more talk about work or meetings,” Harry said getting up from the table again grabbing Seamus hand leading him out onto the dance floor.

Seamus wasn’t new to muggle music and immediately began dancing. Dean watched the pair laughing at their antics when they began dancing willy, nilly swinging their arms to and fro singing along with the song.

Just shoot for the stars
If it feels right
And aim for my heart
If you feel like
And take me away and make it okay
I swear I’ll behave

Seamus sings at the top of his lungs dancing in circles around Harry.

You wanted control
So we waited
I put on a show
Now I make it
You say I’m a kid
My ego is big

Harry laughed at his friend; this was what he meant the night to be…

I don’t give a shit
And it goes like this

Take me by the tongue
And I’ll know you
Kiss me ‘til you’re drunk
And I’ll show you

“Move your arse Potter,” Seamus encouraged gyrating his body against him

All the moves like Jagger
I’ve got the moves like Jagger
I’ve got the moves like Jagger
The song ended the pair continued to dance. Harry swaying to the music. Seamus had begun dancing with a blonde leaving Harry dancing by himself but he wasn’t that way for long. Soon Javier approached him from behind wrapping his arms around him.

Harry sensed the other before he reached him. “I see you’ve found yourself a friend meu tesouro,” Javier spoke directly into his ear as they danced.

“I’m here with friends from school we’re celebrating,” Harry explained turning to look at his companion.

“Are you leaving with me tonight?” Javier questioned, he had been trying to get Harry alone since it was revealed who he was. None of them had connected Jamie with the Britain’s Wizarding Hero; not that it mattered. It just would make things a lot easier if they didn’t have to hide their magic so much.

“I can’t I have early meetings in the morning,” said Harry regretfully. He hadn’t much time lately to spend with his friends in the muggle world. They made him sane although sometimes it forced him to lie to them about his life. Harry really hated lying but it was important that muggle didn’t know about magic.

As the night wore on Harry had dance with each of this friends at least twice. There weren’t any uncomfortable silences or acquired questions being asked. They were just a group of friends having a great time.

Harry shared his previous experiences since his first visit to Dante’s and introduced his friends to the staff that he and Neville had become good friends with.

All of these things took place while Neville watched silently. He had vowed to protect his friend, and it was a vow that he took very seriously and he would hold to his promise.

As the night began to come to a close Harry hugged each of his friends thanking them for coming. Over all the night was one well spent and when they left they all knew that they would return in the future.

Once outside Harry hugged his friends again before he and Neville disappeared with a distinct pop of apparition.

“They’re so cute together,” Katie mentioned with a giggle which caused the Angelina and Alicia to
sigh before giggling themselves.

Oliver shook his head at their antics but couldn’t help the thought that ran across his mind.

“Do ya think?” Seamus questioned Dean before they both parted ways for home.

“I have no idea mate, but would it matter?” Dean replied.

“Of course it wouldn’t,” Seamus replied before they both disappeared from the dark alley. The apparating sounds of the others following their departure.
Alessandra sat behind the moderate sized desk reading through correspondences that Winky had placed on her desk that very morning. Things were finally getting into some semblance of order since she and her counterpart Mercy had been hired on as personal assistants to Lord Black-Potter.

Mercy was far busier than she at the moment with dealing with the mess that was Lord Black-Potter fan-base. Mercy was working diligently with the Potter-Black legal counsel on the illegal use of the Potter name for products that were sold since the first war ended.

Alexandra however was his personal assistant for his business dealings as well as the foundation that he was trying to get off the ground. At some point in the future she knew she would have contact with his legal team as well as the people working for the foundation.

Draco entered the office with his usual flare. His hair was hanging loose around his face. He had grown out of slicking his hair back from his face. It had grown significantly over the last two years.

He had arrived at Devonsgale Hall only to find out Potter had relocated his office. He had been by on multiple occasions to speak with him however, he was always out. He had just exited the floo network into the main sitting room as Alessandra was exiting the kitchen area with a steaming mug in her hand.

She observed him as he took in the room. Although his expression remained blank she knew he was curious as to what her boss was up too.

“Good morning Sir how can I be of assistance this morning,” Ambrose greeted him as he neared the welcome desk.

“Draconius Malfoy to see Lord Black-Potter,” He informed the witch with an heir of arrogance.

“I’m sorry Mister Malfoy; Lord Black-Potter will be out of the office today,” Ambrose informed him.

“What do you mean he’s out of the office? Didn’t that Marcy or Mary or whatever her name is tell him I needed to speak with him,” Draco questioned annoyed at Potter’s blatant disrespect.

“I cannot say Mister Malfoy as I wasn’t the person you spoke with. Now would you like to schedule an appointment to speak with Lord Black-Potter?”

Alessandra held back the giggle wanting to escape. Mercy had ranted for thirty minutes after his first impromptu visit to speak with their boss. He was just as arrogant as he is being now.

Mercy had taken great pleasure in telling him that Lord Black-Potter didn’t have a clear appointment until for another three weeks. Of course it wasn’t a lie at the time but the repairs at Hogwarts had been completed faster than he’d anticipated. The war hadn’t mellowed him out any.

It was quite amusing to see the blonde wizard storm back to the fireplace flooing out without setting
an appointment. She guessed, for Draconius Malfoy, he wasn’t used to being told no.

“What’s his issue?” Ambrose asked noticing her standing there.

“I’m guessing the pampered Prince isn’t use to be denied what he wants,” Alessandra chortled causing Ambrose to fall into a fit of giggles.

“Should I schedule him an appointment?” Ambrose questioned.

“There really isn’t a need I’m sure he will be back again tomorrow,” Alessandra assured her before heading towards her office to get some work done.

The outcome of Lord Black-Potter’s meeting today will determine how they would be handling his business interest.

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The Wizarding Nations Building was fairly empty when he arrived by floo except for the lone security person sitting at the desk to check the wands of visiting witches and wizards entering the building.

“Welcome to the Wizarding Nations Building. All visitors are required to have their wands checked,” the guard informed him.

Harry handed over his wand without question. The guard placed his wand in a square magical device. Moments later a slip of paper appeared with his wands’ information. (Holly with Phoenix core in use since 1991 bonded to Hadarian Potter-Black)

“What is your business here today Lord Potter-Black?” the security wizard questioned as he handed Harry back his wand.

“I’m here for Britain’s Wizengamot Session?” Harry replied slipping his wand back into its holder on his arm.

The British Wizengamot has been assigned to Meeting Chamber 10 located on level four,” the guard said directing him towards the correct lift.

“Thank you,” Harry replied quickly walking in the direction of the lift. The lift opened when he reached it the door closing as soon as he entered.

“Welcome to the Wizarding Nations Building press your destination please.”

Harry was startled by the voice before snorting in amusement as he touched the four key on the key panel on the wall of the lift. It was much like its muggle counterpart.

It had taken them weeks to get the necessary information on the separation of magic between beings and magical humans. Harry had tried requesting the creature restrictions and classification laws several times without success. He was being blocked at every turn. However, he had been determined and with the help of his personal assistants Alessandra and Mercy, he got all the information he needed before they would be able to approach the Magic Council.

He had nearly given up. It was Alessandra that suggested they seek out the Goblins. In that moment Harry could have kissed her. Chief of the Goblin relations was very reluctant to allow him and his assistants, access to the information until Harry thoroughly explained what access to the information could mean to the magical community and its importance to wizarding law. The goblins; May the
Goddess show them favor, were more than helpful. Their archives were even more extensive than the Ministry’s and Harry was able to get around all the red tape that the Ministry Department was trying to force him to go through.

He wasn’t surprised at the skepticism received by the goblins. History of Goblin Wars proved the relationship between magical beings and magical humans was a long fought battle. A battle, that Harry was hoping to end, if they were able to get an invitation to the Magic Council in the Outer Realm.

Now all they needed was for the Wizengamot to vote in favor of the new magical covenant. The restructuring of the laws would take some time but Harry was sure they would be able to find common grounds with the other magical beings of the magical world. It was time the world of magic reunited as the Goddess meant for it to be.

“Level four,” the ethereal voice announced a few moments later before the door to the lift opened. Quickly exiting the lift Harry walked through the small waiting areas towards the main hall.

“Harry,” Kingsley called spotting the younger wizard.
Harry turned spotting Kingsley he headed towards the older man.

“Good you’re here early, I can go over a few things with you before things get started”, Kingsley stated.
“Sure,” Harry readily agreed following the older man. Andromeda and Kingsley had prepared him as much as they could for today and he hoped that he was able to keep a level head with dealing with not only the strictly light families as well as the supremacist dark families.

Harry sighed running his hands along the deep burgundy dress robes that he was currently wearing with black tailored slacks and black silk dress shirt under it. Today his hair was pulled back with a leather strap and his wand was in an invisible holder on his right arm.

“I know that you’re nervous Harry but you’re going to be fine,” Kingsley assured him.
Harry looked at him in astonishment, “I honestly feel a bit nauseated,” he sighed, “my stomach is total knotted up. Why did I let you and Dromie talk me into this?”

“You were born to do this,” Kingsley kindly reminded him, “it’s in your blood and don’t let anyone in there tell you that you don’t belong.”

Harry sighed, he really truly didn’t want any of this but he knew that he would never deny his heritage.

“You’ve researched this issue and with the help of the order you have the information you need to argue and win,” Kingsley assured him with a smile, “do not doubt yourself and have confidence in the research and work you’ve put into this. I owe your girls a gourmet meal for their efforts.”

“I’m sure Alessandra and Mercy will hold you to that,” Harry chortled thinking about his personal assistants. He had been skeptical about the two women at first but neither seemed to think him any different from any other wizard. He was just their boss and that was it. he hoped one day that he could consider both young women his friends.

“I will put forth the motion to repeal and review for the creature laws and classifications after you have gotten the Magical covenant to a vote. This will pave the way for the laws to be reviewed and repealed,” Kingsley informed him, “Lord Prince will put the motion in for Hogwarts.”
Blowing out a breath Harry sighed he wished the queasy feeling would pass. Deciding to read over the information he was presenting while he waited for the meeting to begin. Nodding his head in understanding, he wondered if Snape was nervous at all about this mission of subterfuge.

He was sure the Wizengamot would be outraged if they were aware that Kingsley sought the help of what many considered a vigilante group to investigate and research what he needed to get the magical world where it was meant to be.

“In a few minutes I will lead you into the small anti chamber in the meeting hall. Try to relax yeah” Kingsley said before leaving the room.

Harry looked skeptical at the advice. He wished he had forgone breakfast that morning. His stomach was completely knotted with anxiety. He never felt this nervous or unsure before not even when he faced his imminent death he didn’t have this fear. He probably should have taken a calming draft before he arrived.

As promised a few minutes later Kingsley returned leading him into the small anti chamber.

Severus was surprised when it was revealed to him that Potter had ended his friendship with the other two-thirds of what Hogwarts deemed the golden trio. Hermione was still dealing with the loss of her friends; she had tried to keep her melancholic episodes from him. However, on more than one occasion he had came upon her curled into herself as silent tears streamed down her face.

A part of him ached for her; he understood how, our decisions could have an unexpected impact. He learned that very hard lesson at sixteen years old. Lily had forgiven him for uttering the cruel words yet she had ended their friendship.

The same as Potter, he hated to think that he was the cause of her losing her friends. Yet she had assured him, through her tears that the fault was her own. The promises she made and failed to keep had ruined the friendship she had with Lord Black-Potter, a friendship he believed that she regretted losing.

Greg acknowledged his entrance by a slight bow of his head. Harry nodded in kind. Harry noticed he had lost a lot of weight since the war but he still looked healthy but had a deep sadness around him. Harry thought it was partly due to losing his father and seeing his best friend die as a result of his own spell.

Snape’s brow rose at Goyle’s subtle greeting towards Potter. He wondered what led to the respect that his former Slytherin student was showing the former Gryffindor. He was proud however, to see that many of his students had survived the war intact.

Pansy Parkinson was sitting engaged in a conversation with Nott and they had yet to notice his entrance.

“Lord Black-Potter,” Neville greeted him as he entered the room. His grandmother Augusta sitting in a comfortable arm chair looking over the young ones who are going to take their place among people far older than them.

“Lord Longbottom, it’s great to see you again,” Harry replied in kind shaking his hand.

Neville was dressed in khaki colored slacks with a matching dress shirt and elegant deep forest green robes that flowed around his form.

“Dowager Longbottom,” Harry greeted kissing the older woman’s hand before releasing it.
“Lord Black-Potter, it’s a pleasure to see you again. Neville speaks of you often,” Augusta Longbottom replied.

Harry was surprised to see several of his now former school mates. “Kingsley didn’t mention anyone else taking their family seats today.”

“Are you ready for this?” Neville asked quietly not wanting to draw attention to them.

“Honestly no, but what choice do I have Kingsley is depending on us to push this stuff through to better our world,” Harry replied noticing they had eyes on them.

“Have you told your grandmother anything?” Harry asked, wondering if the older woman would agree with what they were trying to do.

“No, I thought it best if she had deniability you know,” said Neville sheepishly.

“Good thinking,” Harry said with a mischievous smile.

Augusta sat observing her grandson with the wizarding world’s hero. The pair had developed a very close friendship, much like the friendship her Frank had with Gideon and Fabian Prewett before the war had decimated entire family lines.

Although both were young in age, they had a maturity about them that spoke of the impact the war had on them. The ugly battles of war leaves a person changed in ways they would have never thought possible.

(Chamber outside of Meeting Chamber Ten)

Kingsley entered the meeting room taking his place among the members of the Wizengamot waiting for the new members to enter to take their place among them.

Dimitri Flint had been appointed interim Chief Warlock until a proper election would be conducted. There had been many speculations about the man’s ties with Voldemort however none of rumors were founded. Being born to a family with a dark inclination for magic did not make one a death eater.

As Kingsley took his seat waiting for the others to be seated Dimitri stood quietly waiting to make the opening call for the meeting.

“The 35th Session of the 505th year of the Wizengamot on this 28th day of October in the year of 1998 is now in session. Is there any new order of business?” Dimitri questioned.

“This governing body recognizes Minister Shacklebolt,” Lord Higgs announced from where he was sitting.

“There are several requests to claim inherited seats on this governing body,” Kingsley in formed them before retaking his seat.

“Very well, step forth;” Flint ordered, wondering who could be claiming seats on the first meeting since the war.

Lucius Malfoy found he was curious as well to find out who could be joining their mix. The families who are considered pureblood supremist were in the majority over the light families and Lucius hoped that didn’t change any time soon. He feared what kinds of damage the blood traitors and muggle lovers would do to the magical world. Lucius took pride in with his vote counting for not
only the Malfoy seat but the Lestrange and Black seats as well. 
“I Severus Dominic Snape-Prince, Lord of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Prince, here by 
claim my rightful seat on this governing body on this 28th day of October in the year of nineteen 
hundred and ninety-eight.”
“This governing body recognizes your claim Lord Prince please take your place,” Flint replied. 
Muttering was heard from the light families that the murderer of the Albus Dumbledore would be 
able to take his inherited seat on the governing body.
Lucius held in his shock at seeing Severus. He hadn’t seen the man since he heard the man had 
 survived the war. Severus had avoided contact with any known deatheater families not that he 
blamed the man.
Severus however surprised him further when he took the empty seat beside him; acknowledging him 
with a simple nod of his head but nothing more.
Snape ignored the mutterings of those loyal supporters of Dumbledore even after the man had been 
dead two years passed.
Theodore let out the breath he had been holding before stepping into the room. “I, Theodore 
Delanius Nott, Lord of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Nott” here by claim my rightful seat 
on this governing body on this 28th day of October in the year of nineteen hundred and ninety-
eight.”
“This governing body recognizes Lord Nott”, Dimitri replied and recognizes your claim please be 
seated.
Theo could hear muttering coming from what he thought to be older witches and wizards. He wasn’t 
sure if it was to do with his age or because his father is a convicted deatheater. Theo walked towards 
the seating area not really sure where to sit.
Lucius watched Theo with an appraised look wondering which side this young man would choose to 
vote with. Lucius was well aware that the young man escaped the Dark Lord’s ranks; however, he 
was from a pureblood traditionalist family.
Theo took a seat in the middle where mostly families who were more gray than dark sat. Lucius 
wasn’t too worried about that, however, he was sure the young man would see to vote with their side 
of things.
Greg found himself nervous. He never was truly good with speaking before a crowd; releasing the 
breath he didn’t realize he was holding, “here goes nothing he muttered to himself before walking 
from the small chamber.
“I, Gregory Maximus Goyle, Lord of the Most Valliant House of Goyle, here by claim by rightful 
seat on this governing body on this 28th day of October nineteen hundred and ninety-eight.”
“This governing body recognizes your claim Lord Goyle please take your place,” Flint replied. 
More muttering was heard, as Greg took the seat beside Theo. Interesting Lucius thought watching 
the pair with an inquisitive gaze.
Pansy sighed she truly didn’t want to sit on the Wizengamot she didn’t have any desire to vote on 
any changes in the government but she was the only direct member of the family now. With her 
father kissed, her mother killed during the war and her brother dead she had very little choice in the 
matter.
With a sigh Pansy entered the meeting room.
“I Pansy Lorelei Parkinson, Lady of the Ancient and Noble House of Parkinson here by claim by rightful 
seat on this governing body on this 28th day of October in the year of nineteen hundred and ninety-eight.”
“This governing body recognizes your claim Lady Parkinson please take your place,” Flint replied. 
More muttering was heard, as Pansy took the seat between her two former class mates. There was 
definite unrest among the members now.
Lucius couldn’t hold in his smirk. The light would have a time getting any bills passed now that the 
dark families truly had the majority vote. It was a good day indeed.
Mean while in the anti room 
Harry paced the floor out of nervousness.
“Calm down Harry you’ll do fine,” said Neville holding his dear friend hand briefly before walking out leaving him alone in the room.

Harry nodded his head yet he couldn’t help but feel nervous his stomach felt as it were filled with worms.

Augusta followed her grandson into the meeting room giving her unyielding support.

Neville walked in the room nervous his grandmother standing beside him with an encouraging smile.

“I, Neville Lysander Longbottom Lord of the Most Ancient and Noble House Longbottom, on this 28th day of October nineteen hundred and ninety-eight hereby claim my rightful seat on this governing body. I also claim the inherited seats of Crouch through blood right and Lestrange right of conquest.”

The muttering rose to high levels. “Preposterous,” An old man who Neville didn’t recognize, but his grandmother however did.

“Lord Higgs I would advise you to hold your tongue,” Augusta Longbottom stated, coming to stand beside her grandson.

“Surely you aren’t relinquishing your seat to your grandson,” another asked.

“The Longbottom seat is my grandson’s birth right” Augusta stated simply. “I however will still be apart of this body make no mistakes about that. I will just be controlling the Lestrange vote.”

Lucius sat his face calculating. “I’m sure there is proof of this claim” Lucius Malfoy questioned his voice drawled out.

“Of course,” Neville stated handing the papers over to the Chief Warlock.

“Is this your wish Lord Crouch Longbottom,” Chief Warlock Flint questioned.

“Yes, I do request my grandmother Dowager Longbottom to sit as head for the Lestrange vote,” Neville Confirmed.

Flint looked over the documents. He knew about the damage the Lestrange family had done to the Longbottom heir and he was granted not only their inherited seats but their estates and vaults in reparation.

The Crouch seat however surprised him, but He was the most directly link descendant to that particular line of the Black family.

Dimitri Flint handed the documents back to Neville. “Everything is order Lord Longbottom this governing body recognizes your claims please take your place.”

Neville followed his grandmother to where Lady Marchbanks was sitting. Are their anymore request for claiming of seats? Flint questioned.

“Are there any other’s?” Lord Flint asked

Harry stepped before them.

“I, Hadarian James Orion Pyrite-Peverell-Black-Potter, Lord of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Potter, Black, Pyrite and Peverell on this 28th day of October nineteen hundred and ninety-eight do here by claim the seat of Potter, Black, Peverell and Pyrite by birthright on this governing body.


There was an immediate uproar.

Lucius paled, those two brats had just pushed the votes into their favor. The light side now had the majority vote.

“I questioned the legality of seats Black, Peverell and Pyrites,” Lucius stated waiting to see how the brat would get out of showing the necessary documents.

“Do you have proof to support your claim Lord Potter-Black?” Flint questioned.

Harry handed over a blue file filled with documents. He paused at seeing that Potter was in fact a pureblood. Interesting Higgs thought to himself. Flint looked over the remaining documents.

“It says here Lord Potter-Black that you are the direct descendant of the youngest Peverell brother. Therefore you are entitled to the seat. The Black seat you are also entitled too because you are a Black by blood. I’m aware that you are related to the Blacks distantly however you would not be entitled to the seat because the most direct blood would be Lord Malfoy’s son through his mother Flint stated simply reading further through the documents.

Lucius smirked so the brat can’t claim the Black seat after all he thought holding back a cackle of
glee.
“If you read further I’m sure you will see that I’m not only entitled by will but also by blood…” Harry assured him.

“Indeed,” Flint stated after viewing an updated birth certificate that proved his blood line. “Lord Potter-Black is by birthright entitled to the seat of Black due to blood adoption by way of the congnotationen hereditatem potion since July of 1981.”

“He is also entitled to the Pyrite family through the direct line though Lady Phoenix Cassiopeia Potter ne Pyrite-Black-Evans and Peverell through his father James Potter,” Dimitri Flint’s voice rang out in the chamber.

Flint returned the documents to Harry. “This governing body recognizes your claims Lord Potter-Black please take your place.” Harry walked over taking the empty seat beside Neville.

Harry looked at Lucius Malfoy with an innocent smile on his face before heading towards Neville and his Grandmother. This would be interesting,” thought Harry. He felt light at having gotten one up on Lucius Malfoy. It gave him a warm fuzzy feeling inside.

“Next order of business,” Flint stated once Harry was seated.

“The floor recognizes Lord Higgs.”

“The Department of Child Welfare as put forth a proposal, for a protective ordinance for magical children. This ordinance will provide protection for magical and non-magical children born into all magic wizarding families to prevent abuse and placement within proper wizarding families.”

It reads as thus: This Law concerns the welfare of underage witches and wizards who are orphaned or in abusive homes or non-magical children who are born into magical families.

1. Any magical child suspected of being abused must be removed from the family until an investigation can be conducted. Should the allegations be proven false the child will be returned to their home until they are of age. Should the allegations be proven true the child is to be placed into magically run orphanage or foster care provided with another wizarding family.

2. Any non-magical child born into a magical family must remain within the magical world. They can be placed in foster care with a squib family who will care for them or be placed in an orphanage within the magical world.

3. All magical children currently living in muggle ran orphanages are to be removed and relocated into a magically run facility. All magical children who are born to non-magical parents in the muggle world should be monitored to ensure their well being. If it is deemed the child is in danger of abuse the child should be removed from the home and placed in a magically run facility.

Lucius frowned; squibs being born into magical families were viewed negatively. Parents often abandon those children some had even killed the child to prevent their family being shamed.

“I will back this proposal Harry said in a calm voice that could be heard clearly throughout the chamber. I Second Neville replied. I third his grandmother stated wondering what her grandson and Lord Potter-Black were up too. I fourth that Proposal Kingsley stated before retaking his seat.

“What do you suppose the wizarding world do with squibs that are born? Wouldn’t it be more prudent to put them with muggles who are more like them,” Theo questioned.

“I agree with Lord Nott,” Lucius stated, “it would be far kinder to place squibs into the muggle world where they will be with non-magic users.”

“I disagree,” Harry replied. “Although squibs do not have active magic they do not belong in the muggle world. They are from magic and capable of producing magical children even though they don’t have magic themselves.”

“Placing squibs into the muggle world not only opens the opportunity for magical children to be produced with muggles which opens the door for a magical child to be abused and the potential breach in the statute of secrecy,” Harry continued.

“That leads me to wonder if supposedly muggle born wizards and witches aren’t simply the by
product of squibs producing magical children.”

“That’s preposterous!” Lord Higgs voice could be heard throughout the chamber.

“It isn’t really,” Harry replied, “My mother is living proof that two non-magical children born in
pureblood families can produce a magical child. My maternal grandfather Marius Black was the
squib brother of Dorea Black who was abandoned in the muggle world for being a squib and Ortilya
Pyrite also a squib born into the Pyrite family.”

“What do you suggest be done Lord Potter-Black,” Flint questioned curious as to what the wizarding
world’s savior would have to say.

“I suggest that we fix the mistakes that we in the magical community have yet to correct. Magical
children do not belong in the muggle world. They are misunderstood, mistreated and often abused by
those responsible for their care. Allow families who have lost their heirs and are not capable to
producing another heir to blood adopt these children making them theirs by blood rite.”

“All magical children should be removed from the muggle world that are in orphanages and allow
families who are without heirs to magically adopt them. There were a lot of families lost during the
war on both sides. I don’t think that the magical community can afford to allow family lines to end
no matter which side of the war the families were on. If that isn’t possible I have another solution,”

Harry continued

“Are you suggesting that we allow death-eaters to adopt these children.” A woman snarled.

“Madame I must warn you about placing your thoughts or words into my mouth. What you may not
have contemplated is that many who joined Voldemort’s cause were not aware of the deeds they
would be force to commit.”

“I’m in no way absolving their crimes. What I can do is understand that sometimes we make bad
choices and those choices can affect the lives of not only ourselves but our families. I also know that
Voldemort wasn’t a wizard that they could walk away from with their lives if they refused to serve
him.”

“Yes we were at war and the light suffered many losses but so have those families who are
considered dark. So don’t talk to me about loss because I’ve lost greatly for the wizarding world.
Prejudice has never gotten anyone anywhere and if we continue on the road that we are traveling
Voldemort’s terror will be but a chapter in wizarding history because another will follow.” Harry
snapped his magic crackling around him like a whip, breathing trying to calm himself down Harry
pulled his magic back within himself without trouble.

He really hated losing control of his magic.

Snape looked over at the Potter heir, he knew the boy was powerful but the way the boy had control
over his power was unimaginable. He never seen anyone control their power the way he just seem to
pull his magic back within himself after it seem to whip around him so fierce and overwhelming not
even the dark Lord’s magic felt so imposing.

“What is it that you suggest Mr. Potter?” Septimus Weasley questioned shocked by the young man’s
power display had brought an odd sort of calm in the chamber.

“I’ve been working with Gringotts and the Child Welfare Department at the Ministry to set up my
foundation. This foundation is dependant upon the child welfare proposal.” Harry replied.

“Why is that?” Lord Flint questioned.

“The Coventry Foundation will provide services for the international and local covenant for magical
child welfare and children orphanage for the magical community. The Coventry foundation, will
comprise of counselors, case workers who will work directly with the Child Welfare office here in
the wizarding world, and the social services department in the muggle world so that we can keep
track of magical children to ensure that they are healthy and being properly cared for. It will also
provide the monetary assistance needed to send each child to a magical school.”

“Coventry Hall” has already been cleared by the ministry and is ready to accept all magical and non-
magical born wizarding children. Here in Britain and around the world.” Harry replied. “We can not
afford to have another Tom Riddle.”

“How is the ministry supposed to finance such a venture? Amelia Bones questioned. “Surely you’ve
considered what this sort of galleons this course of actions will take?”
“I have indeed considered the cost effectiveness of this venture. However, this will not cost the ministry in a monetary sense. All I request is that the Ministry provides me with a competent qualified unbiased person to train my staff so that they will be able to handle child welfare cases.”

“The sole purpose of this foundation is to provide proper care and guidance for young squib, witches and wizards, by placing them in suitable homes where they will thrive and be loved. Donations are welcome and can be sent directly to Gringotts in care of Apponox who is the account manager for the foundation but at the moment the foundation has enough funds to run itself,” Harry replied. Lucius had a calculating expression on his face Potter was proving to be intriguing.

“I put forth that all magical children entering the wizarding world from the muggle world be given the blood inheritance test to determine which family lines they come from. Mr. Potter has made some valid points, if his mother was the byproduct of two squibs producing a magical child we have to be able to confirm the rate and stop it from happening going forward,” Amelia added as a addendum to the ordinance.

“All in favor of the child welfare ordinance raise your hand, Flint called, all against he questioned. 38/22 for, Amelia stated the child protective ordinance bill is passed.

“Next order,” Flint stated waiting.

Snape stood, “The floor recognizes Lord Prince”

“I’m here representing the interest of Hogwarts and Headmistress Minerva McGonagall requesting amendments to the schools charter and curriculum,” Snape began.

“Although Hogwarts is a great school, they are far behind in magical standard then other prominent magical schools, in Greece, Australia, the United States, and Brazil.

“The proposal reads as thus.”

“All magical children who are of age are invited to attend Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. This honor is extended to all children, witches, wizards and magical beings.”

Muttering could be heard from a group Harry thought to be former Dumbledore supporters. It seemed to Harry that light families prejudice was just as bad if not worse than the dark families.

“All first years who are muggle raised will be required to take the following classes.”

Magical theory class before they are allowed to take classes that require magic. This is to better prepare them to learn.

All students who are muggle raised will be required to take Wizarding Traditions classes so that they will better understand the world to which they now belong.

All students will be required to take a writing mechanics class to teach them how to properly research and write essays for class.

Elective Classes that start third year will now include Art which will train students to draw, paint sculpt and photography and music arts which will include learning to play an instrument and singing in the school choir.

Electives being offered in 6th Year will include theory of offensive magic, ancient studies, elemental magic, alchemy, advance arithmancy and introduction to spell weaving.

Hogwarts will also incorporate classes such as archery, sword fighting, elemental magic, theory of blood magic, theory of dark magic, spell crafting, lost arts and runic magic courses,” Snape finished reading retaking his seat.
“Preposterous!” An older woman shouted, “We can’t condone dark magic being taught at Hogwarts.”

“I don’t think the proposal said anything about dark magic being taught at Hogwarts it says theory of offensive magic. Which means it is a non-magic use class,” Harry replied.

“Be that as it may Mr. Potter,” a man argued.

“Lord Potter-Black,” Harry corrected the older man, “I haven’t given you permission to address me with such familiarity.”

Lucius smirked at Potter’s rebuttal, "Familiarity indeed." he thought.

“Dark magic is against the law and as such a class such as that will circumvent the laws around dark magic use,” he continued not willing to listen.

“When are we as wizards going to accept that people can not help their magical inclination? We are born in an affinity for different types of magic, whether it light, gray or dark. Magic isn’t dark or light,” Harry stated, “it’s the intent of the caster that makes it so.”

Lucius brow rose at Harry’s forceful words. This had Dromie written all over it he was sure of it. The woman’s intellect was far beyond her years.

“Are we going to continue to make unscrupulous laws outlawing every spell that is used negatively so that it can’t be used again or are we going to start punishing the actions of the individuals using the spells to cause harm? The spell itself isn’t evil it’s the intent of the caster. These laws make no more sense than the numerous irresponsible magical decrees that stifled the magic at Hogwarts,” Harry finished retaking his seat.

Many members winced at their actions three years prior.

“You’re suggesting that we abolish laws that protect the community from curses that are so heinous that they can end a witches or wizards life,” Another wizard questioned.

“The real question is; are you suggesting that only a dark spell can cause harm or death?” Harry retorted silencing the man. He never thought he would be among the most prejudice members of society that seemed so far in their fear and beliefs that they couldn’t accept the reality of what magic was.

“No light wizard would use spells to cause harm to anyone,” an older man with salt and pepper hair replied.

Harry's expression darkened, "You sir are delusional in your views. Light does not mean innocent and dark definitely does not mean evil. You’ve proven a point, light witches and wizards are just as prejudice against dark wizarding families as dark families are against presumed muggle borns. A bit hypocritical isn't it."

Neville snorted in disbelief. Even he wasn’t stupid enough to believe that light wizards were exempt from wanting to cause someone else harm. The number of hexes that were fired over the years in the halls was enough to quall that notion.

“And light wizards call dark wizards prejudice and self centered,” Neville thought to himself.

“The wizarding world is outlawing spells that one person used in anger to cause harm or the death of another person. The spell didn’t change, the intent of the wizard did,” Harry rebutted calmly.
“What is your point Potter,” Nott questioned irritated by the Gryffindor’s ignorance.

“My point is that it’s never the spell that is good or evil, light or dark, it is the intent of the witch or wizard who uses it. Healers used spells that could be viewed as dark but there are accepted. Outlawing the spell isn’t the solution, punishing the perpetrator is.”

Harry sat down and allowed them to think on his words.

Snape remained silent he wasn’t worried about the ordinance being put to vote. He was sure the golden boy would get it to the vote.

“I will back this proposal,” Neville stated. “I second,” agreed Augusta Longbottom she couldn’t fault the young man’s logic. “Intent Indeed,” she thought.


“Call this to vote,” Flint stated, “32/28 for the proposal, Hogwarts proposal bill is passed.”

Over the next hour Harry spelled a dicta quill to make notes on the session. He was anxiously waiting for the proposal on the magical ordinance for all magic wielders.

A woman that Harry didn’t recognize stood, the Department for the Control of Magical Beast puts forth the motion to revisit the classification of magical beings and the laws of their restrictions.

“I will back the proposal,” Harry announced, causing the witches and wizards from the light families to mutter in outrage.

“I second the motion,” Neville concurred.

Dowager Longbottom watched her grandson and Lord Black-Potter with a curious expression. It seemed the pair had formed an alliance of sort. It was rare for a person to win an argument let alone be taken seriously. These two would be formidable once they have learned a bit more, not that they were doing badly now.

“Lord Black-Potter, surely you misunderstood what she is suggesting,” Lord Doge questioned.

“I assure you Lord Doge, I’m well aware to what she was referring. I’ve completed extensive research on the classifications that was developed after the disaster of the all magical council in the 1400s,” Harry retorted.

“Those classifications are for the protection of the wizarding world,” Higgs insisted.

“Those classifications were made out of prejudice nothing more. Magic is not meant to be separated. The increasing number of squibs being born in all magic families cannot be blamed on inbreeding alone. Magical separation is a factor as well. You may suffer under the delusion that your blood is pure, but there isn’t a family alive that can honestly prove they do not have some type of magical being blood in their family history no matter how diluted the blood may be,” Harry challenged.

“What does that have to do with anything?” a grizzly looking wizard snapped in irritation.

“You can’t predict if a magical born will manifest that gene and become the very magical being that you scorn and detest. The lack of new blood is stunting the magical ability of the next generation of witches and wizards. You all are harping so much on purity of blood that you would marry your cousin just to keep your line pure, when in fact it isn’t pure by any means,” Harry continued before
retaking his seat.

“I third the motion,” Amelia Bones stated with a thoughtful expression on her face. She always thought that the magical populace lacked logic.

Snape watched Potter, overwhelm the governing body with pure logic. He almost made it look easy. He wondered if the boy had applied himself to his studies as he’d done in this governing session, how he would have turned out.

“Call this to vote,” Flint stated, “33/27 for the proposal

The rest of the session passed without comment from Harry. They had done what they had come to do. They would work towards changing the laws and better the wizarding world a battle at a time. Harry thought as he stood to leave the chamber.

“See it wasn’t so bad,” Neville said as they were heading from the chamber.

“Wasn’t so bad,” Harry questioned with an incredulous expression, “were we in the same meeting?”

Neville laughed in amusement. His friend wasn’t aware of his ability to get people to listen. He knew if Harry ever desired to run for Minister of Magic he would succeed.

“I’m just glad it’s over,” Harry admitted, “I’m sure Dromie is going to grill me on how I think I performed.”

“Not bad for your first session Lord Potter-Black,” Septimus Weasley stated, as he passed heading towards the floo network.

“Thank you Lord Weasley,” Harry replied, “We’ll meet for lunch tomorrow, say around one, bring Daph” he suggested.

“Sure, that will be fine,” Neville responded, “Shall I make the reservations or will you?”

“I’ll send you an owl with place and time,” Harry said cheekily.

“Dowager Longbottom it was truly a pleasure meeting you,” Harry said taking her hand kissing it briefly before wishing them both a nice evening.

He noticed that Snape hadn’t stuck around after the meeting had let out. He figured the man had returned to Hogwarts to give Professor McGonagall the good news.

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Snape stepped from the fireplace into McGonagall’s office, “Well Headmistress the boy wonder does it again,” he said by way of greeting the older woman.

“Tea,” McGonagall asked as Snape approached her desk sitting in the comfortable arm chair. “Please,” he answered allowing himself to relax for the first time that day. Dumbledore’s painting was empty at the moment and Snape couldn’t help himself to wonder where the old man could possibly be. This was his first time in the office since before the war and he felt disconcerted and unsettled.

“That’s wonderful news,” McGonagall replied with a large smile on her face. She was truly excited about the prospect of the school becoming a school the founders could be proud of. She was determined to bring the school from the depths in which Dumbledore allowed it to fall.
“We’re going to have our work cut out for us arranging the dorms to house the magical influx of students. This is going to be a huge undertaking,” Snape mentioned sipping the hot liquid.

“Things should be easy enough,” McGonagall insisted, “I will run the ad of all the classes that we are now going to provide and open the positions up to the magical community. We only have to worry about the influx of employment applications.”

Snape snorted into his tea, “Indeed.”

“We will have a better idea of school attendance once we send the letters out.”

“Are you expecting a large number of students to return?” Snape questioned.

“I can’t be certain,” McGonagall admitted “however, we will move forward with the reopening.”

Snape nodded at her reasoning. He wondered that Dumbledore’s thoughts were about the changes being made at Hogwarts? He was sure the older woman had spoken with the portrait on matters dealing with the school not that Dumbledore could prevent any of it from happening.

The pair enjoyed the afternoon over a game of chess with Snape telling McGonagall about Potter’s foundation and how the foundation could help students who need help with tuition to attend Hogwarts and get their school supplies.

When Snape was ready to leave he was surprised when McGonagall hugged him. “You’re truly a remarkable wizard Severus Prince, and I’m honored to be able to call you a friend.”

Snape couldn’t help but feel humble. It was with McGonagall’s thoughts of praise that he left the castle disappearing with a displacement of air.
The Outer Realm

Chapter Summary

Family secrets are revealed. If they were known how would it be received. With the magical being classification repealed, will the magical council grant an audience. How will wizards fair in the realm where there is no ready escape?

Chapter Notes

Word Count 5402

“Still no word?” Angelius questioned Javier as he sat down across from the breakfast table that was filled with takeout from a local restaurant nearby. Neither fancied cooking so it was much easier to get takeout.

“Nothing,” Javier replied, ignoring his brother’s look of concern as he filled his empty plate with food, “Now that we know who he is, it’s not hard to phantom why he hasn’t found time to call. If the article in the Daily Prophet is anything to go on; it could be a few more weeks before we see either Jamie or Nate.”

“What could be keeping him so busy now though?” Angelius wondered, “The Prophet reported the repairs are complete at Hogwarts and that Hogsmead will be complete in the coming months.”

“You can’t be serious?” Javier questioned.

“What? Why can’t I?” Angelius replied confused, “has something happened that I’m not aware of?”

“I take you haven’t been reading the paper since the report of Hogwarts completion.”

“Can’t say that I have, really,” Angelius answered honestly, “I didn’t think it necessary. Hell if it was anything major surely it would be in the paper from home.”

“Jamie is responsible for the creature classification laws being repealed in magical Britain. I’m sure it won’t be long before it reaches the ICW,” Javier explained to his oblivious brother.

“Jamie isn’t on the ICW. Well as least Father hasn’t mentioned anything about a new ICW representative for Britain,” Angelus reminded his brother.

“We can’t know that for sure,” Javier argued, “We haven’t seen him in weeks. I’m sure he is working with the ministry to reestablish the classifications.”

“I guess we should be expecting a visit from Father soon then. I’m sure this will spark a meeting soon enough.”

“Let’s hope that Father contacts us first. It wouldn’t do for him to become aware of more than we wish him too,” Javier responded.
Angelius snorted at the thought of his father’s reaction to their appearance as well as their choice of profession. The man would probably not speak to them for months for the shame.

***HP***

Harry hands rubbed against his tired eyes. It had been a long three weeks since the last Wizengamot session. The first of which the magical creatures’ classification repealed splattered across the front page of several wizarding newspapers and magazines. As expected the Daily Prophet made a point to connect his name with the success of the repeal.

Kingsley had expected the repeal to spark controversy and he wasn’t wrong. The magical Liaison office was being swamped with petitions daily that there was a special room set aside for the delivery of petitions.

Harry had begun avoiding Diagon Alley after being cornered by the press wanting to know his thoughts on the repeals. His only saving grace was Devonsgale Hall because it was unplottable and behind centuries of wards that kept out nosy reporters and unknown owls.

That didn’t mean that his office was not bombarded with owls daily. He couldn’t believe the number of people contacting him asking his opinion on things. His lawyer had warned him against giving an opinion. They were sure the person would use it to advance their idea by saying Harry supported them.

Harry went through his morning absolutions without much thought dressing in wizarding robes as he had several meetings planned that day; most of which would be at his office.

He had been working closely with Kingsley having the land cleared in Godric’s Hollow for the build. He had expected some push back from the Dark families when Kingsley issued the request for the new building grounds to be approved for sacred grounds rites. It came as a complete shock that it was the light families arguing furiously against it. Shouts about the ritual being dark magic and shouldn’t be allowed to be completed.

Surprisingly Kingsley handled himself very well under fire for his suggestion. Proving too many in Harry’s opinion why he was a good Minister he was willing to do what was necessary to protect the magical government from a breach that cost many innocent people their lives. The protection that the ritual would provide the land was insurmountable.

It was ridiculous what pure bloods light, gray and dark thought on the issue. The fact that sacred grounds would protect the area from offensive spell fire and protect those within the wards was of little consequence for some.

Even when the issue was approved through votes Harry still remembered the muttering by those who didn’t agree. As if the past two wars didn’t show that they were vulnerable to attack. The sacred grounds for the Ministry and Hospital would ensure the safety of many should another full scale war occur again in the future.

They were able to magically extend a clear path leading from the village of Godric’s Hollow through the thick forest that would lead into heart of the forest where the buildings for the Ministry, the banquet hall, and the Hospital would be located. It would be surrounded and protected by the forest.

Harry headed from his bedroom towards the dining room for breakfast. He and Andromeda had spoken extensively on the issue of magical classifications and Kingsley agreed that it was best to wait to see if the meeting with the all magic council would be possible. The Magical beings held a long resentment for magical humans since the classifications were passed into law ostracizing them from
the magical community.

“Good morning Dromie, Emera. How is my Teddy graham doing with morning he asked kissing his godson on the top of his blue hair, causing the baby to giggle.

“Good morning Hadarian, I hope you slept well,” Andromeda replied as he took his place at the table.

“Morning Lord Black-Potter,” Emera greeted softly.

“You had a guest last evening,” Andromeda informed him as he took his place at the head of the table.
“Here? When?” Harry questioned.

“Surely you are getting your messages at the office,” she questioned.

“Of course I am, but Alexandra nor has Mercy mentioned anything about an unplanned visitor. They are responsible for scheduling my appointments after all,” Harry replied with a small amount of mirth.

“I doubt my nephew set an appointment,” Andromeda replied amusement clearly heard in her voice. Harry paused briefly realizing Andromeda was referring to Malfoy.

“How in Godric’s name did Malfoy know I lived here?” he questioned weary of why the blonde git was seeking him out. He’d hoped he wouldn’t have to cross paths with the family; sighing he thought, it obvious the git wanted to gloat about Zabini and Ginny. As if they were still at Hogwarts swapping insults in the hall ways. Well Harry didn’t have time to entertain the likes of Draco Malfoy.

“He contacted me a few weeks ago asking if I would mind him writing me. He’s not taking the death of his mother well I’m afraid and he knows you live here because I told him.” replied Andromeda.

Harry didn’t respond to her mentioning her sister’s death. It felt sort of taboo to speak ill of the woman’s sister although Harry loathed Bellatrix Lestrange with every fiber of his being.

“You don’t seem pleased,” Andromeda mentioned taking a bit of her omelet.

“Draco Malfoy is the last person I would expect to be seeking me out. It’s no secret that we both dislike each other greatly,” Harry responded.

“Really Hadarian, you should be over your school yard rivalry,” Andromeda scolded in amusement.

“I’ve outgrown house rivalries Dromie, Neville can attest to that he’s betroth to a slytherin after all, however, the fact still remains that your nephew annoys me,” Harry retorted, “Besides shouldn’t he be playing quidditch or at practice of something and not trying to impose on my time.”

“Well he’s not here very often with practicing and traveling for his games. He’s spoken often about his father wanting him to find more suitable career,” sighed Andromeda, “Lucius Malfoy always had such high dreams when we were younger. It’s to be expected that he would want the same for Draconius.”

Harry snorted in amusement, Lucius Malfoy, if nothing else was very intelligent and ambitious. It was to be expected that he would wanted the same of his heir.

“I imagine every parent wants the best for their children. I mean you are talking about the Malfoy heir,” Harry continued, “A career as a quidditch player even first string isn’t an expected career choice you would expect from the heir of such a prominent family in the wizarding world.”
“Keep speaking like that Hadarian I will start thinking you admire Lord Malfoy,” Andromeda chortled.

“Not likely,” Harry shot back in amusement, “after all I have no reason to deal with either Malfoy we are on opposite sides of the spectrum in beliefs and ideals.”

“You on the other hand have connections to both with Lord Malfoy being married to your sister and of course Malfoy junior being your blood nephew.”

Andromeda felt the pains of regret go through her being. Harry wondered on the pained expression but it only lasted a brief moment before a blank expression fell into place over her face.

He could only assume something happened but he was too honorable to question her on what was bothering her about the reminder of her relations to the Malfoy men.

“Were you and Lord Malfoy in the same year at Hogwarts?” Harry questioned, he hadn’t thought much about the Malfoy family since he spoke at their trials.

“No, Lucius was a year above Narcissa and I at Hogwarts. I was much like Sirius when it came to our parents. I was older than Narcissa by a mere fifteen minutes however our personalities were night and day. She was the fashionista while I cared more about books and knowledge. Bellatrix was my father’s favorite and Narcissa being the baby was my mother’s. I guess I was kind of loss in the midst of them. Being sorted into Ravenclaw didn’t help matters,” Andromeda said with a distant look on her face, “however it was a far sight better than being sorted in Gryffindor like Sirius.”

“Hey!” Harry said in offense of Gryffindor, “I was in Gryffindor.”

Emera smiled at the pair she had gotten used to the light banter between the pair.

Andromeda merely smiled at his antics. She could see such similarities in Harry and her nephew. They were both headstrong and a lot like their parents. Harry’s mother Lily was the most remarkable witch of the age. She was creating her own charms long before she graduated from Hogwarts. The youngest charms mistress of the age none other matched her charm work. Much like her husband James who was a whiz at transfiguration. She was surprised when James didn’t follow Sirius into auror training. He became a runic caster he had the magical gift of understanding and casting runic spells and wards.

By the time Sirius had run away from home she had already been disowned by her parents. She had tried her best to protect her younger cousin from the abuse he received at the hands of his mother and that demented house elf that seems to worship the ground that Hadarian walks on.

“Did your parents’ set up contacts for you? I know Neville has been in a betrothal since he was a little over a year old,” Harry questioned curious about whether betrothal contracts were a done in all pureblood families.

“Yes all of us were, Bellatrix was much in lust with Rodolphus. They married the summer before Narcissa’s and my 4th year at Hogwarts. I was much in love in my youth as well,” Andromeda admitted.

“You’re in love with Edward Tonks right?” Harry prompted. Harry knew how well that went over with Sirius family. The Blacks weren’t known to forgive betrayal.

“You will be surprised but no. I was actually dating and hoping to be betroth to Lucius Malfoy but things didn’t work out the way we hoped. We had been courting since my 4th year at Hogwarts. Narcissa had somehow found out about Lucius and me midway through our 7th year. Narcissa
fancied herself in love with him and begged my parents for a betrothal. As you can imagine my parents readily agreed with the match. It tore us apart, I was already pregnant at the time when my parents informed me of my betrothal to Rodolphus younger brother Rabastan,” Andromeda said sadly, “I was inconsolable for weeks. My parents would have been furious with me, if they knew I was carrying the heir to the Malfoy line. My Edward was my saving grace. He found me at my lowest point and offered something that I have never truly been able to repay. A few months after my bonding with Edward I was disowned and soon after my daughter was born,” Andromeda admitted the secret she’d kept for years.

Harry paled, “Dora was Lucius’ daughter?” he whispered.

“Yes, being a metamorphmagus allowed her to change her appearance to keep anyone from knowing. I was married to my Edward by then so everyone assumed that he fathered her,” Andromeda replied.

“Did Lord Malfoy suspect?” Harry asked with a million thoughts running through his mind at the revelation.

“I believe he knew the child I bore was his but there was little to be done. The contacts could not be broken,” Andromeda sighed sadly. She had lost much in her life and talking about this was opening up a wound that never truly healed.

“Did she know?” Harry asked knowing how it felt to not know what his parents looked like until he was nearly 12.

“We never kept it a secret from her,” Andromeda assured him.

“But that mean’s Teddy is?” Harry swallowed the lump in his throat.

“Yes Theolonius is magically the inheriting heir for the Malfoy family,” Andromeda sighed. “However legally he can’t inherit because my Dora was an illegitimate heiress to the line.”

“What will you do now?” Harry asked curious. There was nothing stopping Andromeda from rekindling her love with the man she’d lost.

“I’m not going to do anything, Hadarian,” Andromeda said taking a drink from her water glass, “what Lucius and I shared is over and we’ve both moved on.”

“But it’s obvious you’re still in love with him,” Harry urged.

“It’s been 25 years since I’ve came into contact with Lucius Malfoy. The man is mourning the death of my sister and Draco’s mother,” Andromeda said attempting to end the conversation.

“How can you be sure he ever fell in love with her? What does that have to do with how you feel about him still?” Harry asked, “If I loved someone as much and for as long as you have, I wouldn’t let anything stop me.”

“You’re young Hadarian. I had the love of my life ripped away from me in the cruelest way possible,” implored Andromeda.

“That’s more the reason to try to get back the love you lost. There is nothing preventing it now,” Harry insisted not understanding why Andromeda would throw away the chance at true happiness she could find in Lucius Malfoy. He didn’t personally like the man but even he wouldn’t begrudge the man having true happiness. He couldn’t imagine being in love with one person but married to their twin sister.
“I couldn’t imagine the fall out such a scandal would bring not only to the Malfoy family but to you as well being the head of the Black family,” Andromeda informed him.

“I will admit I’m not fond of Lucius Malfoy but he deserves to be a part of his grandson’s life. You both deserve to have the happiness you were denied,” Harry said passionately even though he didn't care for the Malfoy head. He wanted his godson to have the love of his family. Harry had been denied this and ached with the loss opportunity. He didn't want the same for Theolonius.

“I appreciate your concern Hadarian however I could be asking you to the same about your love life?” Andromeda questioned bringing the conversation towards him.

“I’m having fun,” Harry said with a bright smile on his face, “I’m truly not in a hurry to settle down with anyone. I have plenty of time to do so when I’m older. I’m just 18. I want to be more established before considering starting a family.”

“I’ll have you know Hadarian that most pureblood witches in high society are married soon after they graduate from school.”

“Well I’m glad that I have this chance to be single and explore what it is that I truly want out of life and a partner,” Harry sighed leaning back in his arm chair.

“Are you going to tell me where you and taking me today?” Andromeda questioned.

“Patience my fair lady,” Harry replied with a mischievous smile on his face, “our chariot awaits,” as he stood holding out his hand to help the older woman up from her place at the table.

Andromeda smirked at his infectious behavior as she was handed her seven month old grandson. “All the secrets you’ve been keeping lately I’m worried I will soon get a call from the Aurors saying you’ve blown something up again.”

Harry snorted in amusement. Kingsley had come over just after the news of the repeal on creature classification hit the Daily Prophet. Harry had been cornered by reporters in had to blow up a few muggle trash bin to get away.

“You’re ready for my surprise; aren’t you Teddy-grahams?” Harry questioned kissing the small child’s head.

It would have been quicker apparate to the location however, Harry thought Teddy too young to experience the tight squeezing feeling that apparition gave off.

The pair fell into a comfortable silence once they entered the hired vehicle that was much like ministry cars he and his then friends rode in for his protection from Voldemort.

“What is this place? I thought we settled that you would be remaining with myself and Teddy,” Andromeda questioned.

“I’ll explain inside,” Harry replied leading the older woman up the stairs of the large Castle like manor.

Upon entering the house the entrance hall lit up from the huge chandelier in the ceiling reflecting off the black marble flooring of the area. She paused at seeing the large seal engraved in the floor.

“Welcome to Coventry Hall,” Harry smiled at the older woman, “this was my little project. I wanted to honor my parents so I purchased this estate to open the first magically run orphanage that will take children from all around the world.”
“This is amazing Hadarian. James and Lily would be so proud of what you have done in their honor. They will always be remembered for their part in Voldemort’s down fall but this places more impact on the true sacrifice they made in putting your protection and life before their own. This will be their legacy,” Andromeda said with a smile, “Now I’m guessing there is a tour involved?”

Harry nodded before he set out to show the woman the work and thought he placed on his venture. As they toured the estate he told her of the changes he’d made to Grimauld Place as well as the showing her, the location of his office on the estate grounds.

“This was a guest house but I’ve converted it into the head office for the Coventry Foundation,” Harry explained as they entered the front door. The main room was handsomely decorated.

The wall behind the receptionist desk had the same seal as the seal she’d seen on the flooring in the entrance hall.

“What made you decide on that symbol,” Andromeda questioned curious.

“The pentagram is the symbol for magic and the dragon I thought of magical beings and no separation of the two. We like dragons are all of magic,” Harry explained “I wanted a symbol that would clearly state that all are welcome whether their parents were werewolves, half veela or even any other combination of magical human and magical being.”

After touring the office Harry led the older woman back outside before heading towards the vehicle once more to speak with driver.

“What are you up too?” Andromeda questioned.

“I thought you and my Teddy graham would enjoy a day in the park.”

“Do not work too hard dear.”

“Me, never,” Harry promised kissing the older woman’s cheek before helping her inside the vehicle.

As the vehicle drove away Harry sighed at the amount of work awaiting him inside his office.

**HP***HP**

Harry shut down the floo connection before sealing off the wards to the office before apparating home.

He knew it would be several hours before he would be able to stop for the night.

The meeting with the ministry official would have sent most sane man over the deep end. He wondered if the way he felt dealing with the annoying woman was how teachers felt dealing with incompetent students.

Pouring himself a finger of brandy Harry opened the file he’d brought with him. It was ministry report on the children who were displaced due to the war and the slaying of their parents, some of which were pure blood children whose family members he could only assume were afraid of being seen as guilty by association for being related to a death eater.

Harry thought it a tragedy that these people who profess blood purity and honoring family would abandon these children to a fate unknown, when they had family who could love and raise them.

He was startled when the fire place chimed that someone is floo calling.
“Hadarian, good you’re home,” Kingsley called out from the fireplace.

“Minister Shacklebolt, I wasn’t expecting to hear from you this soon. Have you spoken with the head of the Magical Council?” Harry questioned.

“It’s Kingsley, Hadarian we’ve been over this,” the older man gently scolded, “That is in fact the reason for my call. The heads of the All Magic Council has agreed to meet with us,” Kingsley informed him with a sigh of relief.

“But,” Harry questioned, he had the distinct feeling their agreement to meet with them would throw them off balance.

“The meeting is tonight,” Kingsley informed him.

“Tonight, you can’t be serious. That’s doesn’t give us any time at all to prepare.”

“Hadarian, I wouldn’t joke about anything of this importance. They arranged for our safe passage into the Outer Realm. We are expected at 7:30,” Kingsley continued.

“It will take me nearly that long to figure out what to wear,” Harry exclaimed having never attended a meeting of this scale before.

“Dress formally,” Kingsley suggested, “if you are unsure you can always ask Andromeda.”

Harry threw a hex at the fire which Kingsley’s blocked laughing. A moment later the fireplace was silent and returned to its previous state.

“Bloody menace,” thought Harry as he headed to his room.

(An hour and a half later)

Harry looked himself over once more in the full length mirror. He was dressed in black dragon hide pants that molded to his body like second skin with knee length black dragon hide boots, a black silk shirt, and dark green robes that the sleeves covering his hand slightly and flowed around his body and black dragon hide gloves in his hands.

His hair was lengthened slightly in a single braid reaching the center of his back. “This will have to do,” he thought to himself as he left his personal rooms descending the main staircase towards his home office. Looking through the numerous files on his desk he was startled out his perusal by Winky appearing before him.

“Yes Winky?” he questioned curious to the appearance of the house elf.

“Master Hadarian as a guest in the front parlor,” she informed him before popping away.

“Who on earth would be calling this late in the evening,” thought Harry curious as he headed towards the front parlor on the main level of the manor. The folder now shrunk in his pocket.

Upon entering the front parlor he was more annoyed than surprised to see Draco Malfoy sitting across from Andromeda dressed in dark gray robes of expensive material with tailored navy blue dress pants and matching shirt.

His hair for once wasn’t gelled down like he was known to wear it while at Hogwarts. Tonight his hair was loose hanging around his face it was now chin length a slight bit darker than his father’s white blonde hair.
“Malfoy,” Harry greeted entering the room. Draco’s brow rose at the appearance of the boy wonder. He had heard chatter about Potter acquiring proper wizarding clothing but he’d yet to see the wizarding hero in anything other than ill fitting muggle rags or Hogwarts uniforms.

He guessed the boy wonder had grown up in his time on the run. He hadn’t taken notice of his height difference in his brief time at Malfoy Manor. However Harry now stood taller than he.

“Potter,” Draco replied curtly which caused Harry raised his brow at him.

“What are you doing here Malfoy,” Harry questioned clearly annoyed by the blonde git’s attitude. As if Harry should make special dispensation because he wanted to see him. “I must admit you are the last person I would expect to see here.”

“Is there a reason for your unannounced visit? I was on my way out,” Harry questioned he didn’t bother to question the git on why he felt he could impose on his time in such a manner.

“I wasn’t aware you had plans for this evening. Alexandra didn’t mention anything about a meeting tonight,” Andromeda said concern in her voice preventing her nephew from answering.

“I’m attending a Meeting with Minister Shacklebolt,” Harry informed the older woman.

“You didn’t have any meetings scheduled for today,” Andromeda scolded.

“I wasn’t informed of the meeting until a couple of hours ago. However I don’t want to keep the Minister waiting,” Harry replied, “this is a matter of importance,” he reiterated.

“Where is this meeting?” Andromeda pressed curious as to why Hadarian was hesitant to give her any information. He usually spoke with her about various meetings he was having since coming to live with her and her grandson.

“Tonight is the meeting of the All Magic Council,” Harry replied in a rush not really wanting to go into details to why wizards were attending the meeting after the separation of magic.

“The Magical Council hasn’t met with the Wizarding World in nearly 500 hundred years,” Draco replied curious as to what their goody, goody Minister was up too.

“The All Magic Council still isn’t meeting in the wizarding world,” Harry replied.

“Surely you aren’t going to the Outer Realm,” Draco hissed, “Potter are you mental. The worlds are separate for a reason.”

“Malfoy if the matter you came to speak with me about could wait. I’m sure Lexi can schedule a time for me to speak with you. I really must be going,” Harry said making sure that he had everything he needed.

“If you return alive I will be sure to do that,” Draco replied his voice full of sarcasm and a look of annoyance. Potter hadn’t changed at all he was still the arrogant golden boy that Dumbledore allowed to get away with everything. He had been trying for the past two weeks but Potter’s personal assistant had told him that Potter was booked for weeks. Draco thought it was more because of who he was than what he needed to speak with Potter about. “It would practically be ages before I could get an appointment?” snapped Draco.

“For you to be a starting chaser for the Falmouth Falcons you spend an excessive amount of time trying to bother me,” Harry mentioned wondering if the blonde had gotten kicked off the team.
“We don’t have a game this week Potter, practice is in two days. We do get time off you know?” Draco informed him frowning at Potter’s lack of consideration.

“Have Andromeda schedule you a time. I really must be going. It wouldn’t do for us to arrive late, Andromeda, Malfoy,” said Harry respectfully tilting his head slightly before turning sharply and leaving the room.

“You’re just going to allow him to travel into the Outer Realm?”

“I’m sure that Minister Shacklebolt and Hadarian know what they are doing,” Andromeda assured him. Inside however, she was worried about the turn of events. They both could be slain and it wouldn’t be anything the wizarding world could do about it.

“What in Merlin’s name did he do to get the unwanted attention of the blonde ferret,” Harry thought as entered the anti chamber throwing floo powder into the fire calling out his destination “Kings Court,” and flooing from the chamber.

Harry stepped from the floo and as expected Kingsley was standing in the receiving room of his ancestral home.

“Good you’ve made it. I was beginning to worry,” he greeted.

“I would have been here fifteen minutes ago if I hadn’t gotten an unexpected visitor,” Harry answered as Kingsley held out the port key that would be taking them to the Outer Realm.

Harry stumbled when they appeared outside a large building that was at first glance appeared to be made of glass and stood several stories tall. It reminded Harry of the Roman Court structure however it was nearly double the size and made entirely of glass and steel. Kingsley steadied him before releasing his grip on his arm.

“Does it ever get any better,” Harry questioned hoping his stomach would settle because he still felt quite ill. After all the times he’d used portkeys to travel he’d never managed not to feel extremely ill afterwards.

“I’m afraid not,” Kingsley admitted he personally preferred apparating over other means of wizarding travel.

Even apparition in Harry’s opinion left a lot to be desired.

“We should head inside,” Kingsley suggested after he was sure that Harry wasn’t going to be sick. Although he still looked slightly pale Harry nodded he was fine following the older man towards the building.

The large cobbled stone walk way was lit by fairy lights leading up to the grand staircase to the large double doors leading into the building where two large magical beings stood.

Their appearance was met by glares from the two large magical beings. It was more than enough for Harry to feel anxious and very uncomfortable. He took comfort in the solid feel of his wand in the holster on his arm. He was certain that these beings probably had a different form of magic but he wasn’t willing to test that theory.

The one to the left of the door was deeply bronzed, broad shouldered with dark purple hair with lavender eyes, and large wings that were so black with iridescent blue and purple scales. Blue scales could be seen around the beings hairline and down his neck.

The other being was slightly smaller and darker in complexion however, had storm gray hair coloring with black eyes and silver and black scales around his hairline and down his neck. His wings were the same with black and silver scales. They both wore, black leather britches that molded
to their frames with matching long sleeved tops.

“What is your purpose here wizard?” the guard to the left hissed as they approached the doors of the meeting chamber. Harry thought the being massive in size, Kingsley was short in comparison.

“The Council is expecting our arrival,” Kingsley informed the guard politely. He had prepared for and expected the hostility. He couldn’t fault their ill feelings towards the wizarding populace as a whole. The Governing body had failed in this aspect of magic by separating magic wielders.

He’d hope this meeting would help to correct the damage that has been done. The first step was this meeting to come up with fair laws that would place magical beings on even footing with human magic wielders. Harry and his two assistants had spent many hours gathering the necessary information.

Harry remained silent. He didn’t want to set these magical beings off. The air was already tense around them as it was. A part of him was curious what magical being they were. However, he wasn’t about to ask. He thought I would have been very rude to do so. The magic pouring off of them was both potent and strange unlike his wizarding magic that he could feel humming beneath his skin.

Harry released the breath he was holding as the large double doors of the chamber opened silently before them.
Harry and Kingsley’s presence is met with hostility. Neither had prepared to find the chamber filled. The magical presence in the room was overwhelming as the muttering could be heard as they made their way further into the room.

Chapter Notes

Word Count 7209

Center City Outer Realm

The council room was filled with the ruling entities of each magical being presently residing within the Realm. Typically they only met in regards to the laws governing their people to ensure a peaceful coexistence. Today however, a meeting was called in reference to the mundane world. A request from the very beings they separated from centuries ago.

Tusamiondryn read the letter that arrived at the All Magic Council building that very morning by owl. The expressions varied from being to being; disbelief was central to them. It was inconceivable.

Renly hissed in anger, “They have no grounds in making such a request after all this time. We should ignore it and be done with it?”

Renly despised the magical community of the mundane world. Their unjust prejudice of his people was barbaric and cruel. It was no wonder that Fenrir Greyback went on a rampage through their community turning as many as he could.

Renly would never condone the vicious attacks that Fenrir Greyback launched against defenseless children. However, he understood their plight at being viewed as less than human that they were unable to find work, weren’t allowed to marry or bear children. The laws not only made it impossible for a werewolf to defend themselves when attacked it made it almost legal for any magical human to kill them without recourse.

“Why now after all this time,” Arren the reigning King of the air Ajatars questioned. He sat back his expression dark. He had hair like spun gold falling straight around his shoulders with hooded amber tinted eyes, sharp nose and narrow mouth. Broad shoulders with a mix of gold and rustic tinted scales around his face and down his neck. He wore a light weight tunic that seemed to pull as he crossed his arms.

“Wouldn’t it be more prudent to find out what it is the mundane magical world is seeking,” Lafarallin questioned, who was the current ruling King of the Veela Nation.

“We owe the mundane magical people nothing,” Olithir, the ruling King of the Dark Veela argued, “However, you would think that when your people are able to live freely among them without
“Surely you are trying to blame my people for matters of the mundane,” Lafarallin questioned.

“This discord may be the very reason these wizards are seeking our council,” Tristane advised. The Earth Ajatar King was known for his levelheadedness when a clash in personalities arose.

“I agree with Tristane,” Rhaegal added, “We are aware of the unrest in the mundane world. Maybe they are seeking the council for solutions. It would be foolish to assume we know their reasoning without granting them council.”

“As Rhaegal has pointed out all of the questions we have will be answered should we grant their request,” Tatiana advised, “We are here to decide should we grant this request for an audience or deny it.”

“Do you think it wise of us to willingly allow wizards to come here? When they fear what we represent.” Julian questioned. He was well aware of what the mundane world thought of his people. They were thought inhumane and the wizarding world in their classifications sought to suppress them calling them dark creatures; not even granting them their right of being magical being.

“What can they do Julian? Surely you aren’t afraid of human magic abilities,” Lucian questioned curious as to vampire’s current ruler’s reluctance.

“Of course I’m not afraid of a mere human's magical abilities,” Julian snapped in irritation.

“Then we are all in agreement,” Tusamiondryn questioned before sending a reply of acceptance and a means for the wizards to be ported into the realm from the mundane world.

“We will listen to their reasoning for an audience with us. But make no mistake we are not at a disadvantage here,” Atraire assured her fellow council rulers.

“Very well,” the others agreed reluctantly.

“I will take care of writing our acceptance of their request. Tusamiondryn if you would make the required portkey that will allow them to travel between the mundane and the realm,” Atraire requested before pulling parchment and a well of ink towards her.

Soon after the owl was sent off with their response and portkey to the realm. It would be hours before the representatives from the mundane wizarding community arrived in the realm. It gave them hours to prepare for their arrival. Should they discover any treachery on the part of either of those permitted into the realm, they could be easily disposed of them and their deceased mutilated bodies dumped back into the magical community as a warning for the any who dared to try in the future?

(Outer Realm 7pm)

Silence fell as Harry and Kingsley entered the large chamber. The door closing silently behind them as they walked further into the room, two large male beings moved to stand in front of the doors.

Harry wasn’t sure if it was a means of keeping them from escaping or to keep anyone else from entering. The dead silence of the chamber was unnerving. Harry felt an overwhelming urged to draw is wand in response to the tension present in the chamber.
His eyes took in the room as they neared the center. The room was much like a coliseum as it was circular and had numerous rows of seating that was filled with muttering spectators. The hostility they felt for wizards was very clear in their gaze. It was unlike anything that Harry had ever experienced.

“Ignore it,” Kingsley advised quietly as he led Harry further into the room where what Harry assumed to the leaders of the magical council.

He had a calm aura about him. Harry wondered how the he was doing it. It reminded him of Snape’s keen ability to appear emotionless, as if nothing phased him. When he should be panicking or scared shitless.

Harry swallowed his retort. It was neither the time nor place to have a disagreement. He had expected hostility but not on this level. How in the Goddess name were they going to convince them that change was necessary? “This is going to be like battling the Wizengamot all over again,” he thought as they neared the center of the room. The prejudices fear and resentment ran deep within these beings. He didn't have to look at any of them to know that he and Kingsley were not welcome or wanted in their realm.

Would the long magical history of prejudice and fear prevent them from agreeing with what he and Kingsley sought; the better of the magical community and not just magical humans? He knew the battle was far from over in their world. People were still raw from the final battle with Voldemort and trying to piece back together their lives. He wasn't sure what the laws were for magical beings in other countries outside of Britain and didn't envy the witch or wizard that would be responsible for presenting the new classifications to the International Confederation of Wizards. After this he would have honored his part in helping and would gladly bow out of the process.

“There were many doubts in granting this request so long after our separation from the mundane world and that of magical humans,” Atraire Gaeaere, queen of the high elves greeted them.

“Thank you for agreeing to this meeting,” Kingsley cajoled respectfully, “I feared that our request would be denied but this was necessary.”

“Why now, after so many years of separation,” Julian questioned, resentment could be heard clearly in his voice. Harry held his need to shudder at the being’s displeasure. The man reminded him very much of his former professor. The being surely looked at them as if they weren’t worth the courtesy of the meeting. He wasn’t quite sure what he was but friendly definitely wasn’t it. The man wore hostility like armor, his facial expression one of loathing.

Harry had faced much in his young life but he wasn’t ready or willing to deal with another battle even if it was one of wills. He would let Kingsley play the power games with these beings. He didn't have the patience nor the will to deal with it.

“It was due to no fault of our own, I assure you,” Kingsley responded, “It has taken Lord Black-Potter and me some time to get the classification laws repealed.” This caused more muttering in the stands as they observed in disbelief.

“We are trying to correct the mistakes of our predecessors to prevent the total destruction of magic.”

“Why should we be concerned about the mundane world?,” Julian further questioned, “We live outside of your world’s concerns; further what is stopping us from killing you both?”

Harry had to fight the urge to roll his eyes. Were they serious; he understood their reluctance to even consider what they were there for. But too blatantly hiss questions that would be answered if given
the chance to speak. “Sheesh,” Harry thought to himself these beings were no different than the prejudice that they were dealing with in the Wizengamot.

“Nothing would stop you. However, I and Lord Black-Potter seek for assistance in designing the new classifications of magical beings,” Kingsley implored, “We hoped this meeting would be a bridge for a brighter future for the magical populace.”

“You expect us to believe that these wars have affected your world so greatly that the magical human community is ready to accept all magical beings and creatures?” Rhaegal questioned his long flowing cyan blue hair falling around his broad shoulders. “We’ve tried this once. What would make this time any different?”

“It is different this time because of the impact this recent war has had on the magical and mundane community. There has been 3 magical wars in the last 50 years that has seriously decimated magical numbers in our population of not only magical humans but magical beings that reside there,” Harry informed them speaking for the first time.

“What do you know about wars? You are but a child yourself,” Dimitri questioned.

Harry tensed in offense of this being’s disregard for what he’d faced since returning to the magical world after his parent’s death. “I am a child of prophesy. Before my birth a prophecy was given stating that a child born as the seventh month died would have the power to vanquish the Dark Lord. This prophecy was revealed to Lord Voldemort months before my birth and as a result two families were targeted, my family and that of one of my friends. Voldemort attacked my family on Samhain killing both my parents and attempting to kill me; however; I survived after being struck by a curse that no one else has ever survived.”

Letting out a deep breath, Harry continued, “I’ve have been fighting against this dark wizard since I returned to the magical community after being isolated with muggles since my parents death. I have grown up with prejudice of my aunt and uncle who despised me simply because I had the ability to perform magic. Although I entered the wizarding world truly ignorant of its traditions, customs and prejudices; I treated everyone I’ve met the same whether magical being or human. It’s pointless to shun any magical being and I refuse to raise my godson in a world that is constantly torn due to prejudice that is based on nothing more than fear and ignorance.”

“So you are not prejudice against any magical being,” Taniquill questioned in disbelief. She thought it highly unlikely that a magical human could be without some form of prejudice.

Harry knew just from appearance that this woman was a veela. “No I’m not prejudice against anyone and I doubt that if my parents were still living and I had grown up in the magical world that I would have been prejudice. One of my father’s best friends was a werewolf. He and his wife died fighting for the freedom of our world. I don’t want a future for his son where he will be feared or shunned because of his potential magical being status. I’m not saying that I’m perfect, I’m far from it but I don’t judge people by their family history. I judge them by their choices and their actions towards me.”

“In other words you are here for selfish reasons,” Another male on the panel questioned with a sneer firmly on his face.

“No, I’m not being selfish. I nearly gave my life for the magical community against a tyrant who was determined to destroy us all. The very same community that both reviled and adored me; being selfish would have been me walking away and allowing Voldemort to decimate the magical community. I chose to fight because of my love of magic and the phenomenal abilities that the Goddess bestowed upon us. Traditions should be preserved, Gaia praised and the respect for magic
unhindered. We can’t continue to allow the same mistakes to repeat. There is fear that this venture will cause magical humans to cease to exist however, I believe that it is unlikely. True that will probably be an increase in bondings between magical being and humans however; I doubt all mateships will be this way. However, with change comes fear, doubts and uncertainty. Can I promise that things will go smoothly? No, but I’m not willing to allow our world to self destruct because we did nothing.” Harry replied trying not to allow the man’s words to get to him.

Harry was far from selfish. He had far since grown tired of people assuming and accusing him of things that were false. The man reminded him too much of his former potions professor. Harry pushed the thoughts of the man’s verbal vitriol from his mind.

“We are hoping that this meeting will lead to new laws that provide equal protection for all magical beings. One of the main reasons for our seeking the council is to get guidance on how to make magical laws that will prevent unjust practices in the magical community. I understand that for the most part that you all live outside of the mundane world; however; there are those of you who still reside within our world. These laws can promote equality,” Kingsley stated honestly.

“I won’t lie and say that prejudices do not still exist within our community. Yes, we received a lot of griping about the issues of these laws. Yet we still were able to get them repealed. Our laws cannot be based on fear. We must set an expectation on how all magicals are to govern themselves within the laws that govern us all,” Kingsley finished falling silent once more. Another war would completely destroy what remained of the magical community.

The separation of magical being and magical human was against the very fabric of magic. The magical mundane world needed new magic to restore its magical foundation.

Sure they could pass laws that would force pure bloods to marry first generation witches and wizards to filter out the issue of squibs being born within magical communities. However, neither Harry nor Kingsley thought it would bring the necessary change their world needed.

They needed better protections to protect the secrecy of magic as well as prevent the destruction the last war caused not only to the community but the foundations of the magical government.

The magical community had caused the great divide of the magical population. They shunned those who were different refusing to allow them freedoms of any other magical being.

Kingsley knew going in that he and Harry would be fighting an uphill battle far harder than the one against the Wizengamot; so much rested on their success here in this realm.

“What else has prompted this request?” Julian requested curious as to the motivations of these two magical humans. They both intrigued him.

Kingsley gathered his thoughts before speaking. “I’m sure that you all are aware that the last war within the magical community ended on the second of May, which resulted in Hadarian being in a magical comma for six weeks and the necessity for many changes to be made in magical law. To protect the foundation of the magical government, medical facilities as well as the magical community we hope to ensure the sanctity of our governing body is secure from destructive magic. So it is our hope to make the new location of this area sacred grounds which will require magical cooperation between all magic.”

Harry closely watched the reactions of those before them. He was well aware that should these beings wish it, he and Kingsley would never make it out of the room alive.

“Sacred grounds requires sacrifice Minister Shacklebolt; what are you prepared to sacrifice to see this
happen,” Rhaegal questioned, wondering just what sacrifices magical humans were willing to give to satisfy the demands of the ritual.

Harry sighed they had thoroughly researched the ritual needed to successful made the land sacred grounds. Harry pitched a fit the size of England when a life sacrifice was suggested. Harry completely refused to assist any further if that ritual was used no matter if they found someone willing to give their lives for the future of the wizarding community. Wasn’t his sacrifice to end the war enough?

It had taken both Kingsley and Andromeda quite some time to get him to calm down. Kingsley assured him that they would find another ritual that wouldn’t require a life as the sacrificial offering.

“We have found a ritual that is promising,” Kingsley began, “It will require the sacrificing of the virginity of the chosen candidates. The ritual is ideal to prevent future destruction within the magical government, however, at this time the reclassification laws for magical beings is paramount.”

“And if we require some form of guarantee, what can you give Minister?” The Queen questioned.

“Lord Black-Potter has suggested that magical being representatives become a part of the Wizengamot. Should any trials for magical being or trials against magical humans against magical beings be heard it will be heard by an all magical council in which we will implement,” Kingsley explained.

“It seems you have this well thought out,” Rhaegal stated, “We have much to discuss. If you would follow us; we can get started.”

Harry let out the breath he was holding as they were led into a smaller chamber with a large conference table. Harry pulled the file from his robe pocket enlarging it with a wave of his hand before duplicating it floating a copy to each representative sitting at the table.

Harry and Kingsley sat silently while their companions read over the information from the large file that Harry and his assistants have compiled on the classifications.

Kingsley knew it would take some time to get a rough idea of how to tackle the restructuring of the classifications as well as how to tailor the laws to prevent either magical human or being from being treated unfairly.

This was the first step in the right direction for magical Britain that would spread to other magical communities to restore the magical balance.

*HP*HP*

They had been arguing for what seemed like hours on the wording of the classifications. Harry had long since fallen into a weird sort of daze and wasn’t truly paying attention anymore.

It was far beyond the time that he should have been sleeping.

“Hadarian,” Kingsley called placing his hand on his arm to get his attention, “are you alright?”

“I’m sorry what were you saying,” Harry asked trying to get himself to focus but he was completely exhausted.

“Maybe we should stop here and pick this up after our guests have had some time to rest,” Rhaegal suggested concerned for the young one who seemed to not be comprehending anything due to exhaustion.
The others agreed, “I will provide accommodations for our guest,” Rhaegal informed the council. We will meet back here on the morrow around nine,” Atraire advised. Everyone quickly agreed.

Kingsley and Harry followed Rhaegal from the room leaving behind the others. The large chamber they entered earlier that evening was deserted. Harry assumed that spectators returned to their homes after they headed into a more secure location to discuss how the classifications should be written.

Exiting the Building they were met by another being that was of similar build to Rhaegal. “Druindar,” Rhaegal greeted, “Why am I not surprised to see you here.”

“Greetings my King,” Druindar greeted bowing, “Cohnal sent me to accompany you on your return.”

“Very well,” Rhaegal sighed, “I will require your assistance to get my companions to Naelyon.”

“Of course my King,” Druindar responded stepping up to Kingsley. “Hold tight” was the simple words that past his lips before he shot into the air with Kingsley clinging to him involuntarily in shock of their sudden launch from the ground.

Kingsley was in no way was comfortable with this turn of events. He wasn’t afraid of heights, but to be airborne and not in control took much for him to accept. Kingsley exclamation of “What the hell” drifted away into the silence of the night.

“Harry was more prepared after seeing what happened with Kingsley.” He relaxed into Rhaegal’s hold on his person. Rhaegal shaking his head at his companion’s antics.

Harry couldn’t see much beyond the many trees that lined the wooded areas. However, the sky was clear and the twinkling of the many stars scattering the sky were breathtaking. Nights like this one often made him think of his adoptive father who was named after the Dog Star. He sighed sadly, even now two years after his death he was still mourning. He had loss far too many loved ones to the war and was determined to protect the ones that remained to the best of his abilities.

Rhaegal felt the sadness from the young one in his arms. It made him wonder why the child felt such immense deep rooted hurt. Maybe the magical war had cost the young one more than he should have had to endure for one so young.

It was during their descent that Harry was brought from his thoughts. They landed not far from where Kingsley stood tense near the other winged being; whose face held an amused expression.

This way Rhaegal ordered walking up the staircase into the large castle that seemed to be built out of a cliff in the large rocks overlooking a vast body of water. Miles below the cliff rested the city of Naelyon.

“Sire, you’ve returned,” Gayla greeted when they entered the castle.

“Gayla, I hadn’t expected anyone to be awake at this hour,” Rhaegal greeted.

“I was instructed to wait until your arrival before I retire. Do you require anything before you retire for the eve my liege.”

“It is quite late Gayla, once you have shown our guest to sleeping quarters you may retire for the night. Ensure that they are attended to in the morning as well as properly attired.” Rhaegal ordered.

“As you wish my liege,” Gayla responded before greeting his guest, “If you will follow me I will see that you are sufficiently accommodated for your stay. Welcome to Naelyon.”
Kingsley and Harry followed the young female through the vast halls of the castle heading towards guest quarters which was setup like a small apartment with a large sitting room with two bedrooms with private bathrooms.

“I hope that these rooms meet your expectations,” Gayla said after allowing them to view the rooms.”

“This is more than enough,” Kingsley assured her, “thank you.”

“Yes, Thank you,” Harry agreed.

Gayla smiled briefly before leaving the pair for her own chambers in the other wing of the castle.

“Good night Kingsley,” Harry said through a yarn.

“Get some rest Hadarian,” Kingsley ordered before slipping into the bedroom across from him closing the door.

Malfoy Manor, Wiltshire England

The large room was elegantly decorated with white plush carpet, beautifully crafted cast iron dragon tables with oblong shaped smoked glass tops. Comfortable white leather furniture held their place in front of the marbled fire place. Over the mantel sat the beautiful image of his mother, the first thing he’d done after the passing of his father was remove the man’s portrait from the study. He refused to have the man trying to run his life from beyond the grave.

Beautifully crafted oak bookshelves lined the wall behind the matching desk with a chair behind it matching the chairs near the fireplace. The wall had floor to ceiling windows that over looked the side garden where the fountain of Gaia was placed.

The second thing he’d done was ward the room against the annoyance that had been the woman he was forced to marry against his will. Narcissa Malfoy was considered by many to be very beautiful. A fact that Lucius Malfoy could not deny, but she lacked the passion of her twin Andromeda Black. The only good thing that came from his marriage was his heir. The fact that he only slept with the woman once insured a viable pregnancy.

Lucius sat in the arm chair with a glass of cognac on the table beside him and a book open on his lap. He hadn’t really the time over the years to truly contemplate the end of the war and what the ending would mean for him or his family.

He was livid to learn that the Dark Lord had invaded his home. Not only had his wife used his heir as a bargaining tool to convince the Dark Lord to forgive my supposed failure at being captured at the ministry. She offered my home to a wizard that held or respect for traditions unless they suited his whims.

He was sure that this was partly his father’s fault. Narcissa had the unhealthy habit of spending an absorbent amount of the time with his deceased father’s portrait. Gaia only knew what kind of schemes the pair had concocted.

“What troubles you my son,” Angelise Malfoy questioned seeing the concerned expression her only child’s face. She had tried to protect him from his father’s foolish ideals.

Abraxas Malfoy was an arrogant fool he thought he knew it all and was easily taken in by the false promises of power that Tom Riddle had promised; promises that required their morality, dignity as well as the loss of their humanity.
“I’m well mother, just thinking about the past,” Lucius admitted with an expression of deep regret.

“It does not do to dwell on time since passed my son. Things will work out as they should Gaia willing,” she said simply before standing from where she was sitting. “Now I shall go check on that wayward daughter in law of mine and your father. The pair is far too chummy lately.”

Lucius smirked as his mother left her portrait for the portrait hall where he had his father’s portrait placed.

“Lord Prince to see you Master Lucius,” the squeaky voice of his personal elf Mila informed him.

“Thank you Mila, if you could show Severus to my study,” Lucius ordered.

The weeks since the end of war and his subsequent pardon Lucius spent erasing the taint that the Dark Lord had left on his home. After months of incarceration being freed when the Dark Lord attacked the wizarding prison hadn’t done him any favors. It truly grated that his poor excuse of a wife offered his home to the very being he never wanted to enter his ancestral home.

Everything in the formal dining room had to be replaced from the carpet on the flooring to the furniture. It had taken the house elves much effort to ensure the blood splattering the walls was removed. The dining room table that had been in his many centuries was discarded. Lucius knew he would never take another meal on it after it was desecrated by death and degradation.

Lucius was brought out of his thoughts when Mila arrived with Snape following closely on her heels.

“Lucius,” Snape greeted as he entered the room.

“Severus, what brings you by this evening,” Lucius questioned, he was quite surprised to see the man since the end of the war. He had expected that Severus would keep his distance from anyone associated with the dark side of the war. His duplicity alone would make it necessary in some aspects.

He’d long suspected his friend wasn’t completely loyal to the Dark Lord however; he lacked means of proving it. He admired the length the other man had gone to ensure his disloyalty wasn’t known.

“I had thought our friendship was at an end with the defeat of the Dark Lord,” Lucius questioned.

“I was unaware that our friendship had any bearings on the Dark Lord,” Severus replied accepting the tumbler with a finger of brandy from the house elf; that disappeared soon after.

“Touchy,” Lucius conceded with a smirk taking a drink from his glass allowing the smooth feel of the alcohol to coat his tongue before swallowing it.

“I didn’t want to intrude on your period of grieving,” Severus assured, the older man.

Lucius sipped from his glass before he allowed himself to answer, “We are following the grieving rites, however, I no more grieve my wife’s death than I grieve the death of the Dark Lord. I also doubt that Draconius truly grieves for Narcissa either.”

Lucius wasn’t fooled by his wife’s dotting mother routine. The woman would do anything to get his attention. It was truly pathetic. She and his father were to blame for the tragedy that their marriage was. Narcissa Malfoy was a spoiled brat who thought the sun rose, shone and sat on her whim. As if he would be honored to have her on his arm.
“It is not good to speak ill of the dead so I will leave my thoughts of my deceased wife to myself,” Lucius sighed leaning back in his chair. “What made you accept your Lordship of the Prince Family?”

“It was time that I allowed the Snape family name to die out,” Snape replied, “It is better to be recognized as Lord Prince and leave the negative connotation that the Snape name holds with its connection to the war and the death of Dumbledore.”

“Ah, so you’re Severus Prince now?” Lucius questioned with a smirk, “Tobias is surely rolling in his grave at the fact that you have taken over as the head of the Prince family. The very title he was denied when he married your mother,” Lucius chuckled at the thought.

“I would hope that my dear father’s demised left little for him to roll with,” Snape retorted a playful smirk on his face. “Thank Gaia that my grandfather had enough forethought to know my father wasn’t prepared or capable of running the Snape estate let alone the Prince estate. How is Draconius faring?”

“Dragon is as well as to be expected. He hasn’t said much since her funeral rites,” Lucius informed him, “I’m sure you’ve heard by now that Draconius is playing for the Falmouth Falcons as one of their starting chasers. I had hoped a sounder path for my son.”

“Draconius will figure his path out once the thrill of being a quidditch star gets old,” Severus assured him. He knew his godson very well. The boy would tire of the lime light soon enough.

“I owe you a great debt of gratitude for what you’ve sacrificed for my son,” Lucius replied looking at Severus with an expression of sincerity. “You protected him when I was unable to.”

“I could do no less,” Severus rebutted, “Narcissa was a fool to believe that she could bargain your freedom with Draco’s submission to the mark. Your son was a victim of circumstance and the Dark Lord assigned him a task that greater men would have failed. He expected him to fail.”

“I am shocked however, that Narcissa was not felled by your hand after such a betrayal.”

He was surprised that Lucius hadn’t killed the woman himself after learning of her duplicity with bargaining his heir in order to get him out of prison. Narcissa only cared for herself. What she desired and that was Lucius Malfoy. She wouldn’t have cared who she had to step on to get what she wanted including her son. Sure she played the role of dotting mother in front of Lucius but otherwise she left Draco to the house elves.

“The thought had crossed my mind quite often before the end. However, the Dark Lord did me a great service in ending her miserable existence. I’m sure that she came crying to you with some tragic story on protecting Draconius. As if she wasn’t the reason my son was in the situation from the beginning,” Lucius hissed thinking about the situation his wife had brought about that could have resulted in the death of his son.

“You and I both know that the Dark Lord wasn’t very forgiving of failures perceived or otherwise,” Lucius sighed remembering how he was virtually kept prisoner in his own home without the protection of his wand. “Enough talk of the past. Have you attended to your ancestral home?” Lucius inquired he remembered visiting the Manor as a child long before his years at Hogwarts.

“Not as of yet, I’m currently living in the muggle world,” Snape informed him.

“The muggle world,” Lucius stated with a curious expression, wondering why his friend would be living in the muggle world, “surely you gist?”
“When have you known me to lie,” Severus questioned a blank expression on his face.

“The mere fact that you were a spy for that old coot proves that you are more than an adequate liar by friend,” Lucius retorted.

“Touchy,” Snape replied with a smirk, “however, I am not living in the Prince Ancestral home. I reside with my partner in the muggle world. I will eventually have to see to the state of Prince Manor and the other vacation homes. I’m sure they are probably in disrepair after all of this time.”

This surprised Lucius, he wasn’t aware that Severus had taken a partner. The man was very private about his affairs; although the pair had spoken of their various dalliances in the past. Lucius could only assume it was serious if the man is just mentioning it now.

“This person must be very special if they have convinced you to leave your confirmed bachelorhood. Is there by chance a bonding in your future,” Lucius questioned.

“My relationship is mutually satisfying,” Snape admitted, “I wouldn’t say that a bonding is in the near future but I will leave the possibility open. I doubt she wouldn’t accept it.”

Lucius lifted his glass towards him in a silent toast before taking a sip from his glass allowing the smooth texture of the alcohol to coat his tongue before swallowing.

“How are things fairing with your return to Hogwarts?”

Snape smirked in amusement. He knew Lucius was not truly interested in Hogwarts now that his heir was no longer attending the school. “The students are even more dunderheaded then before the war. I don’t know why I agreed to return to Hogwarts at any rate however, Headmistress McGonagall is pleased that the changes had brought in an increase in the student body with so many being slain in the war.”

“I had expected a drop in the number of students attending; especially with the number of muggle born witches and wizards that were killed for having magic,” Lucius admitted. He wasn’t a fan of muggle born witches or wizards because they wanted to change the wizarding world to please their muggle expectations.

They failed to adequately understand that the wizarding world was not the muggle world and that as witches and wizards they should not be celebrating traditions and customs that had no link to magic or its preservation.

“I find it interesting that Lord Black-Potter and Lord Longbottom seem to have gathered quite the following during the Wizengamot sessions. He is far from the precocious child I thought he was.”

Snape snorted “What would be putting it mildly. Potter has changed since the end of the war. He ended his friendships with both the youngest Weasley male and his muggle born friend Hermione
Granger. I admit I was a bit perplexed that the boy managed to steamroll through any opposition during the governing sessions. What are your thoughts on the recent events with the Wizengamot?

“Many are concerned about the drastic changes that Potter has been able to accomplish in such a short time. The total repeal of the magical being classifications and laws is a telling fact that we are in for a major upheaval,” Lucius looked thoughtful on a moment before continuing, “however, I believe that this change might surprise us all.” Lucius countered.

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Draco mood hadn’t improved by the time he made his return to Malfoy Manor by floo. He hated to disappoint his father after the circumstances that led to him being marked. His father was greatly displeased with his mother. Draco had feared his father would kill her when he learned of her actions. He wasn’t a fool to think that his parent’s loved each other. Well, it wouldn’t be fair in all aspects Draco truly believed that Narcissa was deeply in love with his father. She did everything possible that she thought would please Lucius.

She wasn’t much of a mother to Draco though. The times she spent with him growing up, was mainly for his father’s benefit. If his father wasn’t present she couldn’t be bothered with him. Lucius was very protective of his heir and would kill anyone without hesitation if Draco was in danger. He never doubted his father’s love for him.

For his mother to offer his heir to the Dark Lord was in his father’s eyes the ultimate betrayal. He doubted if his mother had survived the war that she would still be living at the Manor. His mother’s final resting place was with that of her family and not the Malfoy family burial crypt an honor that should have been bestowed on her as his spouse. His father had offered him the portrait of his mother; however, Draco didn’t want his mother constant nagging at him in his personal study. So his father ordered the house elves to put her in the Malfoy gallery with the other ancestral portraits that weren’t hanging along the walls throughout the Manor.

He made his way quickly through the manor towards his father’s study. He knew the man liked read by the fire after dinner. The Manor finally felt like home again, now that the taint of the Dark Lord was removed from the very walls of the estate.

He paused briefly at the door of his father’s study before entering greeting both his father and his godfather.

“Good evening Father, Godfather,” Draco greeted.

“Good evening Draconius,” they both greeted him as he entered taking a seat on the sofa across from the pair sitting in matching arm chairs.

“How was your visit with your aunt? I take it you were able to speak with Lord Black-Potter while you were there,” Lucius questioned his son.

He had been trying for weeks to get an audience with the wizarding hero at his father’s behest. “No, Aunt Dromie thought I would be able to speak with him tonight but that stupid git just left with the Minister for the Outer Realm,” Draco huffed as he sat across from the pair.

Lucius and Snape both were shocked by this announcement, “What were those two idiots thinking. This was surely going to cause another war between the human wizarding world and magical beings.”

“Potter insisted that Aunt Dromie would schedule an appointment for me to speak with him when
they returned. He was in a hurry to leave. I wasn’t able to learn much more before he left. Aunt
Dromie seemed worried though.”

“Just what are Minister Shacklebolt and Potter up too,” thought Lucius.

Snape however, was surprised that the all magical council agreed to a meeting. “God father, do you
know something about what the minister and Potter are up too?” Draco questioned.

“I would imagine Draconius that Lord Black-Potter and Minister Shacklebolt are trying to restore the
balance of magic.”

Seeing the confused expression on his son’s face Lucius decided to explain. “Magic in essence is all
encompassing dark, light and gray. The inclinations of magic that a person possesses, determines the
kinds of magic that they are able to perform with proficiency. Too much of any form of magic
throws magic out of balance. The wizarding government has helped in the destruction of the balance
as they made ritualistic practices illegal through labeling them dark magic, things like blood magic,
sex magic and even blood adoption potions were made illegal to use.”

“The magical government furthered this when they made laws to discriminate against magical beings
they considered dark lowering their status to magical creatures and restricting their rights. This has
affected the magical community in a major way that the magical government does not want to
acknowledge.”

“How is that father,” Draco questioned curious about the issue with the balance of magic.”

“But wouldn’t mating with a magical being dilute the line’s magic,” Draco questioned unsure if the
liked the thought of have a magical creature blood in his family line.”

“No, Draconius, mating with magical creatures brings new blood into the family lines cleaning out
the impurities in the magic and would eventually eliminate the problem with squib children being
born into all magic families,” Snape informed his godson. “Mating with a magical being does not
automatically mean that a child born of the pairing with produce a magical being child. In some cases
the child is born with purely wizard magic.”

“So the government is responsible for the state of the magical community?”

“In essence the uprising of dark lords in our magical history has caused much of the ill advised
changes in magical law as fear spread and prejudices began to flourish,” Lucius explained, “If Potter
and Minister Shacklebolt are successful I believe that the divide in magic will heal itself.”

“Do you think Potter can do it Father,” Draco asked doubting the golden boy would have the power
to sway the all magical council to agree.”

“Do not doubt the Power that Lord Black-Potter has,” Snape advised his godson, “Potter had the
power to speak for you and father to such a degree that you both are free without restrictions by full
tribunal.”

Draco nodded in understanding. He still didn’t understand what drove Potter to speak on their behalf
at their trials. At the time he hadn’t wanted to consider that he would lose his father to prison or the
dementor kiss soon after the death of his mother. It was a thought that Draco could not bear to think
on.
The three fell into a comfortable silence them all lost in their own thoughts. Each of them, wondering if the Minister of Magic and the wizarding world hero would perish within the Outer realm or be able to bridge the great divide.
As tired as he was, Harry experienced difficulty falling asleep. He wasn’t sure how long he laid staring at the ceiling, unable to quiet his racing thoughts before deciding to get up. He doubted sleep would come to him; walking over to the double glass doors that led to the balcony beyond it; he stepped from the security of the room, allowing the crispness of the air to calm the restlessness that seemed to fill his entire being since coming to this realm.

Staring out into the star filled sky that illuminated the expanse of darkness beyond the distance seen by naked eyes. He wasn’t quite sure what he’d expected coming to this realm the only significant difference was the feel of magic. It felt more pure in its nature or raw than contained in their realm.

The tension he felt since their arrival had yet to leave him. It deeply reminded him of the previous twelve months he spent on searching for Voldemort’s soul containers. It was never safe enough to remain at any location for more than a week at most. The constant fear of capture never completely left either of them; especially after Ron abandoned them. The added fear of his capture and death played on their minds when they were forced to relocate because they couldn’t risk Ron compromising their position if he was caught.

Hermione had become sullen from fear of Ron being captured or worse killed. He, himself was angry that Ron had once again allowed something irrelevant to hinder their safety and possible jeopardized their lives. They still pushed forward leaving the area soon after. They couldn’t risk being found if Ron was captured and tortured for their last known location.

They were now down to just themselves and locations that either of them could think of; mainly Hermione because Harry hadn’t really traveled with his muggle relatives. It had been weeks before Ron had turned up again locating them with that weird device Dumbledore invented. They had been captured soon after that and taken to Malfoy manor.

Pushing the thoughts of his former friends and the war from his mind; Harry sighed, it wasn’t the time or place for such things. He knew that he would have to deal with the hurt he’d buried to make it through the last few weeks; slipping back into the room he closed the double doors behind him. Morning was still a few hours away but he resigned himself to another sleepless night.

The sitting room was quiet the only light coming from the fire burning in the fireplace; lowering himself into the armchair closest to the fireplace Harry drew his legs up into the chair wrapping his arms around his knees as he stared into the fire allowing the warmth of the flames to warm the chill
from his person.

Harry’s silent vigil was disturbed some hours later by Kingsley entering the room from his bedroom. “Good morning Hadarian.”

Harry looked up from where he was staring into the fire, “Morning Kingsley, what time is it?”

“You look like shit; did you get any rest at all?”

“I’m fine,” Harry tried to assure the older man. The dark circles under his eyes told of his lack of proper sleep, “I have difficulty sleeping in strange places.”

He wasn’t willing to admit that it wasn’t solely where they were that was causing his sleeping difficulties.

“If you weren’t experiencing any difficulties sleeping it would have been a miracle. You are not the only one haunted by the horrors of the war son. You’ve had a hard year; it’s going to take time for you to come to terms with everything,” Kingsley assured. “Currently its fifteen til six. You were completely out of it last night. How much do you remember from the meeting?”

“Nothing after the modifications to the classification for the veelas,” Harry admitted with a chuckle, “I sort of zone out after they started arguing about the fae classification.”

“I was prepared for the arguing. I would have been skeptical if they didn’t attempt to take advantage of the situation,” Kingsley admitted, “I’ve every confidence that the council will not allow any magical race to have rights that would place magical humans at a disadvantage or at the mercy of another magical race. I expect that we are going to have a long day ahead of us if last evening was anything to go by.”

Harry moaned with dread. They both knew coming here was going to be a difficult task because of the hostility that these beings had for magical humans. He regretted allowing Kingsley and Andromeda to manipulate him into things. It would have been so much easier to start with the magical races that the wizarding world considered light races.

“Why didn’t we tackle the light beings first? I’m sure that it would have been so much easier and less frustrating,” Harry whined.

Kingsley chuckled in amusement, “The easiest isn’t always the best Hadarian. It is far more prudent to tackle those who will argue fiercely and try to gain the advantage than those who will compromise for the good of all.”

Neither had truly known what to expect but should have prepared to be there for a time. Kingsley looked freshly showered dressed in different clothing than what he’d worn the previous evening.

Harry hadn’t thought about how time consuming this venture would be. He expected it would take several hours. It was well after midnight when they arrived here and they hadn’t accomplished much before the arguing started.

“You should freshen up, its’ nearing fifteen past six. I’m unsure when we will be retrieved for the morning meal,” Kingsley suggested.

“I hadn’t thought we would be here outside of one evening. Had I known I would have packed clothes,” Harry sighed annoyed that this was going to be like pulling teeth.

“I’m sure you will find something to wear in the cupboard in the room.”
Harry sighed, “I’m going, I’m going,” getting up from where he’d been sitting the past couple of hours heading back into the bedroom to shower and dress for the day.

Thirty minutes later Harry returned to the room dressed in dark gray trousers with a white and gray tunic. His hair was slightly damp from his shower fell past his shoulders in waves.

“Well at least you are looking more awake now,” Kingsley chuckled just as a knock sounded at the door and the female from the previous night entered the sitting room.

“Good morning, Minister Shacklebolt and Lord Potter-Black,” Gayla greeted, she was dressed in a long black linen skirt with a tunic styled shirt. “I’m glad that you were both able to find something to wear. If you would both follow me; I will lead you to the dining hall for breakfast.”

“Good morning and yes we did thank you,” they both replied before following her from the rooms.

As they walked through the halls Gayla gave them a brief history of the castle and the ruling family pointing out various portraits of ancestors of the ruling family line. Harry could tell by way she spoke of their history that they were a very, very proud race with a rich culture and traditions.

The castle was even more beautiful now that he was more alert to truly take in its beauty. The ever curious part of him was itching to explore the castle and discover its secrets. He wondered if it had secret passageways and hidden rooms much like Hogwarts.

The magical portraits watched them curiously has they passed. Harry thought they were probably just as curious about him and Kingsley as they were of them and their culture.

***HP***

It was just after seven when he entered the formal dining hall to find his brother sitting at the head of the table with his wife and kids; bowing briefly to his brother the reigning King taking his place at the table.

“Why, am I not surprised to see you’ve returned early? Were you able to complete the negotiations?” Rhaegal greeted his brother.

“Yes, I was able to complete the negotiations. Dorian was immeasurable in assisting,” Viserion informed him, “I’m more curious about the humans that are here.”

Rhaegal watched his brother briefly before answering, “One is the current Minister of Magic in the mundane world and the other is one of the Lords, they were granted entrance to the realm by council to assist them in creating by laws to govern other magical races.”

“And you brought them here to Naelyon?” Viserion questioned distrust clearly in his tone and body language.

Rhaegal observed his brother. Viserion was known to ask the obvious. “Why do you insist on asking questions you already know the answer to brother?” He had very little tolerance for a battle to wits with his younger sibling.

“I just never thought you would have such filth in Naelyon,” Viserion snapped in irritation.

“Filth, careful brother, you don’t want to offend a race that you’ve never encountered before.”

“Are you suggesting that human magic is more powerful than ours,” Viserion questioned in offense. Rhaegal’s younger brother had always been head strong and impulsive; it was one of his tiring
qualities.

“I’m not suggesting anything Viserion,” Rhaegal retorted, “I however, will not discount that they have the ability to do magic that is different from ours and the potential that it could be used against us.”

Viserion snorted in disbelief, “No, mere human magical or otherwise can match the power of our race.”

Rhaegal however was prevented from replying when the knock sounded announcing their guest.

Gayla opened the double door leading the pair into the large room “Good morning my Liege.”

The room was elegantly decorated the walls were painted an off white with gold trimming, soft gold curtains hung from the large windows. The floor was a mix of gold and brown marble with a beautifully crafted table dominating the center of the room where six beings sat; two of which Harry assumed were Rhaegal’s children.

“Good morning Minister Shacklebolt and Lord Potter-Black. I hope you rested well,” Rhaegal greeted from his place at the head of the table.

“As well as to can be expected your Highness thank you for offering us a place to rest,” Kingsley answered for the both of them as they bowed briefly sitting down at the table where they were directed to sit.

Viserion watched the humans has they joined them at the table for the morning meal. Neither had any remarkable qualities in his opinion; the younger of the pair seemed to be still of school age. He wondered why one so young was being allowed such privileges.

“I’m sure that the both of you are famished. I will leave the introductions for after our meal,” Rhaegal announced before ordering their morning meal served before dishes filled with food appeared on the table. Harry wasn’t sure if house elves were in this realm or not but wasn’t about to ask and come across as being rude. He was startled however when his hand was enclosed inside far larger hand of the larger male being sitting beside him as magic swirled around them in the morning blessing.

Harry mentally sighed ignored the intense gaze upon his person. He didn’t know what the problem was but he learned to ignore such things in the wizarding world this would be no different.

It wasn’t long before everyone had eaten and refilled their choice of drinks and the table was cleared. Rhaegal sipped from his cup. “Minister Shacklebolt and Lord Potter-Black, may I introduce to you my wife Queen Ealasaid, my son Prince Eeragon, my daughter Princess Rhaelyn, my brother Prince Viserion and this is Commander Cohnal who is head of the army here in Naelyon.”

“Nice to meet you all,” Harry and Kingsley both greeted bowing respectfully towards them.

“How are you both adjusting to being in the realm,” Cohnal questioned curious about the pair. It took many of their trackers some time to adjust to being back in the realm after long periods in other realms.

“I haven’t any issues with adjusting,” Kingsley replied still concerned about Harry’s lack of sleep.

“I’m fine,” Harry sighed again noticing the looks Kingsley was giving him. “It’s a bit much to take in,” he admitted.

Rhaegal brow rose at the young one’s insistence that he was okay. He could clearly see that the child
hadn’t gotten much rest the previous evening. “Were you unable to sleep?”

“Yes,” Harry admitted, “but I’m fine really.” The incredulous expressions of the adults at the table caused him to mutter to himself in annoyance.

“Hadarian has been deeply affected by the war and has experienced some difficulties sleeping,” Kingsley advised trying to prevent undesirable questions being asked of him.

“Magical humans have children fighting wars now,” Viserion questioned disgust clearly in his tone.

“Wars are not limited to adults,” Harry retorted, “you either fight or get slaughtered. The bad guys don’t care whether you are an innocent child or not. They see you as a weakness and a method of bringing their opponents down to their knees.”

Viserion sneered, his expression much like that of Severus Snape. “Where are your parents’ boy? Shouldn’t they be here instead of sending a child to speak on matters for adults?”

“Viserion,” Rhaegal hissed his brother’s name irritated by his behavior.

“If you must know my parents are dead and have been since I was fifteen months old,” Harry hissed annoyed by the man’s attitude. He’d taken enough of the ruling entities referring to his age as if he should be off playing with toys like a pubescent child.

Viserion said something in another language that was unknown to Kingsley but sounded nearly the same as parseltongue.

“Viserion that’s enough,” Cohnal ordered clearly seeing the distress in the young man’s visage.

Harry’s vision was clouded by anger, hurt and immense fear, his heart pounding in his chest as his body began to shake his breathing shortening as he gasped for breath.

Viserion huffed in irritation at putting the human child in his place. He would teach the brat to speak to his betters any kind of way. The strong surge of magic in the room brought him from his thoughts. He’d never seen anything quite like this. “Were magical humans prone to fits such as this?” he wondered.

“Shit,” Kingsley swore standing up from where he was sitting, pulling back Harry’s chair causing the young man to throw himself to the floor backing himself into a corner. Throwing up containment wards around them to keep Harry’s magic from destroying the room; Kingsley lowered himself to the floor to keep him from appearing threatening. He and Andromeda had worried about something like this happening. Harry hadn’t truly dealt with his grief of losing friends and family during the war. Add in the situation with losing his best friends and girl friend on the same day this was bound to happen sooner or later.

“It’s okay Hadarian,” Kingsley called out calmly. “You’re safe no one here is a threat to you,” as he crawled towards him.

“No, stay back,” Harry cried out in fear his magical lashing out at the perceived threat his heart racing harshly in his chest, he could feel the rush of adrenalin as he recalled the feeling of immense fear when they were discovered by snatchers. His body was trembling as he was seized with abject horror and fear. Kingsley wasn’t sure what he was seeing but he could only imagine what memory he was currently reliving.

“Shhh, calm down child,” Kingsley sighed from where he sat a few feet from him. “I’m not going to allow anyone to hurt you. I won’t come any further but I need you to calm your breathing.”
Harry could hear Kingsley talking to him as he tried to do as the older man requested. Kingsley continued to talk Harry through calming his breathing slowly approaching him until he was in arms reach pulling Harry into his arms and onto his lap wrapping his arms around him in protection allowed the dam holding in all of his emotions to break.

“Shhh, its okay,” Kingsley murmured, “let it all out, it’s okay.” Harry buried his face in his neck and allowed himself to truly feel the immense loss and hurt. He tried so hard to move beyond the war and not allow it to affect how he dealt with his future.

The pair set within the containment shield until Harry had exhausted himself from crying. Drifting between alertness and sleep feeling protected within the older man’s arms.

Not long after Kingsley removed the ward from around them getting up from the floor after putting a feather weight charm on Harry.

“Is he alright,” Rhaegal questioned deeply concerned they could all feel the intense emotions coming from the young man’s magic.

“He’ll be fine,” Kingsley assured them, “He has been dealing with a lot since the end of war and hasn’t truly had time to grieve the loss of most of his family. I imagine being here away from the only remaining family he has is putting added stress on him.”

“He’s in no state to continue today. I will inform the council it would be best for him rest today. We can plan to meet again on the morrow,” Rhaegal informed him before calling Gayla to escort them back to the rooms they’d been given.

“That would be greatly appreciated,” Kingsley accepted he too was concerned about Harry’s well being at the moment.

Kingsley followed Gayla not truly paying much attention to their surroundings. Harry still slept in his arms his arms still around his neck spoke of the trust the young man had in him to protect him while he was in such a vulnerable state.

Entering the rooms they’d been given Kingsley entered the bedroom laying Harry out on the bed removing his shoes before covering him with a light coverlet. There would be time to talk about things later. He knew from experience that Harry would try to avoid having the conversation that he knew was inevitable.

Returning to the sitting room Kingsley brow rose at Viserion’s presence. “How may I help you Prince Viserion,” Kingsley questioned curious as to why the King’s brother was there.

“What is your relationship to that young man?”

“I don’t believe that is any of your business,” Kingsley retorted his brow raised at the draconic being’s audacity. His actions had set Hadarian off in the first place.

“Yet you bring a child to this realm without thought,” Viserion rebuffed.

“Child, Hadarian is young but he’s an adult by wizarding standards. I can no more order him to do anything than I would any other adult,” Kingsley replied wondering how vast the differences in cultures were between their races.

The incredulity of the draconic being’s expression caused Kingsley to chuckle in amusement. “This isn’t the first time since coming to this realm that Hadarian has encountered questions on his maturation into adulthood. I’m guessing that your transition from child to adulthood is different to
wizarding standards. In human magical standards, magical children are considered to enter adulthood at age seventeen."

“Surely magical humans do not think it wise to allow child of that age to make decisions that could gravely impact their lives,” Viserion questioned further.

“The adulthood status has more to do with the maturation of one’s magic. Most children upon graduating from school at eighteen continue on to enter apprenticeships or even find jobs but usually continue to live under their parents guidance until they have entered bonding contracts and are married. Hadarian’s case is a bit different. As he’s already informed you he was orphaned as a baby so he has responsibilities that a lot of his peers can’t phantom,” Kingsley explained.

He wasn’t going to go into details of Harry’s life but he wanted to ensure that this man did not set off another panic attack. It was something about this being that triggered something within Harry.

“Under dragon born customs he would be still considered a child. It is unthinkable that he is here speaking on matters of adults. Adulthood by our standards is 50 in human eyes,” Rhaegal stated as he entered the room.

He had come to check up on his brother to make sure Viserion had caused the boy further distress.

Kingsley was shocked by the information. He concluded that their long life spans would account for their traditions and age of maturation. By their standards he would be he would still be considered a child a well at 48.

“By your customs even I would be considered still a child,” Kingsley offered through his amusement chuckling at the thought.

Rhaegal chuckled having not once considered the magical human’s age before him. This man was not yet fifty yet he was responsible for running their magical community. It made him respect the magical human a bit more.

“Viserion, Torianu is looking for you. He said something about meeting to discuss an Orc problem.”

Viserion immediately stood leaving the room without a backwards glance. Rhaegal sighed, “I hope my brother was not in here giving you the third degree. He can be a bit forceful in his opinions on matters even when there is a difference in culture that he is unwilling to accept.”

“It is to be expected,” Kingsley replied, “I can tell that Hadarian is bit irritated by the condescending remarks about his age. We understand that our culture is different but he’s bared it up to this point. Something about your brother is triggering something in Hadarian.”

The pair talked a bit more before Rhaegal left him to relax. He advised that he would send the midday meal to the rooms because He would be meeting with the council in reference to the morning’s incident but they would have the evening meal together.

***HP***

It was early evening when he woke; the sun was beginning to set and heat of the day was diminishing to the cool of the night. He hadn’t experienced an emotional outburst since his breakup with Ginny Weasley. It always left him feeling lethargic.

Removing the coverlet from his person, Harry headed into the bathroom to freshen up thinking another shower would probably do him good. Stepping under the spray of water allowing the heated beads of wake him more fully.
Twenty minutes later found him dressed in black linen pants with a white tunic and simple black shoes that he found in the cupboard he believed worked by magic. Slipping out onto the balcony Harry breathed in the fresh scent from the flowers on the grounds of the castle.

It was still light enough for him to see the city of Naelyon. “The rest has done you some good,” Kingsley greeted joining him on the balcony off his bedroom.

“How did the meeting go today,” Harry questioned curious as to how much they managed to accomplish.

“King Rhaegal thought it best to postpone the meeting until tomorrow,” Kingsley advised.

Harry frowned at this before recalling what happened that morning. “That was no reason to cancel the meeting. I’m sorry Kingsley, this is my entire fault. I was just so exhausted and I allowed what the Viserion said get to me.”

“It’s no one’s fault Hadarian,” Kingsley assured. “You’ve haven’t had the chance to truly mourn since you regained consciousness after the war. Andromeda and I wondered when this would happen. Do you know what triggered your panic attack?”

“It’s pathetic that I’m still affected by the war,” Harry muttered feeling ashamed by this weakness.

“It’s not pathetic Hadarian,” Kingsley scolded. “You have been deeply affected by the war. You were forced to run for your life for nearly a year. You are probably not the only one experiencing the affects of war. This is nothing to be ashamed of. If you don’t mind me asking what memory was triggered?”

Harry looked at the older man from where he was standing leaning against the stone wall of the balcony with his back to the view. Harry had spoken to Kingsley before about what he and his friends had been up to but never went into detail about what they’d experienced. “It was after Voldemort had made his name taboo. For a period of time Ron had abandoned me and Hermione. It was due to the effects of the locket that we’d taken to wearing. When he returned he told us about the taboo but somehow I’m not sure which one of us said his name but it brought snatchers down on us and we were forced to run. Hermione knew that it was hopeless and that we wouldn’t be able to outrun them so she hexed me with a stinging hex so that I wouldn’t be recognizable.”

Harry continued to explain in clear detail of what happened during their capture and how they could hear Bellatrix Lestrange torturing Hermione and how hopeless he felt in that moment and the immense feeling of fear that he would fail to kill Voldemort and doom the wizarding world.

Kingsley listened without questioning him further. “You have been beyond brave Hadarian. Dumbledore knew this, I find myself questioning why he placed such a burden on children when adults would have been capable to lessening such a burden. I fear that in doing so he placed an unrealistic goal before you. There was no way that you could prevent the deaths that happened.”

Harry opened his mouth to argue. “Don’t give me that look Hadarian. I know that you are blaming yourself for the deaths of those you could not save. The war wasn’t yours alone. Those who fault was because they believed in equality; you may have been destined to defeat Voldemort but even the greatest of hero’s have help reaching their goals and they aren’t able to save everyone no matter how much they wish otherwise.”

“It doesn’t make me feel less guilty,” Harry admitted, “Teddy is just like me. His parents dead because of what they believed in. I never wanted anyone to die for me.”
“They didn’t die for you,” Kingsley assured, “they were killed in battle for what they believed in. They wanted a safe world for their son to grow up in. It was their decision one that they had every right to make no matter; how much we may want to protect them. You do them a great injustice by dishonoring their memory to suggest that they’re choice was wrong.”

“Is it wrong that I just wanted to protect them? I never wanted anyone to die for me.”

“It’s never wrong to desire to protect those we love but never believe that they died in vain,” Kingsley advised reaching out to gently squeeze the younger man’s shoulder.

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Breakfast the next morning was quiet with only the King and his family in attendance. He assured the draconic King that he held no ill will against his brother for what had occurred earlier that morning.

Soon after breakfast they traveled back to Center City to the magical council building and were led into the large chamber they met in their first night in the realm.

King Tusamiondryn started the opening ritual inviting the divine within the hallowed halls of governance. Followed by Tatiana who was the ruling queen of the summer fae read the minutes from their previous meeting and opening the floor on the magical race they were going to be discussing first.

Harry held his copy of the previous law to write notes on the changes that they were going to be making. There were currently several were-being communities In this realm alone there were more a total of nine were breeds not including the hybrids that existed. Four of which were cat breeds and the other canine besides the were-hyenas which weren’t classified as either.

They had been there more than an hour and nothing had been accomplished as the rulers of the were-community argued over what they should be allowed to do. The things the ‘were ruling heads’ were asking for was bordering on ridiculous. One in particular was the ruling alpha of the werewolves; they very being that argued fiercely against him and Kingsley being there at all.

The longer they argued the more accusations Renley the ruling Alpha of the werewolves threw in their direction as if Harry and Kingsley were the cause of all the prejudice against his people. Harry was beyond irritated by it all.

The way they were acting was as if they thought it their right to indiscriminately inflict the lycanthropy virus on magical humans. They should have suspected that the other magical races would try to take advantage of the situation if they were allowed. The Goblins had done so in the last magic council which led to the separation of magic.

“No one should be able to force someone into becoming something that they don’t want to become. It should be that person’s choice,” Harry interrupted causing the werewolf leader to snarl once more. “That would make you no better than Greyback.”

“How dare you,” Renley shouted.

“No Sir, how dare you suggest that were-beings should be above laws and have no restrictions placed upon them? Without restrictions there would be nothing stopping the were-community from attacking the magical populace full out. It would open the risk of the complete extinction of magical
humans,” Harry retorted refusing to back down. He didn’t fight a war only to have another one start with the lycan community. He didn’t care for this particular werewolf at all. He was arrogant, rude and thought himself and his people above magical law.

“You’ve just proved my point from the night you arrived here human,” Renley shot back smugly; “you are not without your prejudice.”

“It’s not being prejudice that I do not wish to become a werewolf,” Harry retorted, “You seek to gain the most protection for your people. It’s understandable but not at the risk of the annihilation of a magical populace. What you are asking will not lessen the fear in people but increase it.”

“Lord Potter-Black is correct Renley,” Atraire advised, “It would be no fairer to your people than any other magical race that has the power to change the very essence of a person’s life to have the legal right to do so indiscriminately. The ‘were community’ aren’t allowed to under our laws; why should they be under their laws.”

“No one would choose to become a were-beings,” Namir pointed out trying to protect his people. “That would limit the possible mate-ships that ‘were-beings’ have within their laws.”

“There are laws in place to protect magical mateships there has been for centuries,” Kingsley pointed out, “There must a way to prove that a mateship exist. What we do not want is magical being making claims that are invalid just to have someone who has rejected their advances.”

Kingsley’s concerns seemed to cause a stir among the magical being leaders. Harry wasn’t sure if it was a good thing or bad thing.

“Minister Shacklebolt has made a valid point, magical humans deserve the same protections as any other magical race,” Tristane pointed out he was also one of the draconic being leaders, “You cannot expect them to bend to our will; when we refused to bend to theirs.”

“To them we are nothing more than rabid beast,” Renley retorted in indignation.

“Your request is unrealistic. Greyback has caused enough problems in the mundane world. The attacks launched by his pack decimated hundreds most ending in the death of the individual because they didn’t live through the change or their chose to end their own lives,” Harry informed them, “We are here to try to heal the community of magic not place it in further harm.”

“Of course you would blame the lycans for the weak will of magical humans,” Renley retorted wanting to show how much prejudice was still held in these two magical humans before them.

“What you fail to see is that once bitten they were no longer magical humans but lycans,” Harry replied, “The point is that none of them were given the choice in the matter it was forced on them.”

“Lucian do you have any objections to what we’ve discussed thus far,” Atraire questioned.

“Both Lord Potter-Black and Minister Shacklebolt presented true concerns that must be taken into consideration. The point of this meeting is to establish a working law that will govern not only magical being law but magical human law. The restrictions are necessary to prevent any race from doing something out of malice and as Minister Shacklebolt pointed out, rejection not being accepted for what it is. We cannot condone that this change of law can potentially cause the death of an entire magical race. It would leave magical humans with very little protections for their families; as long as the issue of mateships is included that would require the compliance of the magical human in the mateship,” Lucian added, “I believe this would take care of the classification for vampires, ‘were-being’ and my people.”
“But will their compliance force them to accept being changed,” Harry questioned wanting understanding.

“What afraid of becoming one of us,” Renley questioned with pure malice in his voice?

“How old are you exactly,” Harry questioned clearly annoyed, causing those in hearing distance to chuckle in amusement on him pointing out the juvenile behavior of the werewolf ruling King. “My question is a valid one. The person or person(s) involved should be aware of that all goes into their compliance. This should be made clear as an amendment to the law.”

Renley huffed, his narrowed eyes mentally drilling a hole into Harry; which he effectively ignored; being a student under Professor Snape had its benefits. This man had nothing on the intense stare of his former professor.

“Becoming the mate of either lycan or vampire does not require the magical human to become either,” Lucian informed him, “The mating bite is enough to establish the bond. However, should the person choose to they can become either. This knowledge should be included within the law.”

“I believe what you are suggesting is fair,” Kingsley agreed, “making notations on the documents in front of him.

“I believe we should stop here for lunch,” Mikesch suggested.

Harry wasn’t sure what kind of magical being this man was but he gave off an heir of dominance.

“I take it you don’t care much for the werewolf leader,” Kingsley questioned as they headed into the small dining hall for the midday meal.

“Is it that obvious,” Harry questioned, “I don’t know the man personally but he rubs me the wrong way.”

Kingsley chuckled, “much like King Rhaegal’s brother yesterday.”

Harry sighed, “I’m going to ignore that you even brought that up. I don’t know why they all insist on treating me like a wayward child.”

“Your interaction with Prince Viserion seemed to amuse his brother immensely,” Kingsley shared.

“I’m glad I could be entertainment for everyone,” Harry retorted taking a sip from his glass of fresh spring water from the table trying to ignore Kingsley who was still chuckling at his expense.

“Mind if I join you,” Rowan asked getting a nod from both of them. My name is Rowan if you don’t recall. I’m the ruling King of the dark elves.”

The being before them stood even taller than Kingsley closer to seven feet in height. With hair as dark as night, with black eyes that seem to look deep within a person, he wore a dark blue long sleeved tunic with matching trousers and comfortable black shoes. “I’m sure that you both are aware that your appearance in the realm has cause quite a stir; especially among the lycan community. They like many other magical races fear what your presence here could mean for everyone,” he informed them.

“Our presence should not mean any changes to the people here. This is for the mundane magical population,” Harry advised.
“What’s happening between our realms is something that many believed impossible; for you to willing seek us where you are vulnerable leaves a lasting impression of what and how things will be.”

“I don’t think either of us thought of it that way,” Kingsley admitted. Neither had thought reaching out to the magical being populace that it would affect their laws within the realm and not just outside of it.

Harry had learned more about the lycanthropy and vampire community than he did while attending Hogwarts. He would speak with McGonagall to possibly allow for guess speakers for defense against the darks arts class. The information in the school text were lacking in the truth about these magical races. They could not allow the ignorance of these races to continue because it bred unnecessary fear.

“Don’t allow the hostility that is present here to deter what you are trying to do. Young one,” Rowan advised, “I had doubts of your request in the beginning; however, I can tell that you both genuinely want the best for the magical community as a whole and that is to be commended.”

“Thank you,” Harry replied with a bright smile, “I want my godson to be proud of his parents. His father faced so much adversity because he was bitten in his youth because his father angered Greyback. Living as a lycan wasn’t easy for him. Yet he never gave up hope. He wasn’t a part of the werewolf community. He made his pack with my father and their two best friends.”

“What you are should not prevent you from becoming an active part of society. I don’t want my godson to face the same prejudices that his father suffered through.”

“That is very admirable,” Rowan advised, “For one so young you have a very clear acceptance for magic. We should be returning now. I believe we will be reviewing the laws and classifications of the Alfar.”

Kingsley and Harry followed the dark elf back into the conference room. “Do you think Dromie has started panicking yet?”

“If I know her she will hold off on her panic. She knows this would take time. I’m not sure how differently time is here from our world though,” Kingsley advised.

“Maybe you’re right,” Harry chuckled, “but if she’s mad I’m blaming everything on you and Renley.”

Kingsley’s laughter startled the others; as they retook their seats at the table. He could imagine the image of Andromeda Black as she took after Renley. The werewolf King would not stand a chance in Hades. “I will gladly take that blame Hadarian. What we are accomplishing here is necessary and the magical community will be better for it.”

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