The Deceit of Man

by Centuries Of Mischief

Summary

After his fourth year and the Triwizard Disaster, as he calls it, Harrison Potter finds his life turning in a new direction. Starting with letters from his school nemesis and a visit from a goddess, Harry discovers that his life isn't what he thought it was. Friends become enemies and enemies aren't who they appear to be. Can Harry keep his head above water while juggling new relationships and the responsibilities placed on him by a divine sponsor?

AU after Fourth Year.

Notes

Parseltongue- '...'
Thoughts/Dreams/Memories- Italics
Speech- "..."
October 15, 1979

Albus Dumbledore, Leader of the Order of the Phoenix and the supposed “Light Lord”, chuckled darkly in his head when he was informed of his eavesdropper Severus Snape. He had known that Tom Riddle, the current Dark Lord, would send someone to try to weasel their way into his good graces. It was why he had staged the interview for the new Divination teacher here at the Hog’s Head, his despicable brother’s tavern. He’d already interviewed the daft woman once in his office and the prophecy that had poured from her mouth had angered him to no end. Still, he had a use for her and for the eavesdropper that had been caught by his oaf of a brother. In a way, Severus was the perfect choice for a spy from Tom. Plus, he only served to further along Albus’ own plans. When Tom got word of the “Prophecy”, he would scour the whole of Britain to find the child that would be his end. Albus laughed internally again when he thought of the lines he’d forced out of the mouth of Trelawney: The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches...born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies...

That was all that was needed apparently as Severus left quickly, but not quick enough for Albus to miss the gleam in his eye. It would take some convincing on his spy’s part to force Tom’s hand to act which would send Severus scuttling his way like a rat. In the meantime, he had to force Trelawney’s compliance which meant keeping her under the Imperius curse. He couldn’t afford her spilling the true prophecy to anyone. Though if he played his cards right, he would have the ‘Vanquisher’ in his hands to mold like putty. It was almost too easy, not as easy as betraying his lover and taking his wand but easy enough.

Once back in his office, Albus took the memory of the real prophecy from his mind and stored it in an unbreakable crystal vial and labeling it. He placed it on the shelf of a nearby cabinet with all the other memories he’d removed from his head over the years but didn’t bother locking the cabinet. He was the only one who came in this part of his office. He still fumed over the audacity of Trelawney for speaking such a thing. His head hurt just thinking of the thing: The birth of the true Dark Lord draws nigh...born to those who shall thrice defy the Fallen Lord, born as the seventh month dies... He shall set to rights the unbalance and claim the immortal throne...his army shall be legion, and Death shall be his Servant... The lily and the stag watch over him and the Wolf and Dogstar nurture him...The cat shall guide and the Serpent train him...Marked by the Lady's Own Hand...The birth of the true Dark Lord approaches...born to those who will thrice defy the Fallen Lord...

While Albus wasn’t certain who the Prophecy referred to, he could take a guess. The Potters (James and Lily) and their ilk matched the descriptions perfectly. By sending Tom their way, he would remove the annoyance that was the prime Marauders. He had had plans for them once upon a time but now he just found them annoying. He could manipulate the fourth man, Peter Pettigrew, into acting as a spy for him and that was why he referred to the other three as the prime Marauders. Those three would never back down from a fight, they had an astonishing amount of talent and intelligence between the three of them, and they were fiercely loyal. Overall, they embodied the House they had been Sorted into. Peter, on the other hand, was more of a tag along than anything else and he knew it
which was why it was so easy to manipulate him to his own needs. Peter craved recognition and power, wanted to be known for something other than being the friend of James Potter and Sirius Black. Remus Lupin, though not as popular as his friends was still quite as well-known. He tutored plenty of the Gryffindor students and was most assuredly the brains behind the Marauders’ exploits, of that Albus was certain. Peter though was just there. He was often the fall guy and served most of the detentions that were issued. He wasn’t all that smart nor was he in anyway attractive. Albus believed that the only reason that the others kept him around was out of pity.

Nevertheless, it provided the perfect opportunity for Albus as all he’d had to do was compliment the stupid lad and Peter was falling all over himself. Add in a couple of compulsion charms and a loyalty potion and Albus had himself the perfect follower. Peter did everything that was asked of him and more. Now, Albus would be able to get rid of the biggest threat to his rule and the annoying Marauders, all in one swoop. Laughing manically, he sat at his desk and started planning.

November 1, 1981

All Albus could think of, as he lay the dark-haired brat on the doorstep of his relatives’ house, was that even though not everything had gone to plan he was still ahead of Fate. By placing a compulsion charm to abuse the Brat-Who-Didn’t-Die on the letter left to the couple, Albus ensured that the boy would be indebted to him for giving him an escape. The boy would do what was asked of him and would be sure to sacrifice himself for the “Greater Good”, a cause that he, himself had made up to justify himself. With Sirius in Azkaban for ‘betraying’ the Potters (Albus had been the one to set the Fidelius Charm and knew who the true Secret Keeper was) and Remus in France looking for work, he left the boy unprotected. A glee that he’d known only once before rose up in him and he fought to keep it down inside in front of Minerva and Hagrid, both who would question such a reaction. When Tom rose again, for he would rise again, and the young Potter died defeating him Albus would gain all the wealth that the Potters had. After all, Dumbledore would be named the number one beneficiary in the boy’s Will. He would then proceed to kill off Tom and be lauded as a hero and the savior of the Wizarding world. If the Potter brat managed to defeat Tom though, he would have him named the next Dark Lord and locked up somewhere. After all, only someone equally Dark would be able to defeat the Dark Lord. Once the brat was put away, he would seize control of the Potter vaults from the goblins and become the most influential wizard in Britain in the process. Yes, Albus thought to himself, this is most certainly the best possible outcome of the night.

What Albus couldn’t have counted on though was the truth of what had happened that night and what it meant. If he had thought about it, he would have felt the darkness that oozed from the scar on the young Potter’s forehead. Had he even been the least bit concerned that his downfall was laying in front of him, he would have just finished the job instead of thinking about future wealth. By the time the boy was old enough to start school, it would be too late to regain control of him. Albus hadn’t counted on the true Prophecy being recorded in the Department of Ministries instead of the one he fed them.
Harry sighed as he handed the plain envelope to the black eagle owl he had picked up from the emporium in Diagon Alley. Even though he still had his beloved snowy owl, she was too noticeable. Hedwig got sent to the more obvious of places whereas Hades, as he had named his owl, was sent to the places it would be best for people not to know who the orders were for. It was the reason he’d made a large supply of Polyjuice. It allowed him the ability to shop in Knockturn Alley without drawing too much attention to himself. He had picked up a catalog for books from The Raven’s Quill, Knockturn Alley’s number one bookstore for the Dark Arts. He’d also picked up a new trunk from Pandora’s Box. It had six compartments that held different items. There were two sections for books (both Dark and Light), he put his potion ingredients and equipment in the one made specifically for that, his clothes went in another along with his school uniforms that he’d gotten new, his Firebolt went into the fifth with a brand-new polishing and care kit, the final section he had set aside for his letter writing supplies. He had made a stop in at Embers and Ashes for his new clothing, making sure that the colors wouldn't clash with his natural coloring. Harry had let his Polyjuice run out for the time he was in the clothing store alone. After that, he downed another dose and left as he had arrived. He’d also managed to pick up a secondary wand from The Phoenix Feather, Knockturn Alley’s very own private wand shop. They charged more for their wands, Harry had found, but they made the wand on the spot. Each piece was chosen with the buyer in mind. Harry’s new wand was a solid thirteen inches long and made of cherry wood with a black Phoenix feather and a dragon scale core. True, cherry wasn’t a normal choice but it had fit Harry. The wand was meant for a powerful wizard and Harry was that and more.

The best part of the entire thing was that his new wand didn't have the Trace on it like his holly one did. He had learned a lot about wandlore in the time he had been waiting for his new cherry wand to be finished. One of the most important being that the Trace is on each and every one of Ollivander's wands. It was really how Dumbledore kept track of all the incoming students, mostly the Muggleborns. The nonsense about the Ministry not detecting it in a magical household was just that as the Trace is triggered by a specific wand's usage. Harry had been confused with that fact as Dobby had gotten him in trouble during his second year. It was then the wandmaker had explained that house elf magic always made Ollivander's wands screwy. Harry had written the man off as just as insane as Ollivander but he had been using his new for a couple of weeks now an hadn't gotten in trouble so there had to be a slight amount of truth to the man's words.

Now, he was writing to his best friend’s biggest rival. Sure, it had been a shock to get a letter from Draco in the first place but now Harry was used to seeing Draco’s dark colored owl flying to his window. It was a natural feeling when he opened a letter from Draco. He was almost giddy from the excitement with every letter he read. He had wanted to just shred the letters when he got them but there was a part of him that stopped him, the part that was angry that his friends were ignoring him. Draco had apologized for the way he had behaved since Harry had rejected his hand in their first year. He explained that he was under pressure from his father to make friends with Harry but when it failed he was punished harshly for it and had turned his pain on Harry. He truly didn’t like Ron and
Hermione but even Harry could understand Draco’s reluctance there. Hermione always thought she knew best and refused to listen to anything anyone else might have to offer. Ron was easily angered and got jealous over the stupidest things, as Harry had learned his fourth year. Harry still couldn’t believe that Ron believed in the slightest Harry wanted anything to do with the Triwizard Tournament.

Draco was different though. Draco saw Harry for who he was and saw past the ‘Boy-Who-Lived’ title. Harry had come to realize that when they weren’t hexing each other, they got along marvelously. Harry knew more about Draco than he ever imagined knowing. He knew that Draco believed him about Voldemort (the Mark on his father’s arm made that clear), and that Draco wanted nothing to do with the man. He knew a lot of Draco’s favorites from his favorite color (the green of Harry’s eyes) to his favorite food (some French dish that Harry always had trouble pronouncing). Draco was quickly becoming closer to him than Ron and Hermione ever were for the simple fact that they never bothered to try to understand him. Draco responded every time to every letter that Harry sent and gave his opinion on the matters enclosed in every one. Harry was able to tell him about the abuse he suffered at the hands of his relatives, how unfair it was that Sirius suffered as a wanted fugitive because of Peter Pettigrew’s escape in their third year. Draco told him about methods to protect himself and gave him offers of solicitors’ names that would represent Sirius in a trial.

He was certain that this letter was the one containing the names and so opened it quite willingly. The contents were not as expected though as in shaky hand, Draco asked to stay with Harry for the next little while. Draco didn’t go into great detail in his letter and Harry didn’t bother asking a bunch of questions. There was no doubt that Draco needed a place to stay, his handwriting made that clear. Harry also wasn’t worried that it was a trap. Draco had used their code phrase to ensure his authenticity. Harry was ready to agree to letting Draco stay with him, he just didn't know how how to get him to Privet Drive without setting off the Underage Magic alarms around his relatives’ house. Harry also wasn't worried about his relatives as they were still afraid of Sirius even if they’d never met the man. Harry was sure he could get them to go along with anything he wanted by using Sirius as a threat.

Suddenly the answer came to him as he remembered his own method of travel the summer before his third year after blowing up Vernon's sister. The Knight Bus wouldn't have any troubles crossing the wards as there wouldn't be anyone aboard that would mean Harry harm (at least that was the hope) and Draco could arrive safely. Scribbling a quick note back to Draco, he sent the owl back on its’ way and began to straighten up his room. There wasn't a lot of space in the smallest bedroom of Privet Drive where Harry stayed but there was definitely enough for two people. After Harry was satisfied with the way the room looked and that there was a fair amount of space in his dresser and closet for Draco’s belongings, he went downstairs to work on his relatives.

"I have a friend coming over tomorrow who needs a place to stay for a little while. My godfather likes to know that I'm socializing and that I'm helping a friend in need. I would hate to have to tell him that you have forbidden me from doing so." As expected, his aunt and uncle's faces paled when they heard his words and quickly agreed to allowing Draco to stay with them. It just made Harry glad that he was able to get to Sirius in time to free him from the Minister's clutches. Back in his room, Harry quickly fell asleep planning the next few days with Draco in his head. He knew he would have to add another bed in his room or at the very least, increase the size of the one he was currently sleeping on. Beyond that, he was too tired to think of much else and sleep dragged him under quickly.
Harry knew his was dreaming the second he opened his eyes. The place he was in was too bright for the room he was just asleep in. It was painfully bright and the only thing Harry could think about was that the place needed to be darker. It was as if someone had flipped a light switch as the place turned to hues of gray. If Harry had had a mirror nearby; he would have realized that it wasn't the room that was in hues of grey but rather that his eyes were glowing in the shadows, allowing him the ability to see in the dark. The place was still bare, but it was more tolerable now. He walked around, thinking of all the things he could do to a space this large and trying to figure out how he got here in the first place. It wasn't until he heard an unmistakable cackle from behind him that he really grew concerned.

"I brought you here, Harry. This is the realm from which all magic stems." The voice, and cackle, had come from the crone standing before him. There could be no mistaking what she was though Harry suspected that there was more to her than what she appeared. For one thing, the air around her seemed to crackle and whip around her. For another, there was a spark in her eyes that hinted at mischief. Finally, the woman's own words did her in.

"Who are you really? I don't believe for one second that you are just a crone, no matter how much you wish to play that role." Harry eyed the woman cautiously while reaching for his wand.

"Oh, silly Darkling, you don't need your wand here. This, all of it surrounding us and all that we breathe in, is Magic. You are able to wield it here just as easily as I. As for who I am, well, I am surprised you haven't put it together yet. I am the goddess Hecate, known by many as Lady Magic." The crone changed then. No longer was she the old wizened woman but rather a young and proud-looking one. She had dark hair (the color was hard to tell in the shadowy atmosphere), and bright eyes (the violet color of them was stark against the typical gray of the room). If Harry had to guess, he would put her age around that of his parents had they lived based on her looks now. Harry wasn't foolish to think that it was an honest assessment of her appearance. If she was who she said she is, her appearance was subject to change, "You are skeptical, Harry? Why is that? Have you not realized yet that you stand in a pitch black room? That your sight comes from your eyes which have taken on a feline quality to allow you to see in this darkness?"

"Why am I here though? What do you want with me, Lady Magic? I have nothing to offer you."

"The only thing I want from you, young Darkling is for you to hear me out. Listen to my tale and if you still can't figure it out then I will seriously be concerned about your intelligence. Can you do that?"

"I can do that, but shouldn't we get more comfortable first?" Lady Magic laughed lightly but agreed to his request. The duo sat down in chairs that appeared out of seemingly nowhere and got settled before Harry motioned for Lady Magic to start her story.
"At the beginning, when I first granted true magic to the people, I had to ensure that there would be someway of keeping my chosen in line and so I greeted the Lords. The Lords, one for the Light Arts and the other for the Dark Arts, were to govern their charges fairly and equally. They were not permitted to sit in judgement of one of their one as that would create an inequality when it came to punishment of crimes. The first challenge of this system came from the man known as Lumonex. Lumonex had been selected as the successor of the fourteenth Dark Lord but upon the man’s death, the magic chose another. Lumonex wasn’t happy that the one he called 'usurper' had taken the power from him. He ignored all calls for him to stand down and attacked the new Dark Lord, a mere boy no older than yourself. The boy had no idea what had been going on or why he suddenly had more power than he did the night before. He was frightened and lashed out, killing Lumonex, and thus the Dark Arts were corrupted. Up to this point, no one had ever thought about using the Dark Arts, used traditionally for rituals and ceremonies of the Old Ways, as a tool to do harm to others. This changed when word spread of Lumonex's death. The Dark Lord cast himself before the mercy of the Light Lord but the man had no mercy on the boy. The Dark Lord was imprisoned on the island that housed the true criminals. Upon his death, the boy's shear pain and agony mixed with his power and thus the Dementors were born. The boy's death created a void though in the way things were done. The Light gained too much power and the Dark Arts were shunned. It is no surprise that in the last century, there have been two Dark Lords. Only one of which was actually a Dark Lord Chosen by myself mind. The Dark Arts have been shunned and people have just further corrupted their purpose.

It is the reason the Old Ways have been abandoned as well. The rituals are seen as being Dark Arts and are shunned. The current Light Lord tells people that anyone who follows the Old Ways is wrong because the Old Ways require Blood Magic and the population listens. He is the great Dumbledore and the defeater of Grindelwald, the previous Dark Lord, who was notorious for using Blood Magic to give gratitude to his god of choice. Dumbledore, despite his hatred for Muggles, refuses the Old Ways as he was never chosen by a god like most wizards and witches. In his anger he banned the Dark Arts and with them, the Old Ways. This had led to the decline of magic and it is leaving the people. More Squibs are being born into the world from families that have never had squibs in the entire history of the line. Madness is spreading through a lot of the pureblood lines because there is no one to instruct in the Old Ways. Dumbledore has nearly destroyed magic because of his arrogance and greed for power. It is the reason he has lived so long and why Hogwarts has so much rivalry within her walls. He takes power from the castle, weakening the wards, and draining power from Grindelwald. He created Voldemort, turned the boy into the monster. It is what he is hoping will happen to you by sending you back to the Dursleys summer after summer. It’s why your friends aren’t writing to you even though they are with your godfather. Just as he isolated Tom Riddle to make him evil, so too he wishes to do to you. What he fails to realize though is that Hogwarts itself is founded on both Dark and Light Arts, so too was Camelot. Merlin was a Light Lord and Morgana the Dark. It had been the only way to keep out invaders. The four Founders were Dark and Light: Slytherin and Ravenclaw taught the students the Dark Arts and the Old Ways, Gryffindor and Hufflepuff taught the Light Arts and made sure they knew how to blend into Muggle society. Without a true Dark Lord, young Harry, magic will die out. Magic comes from the Gods, don't give them their due and they revoke the gift. Someone has to fix things and turn them around.” Lady Magic finished, leaving Harry's head spinning. All the things she had said were in his mind, he just had to put together the pieces.

Lady Magic watched as Harry struggled to put the picture into perspective. She knew that the only reason he was struggling was because he didn't want to believe it. He didn't want to admit what he knew in his heart. Harry could see the picture but it was still blurry, though he had the gist of things. Lady Magic needed a Dark Lord, one who could bring back the Old Ways, but who did she have in mind. He words haunted him: Just as he isolated Tom Riddle to make him evil, so too he wishes to do to you. The picture became painfully clear then, so clear that Harry didn’t understand how he
could have missed it, "You want me as the True Dark Lord." It wasn’t a question but Lady Magic nodded all the same.

"You would be perfect as a Dark Lord. You wouldn’t let the power go to your head as it would so many others. Your fascination with the Wizarding World would prevent you from wanting to destroy it and your compassion for people means you won’t treat them like Tom Riddle treats his followers. You have a heart of a like that has not been seen since the last true Dark Lords. The connection you have to the Old Ways mean that you will never grow cold-hearted. The Old Ways open up one’s heart in ways that the Light Arts never could. The Light Arts are more calculating but the Dark Arts and the Old Ways are emotion based. A practitioner of the Dark Arts opens their emotions up as a conduit for the spells to flow through. Light Arts relay on mental strength and so they tend to grow colder the older they get."

"You aren’t going to force this on me though are you? If there’s one thing I hate more than Tom Riddle, it’s not having a choice."

"Of course I’m not going to force you into anything. Taking on the role of Dark Lord has to be voluntary. To do so otherwise will corrupt you more than trying to rule like Tom will. Becoming the Dark Lord though will set you free in a way though. You will never have to return to the Dursleys, you can order a trial for your godfather in the Old Ways, the Trace would be removed from you as Lords cannot be Traced, plus other benefits. It is still your choice though, I cannot make it for you though I have a preference." Lady Magic was, if anything, honest and it was a quality she prided in herself. By being honest, one left no gaps that others might exploit and use against you. Harry sighed, she was handing him everything he wanted on a silver plate and all he had to do was agree to be the Dark Lord. He knew if he asked she would tell him how long magic had left, how many people would be harmed by the loss, and how he gods would react but she didn’t to keep the choice as strictly his. It was something to admire about the goddess before him: she truly wanted him to have a choice and that decided his fate. If she had demand he take the role or tried to guilt him into it, he would have refused but she didn’t. She left every option open and he jumped into the one he wanted most.

"I’ll do it. I’ll take on the mantle of the Dark Lord and bring back the Old Ways but something needs to happen about Tom. He will not be happy about someone trying to take the mantle from him." Lady Magic giggled and nodded enthusiastically before placing a kiss on his forehead. A shock coursed through Harry from point of impact down his entire body and he felt light, lighter than he ever had. Knowledge flowed through him and he knew things that he couldn’t figure out he knew.

"Leave Tom to me and the others. You just worry about taking care of you and yours. The young Draco Malfoy arrives to your relatives’ house tomorrow and you need to be alert and ready to receive him. He is in a bad way after all. When you awaken, you will know and understand the Old Ways but for now, you must be Purified by ritual fire to cleanse your mind and body." With that, a fire light under his feet and quickly engulfed him. He felt the burning of the inside of his body, as though the fire was racing through his veins and purging all of his discrepancies. He screamed as the fire burned hotter inside him, chasing itself around his body. He blacked out from the pain with the sound of Lady Magic’s soothing voice in his ear and a scream in his throat.

Harry woke with a shout and knew immediately that something was different. His vision wasn’t blurry and he felt heavier. He could feel the thrumming of the ritual fire in his veins still but now it was like a warm embrace. He could feel the knowledge of the Old Ways in his mind, knew that in order for it to settle down he had to spill blood. He also knew that his magic usage would not be Traced from here on out. Transforming a simple pen into a silver ritual knife and a cup into silver ritual goblet, he used the knife to cut his wrist open and let it bleed into the goblet. Once he was
satisfied with the amount of blood held in the goblet, he bound his wrist to stop the bleeding and spoke over the goblet, "By blood spilt, I swear to uphold my duties and my charges granted onto me by Blessed Lady Magic. By blood spilt, I swear to guide and protect those under my care and to enforce the Rite of Old Law upon those who no longer seek the council of the gods. By blood spilt, I claim honor of Dark Lord and avow to bring back magic to the times of old. So I have sworn, so mote it be." With his closing, Harry lit the blood within the goblet on fire and allowed the fire to remove any trace of it. The smoke was sent to the gods and Harry felt the hum of their approval on his skin. He was accepted as the new Dark Lord. After returning both items back to their original shapes, Harry headed downstairs to await Draco's arrival.
Harry wasn’t sure when Draco was going to arrive but he was certain it wasn’t going to be long. The urgency of his last letter had made that clear enough. Harry started pacing the floor, anxious for his arrival. He could feel his magic reacting to his nerves and rattling the pictures on the walls and the mantle above the fireplace. He took a deep breath and forced himself to calm down. He had to believe that Draco made it on the Knight Bus just fine and it was just a long distance between their houses. Sure, Lady Magic said that he was coming today but anything could have happened and Draco might have gotten caught. Just as he was working himself up though, a calm feeling settled on him and he knew the gods were with him. *There’s no reason to panic, Harry. He will be here,* Harry thought to himself as he sat down on the couch in the living room.

The sun was just beginning to rise when a knock sounded at the front door. Harry thought he was imagining things and so didn’t answer it right away, thinking he was dreaming. The person waited a minute before knocking again louder which had Harry scrambling to open the door. Standing on the other side with a bruise on his cheek and a split lip was the very platinum blonde Harry had been waiting on. Casting a quick spell to make sure no one was around, he brought the blonde inside,

“Who does fortune favor?” As much as he wanted to embrace the blonde, he needed to be certain it was Draco

“She favors the clever as only the clever can trick her.” The blonde smiled lightly before wincing in pain as Harry pulled him into a tight hug. Harry’s face grew worried when he pulled back and looked at his friend.

“What happened, Draconis? Who did this to you?” Harry brushed his fingers lightly over Draco’s cheek.

“My father, Harry. He found out about my orientation and said that he would beat it out of me. He told me that no pureblood son of his will marry a man. He called me a disgrace to the Malfoy name.” Harry knew how hard it had been for Draco to talk about his sexual orientation. Draco had told him his father would never approve and that he would never be able to marry for love as long as his father was around. Harry never thought Lucius would go this far though. Draco’s lip was split, there was a bruise forming on his cheek and Harry didn’t know how many other injuries that he couldn’t see. Harry had no doubt that by the way Draco had winced when Harry hugged him, his ribs were seriously hurt.

“Do you have your things? I hope you didn’t leave everything there, otherwise you would have to wear my things. I’m sure they’ll fit you better than me now though. I had a growth spurt this summer.” The two teen laughed at Harry’s understatement. Where before Harry was barely 5’6” and a little over 115 pounds soaking wet, he was now 6’1 and 215 pounds. He had a nice muscle tone, one he was happy with, and he liked the way he looked now. He didn’t have to wear his glasses anymore and his hair actually laid flat now due to being longer. The purge he had undergone during
his dream had done wonders for him. He looked healthier than he ever had. Draco, on the other hand, though, was paler than normal and he had circles under his eyes. He looked thinner than normal and Harry was worried about him.

“It’s all in my bag,” Draco turned slightly so Harry could see the moleskin bag on his back before continuing, “The bag has an undetectable expansion charm on it so I put all my clothes, school supplies and owl things in it. That’s what took me so long. I had to wait until I could move and everyone was asleep in the house before I could pack and leave. I had a house elf I trusted pack all my clothing then I just put the school stuff in. I’m sorry to have to rely on you like this though.”

Draco was seconds away from breaking down so Harry pulled into a gentler hug and soothed him.

“He will pay, Draconis. I promise. They all will, everyone who has shunned us or tossed us to the side. I know just how to make sure they do. I will need your help though, that is, if you are willing.”

“What do you need of me, Harry? What can I help with?”

“Not here, let’s get some food and make our way to my room. I don’t much feel like running into my relatives. They aren’t the friendliest Muggles especially to me. I managed to convince them that their best option was to allow for your stay unless they wanted my godfather after them.”

Harry led Draco into the kitchen and fixed a quick and simple breakfast of eggs, toast, bacon, and tea. It wasn’t as elaborate as some of the breakfasts he’d made for his relatives but it was filling. They finished eating and Harry guided Draco to his room, “You look as though you could use some sleep. Go lay down in the bed while I ward the room so no one can come in.”

“The..Trace..” Draco mumbled, face down in the pillow of the bed Harry had transfigured for him.

“Isn’t on this wand. This one is brand new.”

Harry soothed the blonde as he went about placing Silencing and Privacy wards to keep out his relatives. He refused to have them come in and harass Draco, who looked as though he hadn’t slept in days.

“What...you...help...with?”

Harry could tell Draco was struggling to stay awake and so he brushed the blonde’s hair back, combing through it with his fingers.

“Sleep, Draconis. You look to be running on fumes. I will be right next to you in my bed if you need anything. Just wake me up.”

Harry felt, rather than saw, the tension leave Draco as he fell asleep. Harry lay down in his bed then to try and discover what else had changed about himself. He could feel his magic thrumming in his veins like he hadn’t before. It was the difference between a faucet dripping slowly and one that was opened over halfway. There was still his Magical Maturation he needed to undergo which was why he didn’t have his full power. That much could kill him if he’d gotten it now. Harry also knew that he wouldn’t need a wand as his magic was powerful enough that he didn’t need a focus for it. He still used one though so as not to attract attention but it was unnecessary. He would be able to call any Dark witch or wizard to him with just a thought, an idea that would be tested in the future when he wasn’t concerned about his friend asleep in the other bed. Harry felt the rage build up in him at the thought of what Lucius Malfoy had done to his own flesh and blood just because of his sexual orientation. He wanted to destroy the man completely, making it impossible for him to show his face in public at all. Harry didn’t condone child abuse in the slightest and he would break every one of his followers before he allowed them to lay a hand on a child. Concentrating on the feeling of his magic, he let it flow from his fingertips and wash over Draco, healing him completely. It wouldn’t work on a Light wizard but for Dark wizards, it worked better than a healing potion. When Draco woke up in a couple of hours, the healing Harry had just done would ensure that though he only slept for a couple of hours, he would find himself feeling better than he had in awhile. Harry closed his eyes to catch a quick nap as well, his first major use of his new magic having worn him out. Normally, Dark Lords didn’t have favorites as it caused
rifts in the ranks but Harry couldn’t help it. Draco needed him.

It seemed he had just closed his eyes when he was being shaken awake. He had a spell at the tip of his fingers before he realized it was Draco standing by his bed with a fearful look on his face. Harry got rid of the spell and sat up, “What’s the matter, Draco? Are you okay?”

“I had a bad dream, can I sleep next to you? I won’t be a bother, I swear.” Draco’s voice was soft as though he were afraid of being told no. Harry didn’t have the heart to refuse him.

“Sure, Draco. I don’t mind. Do you want the inside or the out?” Draco clambered into Harry’s bed and laid down close to the wall, “Would you feel better closer to me?” Draco’s silent nod had Harry laying down to face the wall and pulling Draco close to his body.

“I’m sorry to be a bother, Harry.”

“You’re not a bother Draco. You’re my friend who’s world just got turned upside down by the very people who are supposed to love you unconditionally. Now, go back to sleep. Everything will be better in a couple of hours.”

Tucking Draco’s head under his chin, he fell swiftly back asleep. His plans for the downfall of Lucius Malfoy were shelved for the time being.
Harry woke to find Draco still asleep and using his chest as a pillow. Harry sighed and settled in for a wait. In the meantime, he finetuned his plans for getting Lucius Malfoy thrown out of favor with the Minister. He wouldn’t be able to come right out and threaten the man, not with Fudge already accusing him of being crazy but there were ways to trick the man. In all honesty, it would be too easy. The man was too much of an idiot to really focus on real facts and the money that was being funneled into his pockets ensured that.

Harry had plans to change that though. Draco had told him about his Lordships in his letters. He had to go to Gringotts to work out the details but Harry wasn’t too worried about it. Once he had those in hand, it would be too easy to turn the Wizengamot in his favor. After all, Magic allowed the Boy-Who-Lived to take up his father’s mantle. He can’t be too crazy. Then a law on protecting children and voila! End of the line. There were more details involved of course but that was the overview. The biggest thing was trying to figure out a way to convince the Wizarding World as a whole that Voldemort was back. Once he managed to get his side of the story out instead of Dumbledore, whose reputation had been ruined by the idea that he wanted to be Minister, he was sure the Wizarding World would change their tune. Especially once the reporters got ahold of his memories. There would be no way that they could deny it, or him, any longer.

It would also serve to free his godfather from Dumbledore’s hold. Sirius and Remus, both men indebted to the meddling old coot, would no longer have to listen and obey the man. Dumbledore created debts with people to shape the way that he wanted the Wizarding World to be. He was no better than the Dark Lord he claimed to defeat. Except his warfare wasn’t as destructive as Grindelwald’s reign of terror or Voldemort’s own Muggle-purge. Dumbledore sowed the seeds of dissension by creating debts. Snape taught at the school even though he was a Death Eater, Remus owed Dumbledore for allowing him to attend school and so the list went on and on. Dumbledore twisted people’s minds, convincing them that his ideas were their own, and pushed for integration with Muggles.

“Harry? What time is it?” Draco’s voice was heavy with sleep as he stretched next to Harry. Harry couldn’t help but compare him to a cat with the way he was stretching.

Grabbing his wand, Harry cast a quick ‘Tempus’ to find out the time and relay it to Draco, “Eight-thirty. Time for us to be getting up. We have a lot to discuss today, first and most importantly being what we are going to do about your father. There are other things but I want you to understand that you are more important than anything else. No one is going to be allowed to harm you in anyway, myself included.”

“What are you going to do about my Father?”

“I won’t kill him if you’re completely against it but I will make it so that he has no power in the Ministry anymore. After all, once the reporters get their hands on my memories of the Third Task,
they’re going to be calling for Fudge’s head along with your Father’s. Lucius won’t have any sway as people will be too disgusted by the man. Though if you want him dead, I’m sure I could arrange it.” Draco shook his head and Harry pouted. He had really wanted to kill Lucius but Draco, of course, had final say. Mentally crossing off all plans that involved killing the older blonde, Harry still found himself with plenty of ideas.

“Did you ever think that you and I would be in this position?” Draco asked, bringing Harry from his thoughts and schemes.

“What position? The one where you are here in my bed as my friend? Or the one where you were forced to leave your home in the first place?” At Draco’s muttered ‘both’, Harry continued, “No, I couldn’t have imagined this. I thought for sure you would have been like everyone else in that you believed the rumors of my insanity. Not that I’m not grateful for your support. It’s what made this whole summer bearable. Having someone to talk to about what happened a couple months ago saved my life.”

~FLASHBACK~

Harry had been home for a week already and his dreams were getting bad. If he wasn’t having nightmares about the events of the Third Task then he was having dreams similar to the ones that had plagued him before his fourth year. He was listening to Voldemort’s plans, watching him torture Muggleborns. He never killed them, nor did he leave them with their memories intact. He was laying as low a possible, enjoying how the Wizarding World turned on Harry and Dumbledore. He hadn’t heard from any of his friends since school let out so it was a surprise to see an eagle owl tapping at his window when the sun had set. Hurrying to let the bird in, Harry was confused as to whose bird it was. Ron had a small tiny owl, the rest of the Weasleys used their old ancient owl and Hermione used Ron’s or a post owl from the post office in Diagon Alley. Relieving the letter from the leg of the owl, Harry offered the owl a couple of treats.

“Are they waiting for reply?” The owl nodded its’ head and hooted softly, “Alright then, come in and make yourself comfortable. Hedwig will keep you company while I read this and think of a suitable reply.”

Harry sat in his desk chair before he broke the seal on the letter. He wasn’t familiar with the seal and so opened it slowly in case of hexes or curses. He didn’t expect the signature that was clear on the bottom of the letter:

Dear Harrison,

I know I am probably the last person you expect to hear from or even get a letter from. I can’t say I blame you either. I have been nothing but a right prat to you since first year. I wanted to apologize for that. I could make excuse after excuse to try to explain my behavior but the fact is that they would all fall short.

I could blame it on my father, who decided for me that you had to be my friend and anything less is unacceptable. I could blame it on the way I grew up, being an only child meant I never had to share my toys or friends with siblings. Or I could blame it on your status as the Boy-Who Lived, a title that was as awe-inspiring as it was petrifying. It all comes down to my behavior though. I know that the way I acted highly unacceptable.

I cannot fault you for turning down my friendship all those years ago, though I still wish for it. I wish also for your forgiveness, but I understand if I am not able to be given that. I apologize for every taunt, joke, or hurtful remark I made about you or those you care about. I also wanted to let
you know that I believe about You-Know-Who being back. I saw my father’s Mark just the other day.

The man was waving it about and acting as though it were something to be proud of. I cannot see what honor there is in serving a man who attacks children who are not out of their infancy. The man may have been great once but from all that I’ve heard, he is no longer.

Please respond to my letter whether it be in the positive or the negative by sending a letter back with my owl Achilles. He knows to wait for a response. I would have suggested just sending the letter with your own owl but she is much too distinct. Until you are able to get a new owl it would be best to stick to using Achilles for any further communications. If you should choose to grant me your friendship, I would be more than willing to aide you in all matter of political issues and problems that you may need to know as Lord Potter and Heir Black.

With Regards,

Draconis Lucian Regulus Malfoy

~END FLASHBACK~

That had been the beginning of their friendship. Harry had obviously accepted the apology and the genuine plea for friendship, his Gyffindorish tendencies not allowing for anything else, while still plying Draco for information about the political field.

“You know we can’t kill my- Lucius right? He wouldn’t suffer that way. Death is too easy of a way out for that bastard.” Draco’s voice was all but venomous by the end of. His statement and Harry chuckled.

“Of course it is, Draconis, of course it is.”
Four hours later found both of them sitting on Harry’s bed as Harry got ready to explain what he had done. He was scared as to how Draco would react but there was nothing that could be done about it now.

“Just tell me already, Harrison. Stop tittering around it” Draco huffed and Harry laughed, startled.

“I agreed to become Lady Magic’s Dark Lord.” At least that was how it meant to come out instead, all Draco heard was, ‘IagreedtobecomeLadyMagic’sDarkLord’. His confusion but have shown as Harry took a breath and tried again. Draco’s face paled even further than normal upon hearing what Harry had done, “It’s not as bad as you are thinking, Draco. Dark Lords have a bad reputation, gained through the corruption of the Old Ways and Dark Arts. It all stems back to Lumonex and his need for power.”

“It stems back to who? Besides, I’m not upset because you accepted Lady Magic’s proposal, I knew something was different when I first saw you again. I’m upset because of how much danger you will be in once the current Dark Lord finds out.”

“Voldemort won’t be around to protest much longer. Not to mention he was never truly a Dark Lord, as Lady Magic did not grant him her blessing.” Harry lifted his fringe where the infamous lightning bolt scar used to sit. The mark that had defied him for practically his entire life was gone. In its’ place was fresh, smooth skin.

“There’s nothing there! Where’d your lightning bolt go?”

“Lady Magic replaced it. I now have a Raven wearing a crown between my shoulder blades, which was a pain trying to see. I finally had to call Dobby to figure out what it was. Thank you for sending him to me all those years ago by the way. I don’t think I properly thanked you for that.”

“Don’t mention it,” Draco groaned. Dobby hadn’t been one of his brightest moments as the house-elf got too eager and tried to harm Harry at every possible turn. Draco hadn’t wanted to harm Harry, the opposite actually. Dobby was supposed to keep the dark-haired wizard from harm that year, “The elf was way too eager in his duties. I didn’t want you harmed you know that right? I just didn’t want you in anymore danger”

“Trust me, I am well aware of that fact, Draco. Dobby couldn’t get enough of telling me how he heard all about my greatness when we first met.”

“Let’s just move on. What’s the plan for today?”

“We are going to go to Diagon Alley and cause some mischief much like the twin Gryffindor devils. I’m going to send a message to Rita Skeeter before we leave to tell her to meet me in the Leaky
Cauldron for an exclusive interview. I’ll show her the memories of the night Pettigrew escaped and the night Voldemort returned. She’ll give a Witch’s Oath to only dramatize in my favor and then, we’ll gather all we will need for the school year. Sound good to you?”

“Sounds great, but be warned, Lucius said that there would be a Ministry toadie at Hogwarts this year. She plans on teaching theory only. The Minister is scared that Dumbledore is training an army. Though if the man took the time to quiz the students he would realize that the constant change in teachers makes it hard to get a solid education.”

“How Fudge expects Dumbledore to raise an army when he doesn’t even hire competent teachers, I have no clue. Both of them are complete idiots. Either way we will have to find somewhere to practice the practical if we are to have any hope of passing our OWL’s this year.”

The duo got up and finished getting ready for the day. Harry, finally having a reason to wear a pair of his dragonskin trousers took a solid fifteen minutes just getting them on. The look on Draco’s face was worth every second of it though. The young Slytherin blushed when Harry caught him ogling his rear, “How did you fit those over your pants?”

“Who said I’m wearing any?” Harry laughed when Draco’s eyes went wide with that bit of information, “Are you ready to go? We have to get to Gringotts quickly so I can claim the Lordship you told me about. We’re going to have to take the Knight Bus again so we’re going to have to use glamours and false names. Choose yours now. Mine is going to be Orion Falmor.”

“Alexander Welton, you can call me Xander though. Everyone else calls me Alex.”

“Sounds good, Xander. Now stand still so I can do your glamour. I learned how to cast a glamour that lasts until the counterspell is said. However, since the spell and its counter are both in Parseltongue, the odds of anyone removing them are very rare.” Harry concentrated, his nose scrunching up slightly as he hissed out the glamour spell he’d gained knowledge of during his purging.

When he finished, Draco’s hair turned a dirty blonde, his eyes hazel in color, and his skin darker in tone. His nose was slightly different in shape and his lips thinner than they were before.

He then cast the spell on himself, already knowing what he would look like: short and spiky blue hair, grey eyes, a nose that was slightly too big for his face, and pale colored lips. He had modeled his features after his Potions Professor though they weren’t identical in looks. Their noses weren’t the same but that was mostly because Harry believed that Snape’s nose had been broken once or twice and never set properly.

The duo made their way quickly and quietly down the stairs, throwing on Harry’s invisibility cloak when they saw Dudley heading out the front door. It was a lucky break since no one would question Dudley leaving the door wide open. It was something he did quite often and this time was no different. The true test came when they were making their way down the stairs. They had to figure out a way to ensure their feet didn’t show.

After five minutes of thought, and a slap to the back of his head for not thinking of it sooner, Harry cast the Disillusionment and Muffliato Charms on both himself and Draco. It was only by keeping a grip on Draco’s hand that he even knew where the other wizard was. Sending his cloak back to his room with a well executed Vanishing Charm, the two wizards made their hurriedly away from Number Four and rivet Drive all together. Once they were well away from Harry’s summer residence, Harry cancelled the spells and summoned the Knight Bus.

Onboard the duo occupied one of the constantly shifting beds, Draco secure in Harry’s arms, “What do you hope to find in Gringotts, Rion?” Draco asked low enough to avoid anyone who might be
trying to overhear.

“My true Inheritance, anything the Headmaster might have placed on me or given me, or even some way of clearing Snuffles.” Harry had long since told Draco about the truth between Peter’s betrayal and Sirius false imprisonment.

They talked about more meaningless things for the rest of the journey to the Leaky Cauldron. Harry had worried that he wouldn’t be able to hold conversation about anything but he shouldn’t have been. Conversation between flowed freer than any he had ever had with his Gryffindor friends. Indeed, he wondered if there were any compulsions on him to be friends with the other two-thirds of the Golden Trio.

Little was he aware of how right his thoughts truly were as he and Draco passed the time.
After two long hours of traversing the entirety of Britain it seemed, Harry and Draco finally stepped back onto solid ground. Draco looked pale under the glamour’s tanned appearance and didn’t make it three step before he was throwing up one more, “I hate travelling by the Knight Bus.”

“I don’t know of anyone who actually does enjoy it. However, seeing as neither of us are able to apparate yet, it’s the best method to take.” With that, Harry led the way into The Leaky Cauldron and then through the backdoor to where the Diagon Alley entrance was. He remembered the familiar pattern and tapped it out, standing back to watch the bricks shuffle and rearrange themselves to make the archway.

Harry and Draco walked quickly through the crowds of people that were out shopping, holding each other’s hand so as not to get separated. Harry’s slightly bulkier form made pushing through the crowds slightly easier but he still breathed easier when they reached the marble steps of Gringotts.

The two wizards didn’t bother stopping until the reached the desk where the head goblin stood. Fiendhook was a well respected goblin and took his job seriously so when the two disguised wizards approached him, his eyes narrowed dangerously.

“Can I help you gentlemen?”

“I would like to speak with my account manager but I wish to stay anonymous until I reach a private room. It would be dangerous for me if I were to be seen here.” Harry spoke confidently while making sure to keep his hands in plain sight and away from his wand, not waiting to cause a problem.

“Very well, we will direct you and your companion to a private room where you will be able to drop the glamours and then speak with your manager. I trust this is a suitable arrangement?” At Harry’s nod, Fiendhook continued, “Then follow me.”

Fiendhook led the two young wizards past rows of goblins, conducting everyday business and past other wizards and witches who were waiting to be taken to their vaults. Harry could hear Draco’s laughter from behind him as the others waiting yelled their outrage. They weren’t in the open nearly long enough to cause an argument though.

Fiendhook stopped abruptly, causing Harry to have to scramble to avoid hitting him, and open a frosted glass door. The room beyond was done in hues of brown: dark brown Wood furniture, light brown walls with a dark brown wood trim, and a medium brown hardwood floor. Motioning for the duo to go in first, he sealed the room behind him after entering.

The look on Fiendhook’s face when Harry dropped the glamours though was frightening. The head goblin’s grin was full of malicious intent and Harry did not want to know what was going on in his
“I am positive I know who you are but as Gringotts policy, we have to do a blood test.” Fiendhook snapped and a rolled parchment with a sharp looking silver knife appeared on the table, “Use the knife and cut your hand then place it on the parchment. Not only will the parchment verify your Identity, but it will also tell you your Inheritance.”

Following Fiendhook’s instructions, Harry pulled his palm from the parchment only to watch in fascination as his blood turned into letters that scrolled along the parchment. The results of the test was surprising but even more was the information on not only his Inheritance but also on how far Dumbledore’s manipulations went. Reading the list of the blocks and charms Dumbledore put in place to try to suppress Harris was enough to make him see red.

Draco looked over his shoulder to read what was written and his eyes widened in shock:

**Harrison James Potter**

**Age:** 15

**Parents:** James Charlus Potter (Pureblood)  
Lilian Marie Potter nee Adderling (Pureblood)

**Godparents:** Sirius Black (Pureblood)  
Alice Longbottom (Pureblood)

**Magical Guardians:** Severus Snape (Halfblood) (Legal and Chosen)  
Remus Lupin (Werewolf) (Legal and Chosen)  
Albus Dumbledore (Illegally Taken)  
Molly Weasley (Illegally Taken)

**Marriage Contracts:** Ginny Weasley (Illegally Signed by Albus Dumbledore and Molly Weasley)

**Inheritances:**

**Lordships:**

- Ancient and Noble House of Potter (By Blood)  
- Most Ancient and Noble House of Peverell (By Blood)  
- Ancient and Noble House of Gryffindor (By Blood)  
- Ancient and Noble House of Slytherin (By Conquest)  
- Most Ancient and Noble of Merlin (By Blood)  
- Duke of Dorset (Muggle Title) (By Blood)
- Noble House of Adderling (By Blood)

Heirships:

- House of Grant (By Gift)
- House of Cambria (By Gift)
- House of Fayren (By Gift)
- Most Ancient and Noble House of Black (By Blood)
- House of Brakenridge (By Gift)

Abilities:

- Parselmagic- 75% blocked (Albus Dumbledore)
- Animagus- 75% blocked (Albus Dumbledore)
- Aura Reading- 100% blocked (Albus Dumbledore)
- Magical Power- 75% blocked (Albus Dumbledore)
- Potions- 75% blocked (Albus Dumbledore)
- Eidetic Memory- 50% blocked (Albus Dumbledore)
- Soul Mate Pull- 75% blocked (Albus Dumbledore and Molly Weasley)
- Soul Sibling Bond- 100% blocked (Albus Dumbledore)
- Necromancy- 100% blocked (Albus Dumbledore)
- Occlumency/Leglimency- 75% blocked (Albus Dumbledore)

Harmful Potions and Charms:

- Growth Stunting Charm
- Distraction Charm (Lessens desire and ability to learn)
- Loyalty Potion (Geared towards Albus Dumbledore, the Order of the Phoenix, Molly Weasley, Ronald Weasley, Ginny Weasley, and Hermione Granger)
- Hatred Charm (Focused towards Slytherin House, Voldemort, Severus Snape, and Draco Malfoy)
- Mild Love Potion (Ginevra Weasley)
- Self-sacrificial Charm (So as to rush into danger)
- Friendship Charm (To become and maintain friendship with Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger)
“All the blocks and potions and charms have been removed of course. This just shows what was there before. I would like to test your companion of course for any blocks and such like that he may have.” Fiendhook spoke and Harry glanced at Draco. If Draco did have blocks on him it would explain somethings.

“I want to get it done but I’d like to go by myself. Besides, you still need to hear your parents’ wills.” Draco voiced his agreement with Fiendhook’s suggestion and the two left Harry alone, with a promise from Fiendhook to not only look after Draco but to send in the Potter Account Manager.

Harry was left alone to look over the list again for ten minutes before the familiar face of Griphook entered the room carrying a smoky glass orb in his hands.

“It is good to see you are doing well, Griphook.” The goblin looked startled at Harry’s remembrance of him but quickly shook it off.

“Yes well, it hasn’t been until recently that I was promoted to your Account Manager. Some discrepancies were uncovered in your statements and your last Manager fired.”

“What do you mean by discrepancies?”

“He was allowing Albus Dumbledore to take money whenever he wished, and moved funds from your accounts to those belonging to Molly Weasley, Ginevra Weasley, Ronald Weasley, and Hermione Granger. He also moved funds into Dumbledore’s personal accounts under the guise of war funds.”

“I want you to take it all back, Griphook. Every last knut they took of mine, I want back. I then want them prosecuted for theft. In the meantime, I want to hear my parents’ Wills.” Griphook handed the orb to Harry and it began to play his father’s voice first:

“**The Last Will and Testament of**

*Lord James Charlus Potter*

&

*Lady Lilian Marie Potter nee Adderling*

**First and foremost, my son Harrison is named my Heir and Successor in all matters. Second, should I die before my wife Lilian, all the vaults are to go to her until my Heir is of age then she will receive the widow vault. Thirdly, upon my Heir’s fifteenth birthday he shall be emancipated if not under the full time care of one of his godparents.**

**Now, to Sirius Black I leave 100,000 galleons and all the Marauder prank journals along with the journals containing our animagus transformation notes. I also ask that you tell Harrison all about our school days. Teach him to be a proper Marauder but please, leave the grudge against Severus alone. We carried it on for too long and Harrison’s gonna need you to show him how to be an adult. In case you weren’t aware, you’re his godfather.**

**Remus Lupin, I leave 500,000 galleons and the house in Devon. I know you always enjoyed it there so now it’s yours. I ask only that you are around enough to help Sirius care for my Heir. We both know that he has trouble just taking care of himself. He’s going to need your**
help Plus, I would rest easier knowing that Harrison has a mature influence in his life.

Peter Pettigrew, I leave 10,000 galleons and the house in Venice on the condition that I do not die by the hand of Voldemort. You have been entrusted with our location as Secret Keeper, Wormtail. If Harrison’s left an orphan because of you, you will get nothing. If I have died because of my own stupidity well that’s a different matter and you can say I told you so.

To Severus Snape, I ask for your forgiveness though I do not deserve it. I leave you 200,000 galleons and a storefront in Diagon Alley, to be used as you see fit. I also ask that you serve as my Heir’s magical guardian at Hogwarts.

To Albus Too-Many-Middle-Names Dumbledore, I leave with nothing but the knowledge that Lilian and I have seen through your schemes. We know what you have been doing and what it is that you are trying to do with our child. I won’t allow it.

To my son and Heir, I leave my legacy. I leave you with all that I am and all that I possess. You are my greatest achievement and I will always, always, always be proud of you Son. I leave you a warning: Do not trust Albus Dumbledore. He does not have your best interests in mind and wishes to hurt you. I leave you my journal that document why I and your mother believe this to be so. It will be in the Adderling Vault.

So ends my will and testament

Lord James Charlus Potter”

Harry’s eyes were already beginning to tear up listening to his father’s voice and he had to take a deep breath before listening to his mother’s Will:

“First and foremost, I name Harrison James Potter my Heir. Next, I wish to establish that Albus Dumbledore has no rights to my son nor dies anyone he places Harrison with. Harrison has two very capable godparents and I will not see my son with anyone else.

To Sirius Black, I leave my love. Share it with my son and don’t forget to remember me in your storytelling. I don’t have much in ways of worldly possessions but I leave to you all my records. You enjoyed them far more than I ever did.

To Remus Lupin, I leave my Charms notes. You should be able to work out where I went wrong in their creation. Also, I ask that you serve as Harrison’s magical guardian when Severus is unable.

To Peter Pettigrew, I leave nothing but a mother’s wrath. If I am dead it is due to you Peter. You were the Secret Keeper after all. We listened and gave into Sirius’ plea to give you that role as he believed that he was too obvious a choice. We should have known that your animagus form was telling.

To Severus Snape, I leave my Potions notes. They are secure in a safe within the property James left for you. The code is the day we met. I’m sure you remember. I also wish to let you know that I forgive you and that I forgave you a long time ago. I just never had a chance to tell you. Please help my son and tell him all about me. None of James’ friends know me quite as well as you do.
To Albus Dumbledore, I leave you nothing. You are a traitor to wizarding kind and to my family. I know the truth of my lineage and my son shall too.

To Petunia Dursley, I leave you with nothing and hope you burn in hell. In no circumstance should you be allowed custody of my son. I am so glad we are not related.

To my beautiful baby boy, I leave you with my family jewelry. I also leave you with the knowledge that you were and always will be loved by your father and I. Find your Soul Mate and be happy. Live your life for yourself, no one else.

So ends my last Will and Testament

Lady Lillian Marie Potter nee Adderling

When the orb went dark again, Harry was crying freely. The only time he had heard his parents’ voices were in their final moments when the dementors were around. To hear them now was almost overwhelming.

While Harry was going through his parents’ Wills, Draco was following Fiendhook through the winding halls to a gold plated door. The goblin opened the door and Draco was led inside. The room contained a bed but much else, “Strip to your pants and lay on the bed. A goblin healer will be in to see you in a minute.” Fiendhook left and Draco scurried to do as Fiendhook had ordered, blushing bright red all the while.

As soon as he had settled onto the bed, a goblin came into the room, “I am Healer Baknot. I will do a deep diagnostic on you and then we will go from there.”

Draco didn’t even have time to give his consent before he felt the rush of magic flowing over him. He did notice when the goblin began to make screeching noises and assumed it was the goblin’s natural tongue.

“Do you wish to see the results or would you rather I just remove them?”

“Just remove them. I don’t need to know what the old coot and my father cast on me or gave me to keep me in line.” Once more Draco felt the rush of magic only this time it was a lot more painful as it ripped off years of compulsions and blocks, charms and potions. His back arched off the bed and tears sprung to his eyes. It was only by chance that he didn’t scream.

When it was done, Draco felt lighter than he had in years. He stood up and after dressing, thanked the goblin healer before leaving. Outside the door, Fiendhook stood looking disappointed. No doubt he was hoping the Malfoy Heir would make some kind of noise.

“Come, let’s get you back to Lord Potter. I’m sure he is anxious to see you again.” The grin was back on Fiendhook’s face and Draco was certain that the goblin knew more than he was saying. The closer they got to the room Harry was in, the more sure of it he was. He felt a pull towards the room that got stronger with every step he took.

Once outside the room, Draco was shaking with nerves and he had no idea. Opening the door, he froze. Everything fell into place: the pull, the nerves, why he and Harry could never ignore each other. It seemed Harry had put it together as well as he heard a ‘buggering Hell’ before he was pulled
into Harry’s arms.
Harry wasn’t aware that someone could smell so good. Draco’s scent was intoxicating and Harry was sure that he would never get tired of smelling it. Sure, it was strange that he had pulled the blonde into his arms as soon as Draco had returned but other than that, Harry was fine with it.

“Harry, do you think you could let me go now?” Draco’s voice was slightly muffled but Harry understood him well enough.

“Sorry, Draco. I don’t know why I did that. Did you have any blocks on you?”

“Of course I did, my father wants only the best Heir after all. Anything that is against him or his agenda had to be blocked. I didn’t look at the list though.” Harry rolled his eyes and reached for the roll of parchment that Fiendhook still held. The Head Goblin reluctantly handed it over and Harry felt as though he’d been punched in the gut after opening it.

“Draco, you need to read this. It explains so much.” Harry passed the parchment to Draco whose jaw dropped. It took four read throughs for the information to truly sink in:

**Draconis Lucian Regulus Malfoy**

**Age:** 15

**Parents:** Abraxas Dimitrius Malfoy (Father)

**Narcissa Rhea Malfoy née Black (Mother)**

**Godparents:** Severus Tobias Snape (Godfather)

**Andromeda Tonks (Godmother)**

**Bellatrix Callisto Lestrange née Black (Illegal Godmother)**

**Magical Guardians:** Rudolphus Lestrange (Illegally)

**Rabastan Lestrange (Illegally)**

**Marriage Contracts:** Pansy Parkinson (Illegally Signed by Lucius Malfoy and Eldrick Parkinson)

**Inheritances:**

**Lordships:**
Ancient and Noble House of Malfoy (Blood)

Most Ancient and Noble House of La Fay (Blood)

Ancient and Noble House of Ravenclaw (Blood)

Noble House of Baudin (Blood)

Noble House of Côte (Blood)

Heiships:

- House of Geroux (Gift)

- House of Bellincioni (Gift)

Abilities:

- Creature Inheritance- 100% blocked (Lucius Malfoy)

- Magical Power- 80% blocked (Albus Dumbledore)

- Potions- 20% blocked (Albus Dumbledore and Lucius Malfoy)

- Pyromancy-100% blocked (Albus Dumbledore)

- Animagus- 100% blocked (Albus Dumbledore)

- Metamorphmagus-100% blocked (Albus Dumbledore)

- Occlumency/Legilimency-60% blocked (Lucius Malfoy)

Potions/Charms:

- Hatred Charm (Focused towards Gryffindors and Harry Potter)

- Loyalty Potion (Focused towards Tom Riddle and Lucius Malfoy)

- Mild Love Potions (Focused towards Pansy Parkinson)

“I can’t believe this. My life has been nothing but a lie. I thought Lucius was my father, I treated him as though he was, and he hasn’t been. No wonder he despises Mother though. I can’t imagine what possessed her to sleep with Abraxas.”

“She might have if Lucius was sterile. If there was no hope for her to have a child because of some deficit that Lucius possessed, she couldn’t let the Malfoy name die. It would also explain why they haven’t had any children since you. Abraxas died shortly after your birth did he not? Chances are that he was killed for his last act against his son. He despised Lucius for being unable to continue on the line and having to fix the issue himself.”

“Why would I be Lord Malfoy though? Lucius is Abraxas’ eldest.”

“Lord Abraxas stated that you shall be Heir in his Will, young Malfoy. He believed Lucius to be a
failure though did not list why and so named you his Heir. Would you like to reclaim the Lordship Lucius Malfoy stole from you?” Fiendhook’s twisted grin was back and Draco felt shivers run down his spine.

“Yes, I would. I would also like to claim my other Lordships and the Heirships if possible.”

“Of course, Young Lord Malfoy. It is of no consequence.” Fiendhook rang a bell on the desk in front of him and a much younger goblin entered the room, “Ripnott, fetch the necessary rings for the Malfoy Lord. They should be in a locked box under his name.” Ripnott left and Draco turned back to Harry.

“Looks like things are going to get pretty interesting in the House of Malfoy.”

“Agreed, you can officially disown Lucius if you wished to. You can also make it known that he is sterile if you wanted. People will wonder anyway why you, not him, have the Lordship. Between the two of us, we also own three-quarters of Hogwarts. Being the Lords of these Houses means that we can decide what is best for the school and what needs to be gotten rid of or returned to the list of available classes.” Harry finished with a smirk, the year to come would be interesting to say the least.

Once the two young Lords had claimed their rings and withdrawn what money they would need for the shopping to come, they left Gringotts and headed back to Diagon Alley. They made stops in Madame Malkins, Twillfit and Tattings, Flourish and Blotts, and the apothecary before heading into the pet menagerie. Inside, Draco followed Harry as the raven-haired boy tracked down the serpent he heard talking.

*Filthy humansss... can’t even keep my cage clean because you’re too busy wetting yourselves. It is pathetic really.*

*What’s pathetic?* Harry asked once he had located the snake. It was in the back of the store, hidden away as though the shop owners were afraid to display it which was a shame as it was a gorgeous specimen. The snake, a black mamba by Harry’s guess, looked to be at least six feet in length. It was an olive color with yellow slitted eyes. What really drew Harry’s attention though was that everytime someone would stop by the cage, it would rear back and hiss, scaring whoever it was away.

*You, human, you speak?*

*Yes, I do, and you are a gorgeous serpent. What is your name?*

*I have no name, Speaker. A name is to be granted to me by one who claims me as a familiar.*

“Draco, what does one have to do to claim a familiar?” Harry called over to Draco who hurried over to him, eyes widening when he saw the snake.

“It is much like claiming a house-elf. You say ‘I, Harrison James Potter do claim this serpent as familiar to my magic. May their life reflect mine. Serpent I name thee.’ You would of course insert the name you wish to call the snake. Be sure it is what you want though as it cannot be undone. A familiar gains intelligence as well as extended life from its’ bonded witch or wizard and so it will always be able to find you.” Draco flushed when Harry turned his patented grin on him. He was under no delusions that Harry wasn’t his mate. Of course, he wouldn’t know for certain until his sixteenth birthday when his creature inheritance kicked in but he was already feeling what most books on bonds described as the ‘mate pull’.

“Thank you Draco.” Harry said before turning back to the black mamba, *How would you like to*
become my familiar? Not only do I Speak but I am also a very powerful wizard.

I would very much like to a familiar to a Speaker. What is your name, Speaker?

Harrison. I shall pay to release you then and we will perform the bonding ceremony. Harry turned from the snake then and tracked down a store assistant and paid for the mamba. When the two got back to the cage and Harry retrieved the snake, Draco rolled his eyes at the raven-haired Lord.

Harry on the other hand, pulled on his magic and began the bonding spell in Parseltongue, I, Harrison James Potter, do claim this serpent as familiar to my magic. May their life reflect my own. Serpent, I name thee Orochi.
They looked around a little longer, buying the rest of the necessities for Orochi. When they were satisfied with their purchase, they began to leave. A pitiful meow stopped them on their way out the door though. Hidden in the shadows near the door, almost impossible to see due to the color of its’ fur, was a small black kitten with startling green eyes. Draco cooed and picked up the animal while Harry rolled his eyes.

“Look at him, Orion! Isn’t he just adorable? He looks just like you!” Harry sputtered at the implication while Draco was getting drawn into the cat’s draw.

“Honestly, one would think you were a little kid, Xander.” Harry sighed while smiling. Even though he didn’t understand Draco’s love for the furball, he had to admit it was kind of cute, “He doesn’t look like one of the pets that are owned by the store. My guess is one of the kneazles had kittens and this one got missed in the round up due to the color.” The cat didn’t look as well-cared for as the other pets in the store which was why Harry made such an assumption.

“Can we keep him?” Draco turned wide puppy eyes on Harry who groaned before nodded, “Yes! I’m going to make you my familiar little guy!” Harry left Draco to complete the bonding ceremony while he gathered things for the newest addition.

~What do you think Orochi, green collar or grey~

~Does it matter what color you get the little morsel? It is a little morsel.~ Harry bit his lip to keep from laughing at the name Orochi had given Draco’s cat before hurriedly telling him not to eat the cat.

~Draco will not be happy if you eat his familiar.~ Orochi just huffed at the knowledge he would not be able to eat the furry creature.

Harry finally settled on the grey collar, not because it matched Draco’s eyes, and a simple silver tag in the shape of a circle. The spell to place a name on it was included and Harry grabbed it along with the other things a cat would need before tracking down Draco who was looking at collars, “I got this for the cat.”

Handing both the collar and the tag to Draco, Harry tried not to focus on how his heart clenched at the sight of Draco’s smile.

“Thank you, I named him Snitch in honor of you.” Draco spoke with straight face and Harry’s fell in horror.

“You didn’t.”

Draco held out for a couple of minutes before cracking with a grin, “Of course not, I named him Hyperion. A little extravagant but I like it.”

“It fits. Much better than Little Morsel as Orochi called him.” Harry just stuck that last part in there to see Draco’s reaction and he wasn’t disappointed. Draco paled and pulled Hyperion closer to him, glaring all the while at the place where Orochi’s head stuck out from Harry’s robes, “Relax, I already told him he wasn’t allowed to eat the thing. It would upset you and I don’t want to see you upset.”

“Well then, in that case, let’s leave here before they realize we pulled one over on them by taking the cat.” Draco led the way out of the store, kitten tucked into his robes and nose stuck up in the air.
Harry chuckled softly as he followed behind the blonde. They left the store, intent on continuing on with their shopping when Harry had a moment of brilliance.

"Dobby?" He called cautiously, causing Draco to stop and stare at him. With a pop, the eccentric little elf was bouncing on his feet in front of them with wide eyes.

"The Great Harry Potter sir called Dobby? What is Dobby being doing for the-" Dobby paused when he realized who was next to Harry.

"It's okay Dobby. Draco doesn't mean any harm. We just need you to take Hyperion here and put him in my room at my relatives'. You remember where that is right?" At Dobby's slight nod, Harry continued, "Good, we also need you to get everything the kitten will need. We can't bring him with everywhere we go today so he has to go back there. If you could watch him until we return that would be much appreciated as well."

"Anything for the Great Harry Potter sir." Dobby held out his arms allowing Draco to place Hyperion in his arms. Then, just as he came, Dobby was gone.

"You make weird friends Harry."

"Yet, you chose to befriend me anyway."

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Four hours later saw the two young wizards shopping in yet another muggle store in London. They had already made stops in three stores, in each Draco had insisted on only the best of the items, and now they were looking at a more laidback store. They had dropped most of their glamours due to being in Muggle London and were enjoying being in their own skin. The only glamours they left on were ones that made them seem older.

“What is a tattoo, Harry?” Draco caught Harry’s attention and the raven-haired wizard looked to where Draco was staring. A neon sign lit up against a dark gray wall and Harry grinned.

“I can’t believe you’ve honestly never heard of a tattoo before Draco. I mean there was a shop on the corner of Diagon Alley and Vertic Alley. I’m sure wizarding tattoos are better than Muggle ones as Muggle tattoos won’t move. Anyway, off track here. A tattoo is a picture on your skin. I’m not sure how wizards do it but Muggles use special tools for it. I’m not sure of the process so I can’t tell you exactly how they do it. I think it would be cool to get one someday, not today though.”

Draco let a sneer cross his face and he dragged Harry away from the building, “We need to find a hairdresser around here. I would have said something in Diagon but with Him on the loose, it’s best to avoid that much exposure. This just leaves us with Vertic Alley.”

Draco took Harry by the arm and led him to a store in the opposite direction of the tattoo parlor. This store was in a building by itself. The name on the front proclaimed it ‘Splendore’, “Why do I have a feeling I’m going to regret this by the time we’re done.”

“Trust me, Harry?” Draco pouted and Harry groaned. The blonde prat was too good at that. Draco smiled at Harry’s submission and led the way into the brightly lit building.

The lady behind the counter looked up at their entrance and smiled, “How can I help you today?” Harry glared when she focused too much attention on Draco and narrowed his eyes.
“My boyfriend here needs a haircut. Nothing too drastic, his hair is not the ‘just got shagged’ look when it’s too short. Maybe a hair growth potion and a style? One that will really make his hair look like he's just been shagged.” Draco interlaced his and Harry’s fingers to drive his point home. He hadn’t missed Harry’s glare even if the woman had and he found it adorable. Sure, they weren’t dating but it was nice to feel wanted for a change. Especially by someone that had as much power as Harry now had. It was a big turn on to Draco, who shuffled a bit to hide his growing discomfort.

"Of course, not a problem. I just need you to sign in and you will be called back when it's your turn. Can I get you anything?" Harry bit his lip to hide his smirk of satisfaction of her change in attitude. Seems as though she wasn't pleased by Draco's statement. Not that Harry cared, he'd turned his attention to the hand Draco was holding. The simple contact sent tingles throughout his arm and Harry sighed in contentment. They sat in the only leather two-seater available as they waited, Draco curled next to Harry. Harry, for his part, has his arm thrown over Draco's shoulders and his cheek resting on top of Draco's head.
It was dark by the time the two young wizards made it back to Privet Drive. The street lights were on but the both of them could tell something wasn’t right. There was an unnatural stillness in the air that had Harry drawing the wand that held no Trace on it, “Keep behind me. I would normally allow you to fight alongside me but we’re not in the Wizarding World. Your magic is still Traceable.”

“Not to mention you are the Dark Lord. I’m just the follower so have fun with whatever creature wishes to challenge your reign, Your Lordship.” Even nervous as he was, Draco still managed to be sarcastic. Harry shot the blonde a fond look before striding forward. Harry’s steps were light, a habit from his days sneaking to get food from his cupboard, as he made his way to his relatives’ house. The door was open and there were people moving in and out of his house. A familiar black dog lay near the porch, whining, and Harry stopped moving. Sirius was here which meant something had gone wrong. Next to the dog form of his godfather stood Remus Lupin, one of the best Defense Against the Dark Arts teachers to ever grace Hogwarts halls, who stood just as grim as Sirius.

“Remus, what’s going on?” Remus and Sirius turned their heads in his direction so fast, Harry was afraid they would have whiplash.

“Cub, where have you been? You’ve had Snuffles and I mad with worry.” Sirius bobbed his head in agreement. Remus inhaled deeply and froze, “What has changed Cub and who are you shielding?”

“Not here, moonchild. What must be discussed can only be done in private. As to who I am shielding, that would be a runaway and my Beta. Draco, come here.” Remus wheeled back in shock as though in fear and Sirius made to attack but a wave of Harry’s hand held them in place, “Draco is under my protection. He wrote me when no other of my friends did and we have become close. I am entrusting his safety to the two of you temporarily and will be displeased should any harm come to him while assigned to your care.”

Draco moved to Harry’s right and they entwined their hands, “You didn’t answer his question, Professor.”

“Your cousin was Kissed a short time ago, or at least that’s what it looks like. There weren’t any witnesses to prove it but he has the symptoms. We thought that a Death Eater had taken you while the Dementor did its’ work. Why didn’t you stay within the wards?”

“I take it Dumbledore didn’t properly explain what happened at the graveyard.” At the confused look on Remus’ face, Harry sighed, “We can’t have this conversation here. It’s part of the bigger explanation as to where I went earlier and why Draco is with me. I just need you to trust me and get us somewhere safe, preferably away from Dumbledore and his supporters.”

“We’ve been hiding out in Headquarters with the rest of the Order but I doubt you want to go there if it’s as bad as you claim. I don’t know where else to go though, do you have any ideas.”

“We can start at Headquarters, I’m assuming my traitorous friends are there.” At Remus nod, Harry’s eyes narrowed, “I would say I’m hurt and shocked but after today’s revelations, I’m really not. Let’s go then shall we? Sirius, you’ll take me and Remus you bring Draco. Before you ask, no I don’t trust you with Draco yet Siri. I want to, believe me, I do but right now I need Draco safe. I can trust that Remus will keep his personal vendettas to a minimum until after he hears my explanations.”

“Don’t worry, Cub. I’ll get him there safely. Let’s go now before the others realize we’re gone.” Remus held out an arm and after a reassuring look from Harry, Draco took it and they were gone.
Sirius led the way to a dark corner where he shifted back to his human form and wrapped Harry in a hug.

“Are you sure about the Little Malfoy, Pup? He’s not forcing you to do anything is he?”

“I trust Draco with my life, Siri. He is the only other person who knows what’s going on besides myself and he hasn’t abandoned me over any of it. It’s bad, Siri and it’s only going to get worse. I know he’ll stand with me even if you can’t once you find out what I’ve done. Please, don’t make things hard for him.”

“Then it’s done. If you trust him Pup then that is good enough for me. It’s hard for anyone to gain your trust, myself included. Enough of this though, let’s get out of here before I’m spotted.” With a grin, Sirius held out his arm and Harry grabbed.

Harry found he now hated a form of transportation more than a portkey. Apparition felt as though his organs had been turned to mush and rearranged. Harry bent over and starting retching his guts up. There was no way he would do that again. He’d rather portkey which was saying something as his last had taken him to a graveyard. A soothing hand on his back had him turning to look at the blonde who’d come up to comfort him.

“It’s alright, I threw up the first time too, only I didn’t have someone to comfort me while I did. It gets easier the more you do it. Not to mention, Side-Along Apparition is always worse than when you do it yourself. Now, up you go, you gotta look strong and put together when you see the Weasels and Granger. You know the breath refreshing charm right?” Draco fussed as he helped Harry stand straight again. Harry let a small grin slide on his face at Draco’s worrying.

“Yes Draco, I know the charm. I also know a few other charms that are best left behind closed doors.” Harry spoke lowly so only Draco would hear and was rewarded with a blush on the blonde’s pale cheeks.

“Alright you two, break it up and read this. Sirius has already gone inside to not only inform the others that you’re safe but to secure us a room where we can talk privately. Do you have anything that needs to be taken from the Dursleys besides your trunks?”

“We shrunk all the bags we got today so they are all in this one bag. We also cast a feather light charm on everything or it would have been impossible to carry.” Harry spoke as he and Draco read the simple scrap of paper held out to them.

Number 12, Grimmauld Place was written in Dumbledore’s curling handwriting, something Harry remembered from the letter that had been pinned to his invisibility cloak and the two letters the two had exchanged throughout the summer. The parchment burned in front of them and the duo looked as the sound of the houses in front of them grinding and shifting apart drew their attention.

“Grimmauld Place? Isn’t that a Black Residence?” Draco wanted to know as they walked up the stairs behind Sirius and Remus.

“It is but it’s under Fidelius, Dumbledore is Secret Keeper for it.” Sirius spoke up this time from the door, not noticing the dark look that the two boys gave each other, “Word to the wise, be careful as you enter, there’s an umbrella stand by the door. If you knock it over, you will wake my dear mother who is truly wretched when her portrait is disturbed.”

“Great, another reason to want to leave here.”
Trudging inside, they were met with mixed reactions on the faces of the Weasleys and Hermione. Harry tried keeping Draco behind him to fend off the worst of the insults but the blonde just scoffed as he followed Sirius up the stairs.

“Harry, where have you been? Why did you leave your aunt and uncle’s? Don't you know it’s not safe for you to be out on your own?” As was her usual, Hermione started in on her lecturing but Remus’ steady hand kept Harry for reacting violently.

“It’s not your business where I was or why I left. It is no concern of yours at all seeing as how you left me alone the entirety of this summer.”

“Dumbledore said-”

“Was that Malfoy? Why is Malfoy here Harry? He’s nothing but a ferret faced bastard.” Ron cut Hermione off, leaving the bushy-haired girl to huff in frustration.

“Enough, you two. Harry, dear, what on earth compelled you to leave the safety of your Aunt and Uncle’s and then show up here with the son of Lucius Malfoy of all people. That boy is just as rotten as his father. Why, you could have saved your poor cousin from the Dementors.” Molly simpered even as she tried lecturing him. Harry scowled at her attempt before taking a deep breath to start breaking ties with them.

“First of all, Hermione, there have been several times throughout the past four years that you've known me that we've disobeyed Dumbledore when he said not to do something. So why do you all of a sudden want to listen to him? Secondly, Draco has been a better friend this past month more than you have been in the entire time I've been yours Ronald.” Harry made sure to emphasize both Draco’s and Ron’s names to get the point across, “Finally, Mrs. Weasley not only are my Aunt and Uncle not safer than my godfather but Dumbledore had no right to place me there in the first place as he is not my Magical Guardian. Had Sirius actually been convicted of the crimes they say he committed, Dumbledore still wouldn't be as my parents left a list of people who I should have gone to and Petunia was not on that list. Neither were you or Dumbledore so it's strange why I was placed with them.”

“How dare you accuse the headmaster of doing something illegal! If it weren't for him, you would have been suspended several times over the past four years, including when you had another person enter your name into the tournament for you!” Molly screeched and Harry’s eyes narrowed.

“Oh yes, the Triwizard Tournament in which I had been forced to compete in three tasks that were designed with seventh year students in mind. How could I not be grateful for my name being entered? Oh yes, I never wanted the fame or glory since I have enough on my own. I’m not an attention-seeker unlike your two youngest children. As far as school pride goes, I would have supported Cedric just fine. I would have been happy if he had been the only Champion. What this is, is you trying to guilt me into doing what you want. It’s not going to work this time, so either you fall in line or I’m sure Sirius would have no problems kicking you out of the house.” Harry sneered at the trio in front of him before pushing past them.

“You were going to be sharing with Ron but seeing as you brought Draco along, Sirius has no doubt moved the two of you into your own room.” Remus guided Harry up the stairs with a hand on his back.

Up and up they climbed, passing by mounted house elf heads as they went. Finally, once they reached the top floor, Remus led Harry down the hall to an old and cracked door with a ripped Gryffindor banner on it. Not even bothering to knock, Remus opened the door and Harry saw Draco and Sirius eyeing each other warily within. Both wizards turned at the sound of the door creaking on
its’ hinges as it opened and smiles bloomed on their faces.

“Sorry it took so long. I didn’t want to leave the two of you together but I was stopped before I made it to the stairs. Every one of them tried to lecture me on one thing or another. Anyway, I promised Sirius and Remus an explanation, Draco, and I was hoping you would help.” Harry made his way to the blonde and wrapped in a brief hug while Remus warded the room with heavy silencing, privacy, and locking charms. Once he was done, he sat next to Sirius on the couch while Harry took a seat on the bed with Draco.

“So what’s going on, Pup?”
“First things first, Siri. Before we go any further, you two need the same kind of necklaces that Draco and I received from the goblins today. You’re in luck that we bought a few extra in preparation for moments like this.” Harry took two of the necklaces he’d bought earlier from around his neck and handed them to his godfathers, “Those will protect you from Legilimency, the Imperius, and a whole range of hexes and jinxes. The goblins aren’t sure if they’ll work on the Crucius since they’ve never had cause to test it but otherwise you should be pretty safe.”

Once they had them on, Draco began speaking, “I want to get this out of the way now. I wholeheartedly believe Harry when he says that V-V-Voldemort is back. My father was raving about his return not two days after Harry came out of the maze. I also want you two to be aware that I support Harry a hundred percent.”

“Thank you for that, Draco. Why don’t you see if Dobby can bring Hyperion to you? I’m sure that the poor cat is freaking out with you not in sight. I’ll start explaining,” Draco grinned and Harry began with telling his godfathers about everything that happened in the graveyard with Voldemort and Wormtail. He told them about the nightmares and how he’d been afraid that Voldemort would show up at the Dursleys now that he had Harry’s blood in his veins. He also talked about how upset he’d been at his friends’ lack of communication and how Draco’s letters had kept him going. By this point, the blond had returned holding not only Hyperion but Orochi as well who proceeded to drape himself around Harry’s neck.

“I made it a point to not only apologize to him but to assure him that I believed him when he said that V-V-Voldemort was back.” Draco strained to say the pretender’s name only from trained habit, “I hadn’t expected him to forgive me or even write back to me but he did and our friendship started from there. I told him about how things were going in my world with my father parading about with his mark on display.”

Harry snickered when Draco mentioned Lucius and Draco shot him a look of amused exasperation. Remus and Sirius looked on in confusion, “Sorry, that’s coming up. Anyway, I got a letter from him a couple days ago asking if he could stay with me. Obviously I agreed and told him how to accomplish it. This is the part that gets difficult to talk about. I need the both of you to keep an open mind.”

Harry launched into his explanation of the dream he’d had the night before Draco showed up and what it meant for him. He told them about exploring the world he’d appeared in and about Lady Hecate’s decision that he had to become the Dark Lord. He told them her warning about Dumbledore and how the man didn’t have their best interests in mind. How ever since Dumbledore came to be someone important in the Wizarding World, the traditions that the Purebloods held so dear were thrown away like garbage. About the reason both Dark and Light Lords were created and what it meant when Dumbledore turned against his Dark Lord partner. Then he got to the clutch of the matter, the part that was crucial to the entire thing, “Voldemort isn’t even the true Dark Lord. That is a title he claimed for himself which is why he has yet to make any serious progress in changing the Wizarding World.”

“Dumbledore is some pretty heavy opposition there, Cub.” Remus cut in, seemingly playing the Devil’s Advocate.

“Dumbledore is nothing to fear anymore. Grindelwald was a true Dark Lord, Dumbledore was his partner. A Light Lord is only as strong as his partner. Dumbledore lost his claim as Light Lord when he went against Grindelwald.”
“So who is the new Light Lord then?” Sirius questioned and both Harry and Draco shrugged at that.

“So Blessed Lady Magic didn’t say. I’m sure I will find out later though as supposedly there will be a pull to him or her. The Term ‘Lord’ being subjective of course. Honestly, one would think I would be given the identity to my partner in all the knowledge that has recently been crammed into my brain over the past forty-eight hours but no. Lady Magic has decided I need to find them on my own. Moving on though, as we still have things to cover. This morning, Draco and I left Privet Drive and went to Gringotts. I to claim the Potter Lordship and Draco to keep me company and stay away from Vernon. Once there, I set about getting all the blocks and such that had been holding me back, cleared out. Most of them had already been taken care of during my ‘Rite of Ascension’ the night before Draco showed up but there were still a few clinger-ons, Like a nasty marriage contract that had me set to marry Ginevra Weasley.”

“I never signed a marriage contract for you nor did your parents.” Sirius was upset, that much was clear. It was only going to get worse though, especially when the two men in front of them saw his parents’ Wills.

“Of course you didn’t. No, Albus signed in my case as he had illegally taken control of my guardianship. He and Molly are conspiring to marry me to the redhead bitch and no doubt kill me off sometime soon after to gain control over not only my seats but all the money that was left to me as well.”

“What do you mean ‘seats’? I know about the Potter one but what other seats did you inherit?” Harry handed Sirius the roll of parchment that held his Inheritance test results on it. Sirius’ eyes widened as he read through everything on the sheet, “These are a lot of titles, Pup, and I’m guessing the Duke title comes from your mother’s side of the family. James’ family came from a line of nothing but Gryffindors and Peverells obviously. No doubt a member of the Adderling family had at one point married a Muggleborn, one with the Dorset title. Not that it matters, you have plenty of other seats to contend with.”

“How many does he have exactly Pads?” Remus peered over Sirius’ shoulder and started sputtering, “Cub, you own half of Hogwarts, you realize that right?”

“Well, if you add in Draco’s percentage, the two of us are primary owners of the school. Draco, do you feel up to showing your inheritance results?” Instead of answering, Draco handed the rolled up scroll to Remus before focusing his attention on Hyperion, not that Harry could blame him. Finding out that the man you thought was your father all this years was actually your brother could be hard for anyone to take.

“Draco, is this your true parentage? All jokes aside?” Remus asked, voice low and steady but Harry could tell he was nervous.

“It’s accurate,” Draco flashed the Malfoy Head ring which sat on his hand next to the Ravenclaw one, “Harry and I believe that Lucius is impotent which is why I am Lord Malfoy now. I did a Goblin Purge which cleared out everything Lucius fed me including the the blood adoption potion which had confused the Healers when they tested my blood to ensure I was Lucius’ brat. He’s been wearing a replica Head of House ring this entire time. As the true Head of the Family, this ring wouldn’t accept anyone but me.”

“It’s brilliant, isn’t it? Voldemort’s biggest supporter is Lucius Malfoy. This simple change of Headship is war-changing.” Harry was excited.

“I could break the marriage between Lucius and my mother on falsehoods. Mother would get her dowry back and would be returned to the House of Black so Lucius wouldn’t be able to hurt her.
Only if that’s okay with you Cousin Sirius.”

Sirius would had been, up to this point, laughing at the news straightened up when address formally, “I concur with your plans, Cousin Draco, but ask that you wait and allow me to retrieve my Head ring from Gringotts.”

Draco nodded while Harry and Remus both rolled their eyes, “Don’t be a prat, Harrison. After all, you have more titles than anyone in this room.”

“Cub, this is disturbing news. Had these potions continued you would have lost your mind within a matter of years.”
“I know which is why I want the two of you to get tested at Gringotts as well. We also need to find some place else to reside. None of us are safe here. Between Draco and I, we have plenty of places to hide. It just depends on what we’re looking for.”

“Agreed so let’s get started.” Sirius grabbed the parchment named Gryffindor and began to peruse through it, summoning a quill to circle the locations he thought would work. The others weren’t far behind.
The four of them worked diligently for hours, circling and narrowing the list of properties they would inspect. They also began a list of tasks they would need to start on, the first of which was to free Sirius. The Minister of Magic’s smear campaign was sure to make things difficult but Sirius and Remus both assured Harry that Amelia Bones was fair and impartial even with the government the way it was.

“It's a shame we don't have a reliable reporter we can use to get the story out.” Remus spoke, a frown marring his face.

“I agree, with the Minister blocking what the Daily Prophet prints, your side of the story can't be heard.” Draco’s eyes widened as Sirius finished speaking before scrambling for the stack of parchment nearest him.

“I may have a solution that would help. I just need to find the parchment with your investments on it.” He explained before letting out a triumphant cry and pulling out a roll. Opening it, his grin widened as he found what he was looking for, “I knew it! Between all of your Lordships, Harry, you are the primary investor for The Daily Prophet! This means you can tell them what to print and the Ministry can't change it as you own sixty-five percent of the newspaper. Honestly, they shouldn't have been able to print anything about you in the first place unless your Magical Guardian gave them the right. Who was your Magical Guardian?”

“Dumbledore and Molly, both illegally, so I have no doubt the Daily Prophet was allowed to write whatever they wanted. This is good though as I have a certain blonde reporter trying to stay in my good side so I don't reveal to the Aurors that she's an illegal animagus. Oh, speaking of which, you and I need to start the process of becoming Animagi Draco. That can go along with our other training.”

“This is going to be good, Pup! No one would dare question you, not with you holding twenty-four votes in the Wizengamot. That's not including the ten you will hold when you take over for your Heirships.”

“Wait, what do you mean twenty-four?”

“Each different type of House has a different number of votes in the Wizengamot. A House has one, a Noble House and and Ancient House both hold two, an Ancient and Noble holds four, and Most Ancient and Noble Houses hold six. Between all your Lordships, you hold twenty-four votes currently and will take on another ten when you gain the Black Headship and the Headships to these other Houses here. We’re going to have to start your political training right away, starting with the Wizengamot. They’re the ones that have the pull in our society. First things first though, we need to get out of this house and get me free. That way we can start undermining Dumbledore’s hold on the Wizarding World. To do that we need to take things to Rita. Remus, once they set the date with The Daily Prophet and Rita Skeeter, you need to go with them. I’ll see if I can convince Tonks to go with you as more back up. I don’t trust anyone else as I don’t know who Dumbledore may be paying off.”

“Shacklebolt can be trusted. The goblins were tracking all the funds that Dumbledore withdrew and compiled a list of whose accounts they went into. They also pulled the financial spendings for the school. Seems Dumbledore was taking a lot of money from the scholarship funding and tucking it into other accounts, those belonging to himself and in more recent years the same Weasleys he’s giving my money too.”
“Are all the Weasleys involved, Cub? I know you enjoyed spending time with the twins and the eldest seemed like decent blokes when I met them at the last Order meeting. Are we certain that none of the other Weasleys can be trusted?” Remus spoke up, thinking about how unlikely it was that the Weasley twins would willingly betray Harry.

“When it comes to them, it would be better to play it safe. Have them give Wizarding Oaths that they had no knowledge of what their family members were doing. It may seem extreme but these are things we need to have a guarantee with before bringing them in. If we don’t and they turn out to be involved then it could put all of our plans at risk. If they turn out to be false as well, then you can easily see to them just as easily. Didn’t you say you gave the twin terrors a loan to start their business?”

Sirius cocked an eyebrow at his godson who flushed bright red, “It was my Triwizard earnings. I didn’t want them, not after Cedric’s death and Voldemort’s resurrection. The Diggorys wouldn’t take them so I gave them to the twins, telling them that the world use more laughter now. They wouldn’t take it until I threatened to throw it away.”

“You seriously threatened to throw away a thousand galleons?” Remus choked out and Harry grinned sheepishly.

“I wouldn’t have seriously thrown the prize money away but I had to twist their arms somehow. If they turn out to be using me, I get my revenge first.”

“Agreed,” three voices chorused. The four wizards went back to narrowing down properties after that, determined to get out of Grimmauld Place as soon as possible.

Finally after another hour of careful consideration, they decided on Eagle’s Respite, one of Merlin’s properties. Eagle’s Respite was situated on a plot of land and was set up much like many of the estates of the Ancient and Noble House seats that were still in use today. It had thirty bedrooms (with bathrooms in the eight bedrooms of the family wing and ten throughout the rest of the manor), four studies, six libraries, two informal dining rooms, one formal dining room that seated a hundred between six tables, two Floo rooms, an extra large kitchen, two ballrooms, three potion labs and was managed by two hundred house elves. It was white on the outside with beautiful white pillars. It had the necessary space for everything they would need.

“There’s one last thing. I want to bring Severus Snape in. We are going to need potions and I won’t settle for anything but the best. We will of course, subject him to the same Oaths as the Weasleys we bring in but we need his skill.”

“Are you serious, Pup? I’m sure we can find a different Potions Master. We don’t need the greasy git!” Sirius barked out, his eyes wide in shock.

“I’ve already stated that I won’t settle for anything but the best. Are you trying to tell me I don’t deserve the best Padfoot?” Harry put on a very convincing puppy dog look and started preparing to bring on the tears. Draco pulled him into his arms and glared at the dog Animagus for upsetting the raven-haired teen. With a sigh, and a not so subtle eye roll, Sirius gave in.

“Yes, fine. We’ll bring in the git even though I know I’m being manipulated right now.”

“Miracles do occur,” Remus muttered, though not low enough to not be heard. Sirius gave him a betrayed look.

“That means you will have to get along with him and put the past behind you. You’re a grown man and it’s time you act like it. There’s a time and place for pranks and there are times to focus. I won’t
tolerate any pointless infighting. We have a war to win and bullying and the like won’t be accepted. Do I make myself clear?” The glare Harrison sent his godfathers sent shivers down their spines. There was no doubt in their minds that their sweet young Harry was now a dangerous wizard even at only fifteen.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

A week later found the four of them in a secured room in Gringotts, waiting on the four Weasleys they had decided to bring into the fold. Sirius had had to wait until they were inside the room before shifting to his human form and Harry wasn’t going to comment on the hassle of getting him there via portkey. They finally had to settle on a muggle dog toy that Sirius could grab with his teeth so he wouldn’t have to worry about being recognized. They also had meetings set up with Amelia Bones as the Head of the DMLE to get Sirius cleared. They had written her a letter in which they told they had information on the Sirius Black case that hadn’t been released to the public. She had agreed to meet with them at Gringotts today. Their meeting with her would take place at two in the same room. First though, they had to get through the meeting with the Weasleys they believed they could trust.

A knock on the door had Harry tuning back into the world around him just as the Weasleys entered. Bill was the first to enter followed by Charlie and then the twins. Confusion was evident on all their faces but when they went to speak, Harry just motioned for them to sit. When they did, he waved a hand and put up privacy and silencing wards around the room. He also put one up that kept out unwanted animagi.

“Now then, I’m sure the four of you are curious as to why I’ve asked you to met me at Gringotts instead of talking at Grimmauld Place. Before I continue, I need your Wizard Oaths.”

“That’s a serious matter, Harry, what would we need to swear?” Bill, as the one used to Goblin contracts spoke for the group.

“That you have never willingly or knowingly taken anything from my vaults except that which I’ve given you permission to do so nor did you have any knowledge of the plans to do so.” Harry spoke clearly and concisely, the four Weasley boys’ faces paling as he did so. When he finished they scrambled to do as he bid. Once each had given the Oath and cast a simple Lumos to show they had been telling the truth, Harry began his explanation, leaving out the fact that he was the Dark Lord for now.

Draco, Sirius, and Remus each cut in from time to time to add in pieces that Harry had forgotten of their plans and the revelations that caused said plans. When they got to the part about the marriage contract between Harry and Ginny, Charlie nearly exploded from his seat, “How dare they! A marriage contract like that would have placed all the power in the marriage in Ginny’s hands.”

“Something I’m sure they wanted, Charlie,” Remus soothed, “Think of it like this: It was easy to see that Harry was powerful, even from a young age. The amount of power he is going to gain when he comes of age is likely to be rivalled by Merlin himself. All the Houses is the Lord of, contribute to his overall power. He isn’t one to be controlled by the Imperious seeing as how he is immune to it and outright manipulations won’t work either; however he is Muggle-raised so if one was to tell him that all marriage contracts were like the one that Dumbledore signed for him illegally how would he know the difference? Ginny would have been easy to convince. All she had to do was keep Harry under control and all the power and prestige that came from being Lady Potter and other such titles was at her fingertips. Any self-serving witch would jump on the opportunity.”

Seeing Remus in teacher mode was always a novelty to Harry and he chuckled at Charlie’s wide-eyed gaze. The second eldest Weasley son had never been exposed to Remus’ teaching like the others had so it was pleasant to know that he wasn’t the only one that got star struck from it. Even
Bill, who’d spent a lot of time helping Remus research, got a little starry-eyed. Harry had forgotten that Charlie had never really been exposed to the man’s teaching style due to not being in the Order for long.

“You said titles as in multiple. I know of the Potter Headship but what other titles are you entitled to Harry?” Bill asked, leaning forward in his seat.

“I think it would just be easier to show you the result of my Inheritance test. I have six Magical Headships that I hold and a Muggle Dukedom.” Harry passed over the form and the Weaselys eyes’ nearly fell out of their heads.

“Well, little brother-”

“-We knew you were rich-”

“-But we didn’t figure-”

“-On this rich.”

Fred and George spoke for the first time and Harry sighed relieved. If they still spoke as they did around him, that meant they weren’t too upset with him. He had only see them not do it once and that was when Ronald had turned his back on Harry at the beginning of last year. For the entire time that their younger brother acted like a prat, they spoke one at a time with him. It was how one knew that the twins were mad. It took a lot to get them to that point but once a person had managed it, it took a lot for them to forgive them.

“I didn’t know until about a week ago. Draco and I came here and both of us got the tests done. We found information that will really shake up the way the war goes this time around. I’ve already removed Dumbledore as my Proxy in the Wizengamot not that he’ll know it until he tries to use my seats to vote in his favor. Then there’s the fact that Lucius Malfoy will soon be out on his ear for stealing from the proper Heir.”

“Lucius is no more my Father than Voldemort is Harry’s. If we are being honest, Lucius had to rely on Abraxas to produce yet another Heir for the Malfoy line as Lucius’ service caused him to become impotent.”

“So what you’re saying-”

“-Is Lucius Malfoy has been-”

“-Using your money and seats-”

“-To favor the Dark Lord.”

“The false Dark Lord actually. It’s why he has such trouble taking over the Wizarding World.” Sirius piped up and Remus smacked on the back on his head.

“What do you mean, false Dark Lord?” Charlie queried.

“He means that only the Wizarding World recognizes him as such. Lady Magic had chosen her own avatar for Dark Magic, one that will restore the Old Ways and reeducate what Dark Magic truly is.” Draco spoke and when the Weasleys still looked blank, he sighed.

“Look, what you know about Dark Magic and it’s Lord is completely false. Dark Magic is the balance for Light Magic. Too much Light Magic and the Wizarding World will crumble beneath the
weight. Trying to merge the Muggle and Magical worlds won't work because muggles fear what they don't understand. Not to mention, Britain's Wizarding World has forgotten what it is to be a magic user. Lady Magic never meant for Light and Dark Magic to be seen as anything other than unified but the actions of a false Dark Lord have tainted the name for centuries. When the true ones are chosen, it makes their task harder as they are under the strain of the preconceptions of the Wizarding World. The first task is always identifying their Light counterpart. In the most recent case it was Grindelwald and Dumbledore. Grindelwald Awakened and found his Light Lord but Dumbledore betrayed him and so Grindelwald went Rogue. Rogue is a Dark or Light Lord who still has all the power of their side but they chose not to do the duties. It happens when the Lords turn their friendship into something more and it ends badly. It isn’t supposed to happen like that, each Lord has their own Consort but sometimes they push the issue and you end up with a Grindelwald and Dumbledore situation. My guess is that Grindelwald found both his counterpart and his Consort and assumed them to be the same person.”

“Are you saying that Dumbledore used Grindelwald’s confusion against him? How certain are you?”

“Absolutely certain, I know my Consort but not my counterpart.” Harry glanced briefly at Draco. He was certain the blonde was his Consort, it definitely fit with the knowledge that he had received from Lady Magic. He wanted to wait until Draco came into his Inheritance next June. Harry hated that this conversation was happening when he hadn’t explained that part of being a Dark Lord to Draco. Now Draco would lash out at him until his sixteenth birthday next year. Harry couldn’t tell him, it was a decision that Draco had to make on his own. Sure, Lady Magic would ensure there was a pull of some kind but all the Consorts had to physically, emotionally, and mentally make the choice to stand with their Lord.

Draco, meanwhile, was seeing red. He didn’t want to believe that Harry had been leading him on but he didn’t understand why Harry hadn’t told him about the Consort thing. Did Harry not trust him still? Was that why he hadn’t told him?

“Draco? Are you alright?” Harry’s voice and his hand on Draco’s shoulder snapped Draco from his thoughts and he had to fight back a sneer when he saw the concern on Harry’s face.

“Why didn’t you tell me about the Consort thing?” He snapped while Harry sighed before waving his hand to cast a privacy ward if Draco had to go off the faces the others were giving them.

“What about that upsets you the most? The fact that I didn’t inform you that I had a predestined Consort or that I have a Consort in the first pace?”

“Either...both...I don’t know. Why wouldn’t you tell me?”

“I hadn’t meant to say anything about it at all really. Consorts, as Lady Hecate explained them, choose their Lord not the other way around. I may have preferences as to who I wish for my Consort to bee but I will never be able to approach them as such. I can’t even tell them they are my Consort. They will have to acknowledge me as their Lord and Chosen before I can even begin the Courting process.” Harry lifted a hand to card his fingers through Draco’s hair briefly, “Are we alright now? May I drop the privacy ward so we can continue talking with the others?”

Draco nodded but grabbed Harry’s hand, wanting that small amount of comfort while he could get it.

Chapter End Notes
Hey guys and gals so I'm not certain as to who I want as Harry's counterpart, the new Light Lord. Right now the choices are: Neville Longbottom, Luna Lovegood, or Susan Bones. So vote in with your comments and I'll let you know in three chapters who the winner is.
Meeting the Weasleys

Chapter Notes

Hello dear Readers! I apologize for my absence but look I have a chapter! *throws out new chapter and hides behind nearby conveniently placed armchair* Do tell me what you think and be sure to check out the notes at the end of this chapter for an update on where the votes stand for Harry’s Counterpart!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After Draco’s breakdown, Harry dropped the Privacy ward and moved the conversation along. He needed to know where the four in front of him stood on the war and their family in general. It was why he had called them there in the first place.

“Moving on, Grindelwald’s subsequent defeat led to Dumbledore’s stifling of Magic. After all, who would question the man who’d defeated Gellert Grindelwald? If Dumbledore said that the Old Ways and Blood Magic shouldn’t be practiced then of course, the Ministry would ban it.”

“This stifling caused many of the most needed classes to be removed from Hogwarts curriculum. We went over past records for courses during the beginning of Dumbledore’s time as a teacher to now and what we’ve found is appalling. At least ten classes have been either completely gotten rid of or stripped to the bare basics. Any kind of Wizarding course or Pureblood related course was removed such as Pureblood Customs which was was much like Muggle Studies. It was a single term class as the second term was Wizarding Traditions and Religion which discussed not only the Old Ways but how to properly celebrate them. Muggle Relations was the second half of Muggle Studies, which was never intended to be an elective nor a full year, and went over the best ways to blend into Muggle society. Muggle Combat used to be an offered class to help wizards and witches defend themselves without having to break the Statute of Secrecy and there was a Muggle Education course that all students were supposed to take every year to keep them on par with Muggles and prevent them from sticking out like sore thumbs. DADA used to be Defense and the Dark Arts, the Dark Arts were taken out as being too dangerous even though that portion was just the study of them. Mediwizardry and Muggle first aid were taken out. Wizard Law had been an elective for those who were interested in becoming a barrister. Finally, the most crucial of the lot we’ve uncovered was the Apprenticeship Program. Sixth and Seventh year students had once been not only allowed but encouraged to apprentice under someone under their chosen career path.” Sirius was the one to present the information this time, handing over the list of courses they had pieced together and wrote descriptions for. It was a copy of their original but they needed to make another copy for Amelia later so they had to keep the original.

The Weasleys shared looks of horror as they read over what each course was intended for and couldn’t believe they’d been denied the opportunity for such things. They, Bill especially, felt that some of the courses would have helped when having to interact with the Muggles at the sites where he worked. Bill was the first to speak, “How could getting rid of all the courses help the Wizarding World at all? Especially Pureblood Customs and Wizarding Traditions and Religion when the Muggleborn constantly complain about not being able to be successful in this new world they’ve found themselves in. For another thing, why are we celebrating Muggle holidays instead of the ones laid down for us by Lady Magic herself?”
“It does make you wonder doesn’t it? What kind of agenda does Dumbledore have if he is determined to remove all of our history from us and force us to celebrate as the Muggles do. He is forcing a large breach in the Statute. It’s why Voldemort was able to gain such a foothold like he did. The Purebloods were disenfranchised with the way the Ministry was brushing aside all concerns for the history and origins of our very Magic. Then, in comes this Halfblood upstart Dark Lord who promises to restore the balance of Magic and all they have to do is follow orders. Of course, it’s not too long after that his insanity truly takes hold and they realize what a huge mistake they’ve made but by this time it’s too late. They and their children are sworn into his service, at least their firstborn are.” Draco speaks up now and it’s clear he’s regained his confidence.

“The rest of your family is stealing from me thus the Vow you took before we began. I couldn’t tell you when it started but there it is. Ron, Ginny, your Mother, and your father are willingly taking money and family heirlooms from my vaults here at Gringotts. The goblins are going to be going after them once we’re done here and know whether or not the four of you will stand in the way of them seeking justice for stealing from one of their most influential clients.” Harry smirked and the Twins laughed.

“A prank worthy-”

“-Of the Marauders,-”

“We’d say, little brother.”

“You didn’t tell them yet, Prongslet?” Remus queried and Harry shook his head, fighting back a laugh at the stumped look on Fred and George’s face, “What my dear nephew has failed to inform you of is that I’m Moony and Sirius is Padfoot. James was Prongs and Wormtail betrayed us. He’s no longer a Marauder.” Remus sneered Wormtail’s name and neither Sirius nor Harry could blame him.

While Fred and George gaped like fish, Harry and the others moved on. They broke down their goals and plans for the start of balancing out Magic again. They also talked on how much Dumbledore needed to get out of Hogwarts and everywhere else he held power at. It was obvious that he was doing nothing but abusing his positions and overturning the balance.

“This is all well and good, Harrison, but what does it have to with us? None of us really have skills that can be used outside our professions.” Charlie was the first to speak when there was a break in the conversation.

“That’s the beauty of it. The reason you’re wanted is because of your professions. Bill, according to Gringotts, you are the best curse breaker out there. We are going to need those skills in the coming months as well as your Warding skills which the goblins have highly complimented as well. Charlie, you train dragons for Merlin’s sake and if you can’t see how that can be useful well then you are denser than the entirety of your family. I’m not saying that they will be needed to fight but they make one bloody good deterrent. Who would go up against someone who had the loyalty of dragons? Then there’s you two, Fred and George. The things the two of you invent are incredible and could easily be turned to the war effort. I’d like to see people deal with some of the things you’ll invent. The best part being of course you get to work with Padfoot and Moony closely.”

“That is very Slytherin-”

“Of you, little brother-”

“Using our idols-”
“Against us like that.”

“We’re in!” For most people, the twin speech that Fred and George enjoyed would have thrown them off. Harry had gotten used to it in his first week and known how to differentiate between them by the second.

“I want proof of the theft before I turn my back to my family.” Bill, if nothing else, thought through every decision and was incredibly loyal.

“We figured you would. We had another couple of copies made of the withdrawals made over the last twelve years or so. Mind, your siblings didn’t start getting paid until Harry started Hogwarts. We have no doubt they were paid to be his friends or just get close to him in general.” Remus passed over another scroll that had been closed with the Gringotts seal on black wax, “This is a sealed copy of the vault activity ever since the death of Harry’s parents. I’m sure that after looking at it and going through it, you won’t have any qualms about the revenge we’re going to seek on the rest of your family.”

The four wizards who had called the meeting waited in silence as their guests read over the scroll they had been given. They watched as Bill’s fist clenched around the parchment and as Charlie’s jaw tightened in anger. The twins gained a spark in their eyes that promised revenge. If the four of them hadn’t been sold on the idea of going against their family, they were now. There was no denying the facts and the amount of money laid out by the goblins. Bill broke the silence, his anger very noticeably contained, “What do we need to do?”

Harry’s grin was wolfish when he answered, “As the eldest born, you would need to take on the mantle of Lord Weasley and disown not only your other family members but Elric Weasley as well. Doing so will allow you to access the Weasley vaults that have been sealed due to Elric’s betrayal of his marriage vows to Elaine Malfoy. The other purebloods froze the Weasleys out. This was also the start of the feud between the Weasleys and the Malfoys. The goblins, to appease the other purebloods, froze all but one Weasley vault saying that when a Weasley Lord disowned Elric, they would have access to the others. That is the sacrifice you would be making. Fred and George, as the only twins in the Prewitt line, you are the only ones able to claim the Prewitt Lordship. Then you two will also have to disown your family. As Elric wasn’t your bloodline, you don’t have to worry about it.”

“You don’t have to do this today. We actually don’t have time for you to do so today. Take a day or two to decide as I know this is a lot to ask of you. When you have decided, send a letter with your decision. For now, we need to call this meeting to an end. Just know that I won’t hold your choice against you but it will put us on opposite side of this war. The war that I intend to win.

Chapter End Notes

Alright, so how was it? Good, bad, ugly? Totally being a review whore here and shamelessly begging for comments but eh, it makes me happy to read your comments! Irregardless, here are where the votes stand as I’m posting this chapter for Harry’s Counterpart:
Luna- 23
Neville- 19
Keep up the votes as you have two more chapters before I reveal the final result. Besides your comments on this delicate matter truly make my day when I read them.
Run-ins with the law

They had just finished with the Weasleys and sent them on their way when the goblin who had shown them to the room, Rockjaw, announced Amelia Bones. Sirius shifted quickly into Padfoot and dashed under the table, looking for all the world like a chastised puppy. Amelia Bones strode into the room and Harry got his first look at the woman. Madame Bones held herself with the air of one who worked hard to get where she was and Harry didn't doubt she had. He knew she had been a few years ahead of his parents in school but hadn't expected her to look like she was several years older. Her hair was going gray, she had frown lines around her mouth and her eyes were heavy with grief. He had heard she'd lost her family in the last war. This couldn't be easy for her.

"Mr. Potter, why am I not surprised it was you who sent the message?"

"Actually, Amelia, it was me who sent the message." Amelia jumped at the sound of Sirius’ raspy voice from the floor while Harry just rolled his eyes at his dogfather’s antics.

"Do pick a form, Siri. Anyway, Madame Bones, please have a seat and listen to my side of the story with an open mind if you would." Bones sat on the edge of her seat with her arms crossed, though Harry had no doubt her hand was on her wand, "Thank you. Now, I'll tell you my side of the events of the graveyard and the events that led to them. For instance, I swear on my magic as a Wizard in the eyes of Lady Hecate that Sirius Black was not, is not, and has never been the Secret Keeper for my parents. I swear that Peter Pettigrew was not only their Secret Keeper but also blew up the street full of Muggles. So mote it be." Harry then drew his wand and cast a simple *Lumos*. Amelia’s mouth fell open and her jaw dropped Sirius couldn't help the smirk that graced his face. He had always wanted to see if he could knock the woman off her guard and it seemed that his godson had done so effortlessly.

"Dumbledore told the Wizengamot that Sirius had been the Secret Keeper, that he had cast the spell himself!"

"I’m not surprised that was what he told you. After all, what better way to keep an eye on the Boy-Who-Lived and gain his guardianship by getting rid of the boy’s godfather? Tell me, Madame Bones who was the first to use that ridiculous title?" Harry knew who it had been. Dumbledore, wanting to make a mountain from a molehill as the muggles say.

"Dumbledore now that I think on it. I thought it strange that he wouldn't push for a Lord of an Ancient House to get a trial. Especially as he was supposed to be chosen as Magic’s Light Lord.” Harry grinned, he knew he had made an excellent decision in starting with Bones and she had confirmed it. She knew that a Lord was chosen by Magic.

"He was chosen by Magic but his true counterpart is in a prison of his own making. Don’t you find it strange that we were never told how that duel went? Irregardless, next we have my placement after the death of my parents. Sure, in the aftermath of the attack I should have been seen by a Healer. However, Dumbledore placed me with my mother’s sister who absolutely despises Magic. There I was subjected to physical, mental, and emotional abuse. I received my Hogwarts letter while being kept uninformed of my history. Hagrid was sent to me instead of an actual teacher who would instruct me in all I need to know. Don't get me wrong, Hagrid is a great person but he is unfailingly loyal to Dumbledore and prejudiced against Slytherin.”
“That seems to be an unfair assessment.”

“‘There hasn't been a witch or wizard that was in Slytherin that hasn't gone bad’. That was a direct quote from him.” Harry looked at her paling face and lifted an eyebrow before continuing with his explanation. He went through his Diagon Alley experience, the train ride, and his first year before pausing again.

“You mean to tell me that you and two other eleven year olds were able to get through a supposed set of deadly traps meant to be guarding the Philosopher's Stone?” At Harry’s nod, she spoke again, “What would that accomplish? Why would he set you up for that?”

“He wanted to train up a martyr. Someone who would be his pawn and do as he was told and die when demanded. It was the reason that he paid off several of the Weasleys and set up a marriage contract to Ginevra Weasley, in the off chance that I survived whatever final confrontation with Tom he setup.”

Tom? Who’s that?”

“Tom Marvolo Riddle is Voldemort’s real name. If you write out the name and rearrange the letters, it says I am Lord Voldemort. I found that particular fact out in my Second Year when a shade of Tom appeared. He’d preserved a piece of himself in his diary to be used at a later date to finish the work he had started.”

“You faced a shade of Voldemort in your Second Year?”

“Madam Bones, with the exception of my Third Year, I have faced off with Voldemort in some form or another usually at Dumbledore’s prodding. Like this last year, I was told that I wasn’t able to get out of the Tournament. Yet, not only did I not enter my own name, I am also a minor. My Magical Guardian, Dumbledore in case you were curious, had final say in whether I competed or not. As all of us in this room are aware, I competed in the Tournament. The reason being that Dumbledore wanted me to face off against Voldemort once more. He never explains why I’m being forced into the encounters when he visits me in the Hospital Wing after them either. Third Year, I fought off a hundred Dementors to save my life and the life of my godfather after traveling back in time. This was just another instance of me having to save myself. I’m not sure if you’ve ever experienced it but time travel isn’t pleasant. It wears on your very bones and ages them. The worst part is that the reason there was even a Time Turner available was due to Hermione trying to show out and take every course offered. The teachers indulged her instead of telling her to only pick a set number.”

“They let a third year student use a highly advanced tool like a Time Turner just so she could take all the classes offered?” Amelia finally lost her composure as she shrieked, outraged, “Dumbledore told the Unspeakables in charge of the Time Chamber that it was going to be used to stop Black from causing harm. He borrowed it for a couple months as that is the max length of time the Unspeakables are supposed to let Time Turners out of their sights. How did he swing a year?”

“Dumbledore has spent years cultivating people for every Department in the Ministry. No doubt, he has someone involved in the DoM but specifically the Time Chamber. One that owed him a favor serious enough to risk their job.” Sirius spoke having a better understanding of how Dumbledore operated in that area than Harry did, “It’s what he did to me in my sixth year. I set a fellow student on a path that I knew would lead to a werewolf in hopes that it would scare him enough to leave Hogwarts. I should have been expelled and had Remus killed said student, then he would have been executed. Instead, Dumbledore brushed it off and forced the victim to remain silent. I have no doubt it was because the student was a Slytherin.”

Amelia’s face lost all color as she took in all that she was being told. Harry didn’t blame her. It was hard to think that someone that was supposed to be a Light Lord was capable of such blatant
favoring, “Please tell me that that is the only time he’s shown such behavior.”

“My first year, the Slytherins had won the House Cup and were so excited about but then Dumbledore stood up and said, ‘recent events must be taken into account’ and awarded Gryffindor a hundred and seventy points right there, snatching the House Cup away from them in front of the entire school.”

“All of us in Slytherin were devastated. Not only did he fool us into thinking we had won the House Cup but he also humiliated us in front of everyone. He had essentially spat on us and told us we were worthless. Then he has the audacity to tell everyone that all Slytherins are evil because they are Dark. We don’t have any other choice but to turn to the Dark Lord, he’s supposed to balance everything out.” Draco spoke up and was surprised when Amelia took the time to listen to him and not dismiss him.

“That is honestly despicable. I don’t understand how he has managed to stay Headmaster so long.”

“That’s why we need your help, Madame Bones. If we can get Sirius free then he, Draco, and I can start working on changing things and getting him out of office. We need a Headmaster or mistress that won’t promote House Rivalry. Sure, some friendly competition as in Quidditch is fine, but outside of that all House Rivalry does is divide the students later in life. They aren’t learning what they need to in order to learn as they’re too focused on how to get back at one House or another for a prank or an incident of bullying. Sirius, as Lord Black, has a seat on the Board of Governors for Hogwarts. Remus is going to be my proxy on the Board for my seats and Draco is going to assign someone he trusts for his.”

“Doesn’t Lucius hold the Malfoy Lordship?”

“Of course not. He never did really as he hasn’t been the Heir since Abraxas learned that he was impotent. Abraxas had to make a donation to get Narcissa pregnant. I plan on dissolving the marriage contract between them as Lucius failed to meet the required two children. I’m also planning on disowning him and leaving him nameless. I have no doubt that he won’t survive long without the family Magic supporting him as he’s a mediocre wizard at best on his own and the process of disownment takes a lot out of a wizard. If he isn’t strong enough, he won’t survive the night.” Draco smirked as he finished, more than pleased with his plans for the man who seemed to make it his mission to make his life miserable growing up.

“Let me know when you plan to do that as I want to be there to see it.” Amelia chuckled at the idea. Lucius Malfoy had given her plenty of headaches in the past already and she wouldn’t be sorry to see him go.

“It’s going to be done in stages as we can’t let him catch onto what it is we’re doing or he’ll pull all the funds from the Malfoy Vaults. The same goes for Dumbledore. He and all those who are involved in the thefts from my accounts are going to find themselves in a whole lot of trouble with the Goblins. Dumbledore is also going to find himself short quite a few seats. I’m going to be taking up my Wizengamot seats and reviewing the way he voted on each individual law that was brought before the Wizengamot. If it’s against the way I feel the vote should have gone, I’m changing them. What good are my twenty-four votes if I can’t use them properly?”

“And your plans for the school?”

“The governors need to do their part. The plan is to get them to take a more active role in the school. They would be the ones to find new teachers, to check over the budget and prioritize needs. The governors should be the only ones with the power to nix courses and expel students. If the Headmaster or Mistress feels that expulsion is necessary then they need to bring the matter before the
governors. Matters such as the one I brought up earlier,”

“Or flying a car to Hogwarts.” Harry broke in and Sirius shot him a look that clearly said ‘not helping’.

“Or flying a car to school, are ones that immediately need to be brought before the governors. Why is it that as Headmaster, Dumbledore has been allowed to put whoever he want as the DADA instructor? Not to mention, why haven’t curse breakers been called in to deal with the supposed one on the position? That’s going to change. It has to.”

“Why did you want to meet with me? What did you hope to gain?”

“You were our best option for getting the truth out there. You are the Head of the DMLE and as such, you have the ability to not only sign pardons but call emergency Wizengamot sessions for trials. You can get Sirius the trial he never had and use our memories to get him set free. Not to mention that with you on our side, the general public is more likely to believe our claims. After all, you aren’t known as being a voice of truth and reason for nothing. You witnessed my oath, Madame Bones, I ask that you help us set an innocent man free.” By the end, Harry had begun to sound pleading but he didn’t mind so much if it got her to help.

She seemed to think it over for a few minutes, her eyes shifting between the four of them as though trying to find any sign of deception. Her face changed slightly as she, in Harry’s mind, argued with herself until letting out a little sigh, “Very well. I can’t condone leaving an innocent man to rot in prison and you’re right about the oath. If you weren’t being honest, your magic would have been stripped. If I’m to do this then Sirius you need to write down the events leading up to and after the death of Lily and James and then what happened with Pettigrew. I also need to know how you escaped Azkaban though I think I have a clue. I have some Veritaserum-laced ink in my bag here as well as parchment and a quill. You will write all the information and anything else you may think I need to know on the parchment, if it all comes out true, I will call the emergency session within the week. Lord Potter, Lord Malfoy as you are too close to the person in question, your votes will not be taken into account. Between the written testimony and verified memories, I have no doubts that we will be able to clear you As the Head of the DMLE, I will be presiding over it so there will be no cries of underhanded tactics.”

“Thank you, Madame Bones. It means a lot for me to have a way out from under Dumbledore’s thumb.” Harry wasn’t sure who was more surprised at how mature Sirius sounded, Sirius or Amelia but both of their faces were amusing.

“Yes well,” Amelia coughed to try to get her composure back, “I will owl you with the court day, Lord Potter. Don’t worry about anything, I’ll have Sirius freed and on the streets as a free man in no time. Have an excellent day.” Amelia all but ran from the room, no doubt to get away from the strangeness that was the situation. For the four wizards still inside though, they were having a small celebration over the fact that they had won the Head of the DMLE over to their side.

“See, I knew that making that Vow was a good idea.” Harry chuckled at Sirius’ mock offended look.

Chapter End Notes

Look another chapter!! One hat is longer than my normal ones even. At the risk of sounding like a review whore: comment, comment, comment! Also the voting is still open for who you want as the Light Lord so make sure you get your vote in! The tally
so far is as followed:
Luna- 31
Neville- 26
With Amelia gone, and having no other meetings for the day, the quartet set about getting Sirius and Remus checked over by the goblins. Some of their actions had never made sense to Harry, like the ridiculous paranoia they had had thinking the other was a traitor. Mad-eye was one thing, the man breathed paranoia after all, but for the two friends who had been so close it made no sense. It was also required by Harry who believed that anyone who followed the Dark needed to be as healthy as possible to fight the pull some of the Darker magics had. It was why a Dark Lord was needed. Dark Lords were able to resist the pull into insanity that those magics had and could pull a follower out of it. As it stood, Harry wanted his two godfathers healthy for completely selfish reasons. If they were healthy, the courts would have no reason to deny them custody when Sirius’ name was cleared. A new goblin came into the room then with a small velvet box clutched in his hand. Sirius seemed to recognize the goblin in front of them as his face paled, “Sirius Black, it is long past time that you put on your Lord ring. Had you been wearing it the night you had been arrested, then things would have gone differently as the Wizengamot cannot refuse a Lord a proper trial when they have claimed their seat as the ring is an indicator of their guilt. It does not abandon the innocent and everyone knows that the only way to get your ring is to come here. If you had the ring then, you would have never spent time in Azkaban.” “Even with Dumbledore in charge of the Wizengamot, who to this day maintains an unhealthy obsession with my godson? He would have argued that the ring only perceived me guilty either way and pushed for my incarceration either way. He wants control over my godson.” The goblin snarled and thrust the ring at Sirius, “Wait to put that on until after you have been cleansed or the ring will not accept you. It doesn’t recognize potions as being anything other than something you desired and will take it to mean you’ve betrayed your family. As for you Mr. Lupin, I suggest you get checked as well. Dumbledore is notorious for his hatred of Creatures. I have no doubt that he has filled you up with potions and compulsions as well.” “I don’t have the funds for that sort of test.” The goblin looked at Remus like he was stupid and Harrison rolled his eyes. “As though I’d make you pay for that yourself, Remi. Firstly, you’re under my care as the Dark Lord. Secondly, and most importantly, you’re family. Let me do this for you, Remi.” Harry shot Remus the puppy eyes he’d learned from Sirius and watched as the wolf visibly give in before he nodded his consent, “Spare no expense on either of them. I don’t want to risk anything being left even if it looks benign now. Also, to ensure that you and those working on cleansing my godfathers are compensated properly for all your help, each of you are to be given a hundred gallons from the Potter Vault.” The goblin stared at him in shock (a first for Harry to be sure) before bowing and motioning for Sirius and Remus to follow him from the room. This left Harry and Draco to wait alone in the room. “Harry, what’s going to happen when we go back to Hogwarts? I mean, we’re in separate Houses and our friends dislike each other.” Harry’s sneer at the thought of ever calling those traitors friends again would have put Snape’s to shame. “The Slytherins will have no choice but to fall in line if they wish to continue calling themselves Slytherins. I hold the Slytherin Lordship which means I have the ability to call a Resort on anyone in Slytherin House, the same in Gryffindor and Ravenclaw. The first person to try something will find themselves under the Hat at the very next meal. You and I are going to start changing the way the Hogwarts Houses are viewed. I’m tired of Gryffindor being favored because the Headmaster believes that all wizards from that House are good and can do no wrong. Gryffindor House has become home to bullies and self-entitled pricks. We will have to review the original Hogwarts
Charter to see what it says about the Heirs. I have no doubt that the Founders left provisions for their Heirs. We will need to get into those vaults to find it.”

“Can we do that while we wait for your godfathers to get finished?” Harry huffed like it was a big hassle but smiled so Draco didn’t think he was serious.

“Sure, Dray, we can go find it while we wait. I’m sure there is a goblin outside in case we need something. They wouldn’t want wizards and witches running around every which way on their own.” He held out a hand after he stood up and Draco took it quickly. It was odd how quickly Draco seemed to latch onto him whenever they were alone but Harry figured it had to do with the aura of his magic. When in the midst of a group of Dark wizards and witches, his aura was spread among all of them equally. One on one though, his aura permeated through whatever room he was in.

Harry and Draco walked out of the room where they found a goblin waiting, this one much younger and much more eager than the last had been, with a set of keys held loosely in his hands, “I am Frettooth. Master Goblin Deadrot has asked me to escort you around the premise and take you to your vaults if you so desire.” Deadrot then bowed and looked mildly shocked when the duo repeated the action.

“Thank you, Frettooth. We would like to go to the Founder Vaults. We want to see if they left the original Hogwarts Charters there.”

“If that is what you are looking for then you will be sorely disappointed. They, in a joint decision, placed the Charter in the safekeeping of the Goblins in case any of the Heirs asked to see it. I can take you there instead if you would prefer.”

“That would be wonderful, Frettooth.” Frettooth bowed again and began to led them through a series of twisting tunnels that they would have been lost in without the guide of the goblin in front of them. By the time they had made it to their destination, the duo was utterly turned around and confused. The tunnels had all started looking the same at one point and that was when they’d lost all sense of direction.

“We are here, young Lords. This is the Room of Records. It is here that you will find the Hogwarts Charter. Once you enter, go to the desk that is in the center of the room and ask Record Keeper Gripnod for that which you seek. Once you have it, return to me and I will take you back to the room you were in.” Harry and Draco bowed once more to the goblin and went inside.

The Room of Records was a large circular room with a high ceiling. So high that the Wizards had a hard time seeing it. Along the walls, standing almost as high as the ceiling was, were bookshelves filled with old tomes and yellowing scroll. In the center, like Frettooth had mentioned, was a dark wood desk with an older goblin sitting behind it. The goblin, Gripnod according to Frettooth, scowled when he noticed them. It got worse the closer they got, “Why do you want?”

“Greetings, Record Keeper Gripnod. We wish to remove the Hogwarts Charter left in your keeping by the Founders.” Harry spoke first, as the one with the majority of Hogwarts.

“And what makes you think I’m just going to let some strange wizards remove the charter? That Charter was given to me by the Founders themselves for their descendants and their descendants only.”

“Will you grant us permission to remove it as we hold the majority of Hogwarts between the two of us. I am Lord Ravenclaw and my companion is both Lord Gryffindor and Lord Slytherin. We are unaware who is currently Heir Hufflepuff but we have been assured by a reliable source that the line is not currently deceased.”

Gripnod looked momentarily shocked before his face was back to the normal, blank goblin mask, “Do you have proof of those claims? After all, if I based my opinion on the word of a wizard alone, the Charter would have been taken a long time ago by that bastard of a wizard Dumbledore.”

Gripnod’s distaste of the man was almost tangible and the teens had to fight off matching smirks. The two lifted their right hands where their Lordships rings rested and showed them off on display. Draco’s rings were simple as he just had one on each finger for now. Harry had had so many he’d needed to claim that he’d combined them into two rings and then he had his Heirships on one ring. He had showed his main ring to Gripnod though as that was the most important one. The main ring had the crests of Gryffindor, Slytherin, Peverell, and Potter on it and Gripnod smirked.
“Is this proof enough, Gripnod?”

“Why, of course Lord Gryffindor or should it be Lord Slytherin?”

“I am going by Lord Potter-Black officially.”

“Well then, Lord Potter-Black, what do you know of the Deathly Hallows?” By Draco’s sharp intake of breath, Harry knew it had to be important but he had never heard of it before.

“I’m afraid that I’ve never heard of them.”

Gripnod snarled before rushing off towards one of bookcases, even as a scroll floated towards them. It looked to be new but based off the feel of the magic, the scroll was the Hogwarts Charter. It felt the same way that Harry’s rings had, “I can’t blame you for not knowing. None of the previous Peverell Lords had known either. I’m sure they hadn’t done an Inheritance Test either as the Peverell ring has sat dormant since the last Lord with the name bore the ring. Irregardless, the Deathly Hallows are thought to be a fairy tale, a bedtime story for children to teach them not to be foolish. The truth of the story though is far more sinister and, if Ignotus is to be believed, darker than anything I’ve ever seen. I can assure you that the magic they dabbled in are ones not advertised in even the Dark society. I would not let too many know about this journal.”

“That means it’s one of the Darkest branches of Magic.” Draco accused while Harry just grinned indulgently.

“We’ve talked about this Draco, Dark Magic is here for a reason. Based on how old the leather of that journal looks, the Hallows were created in a time where that Dark Magic wasn’t as frowned upon by civilized people. I’ll take it with me, Gripnod.” Draco rolled his eyes at Harry’s disagreement with the term civilised. Gripnod sent the journal he held to Harry with a wave of a hand and Harry bowed to the Record Keeper. The wizards left the room then to see Frettooth waiting in the same position they’d left him, only slumped against his spear asleep. Harry and Draco shared amused looks while Harry coughed loudly to wake the sleeping goblin and Draco fought to keep a straight face. Frettooth jerked awake at the noise and, at Harry’s raised eyebrow, blushed. Draco, who’d never seen a goblin blush, had to fight even harder keep his face straight.

“I apologize my Lords. Please don’t tell Master Deadrot about that. He will put me back on mine guard duty.” Frettooth pleaded and it occurred to the blonde that the goblin in front of them probably wasn’t as old as he’d originally thought.

“We don’t need to tell Master Deadrot anything as nothing happened, right Harry?” Harry, who’d planned on gaining something out of this opportunity, deflated at the sight of Draco’s puppy eyes. Harry nodded even as he sighed. Draco throwing his arms around him was just an added bonus. Frettooth led the way back to the room they were in where they were met by Sirius and Remus. Sirius had a dark look on his face and it seemed as though Moony was closer to the surface than ever.

“Nothing good I take it?” It may have been asked causally but no one in the room was unaware that Harry was furious.

“The old coot fucked with us way too badly to be acceptable.” Remus growled and Sirius nodded in agreement.

“He’ll regret the day he fucked with us.”

Chapter End Notes

I am so sorry for the long wait for this chapter!!! I have no excuse honestly as I’ve just been bullshitting. In my defense though, I got a lot busier at work and in my social life. Still, no excuse. It’s here now though and I hope you enjoyed it. It’s probably not my best work but it’s here.

*Just a reminder, this is the last chapter to get your votes in for Harry’s counterpart. I am
going to reveal them in the next couple of chapters, though it won't be the next one. I won't give the current count just know that Neville has taken the lead. So Luna fans out there, get your votes in and if you feel like voting twice, go for it.
After the revelations at the bank, Sirius and Remus were even more determined to take Dumbledore down. Sirius had not taken the fact that Dumbledore had blocked his Godfather bond to Harry well. Nor had he appreciated the compulsions that had been placed on him to not only hate his family and anything to do with Dark Magic but also to force his hostility towards Snape. That had caused him to grit his teeth in anger. He hadn’t liked having his head messed with in the slightest. From what the goblins had gathered it had taken place sometime shortly before his first year at Hogwarts. Sirius figured it had to have been at the Minister’s Summer Ball as that had been the only time that he had ever been around Dumbledore for any length of time. He had taken the hatred towards his family and Slytherins so hard, he confided in Harry later, because that hatred had cost him his brother. His brother Regulus, Sirius told Harry, had been so proud to not only be Slytherin but of their family’s history as Dark wizards as well. He had never gotten to ask his brother for forgiveness because the man had been killed by Voldemort in the first war or at least that was the story. There had never been a body to bury but when Reg had disappeared, it had just been assumed that he’d been killed by Voldemort.

Remus had been compelled to hate his lycanthropy and moreso his Sire. He had been compelled to be complacent in Sirius’ and James’ bullying and even participate at times. The most shocking thing that had been uncovered was a letter written in the hand of Fenrir Greyback using a Gringotts truth Quill that detailed the events that had occurred that night when he had bitten Remus. The letter had been written around the time when Remus would have been starting his first year and had spoken of how he’d been trapped by Remus’ father and Dumbledore and forced to bite then the four year old Remus. Fenrir had been out of his mind with grief having watched his mate get killed in front of him and his wolf was pissed at his mate’s killers, the men who had trapped him in the circle. When Fenrir had come to his senses when the sun rose again, he’d freaked out seeing the body of the young boy laying in front of him with a huge bite on his throat. He had ran after watching Dumbledore pass Lyall Lupin a significantly heavy pouch of money. Remus had punched a hole in the wall of his bedroom when they’d gotten home. The fact that his own father had set him up to be bitten by a werewolf had shaken everything he had ever known, or thought he’d known, about his life. That night he’d sent out a short, one-sentence letter to Fenrir:

Greyback,
We need to talk face-to-face.
Lupin

They hadn’t heard back yet but it had been only a couple of days. They had no doubts that the owl, Hades not Hedwig whose snowy plumage was too noticeable, was still looking for the werewolf Alpha. The only good thing was that so far, Amelia had been true to her word in working on clearing Sirius’ name. There had been an article in the Prophet already about the DMLE ‘reviewing old cases to find acquaintances of the notorious lack’ when in reality, she was pulling all the information she had from that time. She was making sure that not even a shred of evidence got overlooked that could tangle up the Wizengamot in clearing Sirius. She had sent a subtle letter to them stating that she didn’t want to leave anything to chance and the best way for her to ensure that this didn’t get swept under the rug was to make sure she did all the footwork herself.

Now, it was a day for them to relax and enjoy the company of the Weasleys that they could stand though. As it was Harry’s birthday, they had all decided to take the take away from plotting and planning. Bill, Charlie, and the twins had closed ranks around the quartet to keep the traitors away to stop any potential love potions getting slipped into Harry’s food. The twins had mentioned that
Ginny and Molly had spent the entire last week plotting way to mix it into Harry’s food or drink. Harry hated that he had to take such extreme measures to ensure he could choose his own spouse and not be tied to people who wanted his money for the rest of what he was sure would be a short life.

Harry was certain that the reason he was enjoying the day at all was because of how much he’d read in his ancestor’s journal. He hadn’t read anything too shocking and stomach-turning yet but then, he was only in the beginning of the journal. The journal, from the look of it, was well over seven hundred pages of handwritten notes and diagrams that he had to squint to make out sometimes. It was honestly exhausting. What he had read of it had been a collection of ramblings on binding and blood magics and whether they could be combined. For now though, he needed to focus on the party Sirius and Remus had put together for him. Speaking of his godfather, the man was currently romping around the living room as Padfoot, trying to get a scent off of the presents.

“Knock it off Padfoot, I know what you’re doing. I put a spell around them to keep you from figuring it out too.” Remus shook his head as Padfoot slunk away with his tail down, “Come on Cub, time to open your presents. Before Siri finds a way around my spell.”

Harry rolled his eyes and made his way to the couch and sat in the middle of it. This was the part of the evening that had Harry the most concerned. He’d had Kreacher, after a serious talk and laying out the rules, around checking the food and drinks and Sirius and Remus were watching out for anything that may have been charmed and handed to him. There was nothing stopping the traitors from placing some kind of charm on the gifts they’d wrapped. Steeling himself, Harry prepared himself as Remus handed him the first gift.

“This one’s from,” Remus squinted a bit so he could make out the name on the tag, “Bill, who has terrible handwriting.” Bill scratched the back of his head sheepishly at Remus’ teasing. The other Weasleys laughed at Bill’s flushed face while Harry opened the small package, eager to see what was inside. The contents shocked the group into silence. Nestled on a soft emerald green pillow was a bright silver snake with eyes that matched Harry’s own.

“It’s a bracelet. I got it at this magical jewelry shop in Egypt. Never knew why but I figured this must have been why.” It was said casually enough but the other charms on the bracelet, humming in Harry’s ears, told a different story. It clicked why Bill was being whatever about the bracelet when a particular charm made itself known. Harry’s head snapped up and the man in question tilted his head in acknowledgement. A flash of silver and Harry knew what the Weasleys’ decision had been. The Weasleys that matter anyway, “I added a couple of simple of protection charms to it.” Lie, there was nothing simple to the charms I’m sensing.

“Thank you, Bill. It’s incredible and I really like the snake.” Harry went to slip it on only for it to do it on it’s own. Bill laughed at his surprised look, “I should have known. I mean, you did warn me you found it in a magical jewelry shop.”

Remus laughed as he held out the next gift, this one from Charlie, and Harry took it warily as Charlie had a smirk on his face. Taking the lid off, Harry breathed a sigh of relief when he just found a set of dueling robes. They were heavy as Harry pulled them from the box. He heard Ron grumbling in the back about never getting anything as nice from Charlie and had to fight down a smirk. The dueling robes were mostly black with green trim and silver stitching. The inside was lined with green and had the same silver stitching. They cut away at the waist so Harry would have to wear trousers with them but that would be a simple matter. The more important thing was that the robes were designed to fit tightly against his body from right below the throat down to his wrists. They were also made from a quality material to avoid tearing, “Hey, Harry, I know the robes are nice and all but there’s still something in the box.”

Draco nudged and Harry shot him a look but he complied. Of course, after seeing what was in the box, he wished he hadn’t. His face blazed bright red even as he glared at Charlie who’d begun to laugh harder than he should have, “I’m going to kill you Charlie! I’m only fifteen, why do I need a pair dragonhide trousers?”

“Why to go with your robes of course!” Charlie’s tone was innocent but the smirk on his face told a completely different story. He’d wanted to make Harry uncomfortable and he’d succeeded.
“You’re an evil man, Charlie.” Everyone laughed as his comment and no one noticed as he added a symbol onto the back of his robes with the wave of his hand. He couldn’t check right now, too many prying eyes, so he hoped it came out right and not deformed like some of his previous attempts had. If there was one thing he’d gotten used to doing, it was clothing charms. Harry was used to changing the sizes on the clothes he wore so they fit better. He’d picked up the other charms to make his clothes more appealing not that it mattered. He was still too skinny.

From there they moved on, the twins gave him a bunch of their new products for their joke shop and some they weren’t planning to sell to the public at all. Those particular pieces were in a box Harry figured out were keyed specifically for him to see when everyone seemed to glance over them. From Remus he’d gotten defensive and offensive spell books, a self refilling journal so he could write his thoughts in, and a book that detailed different creatures unbiased. It was well-worn and a first edition. Remus had told him it was the only copy of the book left since the Ministry hadn’t appreciated the contradictory look on creatures. It had of course been spelled to look different to others who weren’t in the know. He’d gotten things from the other Weasleys and Hermione then, all laced with compulsions to make him more compliant and willing to sacrifice for Dumbledore’s vaunted ‘Greater Good’. Bill’s bracelet had tightened subtly in warning every time he came across a gift with compulsions. It had nearly cut off blood flow in his arm when he got to Ginny’s who had layered so many love potions on top of submission charms that he could barely see the gift through the colors wrapped around it. Hadn’t that been interesting to discover? That the bracelet let him see what it picked up on in colors. It was going to start giving him a headache if it kept up. Bill, who’d noticed Harry’s subtle wince, mouthed a ‘sorry’ having not anticipated a gift turning up like that.

Snape, whose arrival Harry hadn’t even noticed, was next to give Harry a gift though he did so grudgingly. He handed over a square package wrapped in plain brown paper while muttering about not ruining Harry’s newly perfect eyesight. Opening the gift, Harry’s eyes widened at the first thing he saw. Setting the box down, he gingerly lifted out the wizarding photo of a young redhead girl with bright green eyes and a knowing smile on her face. Upon seeing Harry, she giggled and blushed, hiding her face behind her hands. Harry’s breath caught in his throat as he watched the younger version of his Mum dance around in her picture. He looked questioningly at his professor who for once had a tender look on his face, “I learned you didn’t have many picture of your parents and especially none of your Mum when she was growing up.”

Harry knew better than to point out the blush on the professor’s face and set the picture gingerly to the side before digging back into the box. The rest of the contents had him laughing as they were so expected of the Potions Master. The box held Potions books for beginners or rather (as the Potions Master had corrected) for dunderheads, as well as a journal that held Snape’s handwritten notes on improving potions. Of course, the twins then grabbed it and charmed it to read off the man’s acidic notes in the man’s tone. Snape, whose scowl began to out in an appearance, went to Finite the charm but Draco stopped him.

“I think it’s great listening to the journal spit out your commands. It certainly makes the thing even better though I am jealous that you didn’t make one for me.” Draco pouted and Harry couldn’t help but wonder what Draco would do if he sucked on the lip Draco had poked out. Before Snape could respond though, Remus handed over his next gift.

“This is from Minerva, or rather Aunt Minnie as your dad called her. She couldn’t be here today and she and Dumbledore needed to go over security precautions for the upcoming year. She hopes you enjoy it though.” Harry nodded before ripping open the present and grinning slightly maniacally. It was a book on the process of Animagus transformation. There was a note stuck to the cover that told him she would be available if he had any questions. Hermione tried snatching the book from his hand but the glare he sent her had her stopping in her tracks.

“I only wanted to see it, Harry!” She whined and Draco rolled his eyes.

“No, you wanted to take it from me so you could try to learn the process first and then brag about it. Secondly, you don’t have the right to address me so informally. As I understand we’ll be stuck with each other for the next foreseeable future, it would be acceptable for you to call me Harrison but not Harry. You don’t have that right.”
“What about me, Harry? We are to be married after all. Surely you don’t mean for me to be so formal?” If Ginny had been going for seductive, it was an act that she failed at drastically. “You’re delusional if you think I would ever marry you. You should just go ahead and get that idea out of your tiny brain. As for the marriage contract that was between us, my account manager cancelled it due to me being a Lord.” Ginny screeched as she ran from the room but Harry was unmoved expect to pull Draco closer.

“Moving on, Pup, my gift is two parts. This first part is something I did for myself the moment I got the money.” Sirius said as he handed Harry a small jewelry box. At least that’s what it looked like. Upon opening it though, Harry found himself looking at a set of keys in confusion before the pieces fell into place.

“Your motorcycle? You’re actually going to teach me to ride it?” Harry was excited. Ever since he’d dreamed about the flying motorcycle, he’d wanted one. Now, he would learn to ride and he was happy about it, “Thanks, Siri!”

“That’s not all, Pup. I did say your gift is two parts. The second part is this: I know that you have taken up the mantle of your Lordships already but I would love a chance to be your father and teach you all that you need to know. Had things been differently, I would have already but I was foolish and wound in Azkaban for it. Now, I know you don’t need a parent but I would love it if you would allow me the chance. I asked Snape to prepare a blood adoption potion and it’s all ready. All you would have to do would be to take it.” Sirius held a dark red potion out for Harry, looking sheepish. He was nervous and Harry realized just how scared of rejection the man was.

What Sirius forgot to realize though, was that he was offering Harry what he’d wanted all this time. Growing up, a family had been what he secretly wished for on every birthday and on every shooting star. It wouldn’t have mattered if he was fifty-five. Family was something he would never turn down. It was with that thought in mind that he took the potion from Sirius with a cheeky grin. He uncapped it and turned it up to drink when Molly’s shrill voice cut through the cheers, “How dare you disobey Albus’ command to keep your distance, Black. You’re just going to spoil the boy and make him selfish so he won’t want to die for the wizarding world. I won’t allow him to drink that.”

Molly tried to take the potion from Harry but Draco got in her way, standing in front of Harry to prevent her from reaching out and snatching the vial. Her scream of rage let Draco know when Harry was done. Draco sat back down next to Harry and almost missed the red light Granger sent his way. Harry didn’t and his face went blank. If Draco hadn’t known him better, he wouldn’t have been able to see the rage and pain that was hiding in his eyes as he knocked Draco out of the path of the curse and took it himself.

Harry knew what the curse was as soon as it hit him. How could he not when he’d been hit with it in the graveyard that night? This was nothing on Voldemort’s Crucius though. This one was weak and felt more like an irritating sunburn. He couldn’t let this sort of insult go unanswered though. He could feel the indignation burning inside him. The need to protect Draco was overwhelming not only the pain of the blood adoption potion but as well as the sting of the upstart’s Crucius. Surging to his feet, his wand was out before he even realized it.

He cast a ‘Silencio’ at her that she didn’t manage to block in time before casting two silent spells behind it that she wouldn’t notice until she tried to retaliate. Satisfied with his revenge, Harry slid his wand back in the holster on his arm and looked at Sirius and Remus, “I’m going to go lay down, guys. That blood adoption potion really took a lot out of me. I’m hoping the nap will give enough time for the potion to settle. This has been fun though.” Harry started heading up the stairs when he felt Draco’s presence behind him. Neither of them said a word as they continued up but Harry did hold out a hand for Draco to take.

Chapter End Notes
Well, my dearest readers, as much as it pains me to say it voting is now officially closed. The winner, though it was by a very narrow margin, was the lovely Lady Luna to be Harry's Counterpart. Now, whilst we will not see her for a few chapters as I have a couple things planned, including old Voldie's demise and Snape's turnabout, she will have a grand entrance.
A Vassal’s Oath

After his nap, Harrison woke feeling as though he’d gone several rounds with the Whomping Willow. His head was pounding, and his limbs felt as though they’d been stretched repeatedly. It wasn’t on the same level as when he’d Awakened as the new Dark Lord but he was sore. There was weight on his chest and when he moved his head to determine the source of the weight, he got a mouthful of blonde hair. Draco was curled up against Harrison with his head on Harrison’s chest. Allowing himself a moment of indulgence, Harry ran his fingers through the fine blonde strands and smiled. If they had more time, Harry would love nothing more than to stay here like this for a few more hours. As it was, the almost purring noise that Draco was relaxing Harry more than anything else he had tried so far.

“‘Arry, wha time izit?” Draco’s voice was full of sleep and caused him to sound adorable. Not that Harry would ever admit it, being that he had a reputation to maintain. A shriek had them both shooting out of bed in an instant though and scrambling for the clothes they discarded to take a nap. Harry was only mildly upset to discover his clothes didn’t fit properly again. It got pushed to the back of his mind as he focused on the need to make sure his people were okay. Another shriek and they were racing out of the room and down the stairs where they nearly bowled over the cause of the shrieks.

A dark look passed over Harry’s face as he looked at the sight in front of him. Hermione was running her hands through her hair repeatedly before putting her hands in her mouth and pulling them out. Every time she pulled them out, she would shriek. He knew what was going on, what she was seeing and he enjoyed the results of the first spell he cast. It didn’t have an official name, according to the Peverell ancestor who’d created it, but it would cause a person to slowly lose their mind if the counter curse wasn’t said. It started off simple. The victim would begin to think that their hair and teeth were falling out. Every time they ran their hands through their hair, “more” clumps would fall out. Every time they ate something they would lose another tooth or two. Of course, they weren’t actually losing any but it would drive them more and more mad as the curse got progressively worse. They would feel an intense itching that they needed to scratch to the point that it cause their skin to bleed without any relief, and then finally they would just stop wanting to do anything. They would literally just waste away. He wasn’t going to let it get to that point though. He had much bigger plans for Hermione’s suffering. It was not going to be a quick process.

She looked at him in that moment when he was deciding her fate and smiled serenely, like she’d just remembered a fond memory, “Did you know, Lord Potter, that there’s a second shed on the Weasley property? It has a very interesting collection inside. Though I wouldn’t be surprised if you didn’t. Not many people do it seems as you would have to be in on the Secret to tell anyone about it so shh… Don’t tell anyone.” She went back to shrieking then and Harry lifted that first curse. The second, the one that had caused her to reveal that particular Secret, was a powerful one that was both like the Imperius and not at the same time. It didn’t make you do anything other than tell the truth and even that was set to a trigger. In Hermione’s case, the trigger was Harry and Draco. They had to be together in the same room for the spell to trigger. What she said about the collection inside the shed though, raised his hackles. He needed to know what was inside and soon. He would deal with a little later though, now he was hungry and wanted food.

Inside the kitchen, it was shocking to find that only those Harry wanted to spend time with were inside. There also seemed to only be enough food for them. Remus and Sirius were seated near the head of the table, with Bill and Charlie seated across from them and one of the twins on either side. There was the empty head chair and the ones to the immediate left and right were open. He knew what those three chairs meant and wondered which, if either, Draco would choose. The head seat was out automatically as it was Harrison’s as the Dark Lord. Which left thee left and right hand seats open, both with their own implications and meanings. If Draco chose the right, he would be taking up the position of Harry’s right-hand and second in command. He would be the one to take over in
the event that something should happen to Harrison. It also meant that he wasn’t willing to be courted by Harry. The left, though, was something else entirely. It meant something else entirely. It meant that he was willing to be the submissive partner. That he understood that there was every possibility that he would be considered seriously if he chose to petition as Consort. It was an option that made Harry’s knees weak as he walked to the head of the table. Draco followed after, not holding his hand or in his personal space but Harry could still feel the heat of his stare.

The others at the table stood as Harry walked by, something that made his eye twitch but he didn’t comment. As the Dark Lord, it was a sign of respect for his people to rise when he entered the room and to sit only after he had. His steps almost faltered when Draco chose his left side by placing a hand lightly on the back and raising an eyebrow in question. A communal breath seemed to be let out and the others in the room sagged in relief when Harry smirked lightly as he pulled out Draco’s chair for him and pushed it in again. No one said anything until they were all seated and had eaten their fill. It had been one of the rules that he’d laid down on that first day: no business until the food’s been eaten. Once it was gone though, there was no holding back.

“I just heard something interesting from Granger. Tell me what you know about the second shed on your property, Bill.” Harrison was sure that if the know-it-all was in fact telling the truth then Bill wouldn’t remember it and based on the way his face screwed up, Bill didn’t know about the Secret. “I don’t know, my lord. I wasn’t even aware that there was a second shed. I could try to find out more information if you would like.”

“That won’t work. We’ll have to get into it ourselves with the help of Granger. She’s in on the Secret and will be able to lead us to it. We’ll need to get in there soon though as I don’t like the way she talked about the collection inside of this shed. It’s troubling to say the least. I don’t care what’s in there but we need to know how harmful it’ll be to us. I’m going to need you in top form when we go, Bill. Who knows what kind of curses Dumbledick placed on it.”

“Understood, my lord.”

“Good, now then. Hogwarts starts in a month and we need to start working on the Wizengamot and the Board of governors to reintroduce those classes we talked about. The Wizengamot and the Board are both meeting tomorrow so that means we have to have our list together of possible instructors for those classes as well. We’re still waiting on Amelia about your trial, Sirius but you will get one. Amelia is enough of a justice hound that I doubt she will be to sleep until she deals with it. That’s why I chose her to get you one. We also need to move. I will be talking with Snape after the Order meeting alone. I do not want you anywhere near that meeting and if I find out you have been in anyway, you will not like what happens.” Harrison glared at the Twins as he said that. He wasn’t under any kind of false belief that they would follow that command without incentive.

“Yes, my Lord.” Came from all those gathered and Harrison nodded before deciding to drop the issue.

“Once I’ve spoken with Snape, then we’ll be moving so make sure to have your stuff together. The next Order meeting is tonight as it’s shortly before the Wizengamot session. We leave after the Wizengamot so you are warned. I have no doubts that Dumbledick will be frothing at the mouth at the outcome but that is after. I was informed just yesterday by the head elf at our new base that everything is cleaned and set up for when we are ready to go. I was also given the port key and activation phrase for it. Now, before we wrap this up, anyone have anything they need to get off their chest?”

“Actually, my Lord, Draco is right. How can we expect for others to take us seriously if your own people have not sworn the appropriate oaths? Even though you and I share our blood, I am still bound to you even closer as Vassal and Lord if you will permit it.” Sirius spoke up, a voice of reason that Harrison hadn’t expected but would respect.

“Yes. Very well. If you wish to swear the Votum Servitii then we shall do it here and now. Elon, bring
me my dagger.” A pop was heard a second later and there was an iron dagger laying on a blood red cloth. The dagger was delicately carved with the symbol of Harrison’s many Houses over which he was or would be Lord and the symbols of his Patron God and Goddess. As the Dark Lord, he would always pay homage to Lady Magic and Lord Death. His Vassals would pay homage to his Patrons as well, being that they would be under his protection. Vassals and Lords shared a unique bond, one that was frowned upon since Dark Magic really began to lose it’s sway. Lords were given dominion over all of their Vassals titles and lands in times of war. When a Lord needed protection he could and would call upon the magic of his Vassals and use that. It was a privilege that had been abused by self titled Dark Lords like Voldemort for centuries. That was only if they were properly bonded. A Lord like Voldemort would never be able to bond properly with his Vassals as he cannot access Lady Magic’s Blessing.

The dagger that lay on the table was the conduit between Lord and Vassal. The Votum Servitii, or rather the Vow of Service, was based on a blood ritual which had been another reason for the Ministry to ban it. A potential Vassal would cut his or her palm and recite the vow. Once done, the Lord or Lady would cut theirs and seal their hands together, and reciting their side of the vow, which was less wordy and more connections to the Vassal. Once accepted, the Vassal would receive the Mark of their Lord. In the case of those gathered now, they would receive his Raven. It would vary from Vassal to Vassal, each being given their own name, and position but the overall theme would be a Raven.

That was another way that it was apparent that Voldemort was a false Lord. His Marks were all the same. No Dark Lord would have two followers with the same Mark. There would be no individual then just the Mark.

Harrison watched as Sirius, Remus, and the Weasleys got in line behind Draco waiting for their turn to recite the Vow and it made his chest tighten at the thought of them caring enough to take it. Handing the dagger to Draco, he watched as the blonde knelt before him and cut his palm. There was no hesitation and no wince of pain, just resolve to do this correctly, “My Lord, I Draconis Malfoy, Lord of the Ancient and Noble House and the Most Ancient and Noble House of Ravenclaw, swear to serve you and you alone as my Lord and Protector. I vow to uphold all rules you set forth and swear to carry out any punishment you set forth in retribution for breaking them. I place all that I am and all that I have at your disposal be it magically or physically or otherwise. I vow my life for yours, too die for the Order if the need arise so that you might live to continue your work as granted by my Lady Magic. I take on your Patrons as mine and set aside those of my family before me. So I have sworn, so mote it be.”

Taking a calming breath, Harrison cut his palm and placed it in Draco’s hand with a steady and firm, “I take you into my service as Wyvern, may the Mark that resides on your person reflect this. So I have sworn, so mote it be.” A flash of light and Harrison could already feel the Vassal bond that tied Draco to him. Draco bowed before moving aside so that the others could take the Vow. By the time it was over and everyone had taken the Vow, Harrison was exhausted. A Dark Lord wasn’t meant to do the Vow so many times in one day but they’d had no choice. There was no telling when they would have this amount of open time again. Each Vassal before him had a new name and that was how he would address them. Remembering their new names wouldn’t be a problem as each bond thrummed with their name that was sealed through the Mark. Fred and George were Chaos and Discord respectively. Sirius was Cerberus and Remus was Orthurus. Bill was Midas and Charlie was Ladon. Each name represented some aspect of their personality and it was that aspect that Harrison wanted to flourish.

The sound of stomping and hushed voices alerted to those gathered of the impending Order meeting. He motioned for everyone to retake their seat and sat at the head seat. All remnants of food were gone and they were engaged in an in-depth conversation on Quidditch by the time the first Order members made their way into the room. Harrison let his aura out enough to permeate the room, it wouldn’t negatively affect the Light wizards that came through the door but the Dark wizards that entered would receive an energy boost. Not to mention their Magic would seek to connect to Harrison’s in recognition of its’ Lord being in the room. It would be how he discovered potential
Harrison was going to be breaking all the Dark witches and wizards up into three categories: The traitors, the scared, and the potential followers. The traitors would be the ones who felt the pull and yanked their magic back. They would be dealt with in a fitting matter when he was better situated. The scared could be kept in line and used through well-worded threats. The potential allies though were the ones that needed close watching to be sure they would actually be helpful. He knew that when the Death Eaters made their way from Voldemort’s side to his, that he would need to find places for everyone but that would require more time than he had now. As it was, Kingsley had just walked into the room and the way his shoulders stiffened up proved he was nowhere near as Light as he would have Dumbles believe. He cast a look at Harrison who raised an eyebrow but Kingsley didn’t say anything. The feel of his magic rushing Harrison’s though let Harrison know that Kingsley wasn’t ashamed of his Magic leanings.

This process went on until all of the Order members were in the room and waiting on Dumbledore. Harrison passed on his thoughts to his Vassals quietly so no one else could hear him. He had to fight back a smirk when he noticed who had crowded around his side of the table. Those that had acknowledged the pull had made their way over to him, stood around around him showing their support. Dumbledore wouldn’t realize it of course, seeing as how he was still too ignorant of the Old Ways. He wouldn’t realize that a little over half of his strongest fighters were Dark and the majority of those had acknowledged the pull on their magic. Those that didn’t would die painfully. Harrison would tolerate no traitors in the Dark Order.

Dumbledore didn’t realize it now, and wouldn’t until it was too late, but he would never win against the Dark Order. It was a necessity for the survival of Magic. Any true Light Lord would know that alongside knowing their Counterpart from their Consort. For him to try and blend the two was an insult to Lady Magic. Harry wouldn’t say it out loud as he wasn’t prepared to go against Dumbledore just yet but he knew in his mind that Lady magic was just racking up the points against the Fallen Lord before him and was preparing a particularly nasty punishment for him. Instead, Harrison sat in silence, listening to the Order’s plans and listening to them dance around the Prophecy that supposedly slated him to defeat the “Dark Lord”. He found it amusing just how many wizards and witches found themselves following blindly after a man with no more power than the average wizard. That was the true reason he wasn’t going against Voldemort directly. Dumbledore’s power was fading and the more he used the Darker Arts, the faster it left him. Harry had no doubt that the man had tied some of his sycophants to him through their magic so that he could use their core when needed to bolster his on. It was called the ‘Parasitic Bond’ for a reason. It was no doubt why so many of the original Order members were weaker this time around and new members had to be brought in. The Aurors got off lucky as their Oaths to the Ministry prevented them from taking the Vow for the Order. A Vow that was nothing more than a way for Dumbledore to sap magical strength from a member whenever he wanted.

Just then, an owl flew into the room and landed in front of Harry. By the gold markings on the wings and the seal on the envelope, Harry knew that Amelia had succeeded. Inside was no doubt the date and time for Sirius’ trial though based on the arrival, Harrison was almost certain it would be the opening of the Wizengamot session tomorrow. Once Sirius was free, he would be able to take up his seat as Lord Black and wouldn’t that put a twist in things. Not to mention, Bill would be announcing his taking up the Weasley Mantle once more. According to Bill, the twins had tried to claim the Prewitt Lordship as it requires magical twins but something was blocking their Ascension. Not even the goblins were able to determine the source of the block. There was something raising alarm bells in the back of Harry’s mind but he couldn’t quite place it. Thanking the beautiful owl, he handed it one of the treats he kept in his pocket for just this situation before taking the letter. He’d learned the hard way that owls were temperamental when they didn’t get treats for delivering a letter or package. Both of his owls got huffy with him whenever it happened so he’d taken to carrying them around. Embers, Amelia’s owl, took the treat and rubbed against Harry’s hand before taking flight again. On the way out he smacked Dumbledore’s head with his wing but was out the window before the man could stop him.
As one, the rest of the Order turned to face Harry with expectant looks on their faces while he maintained a blank look. Finally Dumbledore must have had enough as he glared while still trying to maintain a grandfatherly look, “Harry my dear boy, who sent you a letter? You're not truly going to open one are you? After all, it may be cursed after all. Here, let me just get rid of it for you.”

Dumbledore pulled out his wand and cast an incendio on the envelope but Harry had been prepared from the moment the owl landed in front of him. He’d placed a shield charm on it that would send a spell back at its’ caster. So it was not surprising when the red and orange spell was sent back at Dumbledore, who in his smug mindset of being right, didn’t notice his spell coming back at him until it lit his beard on fire.

The shriek that Molly let out at the sight of his beard, smoking and quickly being consumed by flames, made it harder for Harrison to maintain his blank look but he managed. A dark look crossed Dumbledore’s face before he managed to bring his grandfatherly mask back up but Harrison had already seen it. There was murder on the Headmaster’s mind and Harry would have to keep his people close to him. A blonde in particular. One meaningless apology and a half-arse explanation from Harry later, and Dumbledore was calling the meeting short. No doubt he wanted to go back to the castle and repair his beard before the Wizengamot session tomorrow. Everyone started filtering out but before Snape could leave, Harry called out, “Professor Snape, would you mind staying behind? I'd like to ask about Potions for this coming year.”

Snape glared before taking up a recently vacated seat at the table as they waited for the rest of the Order of the Sheep to filter out. Once gone, Harrison dropped any barrier he had on his magic and let it explode throughout the room. The effect on those gathered was instantaneous. Draco let out a happy little hum and sidled closer to Harry, Sirius and Remus both visibly sagged and had happy little grins on their faces, and the Weasleys all went slightly cross-eyed at the amount of magic pouring from every pore of Harry’s body. Severus seemed to de-age several decades though as the years of stress and strain fell from his body in the presence of true Dark Magic. Not the things that Voldemort played with.

“What is it that you think you’re doing, Mr. Potter?”

“It’s actually Lord Potter-Black when not given permission to address me freely but as I hadn’t let you know that ahead of time, your insult can be overlooked this time alone. Now you will sit back and you will listen and by the end of my story, you will have a choice to make. It will not be forced on you and the only consequence of saying no to the opportunity presented to you would be that you will swear on your magic to not reveal what you learn in this room. Are we in agreement, Professor?”

And so the man listened as Harrison began his tale once again. There were no interruptions though Harrison could tell the man very much wanted to and when Harry spoke about the abuse, Snape’s jaw clenched and his eyes narrowed. No doubt the old man told him Harry had been spoiled and treated like a prince much like his father had. It was no wonder that the man had hated him on principle. The Slytherin mask fell when Harrison finally got to the part on becoming the true Dark Lord and why his magic felt so comforting to Severus. By the end of the conversation, Severus had a new grasp on the way things were going and was agreeing to one last meeting with Voldemort before he took the Votum Servitii. He would just have to be doubly sure that Dumbledore didn’t break his mental shields again. Severus was beginning to think things were looking up
Harrison did his best not to pace even as his nerves wreaked havoc on his mind. There was so much that could go wrong that could cause Sirius to go back to Azkaban and that wasn’t an acceptable outcome. His father (and wasn’t that strange to say?) was currently whining at him in his Animagus form and Harrison let out a sigh, “I know, I know. I need to calm down but Siri, what happens if something goes wrong?”

Sirius let out another whine and Draco rolled his eyes, even as he took Harry’s hand, “Relax, Harrison. Trust that Amelia has this covered like she said in her letter.”

*Flashback*

Harrison waited until he was certain Snape was gone before opening the letter from Amelia. It wasn’t that he didn’t trust the Potions Master, but the less the man knew, the less that Dumbledore could pick up on accidentally. It had been Snape’s idea not to tell him everything as much as it had been Harrison’s. So he waited until the fireplace stopped crackling before opening Amelia’s letter.

Her letter was void of the swooping and swirling letters that many of the girls who attended Hogwarts wrote with. Instead her words were written in a utilitarian sort of fashion and portrayed a no-nonsense tone:

Lord Potter-Black,

First, I would like to say congratulations on your blood adoption. This will help a lot with your new father’s trial. After all, why would Sirius adopt you if he meant you harm. Secondly, be prepared for the Wizengamot tomorrow as that is when I have managed to secure Sirius’ trial for. I have managed to keep this off of Dumbledore’s radar as per your request. Though based of the evidence you showed me, I can’t say I blame you for your hesitance when it comes to him. I have had thee memories you gave me verified by an Unspeakable that I trust and we should have no issues on that matter. Thirdly, I hope you are ready to announce taking your Lordships up as that is the only way to keep Dumbledore in line. He wields his power over your seats with an iron first. He will not give them up without a fight so you need to be on your guard.

Yours,

Amelia S. Bones

Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement

Harrison passed the letter around so that the others could read it and watched as several different emotions passed over their faces as they read it. They would have to keep their guard up tomorrow.

*End Flashback*

Now here they were ready to battle in a political arena that none of them had experience in and Harrison was nervous. This session would set the tone for the rest of his political career. If he got off on the right foot here then he could push forth the rest of his ideas. Right now, he needed to start small. Hogwarts would be his first major push. Taking a deep breath, he steelied his spine and squeezed Draco’s hand briefly before letting it go, “Alright, let’s go in. Padfoot, stay close to me until you’re called understand? I don’t want anyone getting any ideas.” Padfoot nodded and made his way to Harry’s other side. The eight of them then made their way into the circular chamber that held the rest of the Wizengamot. The chamber was made up of five levels. The first held the seats for the
Sacred Twenty-Eight families. The second was the seats for the other families, those like the Potters who were Most Ancient and Noble but were a branch off of a Sacred Twenty-Eight. The third level was for the Ministry officials as the level gave them the best view of the floor. The fourth floor was for the Order of Merlin recipients. These were for those without House seats of their own. The fifth and final level was used for spouses, children and reporters. It was protected by a Silencing charm so that no noise could be heard from there on the floor.

The Potters and the Weasleys were both families that would typically be seated on the second level but as Harrison was the Head of Peverell, he was entitled a seat on the first level. That wasn’t even including the other titles he’d taken up like Gryffindor and Slytherin. Dumbledore would soon be sent back to the fourth level once Harrison had made it clear that he’d taken up all his seats. That would leave the man with nothing to stay in the Wizengamot except his Order of Merlin which only gave him one vote.

Once everyone was settled around Harrison and the other Lords and Ladies were situated, Dumbledore banged his gavel onto the desk in front of him, “Welcome, Lords and Ladies, to the August session of the Wizengamot. I do apologize for my appearance, Fawkes isn’t feeling his best and sent a fireball that I wasn’t expecting. I am still trying to discover a fix for this.” Dumbledore gestured at his now patchy and still singed beard. It was uneven and sticking up in different directions. Harry had to look around the chamber to keep from laughing at the sight the man made.

Deciding to press forward with the session, Dumbledore continued, “Before we begin with the announcements do any of our Ministry officials have anything to bring to our attention.” He scanned the third level thoroughly before landing on Amelia, “Yes, Madam Bones, what do you need to speak on?”

Amelia made her way to the front, her navy Ministry robes embossed with the symbol for the DMLE. Her dark hair was pulled back in a tight bun on the top of her head and her eyes were narrowed in concentration, “Lords and Ladies of the Wizengamot. I wish to bring to your attention a grave misjustice that was carried out against one of your own. It was brought to my attention some weeks ago that one Sirius Black was sent to Azkaban without trial or evidence being presented against him.”

Cries of outrage broke out at her announcement and Dumbledore went several shades paler, figuring out quickly where this was going.

“That’s preposterous!”

“Black was found at the murder scene of those Muggles!”

“Tell Pettigrew’s mother he’s innocent!”

“You’re losing your mind, Bones!”

“Enough! I have evidence verified by Unspeakable Lott. I also have Sirius Black here currently wearing his Lordship ring. Those of you who know the Blacks know that the family Magic would not take such a betrayal of trust as Sirius would have done when selling out the Potters lightly. Now, I call to order the trial of Sirius Black so that justice may be seen to.”

“Very well, Amelia. We shall go along with this nonsense theory of yours. Are their any conditions you have?” Fudge spoke up for the first time, sounding fanciful and as though he had better things to be doing.

“I do as a matter of fact. I ask that, based on gathered information, that Albus Dumbledore recuse
himself as I truly believe him to be unable to be impartial in this matter.”

“Surely that isn’t necessary Amelia.” Dumbledore started but her glare, cold and flat, stopped him before he really got going.

“Very well, Amelia, we shall acquiesce to your request but you must produce the defendant. You did say he was here after all.” Fudge sneered, no doubt believing that she was lying. Sirius just shuffled out from under the desks and trotted over to Amelia where he transformed back to human. Dumbledore looked as though he was silently fuming as he made his way out of the chamber.

“Present and accounted for Minister. Now, if we could stop dallying about I would be ever so grateful.” Sirius looked better than he had in the past two years of knowing him. He stood straighter and his vision was clearer. Harrison had no doubt it was due to his system having been purged by the goblins. His father made sure that his Lordship ring was on full display for everyone to see even as he sat in the chained seat that was brought out for him. The chains coiled around his wrists and Sirius fought to keep calm.

Harrison hated seeing Sirius chained up like an animal while Amelia brought up all the painful memories from not just that Halloween all those years ago but also the ones from last year and the year before. He had to hand it to her though. She certainly knew how to get a crowd eating from the palm of her hand. The outcries that sprung up when she told them about who exactly it was that set the Fidelius was enough to have Harry smirking though he was sure to hide it as he turned to tuck his head into Draco’s neck. To most it would look like he was upset but the grin he was pressing into Draco’s neck spoke otherwise.

The trial lasted maybe a total of a half hour, just enough time for Amelia to present all the evidence but it was enough for the Wizengamot. They even cut her off to deliver a not guilty verdict. What was more, they turned swiftly on Fudge and Dumbledore. Fudge for not listening to Harry the first time and at Dumbledore for allowing an innocent man to be thrown into Azkaban. It didn’t help that the man in question was a Lord of an Ancient and Most Noble House of the Sacred Twenty-Eight. It didn’t matter that the Lord was Dark or Light, the Wizengamot was just not pleased. They didn’t even say anything about Sirius being an unregistered Animagus though the look that Amelia gave him was one that no doubt meant she’d be waiting.

“By the decision of this Wizengamot on this August first, we declare you, Sirius Black, free of all charges falsely brought against you, and offer in compensation, seven hundred thousand galleons for every year spent in Azkaban. We offer our apologies on this matter and hope that you find it in you to forgive those of us who believed you to be guilty.”

Sirius waved Amelia off before saying, “I know who was to blame for my incarceration and why. I don’t hold it against the Lords and Ladies of this court.”

“I do believe that with the evidence that we have been given, that we need to have a change of leadership. I vote No Confidence in Cornelius Fudge, who for the last couple of years that Sirius Black was guilty as charged when in fact no charges were ever brought before him. I vote to have you removed as the Overseer for this session and possibly from office. So help if there is anything else you’ve been covering up.”

“I second that vote. To know that for twelve years on of the Sacred Lords was locked away to further someone’s political agenda is disgraceful. I lack No Confidence in Minister Fudge.” The first to stand was Augusta Longbottom. Harrison would know that handbag from anywhere and based on Draco’s flinch, so would he.

“I third the vote and move to present it to the Wizengamot for voting.” The younger wizard who
spoke next stood across the way from where Harrison and his group of people sat. He wasn’t as dark skinned as Kingsley was but there was no doubt that the man had ancestors from Africa at one point. Sirius, who had returned to his seat at that point, leaned over to whisper in his ear.

“That’s Lord Sharfiq. When I went to Azkaban, he was still Heir as his grandfather was still the Head of the family. He was also still a scrawny young teen. Man, did he grow up well.” There was a heat in Sirius’ eye that made Harry shift uncomfortably in his seat. No child wanted to know what kind of sex life their parents had.

“That’s all well and good, Siri, but too much information I think.” Harry flushed even as Sirius laughed quietly.

“Lords and Ladies, you have heard the evidence presented and now ask that you cast your vote. Do you still hold Confidence in Cornelius Fudge as your Overseer?” Amelia’s voice rang throughout the chamber and Harry was only slightly jealous that it was so steady.

“Madam Bones, I am afraid I will have to ask you to hold the Vote off for a couple of minutes more. There are some Seat changes that must be addressed before taking a vote. Not to mention there are memories that need to be viewed by those gathered rather urgently.” Harrison stood as he interrupted his ally, “Memories that will certainly changed your view on the man you hold as Overseer.”

Harrison didn’t say how they would change the minds of those gathered, nor did he mention that they would prove the man to be a liar and Dumblefuck with him. He just Waited patiently for Amelia to make a decision.

“Oh let the boy have his way. It’s Harry Potter, Amelia.” It seemed that Fudge could discern where things were going and wanted to try to appease him to keep his spot. Not that it would work since Harrison had the grace of Lady Magic herself.

“Very well, then, Mr. Potter. Let us address the first matter you spoke of. Which seats need to be reassigned?” Amelia was wary of the wolfish grin that bloomed on the young man’s face even as the Heir Malfoy stood.

“Madam Bones, I have goblin-granted evidence that Lucius Malfoy is not and has never been the true Lord Malfoy. He had a ring forged to mimic the Lordship ring but it was I that was Heir Apparent in our shared father’s Will. It was I that was chosen to be Head of the Malfoy family. Lucius’s is naught but a pretender.” Draco’s voice shook and he reached for Harry’s hand but other than that, Harry could see the man Draco would one day become.

The Wizengamot fell silent and no one moved. Harry could see the wheels turning in Lucius’ mind. He was no doubt trying to figure out how he could swing things in his favor so that he regained control over Draco. His face was pale but his eyes were furious, his jaw was clenched tight. And the grip he had on his cane was sure to break it. Amelia broke the silence by playing her part perfectly, “I would need to see proof of this claim, you understand? Impersonating a Lord is a highly punishable offense and so this accusation must be taken seriously.”

“I do understand, Madam Bones. I have with me a signed and sealed copy of my Inheritance test given by the Head of Gringotts himself.” Draco held up the scroll that Ragnok had signed before they left Gringotts the day they’d met with Amelia. She cracked the seal with skeptical eyes and comically widened them when she read the information. It was a more a letter of explanation signed by Ragnok as opposed to a true Inheritance test but it still served the same purpose. She still ran all the necessary tests and when it came back as authentic, Lucius had to be held down to avoid tackling Draco.
“Everything seems to be in order which means that Lucius Malfoy, I hereby declare that you are no longer permitted in these Chambers and as you have been impersonating a Lord of the Wizengamot, I ask the Aurors take you into custody until we can deal with you.”

At the threat of the Aurors, Lucius (who had already been edging towards the door while Amelia was speaking) ran from the room with Aurors on his tail. Draco let on an uneasy breath knowing that he wouldn’t be able to sleep easy until his half-brother was caught. Once the commotion died down and Amelia motioned for him to continue, Draco focused solely on her, “I also wish for it to be known that I have been accepted by and have taken up the Ravenclaw Lordship. I am now part holder of Hogwarts and have rights to what happens to the school’s education system.”

“So acknowledged, Lord Malfoy-Ravenclaw. Any others? Besides yourself, Lord Black? As I have already addressed that you are in fact Lord Black.”

“I, William Weasley, have taken up the mantle of Lord Weasley once more and have disowned Eldric Weasley for his traitorous act of betrayal against House Malfoy.” Bill stood up and presented an intimidating image next to some of the other Lords who were all pale and dainty looking. Bill was built sturdy, not as muscled as Charlie but enough to be a change, and his blue eyes were sharp. Bill would be a daunting figure in the political ring as his curse-breaker years had most assuredly sharpened and honed not only his instincts but his intelligence as well.

“House Malfoy has acknowledged such actions and have accepted the terms of reparation on part of House Weasley. The Blood Feud had been ended and House Weasley may once more sit upon their Seat.” A bright gold light flared and Harrison had no doubt that it signified the contract made between House Malfoy and House Weasley. The noise that came from it was almost deafening. This time he didn’t bother to hide his smirk. It was for the best that the Wizengamot realized things were changing. Since Grindelwald’s time, they had been stuck in the same rut and if things didn’t change, there would be no more wizards and witches in Britain, Ireland or Scotland. Mating with magical creatures was the only way to ensure that the community continued on for many more generations. Bill sat back down and it was then Harry’s turn.

“I, Harrison James Potter-Black, have claimed by right of blood and conquests all seats granted to me by Lady Magic herself including Peverell, Gryffindor, and Slytherin. I have sent the proper documents through the Department of Inheritance already. This is merely a formality, Madam Bones. If you would allow it, I will light my seats with my magic. That would make it easier to see them.”

“Very well Lord Potter-Black. I grant you use of your magic to cast light on those seats in which you have Lordship over.” No sooner had she finished speaking that Harrison pulled out his wand and gave a quick wave. He could have done it wandless but he didn’t want to display how much power he had just yet. He put his wand away just as seats all through the room began lighting up. Some of them were seats that had someone sitting in them, proxies hired by the previous Lord or Lady until Harrison took them over. Those Proxies stood and bowed to him, acknowledging him as their new Lord. Then there were the Proxies that had no business in the seats they were seated in and Harrison knew who was responsible for their appointment. These were Proxies in the Gryffindor and Slytherin seats as well as the Potter seat. The Peverell seat had been empty when he came in but Harry had no doubt that Dumbledore had been casting his votes using the Peverell line.

“Madam Bones, I wish to remove those of my Proxies who did not acknowledge me as the Lord-in-Charge. They were placed there by Dumbledore without prior consent and their placement leads me to question the validity of the votes they cast. Votes that I have no doubt are against all that the Potters stood for.”

“So noted, Lord Potter-Black. Aurors, escort Proxies Bradwr, Anwir, and Vause out of the Chamber
and have one of the Legimens come take a look inside their minds carefully. I don’t even want to begin to guess at the types of traps Dumbledore has placed in their minds.”

Harry was amused to see that it was Shacklebolt who was the first to step forward. It was a definite sign the man wasn’t happy with the way things were shaping up in this war. After all, Shacklebolt was a Dark family after all. Not that too many people knew it anymore as Lord Shacklebolt, Kingsley’s grandfather had moved the family into the Grey section at the first sign of Grindelwald’s rising. Not that Harrison blamed the man too much. Grindelwald gave all Dark witches and wizards a bad reputation. It wasn’t like the man had been in his right mind though. His Counterpart had betrayed him by killing the sister of his Consort. His Consort had abandoned him and he was left alone. Harrison knew what it was to feel that alone.

With Shacklebolt’s bravery, two other Aurors stepped forward and Harry reached out with his magic to determine where on the spectrum they fell. He couldn’t help the grin when he realized that once more they were Dark Wizards. It seemed the Muggle adage that it takes one to know one still held true. The Aurors were chalk full of Dark wizards who were much better equipped at fighting the Death Eaters because they were immune to Dark Magic.

After the three ex-Proxies had finished being escorted out, Harrison continued, “Now that everything is as it should be, I would like for an Unspeakable to validate the memories I hold in my hand for authenticity.”

“Unspeakable Dawson, If you would be so kind as to assist Lord Potter-Black.” A dark robed figure stepped forward with their face hooded. The black robe covered them from head to toe and left them shapeless. There was no possible way to determine the gender of the person walking towards him but that didn’t matter as Harrison held out the three inch vial spelled to be unbreakable. A calloused hand grabbed it from him and dumped it into a small stone bowl. They muttered a spell under their breath and watched as it contents went through a spectrum of colors before settling on gold. The Unspeakable turned to Amelia and nodded before handing the bowl to Harry. Once Harry had a good grip on it, Unspeakable Dawson waved a hand over the top and the images within were projected out into the Chamber.

Harrison watched in morbid fascination at the way his ‘trials’ looked from a third person point of view. He could see now just exactly how he’d been manipulated throughout his previous years at Hogwarts and it infuriated him. He was careful to hide it away behind a carefully constructed mask so as not to alert anyone to the fact that his thoughts were taking a much darker turn. He was also careful to keep his aura from affecting his Vassals. He didn’t want them feeling his rage at the way he’d fallen so easily for the manipulations of Albus Dumbledick. He planned his revenge for all those years of torment while the Wizengamot gasped and paled and cried out in anger over everything they saw. The outcry when they realized that both the Minister and Dumblefuck knew about Voldemort’s survival and then resurrection was enough to cool the fire that was rising in him enough to think clearly once more.

Looking around the room, he was amazed at how many of the Lords and Ladies looked sick or disturbed at the images they had just witnessed. Even Amelia, who had warning about the things she was going to see, was pale and shaky as she reached for the gavel. Silence fell as the gavel hit the podium twice and all eyes turned back to Amelia, “With this new evidence presented, I once again call to vote No Confidence in Minister Fudge.”

Harry quickly made his way back to his seat even as one by one, wand tips were lit in favor of removing Fudge. There were of course, the couple of hold outs such as Death Eaters that had escaped justice and one Dolores Umbridge who would need watching. She would do more harm to their cause than anything else so far Harrison had come up with. He watched as Fudge was escorted
from the chamber and then Amelia called for matters to be voted on.

“Madam Bones, I would like to reinstate previously removed into Hogwarts curriculum. I’ve been going over the statistics of graduates employed into well paying jobs from Hogwarts versus the other schools that visited this past year and we are severely outdated. Not to mention we are facing a major in the Statute of Secrecy due to all the Muggleborn students returning to the Muggle world to find work. We need to fully integrate them into our society if we are to have even the slightest chance of keeping our world from the Muggles. That’s not to mention the safety of the Muggleborns in question. Too often we don’t get to see the people they would grow into as their families have killed them for their magic. Muggles still to this day fear what they don’t understand.” It had been decided that Sirius would make this argument as it was too close to comfort for Harrison.

“Are you saying that you wish to take children away from their loving families?” Theodore Nott Senior sneered at the very idea and Harry rolled his eyes. The man was a very weak Dark wizard and not one suited for more than grunt work. The man was an honest waste of magic but Lady Magic had granted him magic so he wouldn’t cast the man aside.

“Not all families are as loving as you wish to paint them Lord Nott. There are plenty of families that despise their children for having such a gift from Lady Hecate. It’s these children we need to protect. Not to mention it brings fresh blood into our lines. Magic is dying out and it’s apparent! The Pure-blood are becoming weaker every new generations due to all the inbreeding. Half-bloods and Muggleborns are quickly overtaking us in magical power and we are content to sit back and let it happen. If we bring Muggleborns into our world sooner and blood-adopt them, we increase our gene pool.” Sirius’ voice was low, almost a growl, and Harry quickly buried his head in Draco’s neck to muffle his laughter.

“While this is all well and good, I don’t believe that was the matter we were discussing. The matter was whether or not we should reinstate the courses you believe will better educate our children.” Amelia snapped to break up the impeding argument. She knew why Sirius was so adamant about Muggleborn children, having seen Harrison’s health report herself. She wanted nothing more than to go curse those Muggles he had lived with but she doubted Harrison would be happy she took his revenge from him. Everyone believed her to be a straightlaced witch who as the Head of the DMLE would never condone breaking the Statue but they were wrong. If there was one thing that she would never be okay with, it was child abuse. She had always given her Aurors more leeway when it came to bringing in a child abuser. Merlin help them if there was sexual assault involved.

“Forgive me, Madam Bones, you are right of course. Ladies and Lords, I have a list of courses that were cut from Hogwarts and they leave me questioning why the Headmaster felt he had the right to cut them. Why are our children not learning how to avoid breaking the Statute in Muggle Relations? Why did Wizard Law get cut? These are questions I would like the answers to but I will settle for having these plus the others reinstated. I would also like to see the Apprenticeship Program brought back. Why are our children no longer allowed to Apprentice to a Master in any given field?”

“What do you meant the Apprentice Program was done away with? That was how I got my Master Certificate. That is crucial part of the sixth and seventh years at Hogwarts!” Madam Marchbanks’ voice rang out sharply throughout the chamber as she stood in anger.

“I have to agree with Madam Marchbanks. Why were we not informed that the program had been dismantled. Is this why none of us have been approached to take on an Apprentice? Who does Dumbledore think he is to do this?” The speaker this time was Tiberius Ogden of Ogden’s Firewhiskey. Both of them were part of the Wizengamot that had attended Hogwarts years before Tom Riddle had which meant that they were around before Dumbledore ruined the school. It was no wonder they had no clue what had been going on at the school.
Murmurs broke out around the room at their declarations and Sirius sat back down, no doubt pleased with himself. This was the first step in regaining the balance in Magic and Sirius had been pleased to discover that he would have a big part in it. All his Vassals had parts to play and they were quite pleased about it. After all, it was a Vassal’s duty to serve their Lord or Lady. Once more, Amelia took a vote and once more the majority ruled in favor of his idea. Harrison was pleased, not that he thought that the entire battle would be as easy as these two votes were, but for his ideas to pass through so quickly was a good thing. It meant that there would be more pressure put on the Board of Governors to not only reinstate these courses but to do a complete overhaul of all existing courses. Hogwarts students would have a fighting chance.

The session broke up shortly thereafter, nothing else major needing to be brought to the attention of the Wizengamot and so Amelia closed the session with plans to meet with the Governors personally.

Harrison led the way back to Grimmauld Place where they gathered their bags and left once more to go to Eagle’s Respite before Dumbledick came storming in.
Severus Snape was a man that prided himself on being able to maintain a mask of cool indifference at all times. Indeed, there had many times when others would have faltered or questioned his loyalties if he hadn’t. Nothing ever prepared him for the way that the Mark on his arm burned and sent fire racing through his veins. There was no potion he could take, no salve he could use, nothing that would stop the pain so he couldn’t understand why he had agreed to be bound to yet another Lord. This one infinitely more powerful than Voldemort had ever been. Then again his godson, a boy who had never been able to hide his thoughts from Severus, looked content in a way the man hadn’t seen in years. Draco’s Occulamancy shields were getting better as though he’d had a power boost and Severus had no doubt that it was due to Harrison’s willingness to share his power. Severus didn’t think there had ever been a Dark Lord like Harrison which was probably why the boy had been Chosen.

The brief amount of time that Severus had spent in the young Lord’s presence was like coming home. The way Harrison’s power could soothe every ache and pain that the dour Potions Master had incurred over his lifetime. He would give just about anything to feel that much potent Dark Magic again though he doubted that Harrison would force him to. For someone who had been abused and unloved as a child, Harrison was incredibly selfless and kind hearted to those who belonged to him.

He knew that once Dumbledore found out what happened in the WIzengamot, he would be called to undergo taking up his family mantle of Prince. Harrison and the others hadn’t discussed all their plans with him, not that he blamed them as his arm began burning. If Voldemort got too much information on what was going on, things could go south quickly.

By the amount of pain that Voldemort was passing through the Mark, odds were high that Lucius had told him about losing his seat to his supposed son. Resigning himself to a night of torture thanks to Lucius’ big mouth, he laid out several potions he would need when he returned to his home and apparated to Voldemort.

The second he landed in the rundown foyer of the Lestrange mansion, he could tell that the man he’d bound himself to was in a bad mood. It wasn’t just the shrieking from the parlor that gave it away though. The air itself had a more oppressive feeling to it and Severus already knew that this meeting would in end with him being tortured two or three times. He silently congratulated himself on pulling out so many potions though he had just thought it to be paranoia at first. Now, he was glad for the foresight as he was going to run through the first few very quickly.

Steeling his mind and his spine, he made his way into the room and pushed his way to the front to see exactly who it was that was being tortured. Not surprising, it was the recently deposed Malfoy Lord. It wasn’t hard to understand just why Voldemort was so furious, and he was furious, as Lucius had been his biggest advocate in the Ministry and had held the Minister’s attention for many years. To lose that much influence was a major blow but Voldemort’s focus shifted to Severus once the creature saw him. He couldn’t call him a man as that term was no longer applicable.
“Severusssss….why did you not tell me that the Potter brat had convinced Dumbledore to not only take on hissss seatsss but mine ass well? Why does the Malfoy brat now hold Luciuss’ seat? Why wasss I not informed?” Voldemort spat, his anger causing him to slip into Parseltongue on certain words. He didn’t even have a chance to brace himself before Voldemort’s wand was turned on him and he was screaming in agony. If there was one spell that the self-proclaimed Dark Lord had mastered, it was the Crucius. He seemed to apply the right amount of force to keep his victim from losing their mind but still cause serious amounts of pain.

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Voldemort grinned maliciously as he watched his spy writhe in absolute pain. The man hadn’t been doing his job and needed to be punished. He heard Bellatrix’ cackle from somewhere on his left but he wasn’t concerned. She always got overly excited at any amount of torture, whether it was focused on her or someone else. It was why she was his favorite follower. She took the Crucius like no one else he had tried it on. He focused back on Snape though as the man had displeased him as much as the blonde weakling Lucius had. Thinking of the blonde had him turning from his spy to his now useless Death Eater.

“What good will you ever be to me again Lucius? Maybe I can give you to the werewolves for a bit of sport before I have them rip you apart.” Had Voldemort been focused on anything else, he would have seen the anger that crossed over the face of Fenrir Greyback at the mere thought of being used as a tool for the blonde’s destruction. As it was, he missed it as he continued to switch between the two men in front of him, using them to sate his anger.

He always lost himself in the process of torturing someone that it took him a minute to realize that there was someone in his midst that shouldn’t be there. Rather, make that two people as counted by his familiar Nagini. Pulling away from his victims, he focused on the crone and her companion that led her through the crowd. The crone was hunched over and the hand not wrapped around her companion’s arm was holding on to a knobby dark wood staff. Thin, white hair hung in clumps about her face which was etched with lines of various degrees of depth. Her eyes were milky white and her lips cracked. The man accompanying her was no better off in the looks department than the crone herself was.

The companion was paler than even Voldemort himself and didn’t really seem to have any distinguishable features to his face. They all seemed to blend into the paleness of his face. His dark colored robes and even darker hair did nothing to help his coloring nor his figure. He looked as though a strong breeze would blow him over and Voldemort was certain that the man’s every bone would be able to be seen if he were to remove the faded black robes. Needless to say, Voldemort scoffed at the two figures before preparing to return to his torture of the two useless followers before him.

“Thomas Marvolo Riddle, you have caused enough damage to those who Chose Lady Hecate as their Patron goddess and all those who follow the Dark. You portray yourself to be Her Champion but you have little more power than a Squib now that you have ripped to shreds that which Lady Hecate values more than anything: your soul!” The man spoke first, his voice steady and strong despite his deathly appearance.

“What makes anything you say important to me?” Voldemort sneered in anger at the man’s speech, “Why should I bother with the words of a haggard crone and her dead pet?”

His Death Eaters chuckled along with him, though there was no doubt that they weren’t as confident in the appearance of the figures as Voldemort was. They could also feel the way that the Magic is the air was shifting and contorting around the pair. As one, the Death Eaters drew in a sharp breath
when Bellatrix rushed them, a silver knife in one hand and a stolen wand in the other. She didn’t get far though. She stopped suddenly, both hands raised up and her mouth frozen in a scream.

“Such a waste of potential, Bellatrix Black. You were destined for greater things before a selfish but handsome charmer talked you into joining a cause you were unaware of. Thomas there says he is after a Pureblood agenda but what does that mean when he is a half-blood. You aren’t fighting for a restoration of the Old Ways under his banner, you are fighting his personal crusade against Dumbledore. You have sacrificed more than I would have ever asked of those devoted to the Dark. You sacrificed the beauty I graced you with, the husband you were gifted, the brother-in-law you were granted, and the children that you chose to abandon. Tell me, does your husband know that every time you fell pregnant, you ended the child’s life before he would ever find out? Does he know just how grateful you are that Azkaban ruined all potential you had to give him the young he desires?” The crone’s gaze was piercing as it stared into Bellatrix and seemed to reach into her soul as she was held in place.

“This cannot be true! Bellatrix loves me, she would never betray me by killing my children without consulting me!” Rodolphus’ voice still sounded as though he was chewing on gravel from all the time spent in Azkaban.

“What do you remember of your Vow Ceremony, young Lestrange? Or even of the crimes you were convicted of?” The deathly pale man spoke once more, his bottomless eyes turning to face Rodolphus and Rabastan who stood next to his brother.

“No one ever remembers their Vow Ceremony as the bond wipes everything clean due to the pain. As far as our crimes are concerned, Azkaban took all that we were and all that we knew from us in the form of the Dementors.” Rabastan spat out as he tried to protect his brother. He knew something wasn’t right, could feel it not only in the air but also in his very bones. There was something in this conversation that wasn’t sitting right with him.

“Dementors were a result of the pain that built up in the young boy Lady Hecate Chose as her Dark Lord. He bore a Mark of a black dove on his calf and his vassals would have been Marked similarly had he been able to take them on. As it was, he was imprisoned for defending himself and he died of heartache at the world he was living in.”

Voldemort had heard enough. How dare these outsiders come in to try to twist the minds of his followers? Who did they think they were to criticize him!

He didn’t bother with his wand, merely cast a wandless and wordless Crucio at the pair and smirked as he waited for it to impact. He was certain it would. As he, and no other, was the Dark Lord. He was silently gloating about how the woman would scream when he was hit with the same beam of light he’d sent at the woman and he started crying out in pain instead. He couldn’t figure out what had happened, the curse shouldn’t have come back at him.

It stopped as suddenly as it had come and he was left a slumped over mess in his throne. When he went to pull his wand from the holster he kept it in, he was dismayed to find it was no longer there. The woman held it in her hands. That was when his true panic began. He hadn’t been this defenseless since he had been a mere spirit without Nagini. Now his familiar was off hunting and his wand was in the hands of the strangers in front of him, “You disappoint me Thomas. You are so obsessed with your own immortality that you have ripped apart the thing I value the most in you humans: your soul.” The man’s sneer had him shaken though he wasn’t about to show it let alone admit it.

He ignored how his followers shifted further from them and how the Magic around the interlopers in front of him shifted away. He did notice when their appearances changed and he found himself faced with a much younger and attractive couple. The woman had long hair that was so dark, it looked to
be made from the shadows themselves and her eyes were gold in color. They held the same wisdom that Voldemort had seen in them before the change though. The line of her face disappeared and she stood straight, no longer hunched over due to age.

The man grew a couple more inches and put on a lot more weight, so much that he practically ripped the seams of the clothing he wore. Voldemort looked to Greyback to provide him with protection but was unable to locate the wolf. The man’s eyes were hard and his mouth in a tight line. He had a head full of thick red hair and piercing light green eyes that held a weight Voldemort had seen in one of the men who come to the orphanage looking to adopt a child with his wife. It was the look of man who’s seen so much death that another no longer affected him. Both of their skins gained more color as well and Voldemort began to wonder who it was that was before him.

“Thomas Marvolo Riddle, you have offended not only Lady Magic but Death as well with your actions and as such, we will judge you for them. You have been causing problems for my beloved Creations for too long and using those I’ve gifted with Magic for personal gain. For that I strip you of that which you have taken pride in all these years, the gift of Parseltongue, and cut from you your bond with your familiar.” Voldemort cried out as he felt the tie that connected him to Nagini forcibly snap as the woman finished speaking. The snake hissed and reared back, looking at him to explain what had happened. Yet, for the first time in his life, he found himself incapable of answering her or even understanding what she was saying.

“For the terrible act of tearing apart your soul, I gift each piece back to you so that you have the lifespan of a normal Magic user again but since I’m feeling vindictive as you went after a Peverell, you will live as long as your Muggle tuberculosis allows. The magical world has not yet found a cure so good luck to you.” The man’s smirk at the end of speech said all anyone needed to know: Voldemort wouldn’t last much longer.

“I am not finished with you quite yet Thomas, but this part shall affect you and those loyal to you. I, Lady Hecate and Provider of Magic, do revoke my Gift freely given to Thomas Marvolo Riddle and all those truly loyal to him.” Several cries interrupted anything else the woman was going to say as he and many of the others gathered felt their Magic and all that made them wizards and witches get ripped from their very souls. It was the most excruciating experience any of them had ever felt and left them weak and shaky. Bellatrix and Lucius were among those affected but they had strong family Magic. It was this family Magic that allowed them to still perform limited spells and still create Potions. They would have the extended life of a normal wizard or witch if the Head of their blood family was still around and if they hadn’t been disowned. It was why Squibs lived long lives when they were from Light Pureblood lines. The Light families didn’t disown their children.

Both Lucius and Bellatrix seemed to realize this as they smirked through their pain. A lot of the other Death Eaters, some weren’t from a Pureblood line and those that were Pureblood but didn’t have strong enough family Magic, weren’t as lucky. The Lestrange brothers along with the Flint and Zabini Lords were strangely unaffected much to Lady Hecate’s surprise. She was certain that there wasn’t going to be a single Death Eater in the room with Magic aside from the lucky few and Severus Snape. This would be an interesting topic to discuss with her Darkling later. More importantly it would drastically change the Wizengamot as all the Dark Heirs would be forced to take up the mantles of Lords.

“What have you done?!” The deposed ‘Lord’ Voldemort screeched even as he coughed up blood.

“I am not the kind of mother who will not take back gifts from ungrateful children. I have done it before and will do so long after you have gone. You abused the magic I granted you, more than any child of your blood should have been given, so I took it back. Much like I took back the magic of those who saw fit to turn from the true Dark Lord and follow your lead. They have lost all
connection to it and will perish within a week. Very few of your loyal retain any of their magical cores and those that do have only the barest cores due to their strong family Magic. They may just last a bit longer but don’t count on it.” Voldemort looked at Lady Hecate, no denying that was who she was, only to notice the look in her eye. If he didn’t know better, he would have said that it was sorrow but it wasn’t possible for her to be upset about something of her own doing.

Before he could question it though, Lady Hecate and her companion were gone, taking with them Severus Snape. Looking around the room Voldemort was furious to see that in the matter of minutes, all of his followers had been reduced to worthless Squibs with only a few here and there who were able to make sparks with their wands and little else. He screamed in outrage before doubling over with a bloody cough again.

Chapter End Notes

So I'm not very happy with this update. I kinda sorta want to nuke it and try again but it's already late so this is what I got. What do you guys think of Moldie Volde's demise? Was it worth the wait?
Harry had to squint against the brightness of the room that was surrounding him. He really had to talk to Lady Hecate about the lighting situation. The bright lights were annoying.

“You could always change them, my silly Darkling.” Speaking of Lady Hecate. Harrison turned slowly to see her sitting nearby with a red headed man sitting next to her. He looked familiar but still he was having a hard time placing him.

“Yes but changing them isn’t the first thought that comes to mind when I show up here. That is reserved for ‘oh joy, my eyes are burning. Thank you dearest Lady Magic for the overly bright lights.’ Once my eyes stop burning so much is when I’m able to better focus on my surroundings.”

“You didn’t tell me he was so sarcastic, Hecate.” The newcomer drawled causing Harry to flush briefly.

“Who are you supposed to be then?” Maybe snapping at the guy wasn’t his brightest move but still.

“I am Death, obviously, young Peverell. Not that I would expect you to know that as you have yet to make it through the journal your ancestor left.” Death sneered this time and though he physically reminded Harry of Godric Gryffindor, he had the personality of Lucius Malfoy.

“It isn’t exactly light reading as I’m sure you are aware, Godric.” Lady Hecate laughed at Death’s indignation.

“How dare you call me by that pompous fool’s name! He, who allowed two women to get between him and his Dark Lord Counterpart to drive the man from the school! He was a foolish Light Lord who thought that the rumors circulating about Salazar were factual. Salazar, a man who would have never even entertain the thought of harming a child, was not the one doing such horrendous things to them!”

“Easy Thanatos, he does not deserve your ire nor does the man whose looks you are mirroring. Godric was in a bad situation. Both Regina and Helena were crying about abused students and everyone was pointing fingers at Salazar. Salazar knew the position Godric was in and removed him from the equation. When the abuse still continued after his departure, Godric banished both women. Salazar died before he could be asked to return to Godric’s side though and I keep both men close to my heart though you know all this already.”

“Yes well, it doesn’t mean I like being referred to as Godric. It is that man’s fault that I’m stuck like this for the next how long though so I am going to hate him on principle. I don’t even believe that old Tommy boy realized I was Death.”

“I am terribly sorry that you lost a bet to Godric. Maybe next time you will think more about the
stakes instead of rushing in blindly like one from his own House?” Lady Hecate smiled indulgently at Death while Harrison shuffled uncomfortably. Here before him were both his patrons and he insulted the Patron of the Peverell line, “Easy, little Darkling, Thanatos is just upset that he lost a little wager with the origin of the Evans line. Lily was one of the last in a long line of Squibs birthed from the line of Gryffindor. That was one of the only true things Dumbledore ever told you: only a true Gryffindor could have pulled the sword from the Sorting Hat. It is after all where you get your eye color from.”

“Hecate, dear, you are rambling. We really need to explain why we called the little Lord to us and let him continue onto his dreams. I am sure they are going to be pleasant from now on.” Death shushed Lady Hecate who glared at him briefly before turning back to Harry.

“We called you here, young Harrison, to inform you that Voldemort is no longer a threat to you or anyone you care about. We have exacted punishment on him that fits his crimes and those that were truly loyal to him suffered along with him. Be wary though as both Bellatrix Lestrange and Lucius Malfoy have access still to their Family Magics.”

“There is also something else you need to be aware of. The Lestrange brothers have their magic still which means that you have not been told something. Why would the Lestrange brothers still have their magic if they were indeed loyal to Voldemort? Loyal enough to torture the Longbottoms into insanity in front of their son and go to Azkaban for him?” Death spoke next, wanting to see if his future Master was one to be respected or if he was just as idiotic as the last Peverell Lord had been.

“That would imply that they had been forced to not only take the Dark Mark under the Imperius but were both Imperio’d when they went to the Longbottom Manor that night. What was so important about the Longbottoms that someone wanted them out of the way though? Neville was never going to be the Prophecy Child. No one should have been able to find them anyway. They were under a Fidelus much like my parents had been.” Harrison stopped talking suddenly even as his eyes widened, “Alice was my godmother which means that she would have been the first to get custody over me seeing as how she was married with a child of her own as opposed to my single, childless godfather. Dumbledore knew that with Voldie gone, Alice would fight for custody and it would be granted but he couldn’t have that. He needed me where he could manipulate me and meld me into his perfect martyr. He had no legal way to get her out of the way though and so he set them up. He convinced them that the danger was over and the Fidelus was pointless, people needed some good news after all. The Longbottoms taking me in would be just the thing, and they listened. Two days later, they were dead and the Lestranges were imprisoned with Barty Crouch Jr. and Bellatrix. I’m sure he sent an anonymous letter to her and she dragged the other three into it. Dumbledore must have switched out with one of the other three and cast the Imperius so that none of them other than Bellatrix knew what was going on. That’s why Junior was so adamant at his trial and why the Lestrangle brothers didn’t say anything like Bellatrix had. They had no recollection of the time leading up to the torture of the Longbottoms or the time during. In their minds they could have done it. Barty Jr. was pleading his innocence because he didn’t think himself capable and didn’t realize he’d been forced into it. Barty Senior has been presiding over all the trials and Dumbledore needed him out of the way to make sure that Sirius never got a trial. That’s why he made sure Barry Junior had been there that night. It would create a scandal in the Wizengamot, one that would distract everyone long enough that he could force Sirius into Azkaban without a trial and no one would be any wiser.” By the time he was done, Harrison was furious. Just when he thought Dumblefuck couldn’t sink any lower, this comes up, “You can’t punish him. He’s mine to deal with.”

“If you need to deal with him, then you deal with him. But you will not take away what is mine. No one touches my people without my permission.”

“Of course, young Darkling. Thanatos and I would never think about taking your justice from you. Just as we will not take Draco’s and Sirius’ from them. They will see those they despise the most crumble before them. That is for another time though as I am afraid we have kept you too long from your dreams.” As the room and its occupants faded from sight, Harrison heard Lady Hecate’s
final remark to Death, “Your situation now is why you should never bet on Quidditch against Godric.”

Her laughter followed Harrison into a dark field lit by brightly shining lilies. It was amazing how bright the field was for all that it was seemingly the middle of the night, if he had to go by the moon. Taking a deep breath, he smiled as he realized why the scent of the flowers smelled so familiar. It was the same scent Draco bore. It was probably a little too girly for most guys but Draco managed to pull it off and here Harrison was, in a field that smelled like him.

Laying down among the flowers, he relaxed and looked up at the sky. Whatever reason he was here, he wasn’t going anywhere until the situation resolved itself. Not that he minded. The scenery was beautiful after all and the scent of the area soothing.

“You took longer to get here then Lady Magic said. I was beginning to think you weren’t going to come at all.” The soft lilting voice of a girl had him turning his head to the left where he came face to face with a blonde. Her hair was paler than even Draco’s and her eyes were sky blue in color. There was a soft smile on her face even though her gaze looked as though it was a thousand miles away. She was slight but there was no mistaking the power she held. It was much like the power Harrison himself bore but different. Whereas his power was intoxicatingly easy to get lost in, hers felt like a guiding hand. She bore a power that was straightforward and simple.

“Forgive me, me socium,” The term came from out of nowhere and shocked him briefly, “Lady Hecate and Lord Thanatos wished to discuss how their plans for the self-proclaimed Dark Lord turned out. Did you know he lost a bet with Godric? He looks ridiculous, honestly.”

The girl shook her head with an indulgent smile before replying, “Only one born of Gryffindor and Peverell blood would be able to get away with such a remark about their Patron God. Why a field of moonlit lilies though, My Lord?”

“Your Consort you mean?” At Harrison’s nod, she continued, “That is a lovely thought. I’ve never known a person to smell of Lunam Lilium. That is very rare. Does he wear anything to cover the scent or is that what you smell all the time?”

“It’s a constant scent so I doubt he wears a particular kind of cologne. It honestly drives wild, My Lady, to be this close to him and not be allowed to make my intentions known. What if he is led away by another while I wait for him to approach?”

“He will not be, not if you trust in Our Lady’s will. He will be faithful to you until he is ready to approach whether he knows it or not.” At her words, his stress over Drao fell away and he gave her a shy smile.

“I apologize for that, me socium, as well as for not greeting you properly. I am Lord Harrison Potter-Black, the Dark Lord and Head of too many Houses.”

His greeting caused the blonde before him to giggle through her own introduction but he didn’t regret his words, “I am… Lady Luna Lovegood… the Lady of the Light and Heir of House Lovegood. I am also a true Seer, a gift from my mother who was a Delphic Oracle.”

“I am a Parseltongue from the Line of Slytherin and a Necromancer from the Line of Peverell.” That had been horrifying to read about in his ancestor’s journal. The knowledge that every Lord Peverell had the ability to call forth an undead army. It wasn’t something he ever wanted to learn more about though if the journal kept on the way it has been, he may not have a choice.
“There is no shame in the gifts of your ancestors, Harrison. Our gifts are what make us strong enough to lead our people and change the society we live in. Can you honestly say you would not call forth an army of dead to stand in the place of living souls?” The look she gave him made him feel two feet tall. He knew her words were accurate but that didn’t mean he liked the thought anymore than he had before.

“How do you manage to read me so easily, Luna? I am a closed book to all but you it seems.”

“Me socium, if I could not read you and aide you, I would make for a terrible Counterpart, would I not?”

“We are not true Counterparts yet, Luna. Not until the Vow has been said.”

“The Vow is nothing more than a formality though I understand why you care so much. It is after all, what you are fighting to bring back is it not? The Old Ways, I mean. A feat that has been made difficult due to the negative press the Old Ways have been given by those who do not understand. Very well, Harrison, if the Vow is what you desire then it is what you shall have.” She sat up and motioned for Harrison to do the same.

Once they were both in seated positions, facing each other, they clasped their right hand to the forearm of the other. Taking a steadying breath, Harrison spoke first as the Dark Lord and the one most stigent in the need for the Vow. Unlike the Vassal’s Oath, this Vow was shorter and much simpler, one mere line that carried a lot of weight, “Ego confitemur tibi, mi socium.” I acknowledge you, my partner. It was a strange vow to be sure, but it was more than just an acknowledgement of who they were to each other but also an acknowledgement of their strengths and weaknesses, of each leader’s goals and missions. Lady Hecate set the Vow in the way she did so that both parties would realize that they each had a path to walk that would require the other’s help and to be disillusioned to that fact was asking for failure.

“Ego confitemur tibi, mi socium. May our paths never part too far from each other, Lord Harrison. I do so hope to see you soon though for now we must awaken. Be wary of the Fallen Lord, he will try something.” Even as their bond settled and sealed itself tightly within both of them, Harrison could feel the pull to wake up and he let the tugging lead him from the field. He would have to talk to his Vassals soon anyway about all that he had learned from his Patrons. The knowledge that there was less opposition facing them was sure to put a smile on their faces.

Chapter End Notes

Whoo-hoo, another chapter! So exciting, hehe. Anyway, just wanted to clarify a couple of things. Both Me Socium (as seen in the chapter title) and mi socium (as seen in the vow) mean my partner in Latin. The difference is how they are used. Me Socium was my itself while mi socium was at the end of the sentence but they mean the same thing!!! So please, no commenting on how that is worded differently!
Just as he thought, Sirius and Draco got a lot of enjoyment out of the news that the only thing keeping Lucius and Bellatrix from being Squibs was the family Magic. Magic which they controlled. They decided to hold off for a couple of days, wanting to be able to see their faces in person when they were stripped of the Family Magic. They had a plan to lure the two in the open before taking from them all that made them superior: their name. A disownment would take it all from them and Harrison couldn’t wait. For now though, they had other things to worry about, namely the shed Hermione had told him about.

He, Draco, Bill, and Charlie were going to be headed to the Burrow that morning where they would be met by Hermione via Portkey. A Darker compulsion charm than normal had been laced into so she would put it on and keep quiet about it. At the set time, she would be transported to the Burrow. This would also be the first time he was seeing her since he placed the curses on her. He’d lessened the influence of the curse to make her lose her mind as he didn’t want to break her just yet. The second curse was the reason that Draco had come. He regretted tying the curse to both of them but it had been for the best. He would have abused the spell too easily had it just been tied to him.

The quartet landed silently next to the shed where Arthur kept all of his Muggle items. Making sure his bracelet was still in place, Harry scanned the area to make sure they weren’t about to be attacked. The last thing he wanted was to endanger his companions while waiting for Hermione. Satisfied that there wasn’t a threat nearby, he allowed himself to relax. His rest was short lived however as Hermione’s Portkey dropped her off in front of him. She landed in a heap, obviously not having expected the Portkey.

From the way she looked, laid out on the ground like she was, Harrison could tell the curse had really taken its toll on her. Her normally frizzy hair hung around her head in a stringy mess and looked as though she hadn’t washed it in days. She smelled like her cat had urinated repeatedly on the clothes she had on and she was gaunt. It was obvious she hadn’t been eating.

“Hermione, if you tell us about the second shed, I’ll make it stop,” Her brown eyes snapped to Harry and she nodded repeatedly.

“I’m the Secret Keeper so I know all about it. It’s called The Alcove. Dumbledore name’s it this when changed the Secret Keeper last week to me. He says that those within are the dregs of Society and deserve to never see the light of day again, that they’re in The Alcove because the Wizengamot failed to do their jobs.” She continued on about the shed but the only thing that Harrison was thinking about was the fact that she’d said ‘those within’ which implied people were inside. People who had no doubt been tortured by Dumblefuck and his unjust regime.

“Granger, give us the location and how to deactivate the traps.” Draco snapped at the girl, who just giggled at him.

“I guess you don’t want the torment to stop. I can always turn it up, Hermione. You really don’t want me to do that. You wouldn’t last the day if I do. You have five seconds to start talking before I leave you to feel the actual strength of the curse.” Harrison started a mental countdown, readying himself to follow through with his threat. That was one thing he learned from Voldemort that stuck, always follow through with what you say. If you didn’t, you wouldn’t gain any kind of respect.

Just as he was about to leave, she started speaking, “It’s a phrase based deactivation. You need the phrases to cancel everything.”
“What’s the phrase, plus it can’t be that simple. What aren’t you telling us?” Harry put more power into the spell and listened to her shriek as she felt the effects, “Are you feeling a bit more cooperative now?”

At her nod, he let up and she rushed out with the rest of the steps needed to get into the shed without risking their safety or the safety of those inside the shed. Turns out the shed was keyed to the Secret Keeper. They were the only one able to power down the defenses safely. The phrases were a dud it turned out and had they rushed in using them, everyone inside would have been killed.

Harrison had to restrain himself from taking his anger out on her and instead directed her to get them inside. How he had missed her selfishness and lack of concern for others, he didn’t know but it was becoming more and more apparent.

Hermione led them to a spot near the edge of the property that had appeared to be empty for as long as any of them could remember. Her wand shook in her hand as she lifted it and began to undo the enchantments on the shed, “The Alcove is located in the back corner of the Weasley property.”

At Hermione’s statement, a much larger shed came into sight almost from out of nowhere. Suddenly, Molly Weasley’s reluctance to allow them anywhere over here made sense. Had they ran into this while playing one of their pickup games, it would have caused a lot of questions. It wasn’t big enough to be considered a house but it was bigger than the one that Arthur used for his Muggle experiments. The shed also had chipped paint and dirty walls. It looked as though the upkeep hadn’t been maintained since it was placed here which spoke I'll for the care of those inside.

“How many do you have in there, Hermione?” The brunette stared into nowhere for a moment until Harrison lost his patience. He renewed the strength on the curse and blocked out her screams. He was out of patience and they weren’t certain how much time they had here. They needed to know how many people they were holding captive and fast. “Tell me, now!”

“Six, just six. We weren’t able to get anymore to hide away in here. The six in there no one is looking for because everyone thinks they’re dead. The defenses are down! You only have Twenty minutes, please let me go!”

Harrison Stupefied her in answer and yanked one of the doors open. It was made difficult by the fact that the hinges had rusted over but he got it open nonetheless. The sight that greeted him from the depths of the shed though really made him regret opening the door.

Hanging from shackles attached to the ceiling were six figures who were all in different states of malnutrition. The one closest to the door was the only one that seemed to be in a manageable state. He was also the one that Harry was most shocked to recognize. He had only seen the man for a couple of minutes but to Harrison, there was no mistaking the figure of Bartemius Crouch Jr. The man had made his Fourth Year at Hogwarts a misery but that. Was only under the guidance of the man he perceived to be the Dark Lord. He was about to receive a wake up call though and how he, and the others, took it would determine what was done with them. He released the tightly held control on his aura as he walked into the shed with his companions following closely behind.

“This is horrible, Harry. How could the so called Light do this to anyone? It shouldn’t matter what their Magic calling is, Magic is Magic. How could someone do this to another person? The lot of them are gaunt and no doubt close to dying. We have to get them to Severus as soon as possible.” Bill’s voice was tight with horror and disgust as he looked about the conditions these people were forced to live in.

The quartet spread out then, too anxious and stressed over the safety of the captives to be concerned about words. The only thing that was important at this point was getting them out of there. They first
checked to make sure all of the men, closer inspection had revealed that they were all men, were alive. Once that was done, they set about releasing them, a task that had to be done carefully to avoid hurting them any further.

Harrison made a mental note to thank Severus for insisting that they took healing potions along with them today just in case. They were going to need them all to get the men halfway stable. When all six men were down and had been given health potions, he looked them over trying to work out who they were. Barry was easy as Harrison had seen him recently. The other five were slightly more challenging but Bill and Charlie were able to identify two of them as their uncles, the Prewitt twins, who were supposedly killed in the last war. There was a man whose hair was so caked with dirt that it was impossible to tell the color of and and his eyes were closed so there was no way to tell their color at the moment either. Man number five had the same facial features that Harrison saw so often in his new father that his heart clenched in recognition. This man, whose face was lined with agony, was Sirius’ missing brother. The one that Sirius had wiped to connect with one more time. It was the final man that rocked Harrison’s world and turned everything he’d known inside out. The final man was just as tall as his godfather and his black hair still didn’t fall into place all these years later. Harry knew that if the man opened his eyes, they would be hazel. After all he knew the man though he’d never met him. It was only thanks to Draco holding him in place that kept him from falling over even as one damning word fell from his mouth.

“Dad?”
Tears of the Son

It seemed to be impossible but the body under his hands was solid. James Charlus Potter was alive, gaunt and hurt, but alive. Harrison’s vision starting going black around the edges even as his chest tightened and he found that breathing was becoming difficult. He knew what this was, having experienced panic attacks before, but it still didn’t make it any easier to deal with. He couldn’t understand why his father was alive. He’d seen the Inheritance Test, had seen the deceased next to his name. James Potter had died that Halloween night all those years ago. This couldn’t be him.

“My Lord, I think he may have a Magic suppressant on him. If so, it could kill him if I don’t get it off.” Bill nudged him away from the body in front of him and Draco pulled him into a hug. He heard Bill cast a diagnostic speed and then he cursed, “Merlin, Dumbledore didn’t do this by half. He does have a suppressant on him which is why the goblins couldn’t pick his aura up but he also has a leeching spell on him. From what I can tell though, those are both focused on this bracelet. It shouldn’t take me too long to get it off.”

“Does it have to be done here, Bill? Our time here is limited and I don’t think that James is the only one with that particular problem if the look of the matching bracelets on all five of the other men is any indication.” Charlie lifted up the left sleeve of each man’s robe.

“Fuck, okay, we have to move quickly. When these bracelets are removed, their magic is going to flood back into them to try to repair the damage done by Dumbledick and his followers. We have a very narrow window in which to get them from here to Eagle’s Respite. Their magic coming back could affect the port key’s magic otherwise. You need to get in contact with the twins and have them not only on standby but have them keep Sirius and Remus out of the Hall of Healing. If they see James and Regulus like this, they might just lose their minds.” Harry had no trouble with doing as Bill said, letting them curse breaker take control in this situation as the man knew better than anyone else there.

Fishing out the mirror he’d brought with him from his robe pocket and pulling away slightly from Draco, he called into the mirror, “Chaos and Discord!”

The mirror went murky for a brief moment before the image cleared and Harrison was looking at the identical faces of the twins, “You called, Oh Great and Terrifying Lord?”

“Things turned out to be darker than expected here. I need you two to not only be ready for six guests but also to keep Cerberus and Orthrus from the Hall of Healing by any means necessary. There are two particular guests I’d rather them not see without prior knowledge.” As he expected, the twins sobered up at his words. For all their carefree nature, Harrison could count on them being serious when the moment called for it.

“How bad are we talking here?”

“Do you know how you’ll need us to keep them busy?” Though it was close to their twin speak, Fred and George were worried and their way of speaking reflected it. Instead of splitting sentences, they both finished one before the other spoke. It was something he’d only seen them do once before: when Harrison’s name came out of the Goblet of Fire last year. Their full and undivided attention had been granted and Harrison knew they were just waiting on further instructions. Instead of answering, he turned the mirror to the two prone bodies lying side by side that he was most concerned about, “My Lord, are we seeing things?”

Harrison turned the mirror back in his direction, “No, Chaos. They are why I need Cerberus and
Orthrus kept out of the way for as long as you can give me. We’re going to be sending them through in a couple of minutes. Please be sure that Severus is ready to receive them as we don’t have a lot of time. Tell him they need to be kept in a sterile, non magical section of the Hall. All six of our guests have been magically suppressed and leached.”

Both of the twins blanched before nodding. Fred left the frame then and Harrison had no doubt that he had gone to warn Severus about the incoming guests. Harrison caught Bill’s eye over his mirror and noticed the tight look on his face. If they were going to save the men, they had to do it now. Quickly, he cut the connection and tucked it back away, “Here’s how this needs to happen. My Lord, I need you to create portkeys back to the Hall as I release the bracelets from each man. This way Severus has time to put each man in a bed before the next one comes in. It also stops their magic from rushing back in too quick for us to get them back to the Hall.” Harrison nodded to show he understood Bill’s words before they got to work.

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Two and a half hours later, they finally had all six men gone from the site and Hermione had been made to reset the shed to the way it had been before. Harrison kept his word and released her from the insanity curse before sending her back to Grimmauld Place with very heavy memory charms in place that would have her telling anyone that asked that she’d gone to see her parents for more money.

Only once she was gone, did Harrison and the others return to Eagle’s Respite. With a reminder for all those who’d gone with him to the Burrow to keep quiet about what they had seen there, he left to make his way to the Hall of Healing.

The Hall of Healing was aptly named as it was enchanted with healing magic. There were healing runes carved into the walls themselves that poured healing into the room. It wasn’t like a typical Infirmary though, as the Hall of Healing wasn’t done in staunch and bright white. Rather, it had light blue walls and a light hardwood flooring that brought life into the place. It also served to keep the room from being blinding when someone first opens their eyes.

Pushing open the white double doors leading to the Hall, Harrison made his way to the very back where Severus no doubt set the prisoners from the shed up. The back room had a very strict no magic usage rule so as to prevent further injury to those whose condition would be prolonged or made worse by the use of magic. It’s also the only place in the Hall that didn’t have runes carved into the walls which was why Harrison had called it sterile. Leaving his wand in his holster, he entered the room to see Severus leaning over Barty.

He held a potion in one hand and was cradling Barty’s head in the other, murmuring lowly to the younger man. Having gotten back so long after dropping the others in here, he had no idea whether Barty was the first or the last to receive that potion you found in Merlin’s journal. I never thought we’d have need of it but that just goes to show that I’m not always right. This accelerated version of the healing potion seems to be doing wonders to counteract their health issues and the malnutrition as you can see based on the others. My biggest concern at this point is the state of their minds. James, Regulus, and Edgar were held the longest and their bodies bear the marks of that time in captivity. I

“How are they, Severus?” It was truly a sign of the man’s lack of nerves that he didn’t even jump at Harrison’s sudden approach. Though with his luck, Severus had probably heard him coming long before he even got halfway through the Hall.

“They are all severely underweight, thanks to the malnutrition they’re suffering from, and dehydrated. Barty here is the last to receive that potion you found in Merlin’s journal. I never thought we’d have need of it but that just goes to show that I’m not always right. This accelerated version of the healing potion seems to be doing wonders to counteract their health issues and the malnutrition as you can see based on the others. My biggest concern at this point is the state of their minds. James, Regulus, and Edgar were held the longest and their bodies bear the marks of that time in captivity. I
suggest that when you tell Black and Lupin about guest, that you do so gently. Especially the news about Regulus. Black won’t take it well that his brother’s been brutally tortured all for the reason of being a Dark wizard.”

Harrison startled at that last piece of information, “What makes you think that that’s why they were taken?”

“What other motive can you think of for this level of torture? Barty and Regulus are for sure and the twins were always more on the Dark side of Gray rather than the Light. I remember the rumors that circulated after the werewolf incident in my sixth year that Dumbledore had tested James’ aura to make sure he was truly Light. Nothing was ever proven though and Dumbledore still let him into the Order. I figure he must have survived that night and did something that made Dumbles mad.”

“How long before they wake up do you think?”

“Not for another week at least.”

“You keep saying Edgar as though I’m meant to know who that is. Is that the sixth man we found? If so who is he?” Harrison gestured to the man in question. Severus sighed as he laid Barty’s head back down and turned to face Harry.

“I forget just how little you know of the people in the last Order. Yes, the man on the bed is Edgar. Edgar Bones, brother of Amelia Bones, to be specific. He was supposedly killed by Death Eaters in the same raid that killed the Prewitt twins but as you can see, all three are alive. My guess is, they were betrayed by Molly and the Order who didn’t appreciate having Dark Wizards in their midst. I would again advise caution when informing Madam Bones about her brother’s miraculous survival. Leave off the torture.”

Harrison just glared and left the room, intent on finding his uncle and recently gained father.

Sirius paced around the small room in which the Weasley Twins had trapped him and Moony in as Padfoot, trying to fight off the growing panic. Something was wrong with his Lord, he could feel it, but more importantly with his son. Sure, they were one and the same but Sirius cared far more for his son than he would have anyone else. Harrison had been his whole world since the day the boy had come into the world and he hated that he’d allowed anyone to get in hs way of taking care of his son. Now, here he was, unable to help when his Pup needed him the most and all he could do was fight off the flashbacks he got occasionally of being trapped in Azkaban.

Thankfully, the door opened then and Harry walked in. Sirius was across the room in seconds, checking him over as best as he could in his Grim form. Standing on his haunches, he even tossed his front paws on his Pup’s shoulders and licked his face. That got a grossed out chuckle and a “Seriously, Padfoot?” from his Pup which brightened his day.

“Come on, Pads, change back so we can find out why Our Lord had us locked up in here instead of helping Severus in the Hall.” Remus glared at Harrison but the young Lord’s stricken look had him changing the look to one concern quickly, “Harry, what happened there?”

Sirius was back to his human form in two seconds at the sound of distress that came from his Pup’s mouth at Moony’s question, “Are you hurt anywhere, Pup? Did someone attack you there?”

“No, nothing like that but I’m going to need you both to sit while I explain what we discovered.” Remus quickly transfigured a couple of benches into comfortable armchairs for the three of them and they sank into them, all three strung tight with nerves. “Upon Granger’s arrival at the Burrow, we got her to divulge that the shed, also called The Alcove, held captives that were Dark Wizards. Captives
that were thought to be dead. Needless to say, we couldn’t leave these people in the shed and so I forced her to lower all the defenses on the place so we could get in.” Harrison’s eyes started to fill with tears and Sirius reached across the distance and pulled him into his arms.

“It’s okay, Pup. You don’t have to continue on. We get the picture.” Sirius frowned when Harry shook his head, “What do you mean by that?”

“I need to continue because you need to know. Inside the shed, we found six men being held captive. The first was Barty Crouch Junior, the man who put my name in the Goblet under the misguided belief that Tom was the Dark Lord. The next were the Prewitt twins, both who were said to have died in the last war in an ambush with Edgar Bones. The same Edgar Bones we found next to them in the shed. Now, this is where it gets harder. Next to Edgar was a man I’d known anywhere as he looks remarkably like you, Siri.” Sirius tensed as Harry’s words became clear. There was only one man who looked like Sirius. A man that he thought gone at nineteen.

“Regulus, please not Reggie.” At Harry’s nod, a whine escaped him almost like the sound of a wounded animal.

“That’s not all. Dumbledick was...was... he was holding Prongs in there next to Regulus. He was holding my father next to him, Siri. James Potter was supposed to be dead but yet he was hanging there like a trophy for that monster!”

Sirius knew his pup was still talking but it sounded like it was coming from a long distance away. He also knew his Pup was in his lap but he couldn’t feel him. He couldn’t focus, it was too much, the pain he’d buried was ripped wide open once more. Both of his dead brothers had been alive this whole time and he didn’t know. How could he not have known?

It was too much too fast and he felt his head spin. It wasn’t too much longer that the darkness rushed over him and he knew nothing but the the feeling of weightlessness. Sirius Black had fainted.
In the week that had passed after the men had been rescued from the shed, Harrison had finalized his plans for the upcoming school year. He had a list planned out for those he wanted on the new staff and he’d submitted the list just yesterday. He had yet to hear back from the Governors but that was to be expected as they had to verify that all his first choices were available to teach. Some of them like Shacklebolt and Dawlish had to get the approval of the Head Auror in order to take on the classes he desired for them too. In the case of the Aurors, it was Defense and the Dark Arts as well as Muggle Combat. They would rotate who was teaching which class each week.

Today though Harrison and Draco were going shopping for their school supplies, accompanied of course by Sirius and Remus as well as the Weasleys. Severus had to stay behind in order to look after their guests in the Hall so he’d sent one of the House elves at their Headquarters to sent up his chambers, office, and classrooms for the upcoming year. He had also managed to finally take the Vow and the weight that had lifted from his shoulders had made a major change on his outlook. Harry had no doubt that it was due to him finally feeling what it was like to be bonded to a true Dark Lord. He was finally getting to experience what it was like to be completely saturated in Dark Magic. He’d regained the years he’d lost spying for Dumbledick.

As it was, the group arrived at The Leaky Cauldron at half past eight in the morning, hoping to avoid the rush though they weren’t optimistic. They had gotten their book list two days after the trip to the Burrow and Sirius had been momentarily thrown by the sheer volume of books they needed. That was until he remembered that the old classes were coming back this year. Now, he was bouncing around Remus and rushing from shop to shop. His carefree laughter floated back to Harry, who just shook his head and grinned. He was happy that Sirius was recovering from the shock of finding out that his brother by blood and his brother in all but blood were alive.

He hadn’t left their bedsides since being told and Harry had no doubt where the man would rather be but he was putting in some serious effort to make this experience the best Harry had ever had in Diagon. Harry was just glad that the man who had lost twelve years of his life already was able to start picking up the pieces that were left.

“Pup, come look at this! It’s the new broomstick!” Sirius called from Quality Quidditch Supplies. Harry heard Remus’ groan all the way from where they stood.

“You bought me a broomstick just two years ago, Siri. Are you trying to spoil me now?” Draco laughed as the rest of the group made their way to where Sirius and Remus stood.

“I know I just bought you a broomstick, Pup, but that was the Firebolt. Not the Thunderbolt. The Thunderbolt is the best on the market right now. The turn speed is less than that of the Firebolt and the top speed is much faster. Plus instead of the familiar Ebony wood, they used a dark cherry with yew for the tail. Look how pretty it is!”

“Yeah, Harry, look how pretty it is.” Draco ribbed from beside him but Harry could see how badly he wanted the broom. He wouldn’t buy it for himself though, it was too much of an indulgence. He just wanted it badly.

“Listen to your lover boy, Harry. After all he, better than anyone, would know how well you handle a broom.” As desired, Sirius’ comment caused both boys to flush though Harry was certain the man hadn’t been expecting Remus to smack him on the back of the head. Although, he probably should have.

“Don’t be crass, Sirius. If you’re going to buy the broomstick, then buy it though you really should buy one for both of the boys as it’s only fair.” Harry’s shoulders lost some of their tension at Remus’ words. He hadn’t wanted Sirius to buy the Thunderbolt as he hadn’t wanted Draco to feel left out. Sure, the blonde could buy it himself but it was different when someone else bought it for you. It showed that you were loved and that the person cared enough about you to buy it for you.

“Who do you think I am, Remi! I grew up with Mr. Potter much the same way you did. A lot of lessons on parenting I learned from him. He who believed that if it wasn’t a birthday then you never
buy for only one child. It sends the wrong kind of message. I’m not about to start telling Draco he’s less important in my life then Harrison when it isn’t about Lord stuff.”

With that said, Sirius dragged Draco into Quality Quidditch Supplies with a huff. Harrison, not wanting to deal with Sirius in a mood, convinced the others to go ahead with him and collect the books they would need as Flourish and Blotts was right next door. Grabbing a magically expanded basket from just inside the door of the shop, Harry began the hunt for their books. Both of them would need the same set of books so it made it slightly easier but the biggest problem was finding them with the influx of books that had no doubt been ordered. The Arithmancy and Muggle Education books were the easiest to find as they were next to each other. Ancient Runes, also next to Arithmancy, was next book he found. He didn’t understand why they would need Defensive Magical Theory but he figured it had to do with the trouble the governors had encountered with the teaching staff. Apparently, Dumblefuck had a candidate in mind for the Defense and The Dark Arts position who’d already accepted. The governors had agreed to give them a trial period in which if anything went wrong, they would be fired on the spot.

“Lord Potter-Black, a moment of your time if you would,” Turning to see who had decided to interrupt his shopping, Harrison put on a fake smile for Governor Grisling. Grisling was one of the older governors on the Board and more prone to be set in his ways. He hadn’t taken Harrison’s announcement of being an Heir of Hogwarts well.

“Governor Grisling, what can I do for you?” His voice was tight and his jaw clenched slightly.

“I’m so glad I caught you. I wanted to apologize in person for the way I acted at the Board Meeting when you announced your Heirship and that of Lord Malfoy. You can expect a proper apology in the mail as well as a gift for any offense I caused.”

Harrison was thrown for a moment before Pureblood manners took over, “While I appreciate your apology, Governor Grisling, it is already forgotten. I do wish to know the status of the staff however as we have a mere two weeks before term begins.”

“As you undoubtedly know, Dumbledore has selected a Defense Professor for that particular one position. We are still without an instructor for Pureblood Studies but the other vacancies have been filled by your choices. I was quite impressed with how well thought out your arguments for their placements were. Dowager Longbottom has also agreed to be the liaison for the Apprentice Program. From what I understand, she has already secured the promise of several Masters to look at those interested in the program to take up an Apprenticeship.”

“Very well, anything else pressing that I have need to know now,” Grisling shook his head and Harrison continued, “Then I’m afraid Governor that I must bid you farewell as I must get back to my shopping.”

Once the governor was gone, Harrison cursed the man under his breath, “Wanted to apologize in person my arse. More like wanted to complain about his workload.”

“I assume that it is Governor Grisling that has gathered such ire from you, Lord Potter-Black and not myself?” The cultures voice of Dowager Longbottom from his left had him turning to face the imperious woman.

“Dowager Longbottom, how lovely to see you. I hear I have you to thank for the successful reemergence of the Apprenticeship Program.” The woman was still as intimidating as she had been when he’d seen her his first year but now, Harrison had his own titles to fallback on.

“At your bidding of course, don’t forget I was in the Wizengamot when you took your seats. I am glad, someone needed to shake Dumbledore from his iron grip on the sessions. No one wanted to vote against in fear of their own bills not passing. Now, there is no longer that fear.”

“And what of the fear of Dark Wizards? Have you overcome that yet?”

“Just what are you implying Lord Potter-Black?”

“I’m not implying anything Dowager Longbottom. I’m saying that you are prejudiced against anyone slightly Dark when you don’t even have the full picture of what happened that night nor the true motives behind the attack that robbed your son and daughter-in-law of their senses. This is not the time nor the place for this discussion however. If you wish to know more, you can visit me at Eagle’s Respite. Use the Floo address ‘Sanctum’. It will open into my private study in which I
conduct my business. Be warned though, I will expect nothing less that a Vow of Secrecy before I divulge any further information. This is for my protection as well as yours.”

Augusta Longbottom glared at him for a good ten seconds before the fight seemed to go out of her. It seemed she remembered that the boy before her was Alice’s godson, “Very well, Lord Potter-Black. You may expect me at seven tonight.”

With a nod and a quick wave of his hand, Harry disabled to wordless and wandless Privacy charms he’d erected. Augusta raised a brow but made no further comment as they separated. Harry had no doubt she would be thinking over everything she had learned in the last ten minutes before she came to him tonight.

“Alright, Pup, we’ve gotten the rest of your books since you were busy playing politician. If you want to place the books you got in my basket and head over to Twillfit and Tattings, Draco and Padfoot should already be there. You need to get a whole new wardrobe for school. I have no doubt that your current uniforms would be stretched on your frame.” Harry moved to do as Remus had said, ready to see Draco again. It hadn’t even been that long but Harry felt like Draco was the only person who could keep him grounded. A fact that furthered his thought that Draco was destined to be his Consort. Lady Hecate had said that the Consort would help balance out a Lord’s various mood swings and it seemed to be holding true. Draco had been there to pull him from depression at the sight of his birth father and now it seemed he would help pull him from his irritation.

Setting off across the street, he grinned when he saw Draco looking around. He was almost certain that the blonde was looking for him and the thought made him grin and walk faster. Sneaking up behind Draco wasn’t easy but he managed even if the look of disappointment on his face almost made Harry reconsider his idea. The very unmanly (and quite cute) squeak that escaped Draco’s mouth made it well worth it though when he whispered in his ear, “Hello Wyvern.”

“Sweet Lady Hecate, don’t do that, Harrison!” Draco wheeled around and swatted Harry’s arm when Sirius just about fell over from laughing too hard. Harry was sure that the look of amusement on his face didn’t help matters in the least.

“The squeak that came out of your mouth just now, Draco, makes the temptation to do again despite possible future consequences very hard to resist,” Sirius said through his laughter, making it hard to understand. Harry, seeing the storm brewing in Draco’s gray eyes, quickly sent a couple of wordless and wandless prank spells at Sirius to get the man to knock it off. The first was the tickling hex that would cause Sirius to dance about and try to plead with Harry to make it stop. Which is where the second spell would kick in. Every time Sirius tried to speak, his voice would sound like a different animal.

Sure enough, the second the tickling hex kicked in, Sirius opened his mouth to tell Harry to knock it off, his voice came out sounding like a donkey.

“Sorry, what was that, Siri? I can’t understand you, you sound like an ass right now.” Draco’s sniggering made Sirius’ indignant face well worth it because the best part of the spell was that to Sirius, he would sound normal. It would take a few minutes for him to realize what was going on. In the meantime, Draco and Harrison got to enjoy a few minutes without Sirius’ chatter.

“Well, well, Bella what do we have here? Looks like that mutt cousin of yours has finally snapped.” Leave it to Lucius Malfoy to ruin a perfectly good outing.

“He’s no cousin of mine but that brother of yours definitely got the better genes.” Oh joy, Bellatrix has decided to make an appearance as well. Harry was...well upset would be too weak of a word to use. His rage filled him and it was only due to Draco’s presence at his side that he hadn’t attacked them yet. He was shaking from the effort to hold back as the trio turned to the two interlopers. It was no doubt that something had happened to the two Death Eater lieutenants. Lucius’ hair was dirty and had branches sticking from it while he had a wild look in his eyes. His robes were torn and there was blood at the corner of his mouth. Bellatrix didn’t look much better. Her hair looked like it was falling out and her teeth were chipped or completely broken. Her dress was missing a sleeve and the bottom was caked in mud. Both of them looked as though a strong wind would knock them over and they smelled something fierce. Harrison doubted that either had had enough magic to apparate long distances, especially not together.
“Here’s what’s going to happen: you, boy, are going to abdicate in my favor as Head of the Malfoy family.” Lucius sneered at Draco who, instead of cowering away, moved to stand at Harry’s left. Harry released the spells on Sirius who then moved to stand by Harry’s right. Both had their wands in hand and were prepared for to end things here.

“You, little cousin, are going to hand controls of the Family Magic over to me. You can remain the Head, but I will be in control of who remains in the Family. The first to go will be this pathetic half-blood you’ve taken in.”

Sirius and Draco remained silent, choosing to let Harry take care of things. It wouldn’t take long after all. Both men could feel the raven-haired boy’s rage.

“For all that the two of you know combined, you are still rather idiotic to attack me in the middle of Diagon Alley when you’re clearly outnumbered.” He gestured to the doorway where Remus and the Weasleys stood. The five men there were glaring daggers in the backs of the two who dared to get so close, “I wouldn’t suggest attacking me but since I can clearly see the intent to in both your eyes, I’ll just take your wands.”

A hand wave and he had both wands, leaving the duo in front of him speechless. He nodded then and Sirius had them on their knees. He wasn’t going to hurt them though, after all it wouldn’t be a fair fight since he had their wands. He would allow Draco and Sirius to get their revenge and disown them though. He put a hand on Draco’s elbow and when the blonde looked at him he smirked.

“Lucius Malfoy, for your infidelity in your marriage and your failure to produce even one of the two required children as agreed upon in your marriage to Narcissa Malfoy née Black, I Draconis Malfoy, Head of the Malfoy family, do dissolve the marriage between the two of you and return Narcissa and her dowry to the House of Black.”

“House of Black acknowledges that Narcissa Black has been return to the House.” Sirius’ voice was pitched low almost as though he was growling. Lucius in the meantime had begun to pale, knowing what was sure to happen next. Had Narcissa still been married to him, she would suffer from the disownment as well. As it stood now, only Lucius would be stripped of his Family Magic.

“Lucius Malfoy, from this day forth you shall be known as Lucius as I, Draconis Malfoy, Head of the House of Malfoy do disown you from the family. You are hereby magically, financially, and politically cut off from any use of the Malfoy estate and name. I strip from you that which makes you a Malfoy: the Family Magic itself.” A silver cloud surrounded Lucius and pulled a similar wisp from Lucius. The older blonde screamed even as he messed himself. Once the cloud vanished, Lucius was left slumped over kneeling in his own urine.

“Leave Diagon, Lucius No Name for you’ll find no help here.” Harrison glared down at the man who’d caused Draco so much grief growing up.

Lucius scrambled to his feet and ran through the alley to the gateway to Diagon Alley. Harry shot a delayed Memory Charm at the man’s back that would cause him to forget everything about his history. Soon enough, Lucius would be just a bad dream as everyone slowly forgot about him. That just left Bellatrix Lestrange, who Sirius was about to handle as Lord Black.

“Bellatrix Lestrange, for your infidelity in your marriage and to your House as well as failure to bring to term the children you aborted, I Sirius Black, Head of the House of Black, do hereby dissolve the marriage between you and the House of Lestrange lord, Rudolphus. I allow the House of Lestrange to keep the dowry granted to them on the day of your marriage even as you return to the House of Black.” She went to stand but Sirius’ boot sent her sprawling back to the ground, “I’m not finished with you yet Bellatrix Black. You shall from this day be known as Bellatrix as I, Sirius Black, as Head of the House of Black do disown you from the family. You are hereby magically, financially, and politically cut off from any use of the Black estate and name. I strip that from you which makes you a Black: the Family Magic.” This time the cloud was an onyx color and Bellatrix bent in half backwards as the magic was pulled from her body. Her screams were silent until it was over. Then she was just still, she didn’t move or twitch. None of them wanted to get close enough to check to make sure she wasn’t going to do anything but they knew they had too. Deciding to avoid risking his safety or that of Siri or Draco, he sent a diagnostic spell at her. The results showed what they all feared. Bellatrix had died from the strain of losing the last of her magic. No doubt it was the
aftermath of Azkaban that had led to it. After all, Lucius hadn’t spent the last twelve years with dementors, which was why he was able to run off afterwards.

It was grim news that they were forced to pass onto Amelia via Patronus but she was needed as soon as possible. Thankfully, just as Harry’s patronus faded from sight, a new one made an appearance. This one was a doe and it walked out of the shadows beside them. When it spoke though, the world seemed to spin from the three words it uttered: They woke up.
Brotherhood

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Severus had seen a lot of things in his time in service to Voldemort (knowing the man had never been the Dark Lord still stung), but the sight of six previously dead men waking up at roughly the same time took the cake for the strangest. The twins were the first to wake, their concern for each other enough to send them into a panic that overwhelmed whatever potion was in their system. Once they managed to lay eyes on each other, they calmed enough to take in their surroundings. Severus moved quickly into their line of sight and held up a hand to stave off the questions he knew were coming, “I don’t have all the answers for the questions you want to ask. Those will have to wait I’m afraid. What I can tell you is that you are safe. This manor is so well fortified that only those aware of where it is located would be able to find it. Don’t try speaking unless you are communicating with each other. Your throats are still too sore from all the screaming you have undoubtedly done. I will have a House elf attend to you. Just snap your fingers if you need something.”

He would have said more but the sound of another of the men, Edgar this time, waking had him calling quickly calling for a house elf to assign to the twins. He then shuffled over a bed to give the same speech to Edgar who had woken a little quieter than the twins but no less violently. Severus figured it was because all three men had been attacked before winding up in the shed. If he was right though, Regulus would be the next to wake. The order of awakening seemed to follow the time of when each died. This meant that Barty would be the last to wake after James. He startled when he called Potter the Elder by his first name but he decided it didn’t matter. If he could call the mutt by his first name, he could do the same for his Lord’s birth father.

Sure enough, Reggie woke as he had no doubt died, quietly and peacefully. In fact, if it hadn’t been for the soft gasp the younger man had let out, Severus would have never known Reggie had awakened in the first place.

“Sev..rus…where..” Severus hurried over making shushing noises at the younger Black brother.

“Easy, Regulus, easy. Your throat isn’t used to being used in a manner not involving screaming yet. If you can wait for the Lord of the manor to return, he will have all the answers you seek. Be assured though, he means you no harm.”

“Where..Siri?” Regulus’ eyes went wide with worry for his brother.

“Safe now, take it easy. I will have a House elf assigned to you in case you need anything. Just snap your fingers. They will come to you,” Reggie nodded his understanding and Severus moved closer to James’ bed to wait for him to wake next. James Potter was an interesting man to watch wake up. His face scrunched up in pain and a soft groan that sounded more like a whine escaped his clenched teeth. His breathing picked up and his hands gripped the sheets tightly, “Harry!”

“Calm down, Potter. Your son is safe and out with his dog father.” Severus hoped that the sound of his voice would spark some kind of reaction other than despair in his old rival. It seemed that Lady Hecate was listening as the man’s hazel eyes snapped open and he glared at Severus, “Before you start your ranting and cursing me, just know that your best friends and son trusted me enough to save your life. Let that be enough to keep you in that bed and not trying to stand. Like I told the others, all your questions will be answered when the Manor Lord arrives.”
“When?” Severus rolled his eyes at the man but managed to keep his tongue in check.

“When you have all woke up and I send him a Patronus to let him know.” Potter nodded and Severus assigned another House elf to the man. He wasn’t sure when Barty would wake as there had been a significant gap between James’ death and his. While he waited though, he called the House elves assigned to the men together and gave them the potions each man needed to take. He was certain they would grumble and be upset about it, but if they wanted to regain their strength they would need to take them.

By the time that he’d given the last House elf (Lottie who’d he assigned to Potter) the potions, Barty was beginning to wake. The shaggy haired brunette screamed, startling all the occupants in the room. Severus ran quickly to his bedside and soothed back the man’s hair. He couldn’t help feel sorry for the youngest of the six men who had been just eighteen when he’d been sentenced to Azkaban. His father had been quite harsh in his dealings with his Heir but it had been the boy’s mother that stopped Crouch Senior from disowning him. Severus hadn’t known until the night of the final task what had happened to the Lady Crouch. Her demise made sense though as she loved her son more than anything. The boy had spent three years in that hellish place though and after that he had been locked away and controlled by way of Imperius. He was sure to need a lot of positive attention from Harrison. Barty would need the healing that only a Dark Lord could provide.

“It’s okay, Barty. Whatever it is you’re seeing, it isn’t really there. It’s just the night terrors.” Severus, at seeing the younger man so terrified, did his best to soothe him as he had so many of the abused Slytherins under his care. Many of them, much like Barty, had been exposed to the Cruciatus as punishment for bad behavior. Barty showed all the signs of an abused child who spent a lot of time under his father’s wand. Harrison would not be pleased.

“Mum, please don’t let him hurt me! I don’t want the Mark, Mummy, I don’t want it!” The Hall was silent as Barty cried out. There was no doubt that the younger man had been forced to take the Mark but the question was why and then, by who? No matter the answer, the picture that it painted was a dark one.

Summoning his patronus, a doe, and ignoring the gasp coming from Potter’s bed, he sent it off to inform his Lord that the men were awake. He knew it would be just a matter of minutes before his Lord and the entourage that followed him about were in the room. He couldn’t wait to see Reggie’s face when Black chose Potter over him once more. He would, of course be there to comfort the younger man and not have to face Potter and his revulsion. Severus’ money was on the twins though as those devils enjoyed playing dirty. Severus left this secluded section of the Hall in order to greet his Lord and the others properly. Sure enough, as soon as he got closer to the fireplace he could see Harrison standing there with Draco clinging to his hand. If he was being snide he would call his godson out on hanging onto their Lord like a limpet but that
would get him a look of disapproval from the recently fifteen year old. Severus cleared his throat and Harrison looked at him, “Did you want to go in to see the men, my Lord, while Wyvern and I wait for the others to finish coming through? That way you can go ahead and get the serious questions out of the way. This way you have time to help the men adjust before we release the others on them.”

Harry sighed and looked at the older man with a sigh, “I’m not going to get you to call me Harry or even Harrison outside of the meetings, am I? Very well, I appreciate your idea, Severus and I think it would be for the best. I’m guessing by the fact that you aren’t scowling right now, you didn’t have too much trouble with the men?”

“Not at all, my...Harrison.” The Dark Lord’s grin at Severus’ use of his name made him just slightly uncomfortable.

“I’m glad then. Draco, I know that after the scare you just had you don’t want to be separated from me but this is something I need to do alone. It would cause too much confusion otherwise. Not to mention that with all six of those men being Dark Wizard, I’m going to have to expose them to higher levels of my aura than you’re used to. I don’t want you to get sick.”

“Relax, Harry. I do understand that there are somethings I can’t help with you.” Draco laughed at Harry’s rambling before pulling his hand from Harry’s, “Now, go sort through the mess in there before the others work out whose coming through next.”

Harry grinned as he headed into the no magic room. He stopped by Severus though for just long enough to tell the man that they’d be discussing Severus’ Patronus later and to steel himself. He knew that this conversation would not be pleasant nor would it be easy. Getting the men inside, Barty especially, to listen would be no doubt harder than facing that damn horntail again.

He entered the room and was met with the men’s stares. They were, as Severus had said, awake and very much alert. They watched as he walked between each of the beds and as he shrugged of his cloak before he spoke, “I would welcome you but this isn’t a pleasant situation for any of us. Thank you all for not making a fuss when Severus didn’t explain things to you. He was acting under my orders as I didn’t want you to have an incomplete picture. So let me just get comfortable and I’ll tell you everything I know. Which is both a lot and yet nowhere near enough,” Harry conjured a chair and sat down. The men struggled to keep their eyes on him so he snapped and had the House elves fix their beds so they could see.

“Now then, let me start by saying that for dead men you look incredibly well. Severus tells me that you woke in the order that you ‘died’,” Severus hadn’t really told him but the evidence was hard to ignore if you were looking at the men’s state of beings, “Which isn’t nearly as surprising as one may think. Most of you have been that shed for fourteen years. The world and the people in it have changed. Fabian and Gideon, I hate to say it but your sister has turned into a greedy bitch along with her youngest two children. Her third eldest is a prat of epic proportions but the rest are fine. They should actually be outside waiting to speak with you when we are done. Edgar, your sister is a hell of a Head of the DMLE. I doubt there is or ever will be another like her aside for your niece Susan, sorted into Hufflepuff by the way. Regulus, Sirius hasn’t left your bedside since we brought you here. There was only one time I’ve seen that man cry as hard as he did and that was when he realized he couldn’t save his godson from dementors. Be sure not to just write him off because of some perceived insult or past hurt. It truly wasn’t his fault. He only recently got the blocks and compulsions that had been layered on him off. You are all he has left by way of immediate family. Onto you James, I hate to be so blunt about this but, considering all the facts, Lily is dead. She died saving the son you both adored. As you heard from my speech to Reggie here, Sirius is alive as well as Remus. It hasn’t been easy for them though, Dumbledore tossed Sirius in Azkaban for twelve years then the man was on the run for another after breaking out. Remus was forced into menial
labor in the Muggle world. Your son was sent to Lily’s relatives who treated the boy like shit.”

Harry stopped for a minute to drink the water that had appeared at his side halfway through before he continued, “Finally, Barty, though you have the clearest picture of everything that’s been happening. The supposed Dark Lord Voldemort is no more. Lady Hecate has taken her vengeance for his pretences. He is nothing more than a mere Muggle now having been stripped of every bit of his magical core. He will be dead soon from a Muggle disease. Those truly loyal followers, of which I doubt you were, have fared in much the same way. There were just a couple who had strong enough Family Magic to not be completely stripped but they are no longer a threat. The Lestrange brothers have been cleared by Lady Magic and retain their cores. Here soon, I will have a meeting with Dowager Longbottom and get you and the Lestrange cleared of all charges. Any questions?”

“Who are you?”

“My apologies, Sirius says I need to get better at introducing myself if I’m to gain any kind of respect. I am Lord Harrison James Potter-Black, Lord the Houses of Potter, Peverell, Gryffindor and Slytherin as well as Heir of the House of Black. There are a few more thrown into the mix as well as a Muggle Dukedom but the ones I gave are the primary ones,” Harry gave the men a small grin before looking them over.

They looked healthier than they had when they were first taken from the shed but that was just the potions they had ingested. Harry knew that it would take awhile for them to recover, most of them had been held captive and undoubtedly tortured for years. Their imprisonment had left major scars on their mental and emotional states.

“Prongslet?”

“Yeah, Dad, it’s me. I didn’t feel like it was the right time to die that Halloween night. Mum’s sacrifice helped that along too mind but it was mostly the stubborn Potter luck.”

“Why… you?” Fabian struggled to sit up further until Harry focused a glare at him.

“Stop trying to strain yourselves. None of you will get better that way. I will answer any question you might have but you don’t need to force yourselves to do more than you are currently capable of. Now if you mean why was I attacked then it’s because a fake Prophecy was brought to the attention of Tom Riddle who most of you know as Voldemort, idiot that he was to create an anagram of his name. However, if you mean why I’m in here speaking to you, it’s because Eagle’s Respite which is where we are currently located falls under one of those other Lordships I told you I held. Though it could also be that I’m the only one who can actually help you recover. Potions are great but they take a far too long regime to make a difference even the advanced one you are taking.”

“How can you help, Potter? You are nothing but a boy.” Barty spat but instead of being offended, Harry laughed darkly before letting go of his tightly held control on his aura. Not enough to drown them in it, but enough to wash over them.

“I can help because I know why you imprisoned and why none of you felt comfortable dealing with Voldemort, those who served him, and why those you who fought him, did so.”

“We fought him because we’re Light Wizards and he is the Dark Lord.” Edgar tried to defend himself but Harrison just laughed again.

“Let’s cut the shite. None of those in this room or outside it are Light Wizards. We are all Dark and there is nothing wrong with it. That was why I had you brought here after all. Otherwise you would have been sent to Saint Mungo’s. I wouldn’t have risked everything to bring you here. Now
that we have that out of the way, let’s get rid of another misconception. Barty, you’re really going to hate this one, but you’ll get over it. Voldemort never was the Dark Lord. That was a title he took on only to gain followers.”

“You’re lying!” Barty hissed as he tried to jump from his bed but his House Elf got to him in time to stop him. Collie, a stern taskmaster Harry had found, was now sitting on the youngest man’s chest.

“You no longer bare the Dark Mark, Barty. Lady Magic has seen fit to let you live after taking her vengeance because you weren’t loyal to him only to a person. A person who you had lost and so you went to the Longbottoms to seek answers of Voldemort in hopes he would tell you where the man you loved had gotten to. You never wanted to hurt them, just ask them about the supposed Dark Lord’s location. You were a Ravenclaw, Barty, so I know you are smarter than you’re letting on. You knew that the Dark Mark wasn’t right because the Mark was all the same. Anyone well versed in the history of the Dark Lord knows that each Mark given to a Vassal is different. Tell me now that you didn’t know that Voldemort wasn’t the true Lord.”

Barty looked away and didn’t say anything, merely glared at the wall. Satisfied that the man had understood the point, Harry continued, “As I hinted to Barty there, Lady Magic took her vengeance against not only Tom but those loyal to his cause. All but a handful of previous Death Eaters retain their Magic let alone their lives. Tom was also visited by the Peverell Patron that night who took his revenge on the man who cheated Him.” James paled while the others just looked confused. Harry couldn’t blame the others, they didn’t understand the significance of the Peverell name, “Dad, why don’t you tell them who we Peverells pay Patronage to?”

James’ voice was cracked and shaky as he responded with wide eyes, “Death.”

“There is nothing to fear from Lord Thanatos, Dad. He favors those who pay proper Patronage. Tom, descendant of Cadmus, refused to do so and so Death took his repayment. If there was one thing that Tom feared more than Death it was Muggles and so it is he is set to die by Muggle means. He has Tuberculosis. It will kill him slowly, as Lord Death wasn’t feeling very merciful. Now, moving onto the other things I need to tell you. You were all placed in that shed on Dumbledore’s orders if not by the man himself. He hates Dark Wizards and if he could rid the world of them all he would. The man has betrayed his Vows as a Light Lord and as such has been called Falled by Lady Hecate. In his place, a Light Lady has been called.”

“What else?” Gideon was the speaker this time though it was disconcerting not to hear twin speak from the two Prewitt Twins.

“I have evidence to clear Barty here and the Lestrange brothers of torturing the Aurors Longbottoms into insanity willingly. The three of them were Imperiused and I’m going to get Dowager Longbottom bring the issue before the Wizengamot. As you have all been written off as dead, I’m going to need to speak to the goblins about fixing that though I wonder if that means I will lose the the Potter and Peverell Lordships as you are back, Dad.”

James shook his head and opened his mouth to say something but before he could, he started coughing. Harry rushed to his side and cast about a dozen diagnostic spells only to realize that the man just had a dry throat. Feeling sheepish, Harry made his way back to his seat. James chuckled before actually talking, “I abdicated in your favor. It was one of the only times while I was in that shed where I can remember being conscious enough to do anything. Dumbledore wanted me to abdicate in his favor, told me you were dead but I hadn’t believed him. He let me focus enough which turned out to be his mistake. Instead of giving him the seats, I abdicate to my remaining Heir. Had you been dead, the seats would have gone to Sirius as my closest cousin. Either way, Dumbledore was furious that I hadn’t followed his plans. I was tortured badly for my efforts but I’m glad it worked. I don’t know what it was but something kept telling me that you weren’t dead and
that the abdication would work. I’m glad it worked and that that man can no longer use the Potter name to further his goals.”

“Well that takes care of you James but what about of the Prewitt Lordship? It only accepts magical twins like Fabian and I.”

Harry hid a smirk at the fact that the longer he stayed in the room, the stronger the men seemed to get and the faster they recovered. It wouldn’t take care of everything but it would make them strong enough to talk for longer periods of time and even sit up on their own.

“Fred and George are magical twins but from what I’ve gathered, the two of you are still the Prewitt Lords as they were blocked from taking up the mantle. The Bones Headship is being held by your sister for Susan in trust but I have no doubt that once you put in a claim at Gringotts, the goblins will give the Lordship over to you as you were the last to hold it and Susan has yet to even take up the Heir ring. Barty, you would be the one to hold the Crouch seat as your father is now dead. Good riddance to bad rubbish I say. The man was a bastard and just tossed people into Azkaban without a proper trial. That being said turning him into a bone might have been a bit much.”

“You have yet to say why we should listen to you Potter. After all, you’re nothing but the Light’s whipping boy.” Barty, as Harry had known, was making things extremely difficult.

“Isn’t it obvious by now? I have been granted the mantle of the true Dark Lord by Lady Hecate herself. Lady Magic has tasked me with correcting the problems that the Wizarding World has caused itself but I can’t do it alone. The men outside this room have all take the Votum Servitii. They are my Vassals and I will protect them as such. The only question therein is where do you wish to fall on the scale. Dark Wizards will not always be hunted down just for their magical core’s natural inclination. The Wizarding World will come to see that the only definition that should be given to a witch or wizard is whether they are good or evil. We, as a society, have let fear rule and divide us for too long. It is why magical creatures are so looked down upon and why Dark Casters are hated. We have let the belief that Dark is bad and Light is good cloud our minds for too long. I have a plan to change the way things are run but I need support from other Dark Casters. I can’t change the laws by myself.”

“So you mean to revolt much like Voldemort then?” Edgar questioned before shaking under the glare Harry gave him.

“Voldemort was a selfish man after his own goals of spread hatred and fear to gain power. I don’t want power and I know that a country can’t be changed by fear and hatred. They would only brew more problems. Instead we need the people to want the changes, to make them believe that the changes were their ideas.”

“I take it to mean that you know how to do this?” Fabian asked tiredly, he didn’t much care right now, he just wanted this to be over. This ridiculous war between Dark and Light had been going on for way too long.

“Of course I do. Lady Magic showed me what I needed to do and where I needed to start and the plans have already been put into place. When the start of term comes around, Hogwarts students will be getting a better education than they were before Dumbledore took over. I have made sure that all but one of the teachers is competent in their position and the only I haven’t checked out was the instructor hired last minute by the Headmaster. A duty which is his right that I will not take away from him just yet. If this instructor once again proves their incompetence then I and the other Heir of Hogwarts will step in though I don’t particularly need them. Now then, any further questions before I allow those outside to visit with you?”
When there was nothing forthcoming, Harrison snapped his fingers and the House Elves moved the beds back to where they were originally positioned. He cast an aura spell on a nearby ornament that would allow his aura to continue to fill the room enough to continue the expedited healing the men were getting from his presence. As it was a mere aura spell, he was lucky to avoid causing them any damage but it wasn't something he planned to do very often. With a quick bow, Harrison made his exit from the room, leaving the door open for any who would like to visit with the men.

Sirius was the first through the room. He understood why Harrison had wanted to speak with the former prisoners first but he really hated waiting. He needed to apologize to his younger brother and explain what had happened. He needed to try for his brother's forgiveness even if it wasn't given. He was never a patient person and the waiting had been killing him. Remus had had to tell him several times that he needed to stop pacing and to stay in one form. Had Sirius been thinking about anything other that Reggie, he was sure that Remus was glad that Harry had finally left the room.

As it was, Sirius was too busy rushing to his brother's side only to stop when he got there. He couldn’t find the words he was looking for even staring at his brother's familiar gray eyes. He opened and closed his mouth several times but still there was nothing coming out. Regulus seemed to understand though since he held out a hand to Sirius. The floodgates opened then and Sirius couldn’t help the sob that ripped from him. Taking his brother’s hand, he stood there crying all the while Regulus was making shushing noises.

“I’m alright Siri. I’m right here and I’m not going anywhere.”

“That’s not the point, Reggie. The point is that I lost you and the last thing I did was slam the door in your face when you came to be for help. I’m so sorry. I didn’t know and that had been the last time I saw you. I never got to tell you how sorry I was, I should have been there.” Sirius was hiccuping now and he was sure there was snot on his face if the slightly amused, slightly disgusted look on his brother’s face was anything to go by.

“Siri, for Merlin’s sake. I understand. I did then and I do now. We were on opposing sides of the war and paranoia was high. Now, why don’t you turn into that grim form I’ve heard so much about and jump up here. We’ll both be able to work through our emotions that way. You know, I don’t think I ever had a chance to tell you as I wasn’t supposed to know, but a dog is very fitting for you.”

Regulus’ words brought Sirius up short, “How do you know about Padfoot?”

“I saw you, James, and Peter shift when you thought no one was watching. I wanted to tell you that night that I had seen Peter at the meetings with Voldemort in his rat form. He hadn’t been spying for the man at the time though, rather on him. It wasn’t until a few days later that Peter gave Voldemort James’ and Lily’s address. I couldn’t understand why he did it in that order but I guess Dumbledore had something to do with it.”

Remus had been the second person through the door. As much as he had wanted to see James, he wasn’t about to rush through the door like Sirius had done. He didn’t have it in him. His lycanthropy had been taking more and more of a toll on him as the years passed. Even still, he was anxious to see James again. James’ death had been as hard on him as it had been on Sirius and he felt young again. Walking to the bed that held one of his dearest friends, he grinned, “Well, Prongsie, what mess have you gotten us into this time?”

James just glared at the tawny haired man even as he tried to bite back a laugh, “Why am I getting the blame here? I really am the victim this time.”

“Maybe because it’s your son that just blew through here like a storm, James.” Edgar called from next to James.
“He makes a good point. Harry is unbelievably strong, Prongs. I can think of no other that would serve Lady Hecate best as her Chosen Dark Lord.”

“So he really is the Dark Lord? Voldemort had only been pretending?” There was hurt in Barty’s voice and Remus knew why, the man had been led to believe that what he was doing was helping the Magical World because the man who claimed to be the Dark Lord had said it was the right way to go about things.

“Voldemort was a pretender, yes. He was a man who knew how to charm and manipulate though and so he easy fooled the masses. He knew how to sway those he wanted to his side which was why so many young people were pulled into his way of thinking. You weren’t the first to fall his tricks and you weren’t the last but there will be no more. As I’m sure you know, Lady Magic took care of him. Either way, that’s not important right now. What is important is visiting with you and your recovery.” With that final statement, Remus made sure that they knew the discussion was over. All he wanted at this point was to reconnect with his friend.

“How have you been Remi? You don’t look too good.”

“The moons have been rough with Siri being in Azkaban, Pettigrew a traitor and you being dead. Thankfully Severus created Wolfsbane and that has helped some. At least, it helps in that I don’t hurt myself when I can’t get to anyone. Dumbledore let me teach at Hogwarts during Harry’s third year but of course, that was the year that Siri broke out so no wonder why that occurred. He’s tried using that and the fact that he allowed me to attend Hogwarts as a child to get me to fall in line again. He doesn’t realize that I now know the truth of the night I was bitten.”

James wanted to question what his tawny haired friend meant but the look on his face said enough. It wasn’t a good idea right as it was obviously still too fresh for the man. What he wanted to ask about was why Snape’s Patronus was a doe. It should have been a male fox, as Lily’s had been a female fox. That had been how he’d known she wasn’t meant for him. He hadn’t seen her Patronus until they had been in a battle surrounded by Dementors. She had found out she was pregnant just hours before and when he’d questioned how she managed the Patronus then, she told she used the feeling of her upcoming motherhood to fuel her fox to full form. If Snape had been in love with her like he’d claimed so many years ago, his Patronus should have matched hers, not his. It was too much to think about then though and so instead, he allowed Remus to prattle on about random things, needing the distraction.

Fred and George eyed the two older twins in the bed in front of them. They could see now why their hair was so different from their siblings. It was obvious that they’d gotten the darker red from their uncles instead of their father’s shade of red that bordered more on orange in hue. They also shared their uncles’ lack of freckles, something they were grateful for. Sure, they still had a few but nowhere near the amount that Ron, Ginny, or even Percy did, “So, what are your names, young Weasleys?”

“I’m George and that’s my brother Fred,” Fred spoke, wanting to test the men a bit. If they were true twins then they undoubtedly played this game before. If they were Magical twins, they would have no doubt figuring this simple name riddle out. After all, Harry had known since his first week in Hogwarts. Not that the little brat would tell either of them how he knew.

“Which really means that your brother is George and you’re Fred. If you’re going to test us little nephew, at least make it challenging.” Gideon smirked at the nerve his nephews had. Unfortunately for them, he and Fabian were too well versed in swapping names to take it seriously when someone else did it.

“It’s challenging for most other people. Even your sister has trouble with getting us right and she
gave birth to us.”

Fabian frowned at that, the thought of none of their family knowing them apart didn’t set right with him and by the indignation rolling off his twin, he knew Gideon felt the same. Another thought occurred to him then, “You said most other people. Who is it that can tell you apart? That typically means they’re your soulmate.”

Fred and George laughed at the thought of Harry being one of their soulmates but answered none the less, “As nice as—”

“The thought might be—”

“Dear Harrikins is not—”

“Meant for either of us—”

“Rather a blonde-haired serpent—”

“Though don’t let the serpent thing throw you—”

“As it hasn’t us—”

“His snake is quite gorgeous—”

“And an excellent fit for Our Lord.”

They finished speaking together, as they normally did before grinning. The Prewitt twins stared in confusion at their nephews before chuckling. The one thing they had never quite managed to master was twin speak and that was only because Molly had whined to their parents whenever they tried and they made to stop. Fabian figured that living in a household with so many siblings made it easier to get away with. They would get make to practicing it though as it seemed to be to expected of their nephews and accepted since no one even blinked an eye at their speech.

“Very clever trick to confuse people.” Gideon chuckled as the younger twins beamed at him and his brother. If he was being honest, he was grateful for the distraction that the twins were providing. He didn’t even want to begin thinking about what he and his brother had undergone in that shed. He also didn’t want to think about the panic that had overwhelmed when he first woke up and didn’t know where he was and where his brother was. That had been the worse when he woke up, still disoriented. Fabian was everything to him and to not know where he had been painful until he’d located him. Fabian looked at him then and Gideon knew his twin felt the same way he did. No matter what came next with their new living conditions, they would face it together.

Edgar Bones wasn’t a man that was easily impressed. That said, young Harrison Potter had impressed him. The youth was powerful, that wasn’t hard to tell by the way none of the men in the room now had come in when he was in here. They hadn’t even knocked on the door. Edgar also prided himself on having excellent deductive reasoning skills. That had been one thing he hadn’t lost during his captivity. So he managed to read between the lines of what the young man had been saying and determine what the man hadn’t been saying. No one outside this manor knew the men inside this room recovering were alive, at least not yet. Edgar had no doubt that each man would have to prove himself to be worth keeping around and being allowed to let their family know they were alive. Though, he seemed to be the only one with family outside this room. Barty had no one at all, one of the redheads was with him now so the younger man wouldn’t feel so alone.
“Whatever it is that you’re thinking, I’d stop before you get the wrong idea.” The redhead in front of him was speaking and Edgar frowned.

He was irritated that he had some random person sitting with him as opposed to his sister or even his niece, though he doubted the girl would even know who he was, “The only reason Amelia isn’t here is because Harry didn’t want to get her hopes up that you were actually alive. How would you feel in that situation, being in her position? How would you feel if you were told your sister was alive but in a coma with no signs of coming out of it due to how bad off she was? Harry doesn’t do anything to be spiteful, he just doesn’t have it in him. The only reason why Amelia isn’t here yet is because Harry didn’t want to hurt her like that. She’s come to be a good friend to us and Our Lord decided that leaving her in the dark until such time that you woke up would be for the best. I would count on her being here within the hour though as I have no doubt he plans on informing her as soon as he can get ahold of her. Amelia is a very busy woman after all. I’m Charlie by the way.”

Edgar looked the younger man, Charlie, in the eyes trying to find any hint of a lie. Satisfied that the man was telling the truth, he held out for him to shake. Once Charlie had, he shook it and told him his name though it seemed Charlie knew it already.

Barty was, for lack of a better word, confused. The man he’d believed to be the one to lead the Wizarding World into a better state of being, turned out to be a fraud and the same youth he had tried to kill had written it off as though it was nothing. He couldn’t understand why Potter hadn’t just killed him off when he’d been found in that shack. He was certain that the youth was telling the truth about being the true Dark Lord though. The amount of power and the feeling of it left no question in Barty’s mind. That just left the thought that he had no idea why he was still alive.

“Knut for your thoughts, Barty? I promise I won’t judge you or laugh at you.” The eldest Weasley was sitting with him. Barty thought his name was Bill, if he remembered overhearing correctly.

“I’m just not sure why I’m still alive to be honest. After all I put him through, I would think that he would want to get rid of me, not keep me around.” Barty knew that it was probably just his insecurities at not being good enough soaking through but he needed to understand.

“Harry isn’t your father, Barty, and I’m sure that’s why you’re so unsure. I don’t know what your father did to you to make you question it but Harry truly does care about us Dark Wizards. We are all under his care and he takes care of us. He doesn’t just forgive and forget but he’s had enough time to come to terms with your actions and understand your motivations for them. He isn’t going to hold anything in the past against you. It may take you awhile to believe it and that’s fine. Just know that Harry’s not like the other people you’ve tried to please. He just expects you to try your best.”

“Thank you, Bill. I appreciate you taking time to talk to me.”

Draco watched Harry leave the room and motion for him and Severus to follow him. Curious as to what was going on, he followed the men up to Harry’s private study. As one of the only rooms he hadn’t been allowed to explore, Draco was curious as to the way Harry had decorated it. Since it was where he’d being doing all his formal meetings, there was sure to be comfortable seating but beyond that, Draco wasn’t sure. What he found was nothing he could have thought up on his own.

The room, though formal in appearance, had a welcoming feel. All the wood in the room was made from a redwood and included the bookshelves desk, and corner tables. There was also an easel in the corner that had Draco raising an eyebrow at it. He hadn’t known Harry painted. There was a plush reddish brown leather chair behind the desk whereas the two armchairs and sofa in front of the desk were made from a soft fabric. They were still in the same color but when Draco sat in one of the chairs, he was surprised at just how soft it really was. He hid a grin at the pout that Harry had on his
Harry sat on the sofa, trying to figure out why Draco had chosen the chair when Severus cleared his throat. Turning his attention back to the man in question and the reason for this impromptu meeting, “I don’t need to know why your Patronus is what it is. I already know why, just like I know why mine and Draco’s haven’t changed yet. Our emotions are too sporadic and only a Courtship or Bonding will change them permanently. What I want to know is what you plan on doing about it and when you plan on dropping this ridiculous glamour of yours. I understand why you did when you served Voldemort and Dumbledore but you don’t now. I dislike the strain your putting on your magic to maintain it when you can use your magic for other things. What I think is you’re using the glamour as an excuse and something to hide behind. I think you are using it to give my father a reason to reject you like you’re expecting. Just like I’m having this conversation with you though, I will also be having it with him. The two of you are too old to be playing childish games anymore. Lady Magic paired the two of you for a reason and I will not stand for anything less than your happiness. I will not allow you to run from this, Severus.”

Draco just gaped at Harry. He had never heard or seen anyone talk to his godfather the way Harry just had. Knowing what they were talking about just made it harder to believe. Lucius had tried once to get the man to continue his blood line by getting a pure blood witch pregnant and his godfather had cut Lucius down swiftly. He half expected Severus to do the same here but the man just bowed his head and mumbled a spell. It was like Draco was seeing a completely different man when he lifted his back up.

The gray that had been in his hair before was completely gone as were the deeply etched lines from the stress of spying for two masters. His hair was no longer greasy and his beaked nose was no more. Instead, he had shorter nose that had a normal slope to it. It was a bit sharp at the end but nothing too bad. His skin was no longer deathly pale and his teeth were white again. Even his fingers looked better without the potion stains.

“Now that the first step is done with, you just have to prepare for the next. Don’t do anything until I’ve spoken to him but be prepared for it.”

“Yes, My Lord. I won’t disappoint.” Severus bowed from where he was standing and left the room. Draco stared at the man’s retreating back until the door closed behind him before facing Harry again.

“That was impressive, Harry.”

Harrison didn’t bother responding, instead he chuckled and checked the time. Two hours until Dowager Longbottom would make an appearance.

Chapter End Notes

Hey everyone! So as you have no doubt discovered, this is an incredibly long chapter. I just couldn’t stop writing it as every time I wanted to, it felt like the middle of the chapter. The results as you can see turned out to be a chapter with nearly 8000 words...smh. Lol
Dowager Longbottom was nothing if not punctual so it was no surprise when she showed up right on time. Harrison had been prepared so when his Floo flared to life, he was already leaning against his desk with a grin on his face. Dowager Longbottom was dressed in very fine livery, Harrison was sure it wasn’t her finest but it was still meant to impress. She was dressed in a deep blue dress that shimmered in the fire like there were fireflies in the dress. Over it she wore a satin looking white formal robe and diamonds twinkled from her ears and around her neck. The severe look on her face was no doubt what had Neville so intimidated as a young child but Harry was used to disdain and wasn’t about to let it shake him.

“Dowager Longbottom, how wonderful to see you tonight. Did you not wish to bring Heir Longbottom with you?” Harry pushed off his desk and gestured for the woman to take a seat in one of the armchairs before the fire.

“Was there a reason that I should have?” The irritation in her voice at the thought of her grandson was apparent and caused Harry to frown.

“Your grandson is the Heir of your House whether you like it or not and once he reaches his maturity will take over for his father. You have the choice to teach him now or not but know that I will do all I can to encourage him to emancipate himself from your care and take up the mantle early if you do not. Enough of that though as that is not why you are here. You wish to continue our discussion from Diagon this morning. In which case you most assuredly want to take a seat.”

Augusta Longbottom sat warily, keeping an eye on the young man who dared to speak to her of all people in the matter that he had, “You are correct, Lord Potter-Black. You said that I needed to let go of my hatred of Dark wizards but refused to elaborate why that was.”

“Don’t sound so upset about that, Madame. It was for both of our safety that I didn’t go into detail at that current moment in time as to why your anger and hatred is being focused in the wrong direction. The truth of the matter is this: I have heard from a reliable source that the only two responsible for the attack on your son and daughter-in-law were Bellatrix and Albus Dumbledore. My source has provided information that shows the three men who were supposedly involved were all under the Imperius.”

“That is preposterous! All four of those monsters had their wands tested and all four wands showed proof of the Cruciatus having been cast! As far as this nonsense about Albus Dumbledore being involved is just that: nonsense! If this is the kind of thing that our society has to expect from you then they will all be disappointed! And to think, I supported your accusation that the Dark Lord was back.” Augusta jumped to her feet and sneered at Harry.

“And just where would you stand if I say I am willing to swear on my magic that neither of the Lestrange brothers nor Bartemius Crouch Junior willingly participated in the attack that rob the minds of Neville’s parents? As far as the Dark Lord goes though, Tom Riddle was never the true Dark Lord, not like Grindelwald was meant to be.” Harry spoke nonchalantly, as though his words hadn’t just punctured the balloon of indignation that Augusta had built up and caused her to collapse back into her seat.

She knew that name after all, Tom Riddle. How could she not when she had admired her fellow
House mate from the first time she had laid eyes on the charming man. She had wondered what had happened to the man after they had graduated but she had been busy with planning her wedding and then with learning to run the Longbottom household that Riddle had fallen to the wayside. To think that all this time, the young man that she would have broke a marriage contract for had he but asked, had turned into Voldemort. It was so incredible but looking upon Lord Potter-Black’s face, she couldn’t help but believe it. She pressed a hand to her chest and fanned her face with the other. She wanted to speak but the words were stuck in her throat. What else had she been wrong about.

It seemed that the biggest was the night herr grandson lost his parents if the young man’s words were to be believed, after all he had been willing to vow on his magic that he was being sincere and if he was, that meant she would have to consider what it all meant. It was that though that helped her find her voice and speak once more, “Who is this source of yours that is so reliable?”

“Upon my magic, I swear that my source comes the magic giver herself, Lady Hecate.” Harrison pulled his wand and levitated the nearby end table then and Augusta’s mind went blank. What was she supposed to say to that sort of thing.

“What… what does she look like?” To know someone who had officially met Lady Magic was incredible and she could now understand why Lord Potter-Black had insisted this meeting be held in private. I’d anyone knew that Lady Magic herself favored the young Lord, people would never let him rest.

“Which version of her? I have seen her as the crone when she rid this world of those unworthy of her gift through a memory one of my Vassals shared with me, I have seen her as a woman well into her mature years and I have seen her no older than my mother would have been had she lived. She is beautiful in all forms, as it’s like my magic recognizes her as the source and it rejoices. It is a feeling hard to explain but I always feel giddy in her presence no matter her form.” Harrison spoke tentatively, haven’t never been faced with this sort of inquiry yet. His Vassals were content to just accepting that he spoke with Lady Magic as Her Dark Lord but here was a true believer in Her Ladyship.

“So she truly is the Trifold goddess then? I had often wondered at that. Now then, explain to me what Her Ladyship explained to you about that night.”

Harrison was almost thrown by the turn around that Dowager Longbottom had done but he wrote it off as her acceptance of his vow about his source, “She explained that those loyal to the Dark Mark had been dealt with in much the same way as Riddle himself. Just as he had been stripped of his magic so had they. However, neither of the Lestrange brothers had been affected which in her eyes was strange. Here were two men, said to have been convicted of torturing two Aurors and yet they still had their magic and so she dug into their memories. There she found disturbing evidence that had been overlooked, they had gone to Longbottom Manor to try to get the Aurors to leave. Told them that Bellatrix had gone mad and was trying to get there as they spoke. Rudolphus had stunned her but they had no doubt that Narcissa had found her sister by that time and cancelled the spell. It was then that Dumbledore showed up, claiming that they weren’t safe from the Lestrange brothers. In truth it was from Dumbledore that they weren’t safe from as at that moment Bellatrix showed with Barty in tow. She had cast the Imperius over him and Dumbledore cast it over the Lestrange brothers. Frank and Alice were then tortured until they were unresponsive and Dumbledore took his leave.”

“Why would he do that though? What could he gain from any of that?”

“Dowager Longbottom, did your son never tell you why he and Alice moved out of Longbottom Manor?”
“No they just moved there after the death of your parents. What are you getting at?”

“They were preparing for my arrival. I was meant to be given into Alice’s care as my godmother but Dumbledore couldn’t have that so he set them up. He told them that it would be easier for my arrival at Hawthorne Cottage. That was a lie. He needed them somewhere he could easily get to them then he set Bellatrix on their tail. He had one of his loyal followers who would never question him, likely Moody or Molly Weasley, talk about how they heard the Auror pair talking about how they knew where the Dark Lord had gone.”

“Why would he do that though? Why set my Frank be set up to be killed or as it happened, tortured?”

“He wanted to control my placement. He couldn’t do that if I had a viable place to go where he would be hard pressed to get a hold of me. He had to get everyone with a claim over me out of his way. Sirius was thrown into Azkaban without a trial and Alice and Frank were tortured into insanity all so he could place me with my Aunt and her husband. Both of whom despise me and the magic that runs in my veins. I grew up hated and mistreated so he could swoop in and appear as a hero to me.” Augusta had at this point turned pale and her hand shook uncontrollably.

The thought that this young man in front of her had been through so much due to a man she looked to as a leader was unthinkable but it somehow made sense. She couldn’t figure it out but the facts, laid out as they were, made sense. She had always wondered how and why Sirius Black had betrayed his friends when he had done all he could to distance himself from his family. Then the sudden move that her son and daughter-in-law had made after the Potters had dies had left her confused. She had known that Alice was Harrison’s godmother but that shouldn’t have necessitated a move to one of their least protected properties. This new revelation though brought everything into terrifying clarity. The thought that one man had done so much just to control one child and make that child grateful for his rescue from a horrible situation, made her tremble. That the man had been in power for so long made her question what exactly the man had done while in power.

“What do you need of me, young Lord? Don’t feed me that nonsense of not wanting anything either. You wouldn’t have brought it up if there wasn’t something that you wanted me to do.”

“I need for you to bring up the force of a trial that the three men received. Bellatrix is dead and was guilty anyway but the others have been rotting in Azkaban all this time and I do need them free for the new term at Hogwarts. I wish for them to teach Pureblood Studies.”

The woman in front of him sighed but Harrison knew that he had won her over. She would help but more than that she would be watching Dumbledore carefully from now and reviewing his every move. He hated that he had to tell her any of this, gods knew that the woman didn’t deserve to have old wounds opened up but if he was to create a better world for Dark witches and wizards, then he had to start draw the poison out of old wounds.

“Very well. I will call for an emergency Wizengamot session and propose we look at old trials. That one will definitely be one that we review. I am sure that I can count on you and your Vassals, I believe you called them, to be there tomorrow.” Augusta Longbottom stood and made her way to the Floo with Harrison trailing behind her. Reaching around the intimidating woman, he grabbed a simple dark wood box that blended in to the wood surrounding it. Inside was the familiar green Floo powder and as he held it out for the woman, she patted his cheek before grabbing a handful. A quick step into the fireplace and a call of ‘Longbottom Manor’ then she was gone.

Letting out a breath he hadn’t even known he’d been holding. That was one terrifying woman down and now he just had to deal with Amelia Bones once more. Sure, he’d dealt with Amelia before but in this instance, he was scared of her and wasn’t ashamed to admit it. He had no
expectation of her being calm or controlled when he told her the news about her brother but that was
to be expected after all. He was honestly just not certain of how she would react to finding out what
had happened to her brother. There was no other option though as he refused to keep the siblings
apart now that Edgar had awoken.

Tossing a handful of Floo powder into the fireplace he called out the address to Amelia’s private
study in the Bones Manor, hoping that she was in. Otherwise he would have to send a House elf to
find her. The infamous Potter luck seemed to be in full swing though as he saw her sitting behind her
desk though she startled slightly seeing his head in the fireplace, “Lord Potter-Black, to what do I
owe the visit? We didn’t have a meeting did we? I’m afraid that my mind has been a bit scattered this
week.”

“Not at all, Amelia and I thought I asked you to call me Harrison at the least if you won’t call me
Harry.”

“Forgive me, Harrison. If you’re not calling about a meeting that I missed then to what do I owe
this pleasure?”

“First of all, is Susan busy for the next couple of hours?”

“She’s spending the next couple of days at the Abbott’s. Why, is something the matter, Harrison?”

“I would feel much better were you to step through for me to answer that question as I’m not
sure you want me to tell you through the Floo.”

Amelia sighed even as she got up from the desk and made her way to the Floo, “Why do you
insist on being so mysterious Harrison I don’t know but move aside so I can come through. This had
better be worth it though. I have have a ten page report on the Auror budget to write up for the
Minister.”

“So they have decided on a new one then?”

“No, I’m just preparing it for the new Mnister to come into office though trying to read
Scrimgeour’s writing is giving me a headache.” As soon as Harry was out of the way, Amelia
walked through the flames and into his office. A blank mask firmly in place but Harry had long ago
learned that the eyes were the most telling feature that a person could have and her eyes said it all.
She was impressed by the way his space was neatly organized. He had no doubt that she was
expecting a mess since he was still a teenager but Harry had never been one for mess and
disorganization. Living with the Dursleys had cured him of that teenage tendency, “So what is this
important message you had for me?”

“Do you want the short version or the back story?” Harry was hoping for the short story, mostly
so he could see if the normally stoic woman would pass out. At her demand for the short version, he
smirked, “Edgar is recovering for years of torture in my Healing Hall.”

Amelia glared at the boy in front of her. This was a cruel prank to play on someone and she told
him so, only to be met with his cool stare and that smirk of his, “Explain, now.”

“We were granted access to a previously hidden shed on the property of Arthur and Molly
Weasley. I’m not sure how long it had been placed in hiding but I do know that once we were inside,
we uncovered six men previously thought to be dead. Edgar was among these men. All six were
unconscious and in a bad way, so we brought them here. St. Mungo’s wasn’t safe for them as I was
worried about someone discovering them and alerting Dumbledore who would have finished them
off without a second thought. They’ve been here for a week and before you start questioning why you weren’t informed sooner, know that I wasn’t sure that any of them would wake up as much as I wanted them to. Today is the first day they have been awake and they woke up while I and most of my Vassals were in Diagon. By the time you received my Patronus about Lucius and Bellatrix, I was on my way back here to check on the men. You weren’t the only one with someone close to you in that shed after all.”

“Who did you have in there?” Her voice was a whisper, almost as though she didn’t mean to ask the question.

“Turns out that James Potter didn’t die that Halloween night. Instead, he abdicated in my favor and was made to suffer for it. Dumbledore hadn’t been too pleased from what I gathered from my Father. The Prewitt twins were there, so was Regulus Black and Barty Junior.” Amelia’s eyes widened at the names and took a deep breath, no doubt to steady herself.

“Can I see him? I think I need to in order to fully process that my older brother is alive and that I’m not the only Bones alive who can tell Susan about her parents.”

“Of course, we can take this Floo to the Healing Hall but the room that they are in is a strictly non magical one so as not to cause them more harm.” Amelia just nodded and followed Harry back to the fireplace. He gripped her arm in one hand and with the other, called out their destination. He would have gone solo but he didn’t trust the older woman to be able to call out the address properly in her state. She looked a bit out of it which for a woman with her battle prowess, was odd. It wasn’t as though Harrison could blame her though. He had struggled with the idea that his father might not be as dead as he was thought to be.

It was this thinking that had him leading the woman through the room to the back room where the men were resting. He kept a hand on her elbow in case she fell and as they got closer, he could hear laughter. He was glad that everyone in the room was getting along and weren’t picking fights. That had been the one thing he had worried about but it seemed like such a silly thing now. They were, for the most part, all grown men. Pushing open the door, the room fell silent as the men caught sight of him and when he focused on Edgar, the man sat up straighter, “I brought someone to see you, Edgar. I apologize for the delay but—” Harry didn’t get a chance to finish as Amelia pushed her way into the room and rushed to her brother’s bed.

The normally strict woman had tears running down her face as did Edgar himself as they wrapped each other in a hug. They were whispering to each other and to give them a bit of privacy, Harry called for Edgar’s House elf, Mintzy, and had him draw the curtains around the bed so that the siblings could grieve and rejoice in peace. Sirius left Regulus’ bedside and wrapped Harry in a hug. He couldn’t rest his cheek against the top of his son’s head but the comfort that the gesture provided was still the same and Harry melted into it. He was still getting used to the positive attention he received from Siri but Harry couldn’t say he disliked it.

“You did good, Harry. You brought several families back together. Amelia and Edgar aren’t going to forget this anytime soon. I’m proud of you.”

Harry wasn’t prepared for the warm feeling that seemed to explode in his stomach at Siri’s last sentence and instead buried his face in his shoulder.

Chapter End Notes
Hey everyone,
Sorry about taking so long with this but I have been in the process of moving so I have only now just gotten the chance to write a new chapter! I hope it was worth the wait though at the very least!
The Peverell Journal

Later that night, Harry sat in his study, once again reading the journal his ancestor, Ignotus, had left for him. He was about halfway through the journal he guessed but he still hadn’t reached the point where it talked about the Deathly Hallows. Which meant that aside from the children’s story Draco told him, he still had no clue what they were. Draco recounting the tale was a fond memory for Harry though who had never been told any kind of children’s tale, let alone a Wizarding one.

***Flashback****

Draco and Harry were sitting side by side on their bed at Grimmauld after they had returned from Gringotts. The Peverell journal was laying on Harry’s lap while he fiddled with the cover.

“So you’re going to read it then? The journal?”

“I want to but I’m not certain that I should. It’s not like it’s of much use to me anyway. I don’t even know what the Hallows are. The goblin spoke as though they were supposed to mean something to me but I have no idea what he was even talking about. Why read a journal if I don’t even know what the journal is talking about?”

“Breathe, Harry, it’s alright. I can help you figure this out, just like I have been helping you with everything else, okay?” At Harry’s nod, Draco continued, “Now then, the Hallows, or rather the Deathly Hallows, is part of the Tale of Three Brothers. The Tale of Three Brothers is a children’s story, one of the few that Wizarding children are told before bed.

As the story goes, three brothers came upon a river that was too wide and too rapid to cross on foot. As these brothers were wizards, it was no difficult task for them to transfigure a bridge and cross over it. Death, feeling cheated by the brothers, conceived a plan to trick them and reclaim their lives. So he appeared to them, under the guise of congratulations, and offered them each a reward for defeating his challenge.

The first brother, a combative man, asked for a wand more powerful than any other in existence. So Death granted his request by pulling a branch from a nearby elder tree and turned it into a Wand. So the first brother went on his way.

The second brother, an arrogant man by nature, sought to further humiliate Death and asked for the power to recall loved ones from the grave. So Death took a Stone from the river and handed it to the brother who again went on his way from the river.

Finally Death turned to the third brother, who was far more humble and much wiser than his brothers. So the youngest brother, not trusting Death, asked for something to allow him to pass from this place without Death following him. So Death reluctantly handed over a portion of his own Cloak of Invisibility and the third brother went along his way.
Now the first brother travelled to a distant village where he used the Wand to kill a wizard in which he had once quarrelled with. Drunk on the power the Elder Wand gave him, he boasted about its power and his own invincibility. However, that night as he slept, another wizard crept into his room and killed him and took the Wand for himself. So Death took the first brother.

The second brother travelled to his home where he used the stone and brought back the love of his life. She soon turned cold and sad though as this world was not meant for her. The second brother, driven mad by hopeless longing for her, hung himself. Thus, Death took the second brother.

The third brother Death could not find though try as he did to find him. Only once the third brother had reached an old age did he take off the Cloak and give it to his son. He then greeted Death like an old friend and gladly parted this life with Death as an equal.”

“So the Deathly Hallows are based off a children’s tale? Why was the goblin so shaken by them and what do they have to do with the Peverells?”

“There are many historians and record keepers who have traced the legend back to the three Peverell brothers: Antioch, Cadmus, and Ignotus. The branch of the Antioch died off sometime in the fourteenth century, the Cadmus line in the sixteenth century, but the Ignotus branch is still around. They married into the Potter line around the eighteenth century.”

“More of those random things you read about when you were growing up or do you want to be a historian?” Harry teased and Draco flushed.

***End Flashback***

Harry glared at the journal as though it was to blame for his frustration. He knew he should probably take a break but there was a nagging sensation in the back of his mind that the Hallows were important. It was as though Lady Magic or Lord Death was pushing him towards the information. Closing the journal, he ran his hands through his hair and sighed.

A tray with a fresh tea and a couple of pastries popped onto his desk and he silently thanked his House elves for their thoughtfulness. He would have to train harder in the morning with his sword but it would be well worth the extra labor for the indulgence. It had been his idea after all to train their bodies as well as their magic in combat. That had been something he’d disliked about the Wizarding World. With the exception of Quidditch, there were no sports or physical activity to keep a witch or wizard in fighting shape. Not many knew it but by training your body, a witch or wizard could gain not only more control over their magic but they would last longer in a fight. It had seemed ridiculous to Harry but when he brought it up to the Purebloods in his group, they looked at him strangely.

Harry finished off the treats and wiped off the crumbs on his hands before turning back to the journal. He had a plan this time around to find the information needed. He figured that since the Hallows were some of the darker Magic’s the brothers had engaged in, the information pertaining to them would be near the back of the journal so that’s where he would start this time around.

Harry opened the journal about a hundred pages from the back and he lucked out. Ignotus had been very precise in his journal writing and titled the section like he had many others before:

Death’s Tools
14 June 1256
For weeks, Cadmus and Antioch have been acting strange. Stranger than usual I should say. They are being secretive and shooting glances at each other. I know they are working on a new project, one that they have not informed me of and that concerns me. The last time they worked on such a project, we were forced to move from our home in Godric’s Hollow. The blood magic they had involved themselves in was too dark for even my tastes. I will need to keep an eye on them, lest they do irreparable damage to the villagers here in this little backwater village. I’ve long forgotten the name of the place we’ve settled in but that isn’t the point. The point is that if this new project of theirs is anything like the last then I fear for us all.

Harry flipped forward in the journal a couple of pages in hopes of getting to the source of the rumors of Death’s Hallows. It took a few pages as Ignotus wrote in his journal everyday and not all of his notes were important. Harry found what he was looking for though and began to read:

20 June 1256

I have discovered their plans and I am horrified. Well, I say discovered but the truth is that I merely stumbled on what they did in our basement. They had it blocked off for a couple days but today it was open so I went in. I almost wish I hadn’t but needs must. I was in need of more potion supplies and as we kept them in the basement, it was there that I had to go. Both of my brothers had just recently gone out, both looking too excited for a normal day but I wrote it off as not being worth concerning myself over. Instead, I made my way to the basement and there I made a terrible discovery.

Inside a bronze ringed ritual circle was a sickly looking man. His robes were in tatters and his hair hung about his head in thick greasy strands. His face was gaunt and his eyes sunk in. I hurried over to the circle and broke it. Yes, I am aware that such etiquette is not the safest method of releasing someone from captivity but I wasn’t thinking clearly. The only thought going through my head was that I needed to get the man out of the circle.

Only, as it turns out, the man wasn’t a man at all. Rather he was Lord Thanatos, god of Death. What my brothers had been thinking when they captured this particular entity I cannot fathom but what I do know is that both of them have targets on their backs now. Death is not the type to let such insult rest.

I listened to Death’s tale and found myself becoming more and more detached from my kin. It turns out that this had been their plan from the start. Antioch and Cadmus had created just the right spell to draw in the god and trap him within the circle. They bound him through the presence of sacrificing to him but really they just wanted to use him.

Apparently my brothers tricked Death, telling him that they would release him once he had gifted them with a item apiece that would do as they wished. Antioch, combative as he is, demanded a wand that would remain unrivaled throughout all time. Cadmus, being as crass and arrogant as he was, called for an item that would recall loved ones from Death’s own realm. When they weren’t to the standard they had been expecting though, my brothers had left Death inside this circle which was killing him slowly.

Turns out that, though I am uncertain how they got their hands on it, the bronze surrounding the ritual circle was of celestial quality which kept Death from leaving it and also drained his abilities. Lord Thanatos looked better every second outside of the circle and it wasn’t long before he was back to what I assumed was full power. He looked at me then, and I felt a shiver go down my spine at the way he seemed to see into my soul. He appeared satisfied at what he found though as he nodded.

‘What boon can I grant you for the service you have provided me?’ His words surprised me.
Not because his voice was rougher than I had been expecting but rather because he thought he owed me something for setting him free. It took me but a moment to think of what I wished to ask for.

‘I wish for my branch of the Peverell family to be saved from the fate of my brothers. My parents shouldn’t have to lose all three of their children because of the foolishness of two of them.

‘Very well then. Since you have asked for something that I had planned for anyway, I shall grant you a small portion of my Cloak of Invisibility. Use it and pass it on to your eldest son as a sign of my promise to you.’

He held a look in his eye though that I didn’t trust and merely laughed when I brought such knowledge to his attention. I didn’t understand what he found so funny but I waited for him to share before impatiently asking what it was he was laughing at. He seemed to debate for a moment as to whether or not to tell before he finally reached a mental decision.

‘One day, centuries down the road of Time, one of your descendants shall master all three of my Hallows and so become the Master of Death. On that day, your descendant shall become my right hand as he learns to wield the power of necromancy.’

I don’t know what to make of his words. I don’t know if they are meant for good or for ill, to encourage or to condemn me. I shall endeavor to put such thoughts from my mind though as there is plenty more to worry about like how the Cloak given to me by Lord Thanatos changes size depending on the circumstance in which one is using it and how many people are under it. It is truly an impressive magical item as most other methods of becoming invisible end too abruptly to be successful.

There is another thing, I found the ritual Antioch and Cadmus created to trap Lord Thanatos in the first place and will copy it below before destroying all other evidence of its existence. Since I plan to give this to the goblins at Gringotts’ for safekeeping, I hold no worries for anyone else getting ahold of the ritual to trap Death again. I know I should get rid of it completely but it truly was an ingenious ritual. I only quake at the thought of holding a god captive.

Below the sprawling letter, Harrison found a complicated ritual that was hard to make out due to Ignotus’ handwriting style but that wasn’t an issue as he held no plans to trap Death like Antioch and Cadmus had. Ignotus wrote a few more entries about the argument he had with his brothers when they came back to find Ignotus had set Death free. He spoke about how they were refusing to speak to him even though he could see the strain their ‘gifts’ were having on them. Finally, there was the last entry in which he talks about his brothers:

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Cadmus and Antioch are both dead. I have been expecting it since I released Death but it is still a shock. They were my brothers after all and I did love them for all that we’ve spent the past couple of days fighting and being angry with each other. I don’t know what to feel as like I said before, I’ve been expecting this for the past couple of days. There’s this relief that it is finally over but there is also the grief of losing both of my brothers so close together, literally on the same day.

I found Cadmus dead first. He had taken his own life, not that I was so surprised by that fact. He had become obsessed with that stone of his over the three days that he had it. He had been using it to see his beloved Juniper again but she wasn’t real. She didn’t belong here and so Cadmus joined her in Death’s realm.

I found Antioch dead when I went to tell him the news about Cadmus. He had gone to the tavern after killing the Yaxley Patriarch for cheating him at cards. He had rented a room at the tavern for the night and it was there that I found him dead in his own blood. The fact that his wand was missing meant that he had been here bragging and another wizard killed him for it. He had
never been able to keep his mouth shut after all. It was only fitting that that be the reason for his downfall.

It is quiet here now. Almost eerily quiet in fact. I am thinking of moving back to Godric’s Hollow and burying my brothers there in the family plots picked out for them. They may have been banned from stepping foot back in the town but that rule hadn’t applied to me as most people always assumed that I was only ever dragged along in most of the situations my brothers had often found themselves. Those people may have been wrong but it didn’t stop me from being able to return to Godric’s Hollow. It isn’t like there is anything here for me anymore.

Harry couldn’t help feel sorry for the man that Ignotus had been. He couldn’t begin to understand how it felt to lose one sibling let alone both of them. He was curious as to what Thanatos had meant by the Master of Death though. He doubted that the god would give a straight answer if he asked though so he could only wait to see what time had in store for him and his bloodline.
A Bond Unbroken

It took a couple of days before Harry was ready to sit down and have an in-depth conversation with his birth father. He wasn’t sure what to expect from the man but his worry over not being acceptable to him had him pacing holes in the floor. It didn’t help that neither Sirius nor Remus was providing him with any kind of insight into James’ thoughts. Draco was getting frustrated with him if the sounds of huffing from the bed were any indication. Harry was sure that there was nothing to be worried about but still he was putting it off.

“Come on, Harry, what is the worst thing that could happen?”

“He could hate me when he finds out everything.”

Draco blinked a couple of times before laughing, “There is no way that man hates you, Harry. Not if he is anything like Siri or Remi.”

“Yes, but Siri and Remi know me and know why I took up the mantle of Dark Lord.”

“Give him a chance, Harrison. Sev said one of the first things he asked about was you. If that’s not proof then I don’t know what is.”

Harry huffed but nodded all the same. Flooding down to the Hospital Wing, Harry made his way to the back room and peeked into the room. Severus was making the rounds, checking on all of the men and making sure their guests weren’t interfering with their healing. As he watched though, he noticed he and James were playing a game of sorts. Severus would glance at James out the corner of his eye then look away. James would then copy his actions. It was when they would catch each other’s eye then quickly look anywhere else while blushing, that Harry got the most amusement out of their actions. Deciding he’d wasted enough time just staring, he entered the room. Every eye was on him immediately and he had to fight back a blush. Striding across the room, he watched James straighten up in his bed more the closer that he got.

“Harry, how are you today?” The smile that James gave was forced and Harry felt dread forming in his stomach already. He fiddled with the bottom of his shirt before berating himself for the action. Draco would have his head if he caught him messing up his shirt like that.

“I’m, umm, alright? What about you?” Their conversation was already stilted and all Harry wanted to do was make a break for it. He flushed as James sighed and ran a hand through his messy hair. Harry struggled to find the confidence that he had gained from taking on the mantle of the Dark Lord but it was hard when faced with someone he didn’t want to lose.

“This is awkward, Harry, and for that I’m sorry. I’m also sorry that you had to go through everything that you did. Moony told me about some of it, all that he knew I should say. I’m sorry that I wasn’t there to protect you from your aunt and uncle or from Dumbledore. I want to make it up to you.”

“Make it up to me? Don’t start talking like that, you have always been there when I needed you. When I was feeling down during my first Christmas, I found the Mirror of Erised and spent hours looking at you and Mum. That helped me carry on that year. Then there was the photo album that Hagrid so I could see you and Mum together. Third year, my Patronus came out as a giant stag and both Moony and Padfoot say it looks like you. I never blamed you for not being there once I found out the truth about that Halloween night.” Harry was fuming that the man thought he owed something to him.
“So if you aren’t mad at me then why haven’t you come to see me before?”

“I was afraid you would hate me because of the mantle I took up. Lady Magic asked that I take up the mantle of her Dark Lord and restore its image as well as bring magic as a whole back into balance. I didn’t want to see the disgust and hatred that I thought you would hold for me at that thought.”

James stared at his son with a slack jaw for a minute before he started chuckling in relief. All this time he’d thought that his son had thought he had abandoned him but it was just this. Throwing his head back into his pillows, he laughed like he hadn’t been able to in years and his shoulders relaxed from their tense state. Once he was back under control, he held out a hand for Harry to take and started talking, “Harrison, there is nothing in this world that would ever make me stop loving you. You could murder the Queen of England and I would love you just the same. When Lady Magic speaks, it does no one good to ignore Her. I am proud of you for taking on such a burden and I am proud to call you my son. Now, Prongslet, if there are no other foolish ideas, come sit and tell me what you’ve been up to.”

It was with a much lighter heart that Harrison on the edge of his father’s bed and regaled the man with his exploits over the past few years. James, as it turned out, was an excellent audience for his son’s stories. He reacted in all the right places, laughing when the situation called for it or crying when necessary though he denied it. He rushed to reassure Harry that it hadn’t been his fault when Quirrell died and promised that he didn’t think of him differently just because he could speak to snakes.

“At least, with you around, I don’t have to worry about being bitten by one. You can just tell it to leave me alone.” He said it so matter of factly, that Harry just stopped and looked at him for a minute.

“I don’t know why I’m so surprised. You’re friends with Moony and Da-Padfoot.” He didn’t want to hurt James feelings by calling Sirius Dad but he just pulled Harry in for a hug.

“I don’t want you to ever feel ashamed for calling Sirius Dad. He is by blood your Dad now as well. Plus, I think it would hurt him really bad if you started acting like he wasn’t as important as me. If it helps, you can continue calling him Dad and me Tad which is Welsh for dad. Plus, I think it would hurt him really bad if you started acting like he wasn’t as important as me. If it helps, you can continue calling him Dad and me Tad which is Welsh for dad. That way you’re not confusing yourself and us all the time. Sound like a plan?” Harry nodded and James smiled, “Good, now continue telling me about your years at Hogwarts. You should have only two more to go right?”

“My third year is the year that Dad broke out of Azkaban. It was such big news that he even made it onto the Muggle news.”

For the next hour or so, Harry finished telling James about his third and fourth years. James was impressed that Harry had managed a Patronus at only thirteen and seemed to be fighting back tears when Harry told him that it took the form of a stag. James didn’t say anything, rather the man placed a hand on his shoulder and squeezed lightly, a proud smile on his face. There was a worried look on his face when Harry mentioned the dreams he’d been getting the summer before his fourth year but cheered up when Harry assured him that the matter was taken care of. Harry was under no illusion that the other men were minding their own business, especially when Harry got around to talking about his fourth year. He saw Barty flinch when he talked about his name being entered into the Goblet of Fire. He was certain the man was expecting some kind of repercussions from his role in last year’s events but Harry had long since forgiven the man. Barty had been doing as expected of him after being freed from a ten year imprisonment under the Imperius once more. Harry would have to do something to reassure the man that there were no hard feelings about what he’d done. Making a mental note to himself, he began to think of ways to get his point across to the man.
In exchange for his stories, James told Harry of his own first four years at Hogwarts, no doubt much more dramatic than the situation warranted but Harry appreciated it all the same. He frowned when his Tad explained about how he and the other Marauders treated Severus and James picked up on the fact, “I understand now that we took things too far with him and there isn’t a day that goes by that I don’t regret how things played out, especially with recent revelations.”

Harry, understanding that the man meant the Patronus incident, sighed having hoped to put that particular conversation off until his Tad was better but knowing it would be better to just get it done now. Severus was waiting, after all, for the conversation to happen. He drew the curtains around the bed so that the Silencing charms on them would provide the privacy needed, “Look, Tad, firstly you need to apologize to the man for what you did at Hogwarts. Then you need to release him from the life debt he owes you. Yes, Dad told me about that incident. You don’t want him with you if that’s hanging over your heads. It would be hard to tell if he was with you due to the debt or because he truly cared for you.” It was undoubtedly low, to twist his father’s mind like this but if Harrison was going to get the two most stubborn men in his life together, he would have to manipulate them, “Only then should you approach him about anything related to the two of you getting together. Actually, maybe you should let him do the approaching so as not to scare him off.”

“Why am I taking dating advice from you again?” James tried to laugh it off but Harrison knew the man was nervous. He’d been out of the dating game awhile and even then, the only other person he’d dated had been his wife. Not that it mattered as even his relationship with Lily wouldn’t compare to this. Severus was his soulmate, the Patronus proved that.

“It’s because, Tad or not, I will not let you hurt him again. If I even begin to suspect he is upset or you did something to hurt him intentionally you will regret it. I love you, Tad, but Severus is one of my Vassals.”

“I will do my best to not hurt him, Harrison, you have my word. If I had known before your mother and I’d gotten together, things would have been different.”

“Are you saying that because you don’t want to upset me or are you being sincere.” Harry was skeptical and James figured he had every right to be. Severus and the Marauders didn’t have the best history.

“I swear on my Magic that had I known Severus Snape was my soulmate then I would have done everything in my power to court and marry him.” A brief and harmless diagnostic charm later, Harry confirmed James had been telling the truth, a fact that stunned him.

“Very well, I will leave you to be tended to by the man who is no doubt pacing on the other side of the curtain. I have my own mate to go reassure after all. Well, I wish him to be my mate. It is really up to him as to approach me as such or not. I am hopeful but we shall see.” Harry started to ramble, causing James to chuckle. There was no doubt that Harry was his son now. He’d done his fair share of rambling about Severus too.

“Just go, Prongslet and leave your old Tad to the tender mercies of the Potions Master.” James wanted to add an eyebrow wiggle but he refrained, barely, but he did. So with a crooked grin, Harry made his way from James’ bedside and back out the room. He did remember to open the curtains as he left though and fought back a smirk when Severus hurried to James’ bedside to check on the man.

He hadn’t been lying though, if James hurt Severus intentionally again, the man would feel Harry’s wrath, father or not.
August thirtieth dawned cool and gray, the weather not a great indicator of how the day would go. In the past couple of weeks, the six rescued men had made great in their recovery and, though they weren’t back to full strength, Harrison was certain that they would continue to do so. There had been a bit of drama when one of the Lestrange house elves, by way of Dobby, had informed him that the Lestrange brothers were seeking sanctuary in the name of Lady Magic.

It had taken him a couple of days and a long talk with his advisors to determine what the best course of action would be. They may have Lady Magic’s blessing but they were still dangerous men. Finally, after he had been reamed out thoroughly by Sirius of all people over not trusting Lady Magic, he had Dobby once again make contact with the Lestrange elf and gave out the Floo address for the Hospital Wing of Eagle’s Respite. If the brothers were anywhere near as bad as Bellatrix had been, they would need healing immediately upon their arrival. Thankfully, though it was no doubt due to their house elves, they weren’t too bad off but they were still resting and on a Potions regime that would hopefully get them back into fighting trim. They were both being given the Sana Corporis, literally heal physical, Potion twice a day for the physical damage suffered in Azkaban and the Animus Remedium, Mind Cure, Potion to heal the mental and emotional scars left behind by the Dementors.

Narcissa Black was another new resident of Eagle’s Respite. She had willingly taken an oath before entering to not reveal the secrets of the Lord and Master of the manor and the wards welcomed her in willingly. She was currently overseeing the health of the men in the Hospital Wing as Severus was due to return to Hogwarts as the Potions Professor. Harrison might have been worried about leaving the woman alone with the eight men but that had quickly been put to rest when the woman had taken over and glared the men into submission. It would have been quite funny if it hadn’t been so frustrating.

*****FLASHBACK******

Narcissa Black was everything that a Pureblood woman was meant to be: beautiful, graceful, and well-kept but with more than a touch of a superiority complex. She wore a mask of frosty indifference as she glanced about at those gathered before her eyes softened as they landed on Draco and Harrison.

“Draco, darling, how good to see you unharmed. I had begun to worry about you.” She addressed her briefly before speaking to Harrison, “Lord Potter-Black, I thank you for your generosity and care of my son.” She dropped into a brief curtsy and Harry gave her a slight bow of his head, a bow that was just barely considered appropriate for the occasion. He hadn’t missed the slight she’d shown him by addressing her son first.

“Do not mistake my respect for your son and Lord Black as generosity towards you. You are here under my roof for your services as a Healer. Should you choose to continue to be disrespectful or not obey the rules I will lay out to you, I will not hesitate to remove you from the manor and the Black family tree.”

“Of course, Lord Potter-Black, forgive my slip. It has just been awhile since I have seen my son.” This time, her curtsy was deeper and it actually seemed like she meant it. He would have made her hold a little longer but Draco squeezing his hand tightly made him sigh. It wouldn’t be fair to
embarrass Narcissa or Draco just because he was a bit upset at her attitude. She couldn’t be blamed for missing her son.

“Very well then, let me go over what I need from you, Miss Black.” He held out an arm and she took it, while Draco kept a firm hold on his other arm, “Currently, there are eight men who need looking after. Each have a House elf if they are in need of anything important but they will need a firm hand to ensure that they take their potions when they are given to them. We have had instances of the gentlemen dumping them into nearby plants as they did not taste the best.”

Narcissa huffed and sent a glare to the Lestrange brothers who were laying in two of the beds in the main section of the Hospital Wing, “I sincerely hope that it wasn’t the two of you causing so much trouble.”

“C’mon, Cissa, you know we would never.” Rabastan whined and Harrison fought back a laugh.

“Yeah, Cissa, we’re innocent this time.” Rudolphus pouted, causing Draco to snort.

“Very well then, take me to the troublemakers then and I will see to it that they are sorted out.”

The trio crossed the distance to the back room where a ruckus could be heard even outside the door. The blonde woman didn’t bother saying a word merely lifted an eyebrow at the display of wandless and wordless magic Harry employed to open the door, “After you, Miss Black.”

Narcissa was concerned at his too jovial tone and warily crossed the threshold. The sight that greeted her though stopped her in her tracks. The room contained six previously assumed dead men. She knew intelligently that there was probably an excellent excuse for them to be here and alive but she was currently having a hard time imagining what could possibly make up for their long absences. Her appearance at the door made the room fall silent as the men waited to hear what she was about to say. The only thing her mind could come with for the room of silent Purebloods was that at least some of their mothers’ lessons stuck in their minds.

“Just what do you lot think you are doing in here? You six are supposed to be healing not trying to start a zoo. That means resting and drinking all of the potions that you are given. Since Lord Potter-Black has tired of your childish ways, he has asked that I step in and be the Healer from now on, especially as Severus is preparing to leave to return to Hogwarts on the first. Seeing as he and I have very different methods of ensuring that you heal properly, I suggest you desist acting as though you have no Pureblood training. It reflects poorly on all of you but more importantly sets a horrible example for the children. Now, this next round of potions, I shall be watching and if a single one of you decides to try to dump it in a nearby plant, you will all suffer my wrath. Do I make myself clear?”

*******END FLASHBACK*****

That had been all it took to cow six grown men and since then, not a single one of them dumped any part of their potions nor tried to do more than allowed. Narcissa had proven herself worthy of his trust and in return, Harrison had given her a more than substantial wage and allowance by which to purchase things for her domain. The house elves that had been assigned to the men had all fallen into line easily and without any trouble on Narcissa’s part though Harrison doubted there would have been.

Now, Harrison was once more waiting for the start of another Wizengamot session. This one was unusual as it had been brought forward a day so that Augusta would be able to present her evidence on behalf of the Lestrange brothers and Barty. She hadn’t told him or anyone else for that matter what the evidence was but there was no doubt it would cause ripples in today’s session. He was
hoping that the Lestrange brothers would be cleared today so that they would be able to aide in some of the classes he wanted brought back. He really wanted them to take up the Pureblood Studies class as they were still young enough to be relatable and they would no doubt work well with Sirius.

Finally, Lady Marshbanks who was acting as temporary Chief Warlock began the session by calling for announcements. Harrison and his party didn’t have any yet, wanting to wait for the rescued men to be healed completely before letting anyone else know about their survival. It had been a plan that Amelia and Augusta had both agreed with, neither wanting to once again endanger the men who had spent the past fourteen years or so being tortured brutally.

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Augusta Longbottom liked to think of herself as a woman who thought through every possible situation to find the correct answer or method. She was quite good at problem solving if she did say so herself. So when presented with the challenge of finding evidence contrary to popular belief as to what happened to her son, she relished it. If she was being honest with herself, it made her feel alive in a way that she hadn’t in awhile. It pulled her out of the slump she had been in since her son was attacked and opened her eyes to a lot of things she’d let run rampant.

Things like the abuse of her grandson. She watched him flinch at even the slightest things at the beginning of the summer, until the young Potter Lord yanked her head from her arse as the kids said these days. She had been on a mission since then to try to boost Neville’s self-esteem and confidence by doing things he liked and encouraging him more like she hadn’t when he was younger. They had even gone to Gringotts to get the Heir ring for him since he wasn’t old enough for the Longbottom Lordship just yet. Though the biggest shocker had been finding out that the Longbottom’s were the direct descendants of Helga Hufflepuff and as such, Neville was Heir for that Lordship as well. On the way out of Diagon, they had made a trip to Ollivander’s to celebrate and purchased a new wand for Neville as well. The look of pure joy on her grandson’s face when he finally got a wand that was more well suited for him made her ache and feel like such a horrible person for ever denying him that pleasure. After all, every witch and wizard had a wand that spoke to them and worked in sync with their magic instead of against it. She had since bought several different types of seeds and had gifted them to him to show that she was trying to be more supportive. It wasn’t much, and though she had spent several hours helping him plant them, she feared it would be too little too late.

Not that any of that matter at the current moment as she cleared her mind of all other distractions and focused on her task. Innocent lives were depending on her evidence. Standing to her feet, she waited on Griselda Marshbanks to call on her before speaking, “Lords and Ladies of the Wizengamot, nearly fourteen years ago I made the grave mistake of demanding justice for my son and daughter-in-law without knowing the entire story. Much like in the case of the Lord Black, three innocent lives were sentenced to Azkaban and I feel I must make amends for my error. On my magic I swear that Lady Magic has revealed to me the truth of that night. After searching hard and long,” If one could call two weeks long and honestly my sources weren’t that hard to locate, “I ask that the House elves Flitly, Winky, and Axel be allowed to give testimony and grant justice to the Lords Lestrange and Lord Crouch.”

It was silent until a simple lumos from her wand sent almost everyone into an uproar. Lord Potter’s group were the among the few to not seem surprised at the news. Not that she didn’t know why. Harrison, it seemed, was good at preparing his group for anything.

“SILENCE IN THE HALL!” Amelia’s voice rang out throughout the room thanks to the Sonorus charm she had cast upon herself. Once the noise had quieted down, Amelia motioned for Augusta to continue.

“Thank you Madam Bones. As I was saying, the House elves I am speaking of have evidence of
wrong doings involving the men in question and as I would truly like to ignore said evidence in fear of bringing more pain to my grandson, I cannot in good conscience allow for innocent men be imprisoned.”

“We heard their testimony! We heard Bellatrix crooning about how well rewarded they would be when their Lord returned.”

“No, what you heard was a madwoman taking her husband, brother-in-law, and a young man down with her. Between the three House Elves and my other verified evidence, I have ascertained that these facts. I wasn’t about to risk my grandson’s mental and emotional health over this in any other way.”

“Very well, Dowager Longbottom, we will hear the statements of these House Elves.” Marshbanks sighed, wanting to get this whole ordeal over as soon as she could, having more pressing matters to get to. As soon as the words left her mouth, three shivering House Elves appeared. There was one female, Winky if Augusta had told them right, and two males. “Before you are the three Head Elves in charge of the Lestrange, Crouch, and Longbottom homes. Winky will give her story first as her Master suffered the most as one of the youngest Death Eaters in the ranks. Winky, just tell the Lords and Ladies what you told me about your Master Crouch.”

“Little Master didn’t want the Evil Mark. Bad Master Crouch made him get it though. Said that if he wants to continue being heir, then he needed the mark. Little Master cried for days leading up to and after getting the mark. Said his life was over. Little Master didn’t want to hurt the Longbottoms neither. He went to help when he heard Missy Bella’s plans. He say since Evil Man was dead that there was no reason for them to be attacking. I went with in case he needs me and that was when Dumblydoor shows up. Dumblydoor says spell then poor Little Master had to do what Dumblydoor say do. My poor Little Master was made to hurts Longybottoms because of Dumblydoor and no one helped.” Winky started wailing then and the members of the Wizengamot shuffled uncomfortably.

“Thank you, Winky. Which of you is to go next?” Augusta had to give credit to Amelia, the woman could certainly maintain a stoic mask.

“Flitly bes next, Missus Bonesy. Flitly bes Longybottoms elf. I saw Dumblydoor and the crazy lady cast spell on Crouchy and Bastie and Rudy. Dumblydoor got Crouchy and Bastie while crazy lady got Rudy. I heard Dumblydoor and crazy lady talking about how this would solve both problems they has. Dumblydoor didn’t wants Missy Ali to have Harry while crazy lady was having problems in her marriage. Crazy lady didn’t like Dumblydoor but agreed to help so she and Rudy could share cell and be together. Bastie and Crouchy were dragged along with them. They hurts Master and Mistress for ten minutes before Dumblydoor cast different spell on them. After that Master and Mistress didn’t do much. He left after that but crazy lady stuck around with Crouchy and the others. The mens were confused while crazy lady just laughed.”

“So you mean to say that the Longbottoms aren’t actually suffering from prolonged exposure to the Cruciatus but rather whatever spell it was that Dumbledore used.” All three elves nodded rapidly at Lady Marshbanks words, “Interesting. Axel I do believe it to be your turn.”

“I am Rudy and Bastie’s elf. They sent me to get help when they saw that something was wrong with the Longbottoms. They told me not to make myself known to anyone but someone who could help. I went to try Dumbledore first but when his magic felt like that at the manor, I went to the Head Auror at the time instead, Alastor Moody. The man in question then rushed to the scene with a squad of Aurors and arrested my master as well as that evil woman Bellatrix and Crouch Junior without hearing their side of the story. The Aurors just listened to Bellatrix’s crazy ramblings and took them all in. I couldn’t save my masters then because no one was willing to listen to a House Elf then. I am
hoping you are now.” If anyone was shocked by the way that the last House Elf spoke, no one showed it. They all figured, rightly so, that the Lestranges had instructed that all their House Elves speak properly so as not to irritate them on a daily basis.

“The best solution would be to question one or all of the men using Veritaserum. I know they hadn’t been questioned during their trial at the end of the first war, so the question I raise is how do we get the men here to question.” Amelia’s statement may have been addressed to the entire Wizengamot but Harrison was aware that she was addressing him.

“I may be able to arrange for Bartemius Crouch Junior to give his statement with use of Veritaserum though only a few people would be able to witness. Would this be acceptable to the body?” Harrison stood as he made his declaration which caused chaos once again. This time though, Harrison shook his head in exasperation.

“What do you mean you can arrange for a Crouch Junior to make a statement?” Hestia Jones had been the one to shriek, no doubt having trusted Dumbledore’s word that the man was locked up safe and away from other people.

“I mean that I rescued him and questioned him myself under Veritaserum before getting him to a Healer. As it stands, the only reason that I’m not offering up my own memory of the interrogation is that it would be best coming from Madam Bones as the Head of the DMLE.”

Harrison let that sink in and while he watched, Hestia Jones began to shift in her seat and fiddle with something in her hands. Harry had no doubt that she was trying to get a message to Dumbledore about what Harry had just revealed. Harry wasn’t fazed as all she was doing was playing into his hands. He had no doubt that when they called for a recess, Dumbledore would be outside waiting for him. He was hoping for Dumbledore to make a fool of himself.

“I have to agree with your assessment Lord Potter-Black. Madam Bones would indeed be the best to interrogate the man in question. So this is what will happen. We shall take a recess and Madam Bones will take two Aurors of my choosing to the place where you have been keeping Bartemius Crouch Junior. There they will, with a Healer’s permission, administer the Veritaserum and question him on the events of that night. If his story matches with that of the House Elves, he and the Lestranges shall be freed. If not, they will remain wanted criminals. If anyone disagrees with my decision, raise your wands now.” Surprisingly very few of those gathered raised their wands. Those that did were ones that Harrison knew to be on Dumbledore’s side and he held back a smirk at that.

“Then, Madam Bones, take Aurors Shacklebolt and Tonks with you. I am sure Lord Black would more than willing to give you the address in which you need to Floo to as Lord Potter-Black is still under his care. Will they need to bring a Healer with them Lord Potter-Black?”

“No Lady Marshbanks. There is a Healer looking over him there. We had one brought in right away so as not to risk his health.”

“Very well, then I call this session halted for recess. I expect everyone to remain silent about what is being discussed within this hall during said break. We shall reconvene in an hour and a half.” Marshbanks slammed her gavel down and the Wizengamot broke up.

Harry made his way to Amelia who was standing with Kingsley and Tonks, talking about who knew what. The Aurors turned at his approach, Tonks managing a smile for him while Kingsley just looked serious, “Hey Amelia, Siri is going to open the Floo for you guys if you want to give him a couple of minutes. He also has to give the Healer a heads up so she doesn’t give Barty anything that will become harmful when coupled with Veritaserum. Shacklebolt, Tonks, the Floo address you’re going to need is Respite Healing. I am going to be staying here. I unfortunately have a very public
appointment with Dumbledore. I will see you all when you return though.” Harry nodded to the trio before turning and walking through the doors of the chamber.

Dumbledore paced the floor of the kitchen in Grimmauld Place. The last month had been hard on him and to make matters worse, he had been unable to track down the Potter brat or even the mutts. He had seemed to lose a lot of his power and the Elder wand wasn’t responding like it should have been.

Getting kicked out of the Wizengamot had been a serious blow to his ego and his war. How could he convince anyone that Riddle was back and a threat or that Potter was the next Dark Lord if he wasn’t in charge? He was now having to rely on his pawns still in the Wizengamot to get his votes pushed through. Losing his votes by the Proxies he’d chosen was bad too. He didn’t know how the thorn in his side found out about them but he was determined to get Potter back in hand and firmly under his thumb. Maybe it was time he signed a marriage contract between Ginevra and the brat. She would doubtlessly be able to control him and make him do what Dumbledore wanted. The young redhead always wanted money and this way she would be the wealthiest widow around. Of course, Dumbledore would demand a percentage of the money every year as a fee for setting it up. Though if he wanted to, he was sure Molly wouldn’t mind him sampling the goods as it were. After all, what better way to ensure that Ginevra was right for Potter intimately. It would do no good for her to marry him and then be incompetent in bed. People have divorced for less.

Just then the galleon he and the other Order members used to communicate heated up and made him pause in his pacing. Yanking it out of his pocket and quickly read the message: Potter has Crouch...check shed....H.J. Cursing, Dumbledore Apparated to the Burrow ignoring the cries from the other residents.

He all but flew to the back shed, hoping that Hestia had been wrong and it wasn’t Barty that Potter had. Getting close to the shed though, he knew it was a hopeless endeavor. The wards around it held a different signature than the last time he was here. He had been remiss in not coming to the shed often but he had trusted that Molly and Arthur would be able to keep everything in hand. It had been why he chose Hermione as the new Secret Keeper after Moody asked to be relieved of the duty.

Waving his wand in a figure eight, the wards fell and Dumbledore made his way into the shed. It was as he had feared, Potter had discovered the shed some way and took his prisoners from their chains. The six magical cuffs on the ground of the shed explained why his power had been affected. What he didn’t know was how he had even found out about the shed. Hermione had been adamant that she wouldn’t reveal the shed’s existence to anyone without himself being present. This would warrant looking into but not right this minute. Right now he needed to pay the brat a visit and based on Hestia’s warning, Dumbledore was sure that Potter would be at the Wizengamot meeting. Storming out of the shed, he once more Apparated, this time to go to the Ministry. Hermione would pay for her betrayal after.

Harrison was standing on his own outside the Wizengamot Chamber when Dumblefuck appeared, rage practically radiating off of him. Keeping a neutral expression on his face, he crossed his arms and waited for the man to speak.

“Where are they, Harrison?” The man spat and Harrison knew that if looks could kill, he would be six feet under by now.

“Who are you talking about, Dumbledore? Though I should be asking, what you are doing on this
floor and why you are here. This is the Wizengamot Chamber floor. As you are not a member any longer, you have no business being here. As a matter of fact, I would like to know how you even knew there was a meeting today as we were all told it was to be a closed session meaning that no one outside the members were to know about it.”

“Shut up you little pest! How dare you do this to me! I am Albus Dumbledore, Leader of the Light and Defeater of the Dark Lord Grindelwald. Now I demand that you tell me where the occupants of that shed are or I will make you regret it!” Dumbledore pulled his wand and pointed at the young Lord who hadn’t moved an inch from his position.

“I would answer but I am uncertain as to which demand it is that you want me to follow through on. Should I shut up or should I respond to your ridiculous accusations?”

It seemed that Dumbledore had finally reached his breaking point though as he opened his mouth to cast a curse on Harry. Harrison had been wanting for this moment though and was prepared. Even as Dumbledore spoke the first syllable of whatever curse it was that he had come up with, Harrison was using the disarming spell.

“Infer-“

“Expelliarmus!”

Dumbledore, for all his talk, had never been the strongest dueler. It was why he’d had to take Gellert by surprise and why he never faced Riddle at the prime of the man’s power. He wasn’t even the most gifted magically, having only received a minor magical boost on his seventeenth birthday and even becoming the Light Lord hadn’t boosted his power to the levels he thought he should have received. Both of his siblings had shown to have more power than him so he did what he had to. As it was, most of the extra power that he had as a Light Lord had left him when he betrayed his partner. Thus why he’d been forced to such drastic measures.

Harrison, on the other hand, had yet to receive his inheritance but still held the powers of a Dark Lord. It was enough of a boost that even with his adolescent core, he was able to send Dumbledore back a few feet with his spell. He smirked when the old fool’s wand landed in his hand. The man snarled, looking as though he was about to charge but the noise of more people approaching stopped him in his tracks.

“This isn’t over, Potter. I will have the wand and the seats back under my thumb soon! Then, you will no longer be seen as anything but a villain like Riddle!” Harrison then watched as the man turned on his heel and Apparated with a lot more noise than he ever had before.

The wand in Harrison’s hand hummed in what could only be joy at it’s new owner and Harrison hurriedly tucked the wand away. He had an idea as to the nature of the wand and its origins but didn’t want word getting out. The sound of clapping around the hall got his attention though and his was shocked to see some of the older Dark Heads (the ones that hadn’t followed Voldemort) applauding him with obvious glee.

“Lord Potter-Black, I knew you were bound to shake things up but even in my wildest imaginings did I think you would go head to head with Albus-Too-Many-Names Dumbledore. It is truly an honor to serve on the Wizengamot with you.” Lord Tiberius Ogden was the first to shake his hand, and the icebreaker it seemed. The Ogden Family had long been Dark and it was only due to their success in the Firewhisky business that kept their wealthy and name from suffering like a lot of the older families. Many of whom fled to the continent when Grindelwald was defeated in fear of Dumbledore.
“I have to agree with Ogden, and add to that, you have given many families hope of a better world already young Lord.” This time the speaker was a younger witch and one that looked vaguely familiar, “Forgive me, I am Regent Larissa Fawley, my nephew is a Hufflepuff in the year above you. I doubt that your paths have crossed much as he is very much the introvert.”

“While he may be the year above me, I do have quite a few friends older than me. If you would like, I can see if one of them can reach out to him.” Fawley nodded and seemed to be a bit relieved at his words.

On it went for the rest of time until they were summoned back into the Chamber for the rest of session. Harrison, having caught Amelia’s eye briefly, was smug when she nodded. Everything was on track like he wanted. Just a couple of more hours and the Lestrange brothers would be free. As everyone settled back into their seats, Harrison reached for Draco’s hand. The blonde had been worried about a possible confrontation with Dumbledore, and no matter Harrison’s assurances, had not been able to sleep well the night before.

“It’s all but decided now, Dray. Soon the Lestrange brothers and Barty will be free. Just imagine how happy that’s going to make them.”

“I am aware of that, I just don’t see the need the risk yourself in the process. Letting Dumblefuck confront and then attack you was stupid. What if he’d gotten the chance to get that spell off. I know what that spell does.”

“I agree with him, Pup. You need to take less risks. We can’t afford to lose you.” Sirius spoke from the other side of Harrison before pulling the teen in question close for a hug. Sighing, Harrison nodded in agreement before focusing back on the front where Marshbanks had re-entered the room.

“Madam Bones, you and your Aurors have now had a chance to review the memories and hear the testimony of one Bartemius Crouch Junior. Can you, as Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, find fault with the testimony heard here today?”

“I, Amelia Bones, Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, do swear on my magic that I cannot find fault in the testimonies given to us by the House Elves seen today nor in the memories shared by one Bartemius Crouch Junior. I have seen significant evidence of the use of the Imperious on the three men in question as far back as their Marking. So I have sworn, so mote it be.”

Amelia let her words sink in before casting a quick but noticeable lumos and watched the pandemonium ensue. The Lords and Ladies of the Wizengamot began shouting over each other, all trying to be heard.

Eventually, Lady Marshbanks regained control and glared at all gathered, her disapproval evident. Turning to Dowager Longbottom, both women looked their age but were both ready to get this meeting over with, “With such evidence in contrary to what the three men in question have done, I, Lady Griselda Marchbanks, as Acting Chief Warlock pardon them for all crimes they are accused of committing. Furthermore, the Ministry shall grant each man five hundred thousand galleons per each year as prisoners of Azkaban in compensation. Another five hundred thousand shall go to St. Mungo’s for every year that the Lord and Lady Longbottom have spent in the Janus Thickey Ward to further research their condition. So I have stated, so mote it be.”

With one final slam of her gavel, the session was closed and the Ministry given a huge debt to deal with. Not that Harrison could honestly blame her reasoning. No doubt she thought the debt would prevent huge missteps as this from happening again. After all, four innocent men had been sentenced to the hell that was Azkaban because the people in charge didn’t want to do their jobs and investigate.
“This victory is going to cause a lot more of Dumbledore’s supporters to lose faith in the man. He will be looking for new ways to cause you harm. Keep on your toes and don’t accept anything from him or his puppets.” Sirius was worried, and Harrison couldn’t blame the man. After all, Dumbledore wasn’t the type to take things like losing his wand laying down. Harrison was sure that the man would think up some obscure way to try and regain control over Hogwarts never mind Harry himself. He was sure to go the route of the youngest Weasleys and Granger, thinking they would be able to get him to fall in line but what Dumbledore failed to realize was that Harrison wanted nothing more to do with them.

“We’ll be careful, Dad, I promise. I’m sure Dumblefuck is about to get brought up on criminal charges because of all this. Besides, you’ll be at Hogwarts to keep us in line.” Even Draco scoffed at that, knowing that Sirius was an even bigger troublemaker than Harry.

“I’ll keep him out of trouble, Siri.”

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact #1: I originally meant for this story to take place after Harry’s fifth year.
Fun Fact #2: At first it was supposed to be Evan Rosier and not Edgar Bones in the shed. I had been torn between the two for a week before deciding on Edgar.
Fun Fact #3: I’ve been planning to make Narcissa such a dictator when it comes to Healing because I felt as though it was how she showed her worry.

Anyway, let me know what you guys and gals think in the comments! Thank you again for reading!
So here is a new chapter. It took forever to write and was hard as hell to write but it is here now. Mind you, this is my least favorite chapter of all just because of the way it turned out but I think that’s typical of stories. Every chapter isn’t going to be awesome. Anyway, no flaming in the comments and sorry for the wait and the quality.

September first found Harry, Draco, and the twins waiting on the platform for the Hogwarts Express an hour early. They’d arrived just as the clock struck ten so they could watch and assess those that arrived to try bolster not only their ranks but their influence as well. It was here that Draco would be more knowledgeable. He had grown up in the more elite Pureblood circles and would know where everyone stood as far as magic orientation went.

Sirius and Remus had both wanted to see the quartet off but they had been unable to with their schedules. Sirius had been needed at the school for last minute for a staff meeting while Remus had the unpleasant task of forcing the Lestrange brothers into the Floo so they could take part in said meeting as well. Augusta had already said that Neville would be arriving with the Bones as she was needed for the staff meeting as well.

As they waited, the quartet spoke quietly on how things were going to go this year and how the new changes would affect the way their schedules were set up. Draco, Harry and Neville needed to meet with each of the Houses they were the Lord over and lay down the groundwork for school unity and House unity. The three of them were tired of the way that people in the Houses treated each other. People like Neville who’d been bullied by a few of the older Gryffindors or like Draco who’d bullied the younger years because it was expected of him. The trio was hoping to quell that kind of thing with the Weasley twins and their friends as support in containing the older years.

With a hiss the doors of the Hogwarts Express opened and the quartet made their way onto the train to simply secure a compartment. Their trunks went into the overhead racks and privacy charms were placed on the door before they left again. The charms would keep unwanted attention from the compartment while ensuring they had a place to sit at the same time. Draco wanted to meet with Blaise to see where the Italian stood and to keep an eye out for Pansy who was determined to become Lady Malfoy.

Sure enough, it wasn’t long before Pansy’s shrieking voice sounded above the rest of the noise, “DRAKIE, THERE YOU ARE!! Why haven’t you responded to any of my letters this summer? Why are you standing over here with Pothead the liar and his pet Weasels?” Pansy sneered as she got closer. The twins started to reach for their wands but Draco held up a hand to stop them. This was something he not only needed to take care of himself, but something he wanted to take care of himself.

“Parkinson, consider the privilege of using my first name revoked. I have told you numerous times that I did not appreciate the atrocious form of my name you have taken to using. As such, I have tired of your voice. As for the matter of my silence this summer, I have had things to take care of this summer in which I have gotten closer with not only Lord Potter-Black but Fred and George Weasley as well. I do not appreciate the tone you have taken with me as you are not my betrothed nor my
companion. You will address me in the matter as befitting my station: either Lord Malfoy or Lord Ravenclaw. If you cannot then we have nothing further to discuss.”

“But Drakie, we’re as good as betrothed and what do you mean that you are Lord Malfoy. Your father holds that title not you.”

“I am only going to say this once more, you despicable cow. We are not and will never be together. I think you are going to need a reminder though so being the kind and benevolent Lord that I am, I’m more than willing to provide beforehand.”

With a quick flick of his wand, Draco cast an acne hex on the pug like girl in front of him. That would have been funny alone seeing as Parkinson had no idea what he’d cast on her. However Draco had gone one step beyond and caused them to spell out cow on her forehead. They were horribly noticeable and Harry doubted that any amount of makeup would hide them.

Fred conjured up a mirror and flashed the reflective side at her and chuckled at her shriek. Parkinson ran off and the quartet grinned at each other. The sound of Ron’s voice from their left killed all the laughter though, “That was brilliant Harry. I couldn’t have done better myself. I completely forgive you for bringing the Ferret into Headquarters and then for leaving me and Hermy behind when you and the others left. Come on though, she and Ginny are saving us a compartment on the train.”

He reached out a hand to grab Harry’s arm, no doubt to drag him to the train, but withdrew it just as quick when a crunching sound was followed by Ron howling in pain. Harry shot a glance at Draco who was glaring at the obnoxious redhead. It was apparent that the blonde didn’t want just anyone touching him, “What the hell, Harry, are you just going to let the Ferret do that to me? Fred, George, you’re supposed to be my big brothers. How can you just stand there and watch Malfoy hurt me like that?”

“Like what, Ronald? I didn’t see him touch you. Did you, George?”

“No, I can’t say that I did, Freddie. Ronald must have been in the mushrooms again. Honestly, Molly really should start keeping better watch over you Ronald if you are getting high this early in the morning. Besides, if you really were our brother, you would be able to tell us apart.”

“Come off it you two. I can tell you apart.”

“Oh really, now-”

“Well go on then-”

“Dazzle us.” The twin terrors were mad, Harry knowing from experience that they only slipped into twin speech like that when pissed off. Sure, they did it normally just to mess with people but never in such a calm manner. When the two of them were mad, their voices held very little inflection, such as now.

“It’s obvious, since you just said it. You’re Fred,” Ron pointed to the twin on Harry’s side and Harry held back a wince. Ron then pointed to the twin standing beside Draco, “You’re George. See, I know my brothers.”

“Actually, it’s apparent that you don’t know your own brothers. Even I could tell you that you got them mixed up again and I’ve been out of the country since I graduated from Hogwarts.” Charlie spoke up from behind the column where he had apparated in. He and Bill had planned to see the quartet off but Moody and Jones had slowed them up this morning. As it was, they were running fifteen minutes behind and were not in the best of moods.
“What Charlie said. I’ve been able to tell them apart since the second week of school and even Draco here knew which was which by the time the first Wizengamot session came around. Now, if you could go bother someone else, we would greatly appreciate it as we have other matters to attend to. Ones that don’t involve you, your tramp of a sister, or that Know-It-All that you call your girlfriend.”

“What the hell is wrong with you Harry? Ever since you began to hang out with that ferret, you’ve changed and not for the better. You think that you’re too good to hang out with us now that you’re friends with him?” Ron’s face began to turn just as red as his hair in his anger but Harry wasn’t too worried.

“Firstly, Ronald, Draco owled me this summer to make sure I was holding up alright. Unlike you and Granger. Secondly, you will address me as either Lord Potter-Black or Lord Gryffindor-Slytherin depending on where we are. Since we are returning to Hogwarts then the proper address is the latter as opposed to the former. Thirdly, as I have already stated, we have things that need to be done that don’t involve you so leave us.”

Ron stormed off, no doubt to complain to Granger and the female Weasley but the group of five weren’t too concerned. It wasn’t like they could really do anything to them. Any kind of serious attack would result in a two week suspension and lose of all privileges for the first attempt. Any after that would result in expulsion. The new bullying policy the Lords were looking to implement followed a similar guideline except that one was a three strike rule.

Bill popped up next to Fred and Harry had to give credit to the terror for not jumping at his sudden appearance. He just gave his older brother a hug and grinned.

“Everything ready to go on your end, Midas?” Harry found that by calling his Vassals by their Given names and not the ones they were born with, had the effect of soothing them.

“It is indeed, the goblins have said that though they will physically remain out of the conflict, financially they are ready to do battle. Orthurus asked me to let you know that Narcissa has asked to take the Vow along with Barty. I let him know I would talk to you about it today so I could give them an estimate on when they could expect to be able to take it.”

“The first Hogsmeade visit tends to occur two weeks into the school year. Let them know I will return to Eagle’s Respite then to do the Vows.”

“Of course, my Lord. I will let them know. Now, you and the others should get on board so as to prevent suspicion from falling on you for what Ladon and I plan to do.” Bill’s feral grin reminded Harry so much of the twins that he had no doubt where the terrors got their mischievous streak from.

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The train pulled into Hogsmeade station just after night fell. The sky was lit with stars and the castle was like a dark silhouette against it. The carriages lined the path to the castle as usual but the difference this time was that Harry could see what it was pulling them. Each carriage was hitched to two skeletal looking horses with red eyes and leathery wings. They were slightly terrifying but Harry couldn’t help but feel connected to them.

“It’s no wonder you feel connected, Lord Potter-Black. They are Dark creatures after all. It is a shame that they are being abused like this.” Harry wasn’t even surprised when the voice he recognized as belonging to his Counterpart came from next to him. Turning he grinned at the pale blonde girl beside him. Her magic chafed against his slightly but he attributed that to their different
types of Magic. They had been warned about that by Lady Hecate of course but it was different when it happened in real life.

“Lady Lovegood, I would say it was a surprise to see you but knowing you as I do, I am under the belief you were forewarned of my location.” Harry and Luna chuckled lightly even as the twins and Draco made their way over to them, “Lady Lovegood may I present to you three of my Vassals: Wyvern, Chaos, and Discord.”

Harry gestured to each in turn and managed to avoid blushing at Luna’s, “Moon Lilies, how rare.”

“My mother believes it’s related to my Creature Inheritance. The closer it gets, the more potent the smell.”

“It’s a lovely scent to be sure, just rare.” Luna smiled and Draco shifted uncomfortably.

“Draco, where were you on the train, mate? You left Theo and I behind with Parkinson who kept screaming about how you had broken her heart.” The newcomers were more Slytherins if their uniforms were to be believed. The first was a tall and dark-haired youth with bright purple eyes. He had a swimmer’s build and dark skin. His mouth was also quirked up on one side. The second was pale skinned with dirty blonde hair and blue eyes. He wasn’t nearly taller as the other teen and was more serious. Harry’s eyes narrowed when the first teen placed a hand on Draco’s shoulder and squeezed.

“Blaise, Theo I would like to introduce you to Harrison James Potter-Black, Lord Gryffindor-Slytherin. My Lord, these are my friends Blaise Zabini, Heir Zabini, and Theodore Nott, Heir Nott.”

“It’s actually Lord Nott now, Draco. My father met with an unpleasant end this summer for some reason. The goblins still aren’t sure what caused his demise.”

Harry bit back the remark that he wanted to make and instead settled on trying to burn Zabini’s hand that still rested on Draco’s shoulder. He didn’t like the Italian touching his Consort without permission. He didn’t realize that they were waiting for a response from him though until Draco nudged him in the side, “Trust me, Nott, I am quite aware of the situation you have found yourself in. A lot of the underage Heirs have no doubt taken up their own Lordships like Draco here. It is a pleasure still to meet you both though I would recommend you remove your hand, Zabini, lest you lose it.”

The group laughed as Blaise paled and yanked his hand away so fast, one would have thought he’d actually been burned. Neville chose that moment to come wandering hop and it was apparent that Harry had lost his Counterpart to her own Consort, not that the shy Gryffindor knew it just yet. As the two of them went off to their own carriage the remaining quartet climbed into the one next to them. Harry made sure to keep Draco as far from Zabini as possible, not trusting the other teen to keep his hands to himself.

Within minutes they were at the front steps of the castle and making their way to the Great Hall. Harry hated that he was forced to sit at the Gryffindor table instead of with his blonde but it was probably for the best. He wouldn’t be able to keep from making Draco laugh as the toad like woman seated at the Head Table. He was pleased to see all of his recommended instructors seated there though including the Lestrange brothers who nodded to him. He tuned out the Sorting and Dumbledick’s opening speech until he began introducing the new instructors and explain what their courses were going to be. When he got to the toad woman though, she had apparently been planning
from the start too interrupt the Headmaster’s introduction.

Throughout the entirety of her speech, the only thing that Harry could think was that he would enjoy getting rid of her. He would, of course, give her the chance to prove her competency but he already knew who he wanted to use to replace her. It didn’t hurt that the man had gotten a great review last year for all that he’d been using Polyjuice the entire time. Sure, Shacklebolt and Dawlish would be happy too take over but he didn’t want to overwhelm them.

“Well, that was enlightening,” Granger’s nagging voice cut into his thoughts and he returned to the present to find himself seated between her and the youngest Weasley with Ronald across from him.

Wonderful, now I can watch him drop more food from his mouth than he swallows. Not to mention, I feel as though Weaselette is trying to drown me in her perfume, Harry thought to himself as fought back the urge to hex the lot of them.

“You agree with her?” Harry sighed as the idiot redhead across from him proved once more how much of a moron he was.

“No but it is enlightening to know that the Ministry has decided to try and interfere here.”

“Mum says it’s cuz Fudge thinks that Headmaster Dumbledore is trying to build an army from the students enrolled here.” The weaselette shoved her chest against Harry’s arm when she leaned over to talk to Granger. A quick and well-placed elbow to her stomach had her reeling back off of him though. Harry ignored the hurt look she shot him as he focused on eating his food.

He must have zoned out though as the next thing he knew, he was being slapped in the arm by Granger, “What do you want Granger?”

“I’ve been trying to get your attention Harry.” She nagged and he rolled his eyes.

“First, I have not given you three permission to address me so informally. Here, at Hogwarts, it’s Lord Gryffindor-Slytherin. Outside of it, it’s Lord Potter-Black. Second, touch me again without permission and you will regret it.”

Thankfully, dinner wrapped up shortly after that and he was free to make his way to the Lords’ Chambers. The chambers would be where he, Draco, and Neville slept and relaxed with their friends for the rest of their remaining time at Hogwarts. It was set up that way so that the teachers would be able to find them when they needed anything for their classrooms. It was also so that the Heads of Houses could talk to them without the other students in that House trying to listen in.

They hadn’t been used in years though as none of the previous Heirs had taken up the Lordship mantle while in school. Harry just had to remember how to get to them from the Great Hall. He honestly wanted just a couple minutes of rest before having to deal with both Gryffindor and Slytherin Houses. He also needed to plan out the speech he was going to give the Houses, explaining the new policies that had been implemented. For now though, he was focused on getting to the room.
Hey everyone, so sorry that it took me so long too write this chapter but the inspiration just wasn’t there. It is finished now though and I do so hope you enjoy it. Thank you ever so much for your patience!!

Draco and Neville left the Great Hall at the same time, though they tried not to make it obvious that they were headed to the same place. It was best to keep the fact they were friendly to themselves for now. Harry wanted to wait until he spoke with the Slytherins and laid down the new code of conduct before outing Draco to the rest of them. Unfortunately, Draco was stopped on his way out by the other two-thirds of the previous “Golden Trio” who were looking to start a fight.

“Hey Ferret, what’s wrong, Harry get tired of you? Not that I could blame him if that were the case.” Granger snorted at the redhead’s attempt at an insult while Draco just rolled his eyes.

“Is that honestly the best you could come up with now that you don’t have Harry helping you out? Merlin knows that the Know-It-All has a stick too far up her arse to sink to your level and help you out.”

“Is there a problem here, Draco?” Neville asked as he walked over to the group. Draco had expected that Neville was already halfway to their new chambers but he was happy to be wrong.

“First of all, you should be more careful of how you address Lord Ravenclaw and I. Second of all, if Lord Gryffindor-Slytherin had wanted you to know where he was, I am sure he would have told you. I suggest go ahead and head to your common room. Everything will be explained to you then.”

With that, Neville and Draco continued on their way, all pretense of things being different, forgotten. They both figured it was safer to stay together than wandering off to their new chambers separately. By time they got to the room though, they had been stopped multiple times as people tried to figure out what was going on. Most were satisfied with a simple, ‘Everything will be explained in the common rooms’. Others were more persistent and required the duo to throw their newly gained power around.

Finally though, they were standing outside the painting of a grassy field where a lion lay with a snake coiled between its’ front paws and a badger leaning against the side of it. A raven was perched on the lion’s head and was grooming the lion’s mane. At their approach, all four animals focused on the newcomers. The animals shifted into their human forms and stared at the boys. Draco and Neville lifted their hands to show the figures their Lordship rings. The door opened without a fuss after that and Draco and Neville walked into the room to see Harry trying to pace holes in one of the rugs with a piece of parchment in one hand and a quill in the other. He was muttering to himself but once he realized he had company, he stopped and looked at them.

“Why are the two of you just standing there? Shouldn’t you be working on what you say to the
Houses you’re the Lords over?”

“Honestly, Harry, I’m not all that concerned about it. Out of the three of us, you have it the hardest since you are the Lord of Slytherin and Gryffindor. You have generations of prejudice and hatred to cut through if you don’t want to be running yourself into the ground with all the incidents of bullying that are going to crop up before they understand you’re being serious.” Neville shrugged before sitting on the couch.

“I’m thinking that one of the younger Weasleys are going to be the first to be expelled. I’m not saying it too be rude or vindictive either. I say it because the two of them and Granger are notorious for bullying the younger students. The teachers are the ones I’m most worried about though, especially the toad of a Defense teacher that Dumbledick hired.” Draco drawled, even as he massaged out the tension in Harry’s shoulders.

“Speaking of teachers, I haven’t said it yet but thank you for getting proper justice for my parents, Harry. If Grandmother and I had known sooner that the Lestranges brothers and Crouch weren’t responsible, we would have fought to get them out. I think they’re going to be brilliant teachers. It’s just too bad you weren’t able to get Dumbledick kicked out of Hogwarts yet.”

“No for lack of trying.” Draco mumbled.

Eventually, they had no more time to relax as they had to make their rounds too each of the Houses. Instead of splitting out though, like they might have a couple of days ago, they decided to present an united front to show that the new rules were based off of a conversation held between all of them. It would also guarantee that the speaking Lord had someone there to watch their back so they wouldn’t get cursed. Better to be safe than sorry as the Muggles say.

Their first stop was Slytherin in the dungeons, Harry wanting to space his two Houses out as much as possible. The entrance to the Slytherin Common Room hadn’t changed since the last time Harry had been here during his Second Year. Nothing in the castle ever really seemed to change though so it didn’t surprise Harry in the slightest. The trio had talked about this fact before and decided that it meant that the Heartstone, the literal stone in the center of the castle that controlled the wards and regulated the magical residue, hadn’t been maintained in years. More than likely, not since Dumbledore became the Headmaster. The man spent too much time playing politician and not enough in his school.

“I never realized how bad the Common Room entrance was until we read the Charter. The eyes of the snakes don’t even look like gems anymore. Merlin, you can barely even tell where the snakes are. How could Dumbledore allow it to get so bad?” Draco muttered just loud enough for the others to hear.

“He believes that he is the only one who knows what’s best for the Wizarding World no matter who or what suffers. This right here is proof of it. Do the ritual, Harry, I’m excited for the results even more now.” Neville was practically vibrating in place. Harry just shook his head and chuckled softly.

“I, Harrison James Potter-Black, Lord Slytherin command the restoration of this entrance. Serpentis exibit.” He pressed his Slytherin Lordship ring to a circular indent in between the two snakes’ heads.

The trio heard what sounded like the rocks grinding against each other and the snakes started making hissing noises as they fully awakened for the first time in at least fifty years. Of course, to Harry, the snakes sounded as though they were speaking English and complaining as they moved about.

Stupid children, I bet the arse just found the lines in a book. That was what the last one did anyway, some Heir he was. He didn’t even wear the proper ring, just that cheap imitation. Like we couldn’t
tell the difference.

Look at them just standing there. I bet they can’t even speak our noble tongue! Watch this, hey dragon dung! You look as though a hypogryff shite you out!

The snake then proceeded to blow the snake version of a raspberry, which set Harry to laughing. I would say your Lord commands you to obey but I believe I like the pair of you like this. I would be doing you a disservice to make you obey. I’d rather have your obedience on your own terms. I am the True Lord Slytherin, Lady Magic herself bestowed the title upon me after the defeat of the previous Heir. As you can clearly tell though, I speak our noble tongue quite well. As for where I learned the lines, the goblins were more than willing to part with the original Charter for the school. How are your charges?

They are torn in loyalty, my Lord.

The Head seems to be lighter than we have ever seen him but this makes his job harder as the students under him don’t trust the change. They are afraid of the new Dark Lord he has been telling them about. The Other was bad enough especially as many of them lost a parent or two this summer.

The Head of House has made it clear that the new Dark Lord is responsible for the Other’s death.

How is the Head doing, magically? He still keeps too much to himself.

The Head is in need of a recharge. He would benefit from your presence.

Very well, open the door. It is time to enter the nest.

The door to the Slytherin Common Room slid open smoother than it ever had and Harry strode into the room with the other two flanking him, wands out and at the ready. He didn’t count on this meeting going anywhere near as smooth as the Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff meetings were going to go.

Sure enough, he wasn’t even ten steps into the room before he was forced to dodge a dull red beam of light. The caster was swiftly floored before the trio even had to figure out who cast the spell in the first place. Harry smirked at the sight of Severus tucking his wand into the holster on his bared right forearm. The man had both sleeves rolled up to his elbows and his greaseless hair was pulled up into a ponytail. His skin wasn’t near as shallow as it had been before the man took Harry’s Raven and even his robes seemed to be made of a better quality and fit. Despite all these changes though, there still seemed to be something to right about the man. The door guardians’ comments made more sense now.

Harry released the tightly held control on his magic and watched how the majority of the older students (mostly fourth years and up) seemed to melt in the presence of his magic. Glancing at Severus, he was happy to see that the man’s shoulders were less tense than they were just seconds ago. That kind of influence still surprised him if he was honest with himself.

“Many of you know me as Harry James Potter, Gryffindor Golden Boy and Dumbledore’s Puppet. That kind of talk will no longer be tolerated. My name, for those who just need to know, is Harrison James Potter-Black, Lord Slytherin and Lord Gryffindor. I am also Lord Potter, Peverell and Heir Black. Cross me if you dare but it would be political suicide. Now, as Lord Slytherin, I will be laying down the new policies I expect each of you to follow and the consequences should you decide to
disregard them.

Firstly, I will accept no forms of bullying from anyone. The first instance of it will lead to a month of detention and a loss of a hundred points. This includes the words, ‘mudblood’ and ‘blood-traitor’. This also includes throwing random items into the potions of your classmates. Potions is not a class to be taken lightly and as such, it is no place for House rivalries. The second offense will lead to a three week suspension without the ability to makeup the work missed and the loss of extracurricular activities upon your return. The third offense will be met with immediate expulsion.

Secondly, each Sixth Year will be paired with a First Year. The Firsties will need the support but the Seventh Years are going to be busy with N.E.W.T.s and the Fifth Years are busy with O.W.L.s and the younger years aren’t as experienced with the school. I will leave it to your Head of House to pair you off as he knows you well enough to decide who would be best for each First Year. Also, the password has been changed to *serpentis exibit*. As I’m the one that set it, no one will be able to change it so best remember it.

Thirdly, I know the rumors circulating about my mental state and that of the Headmaster’s. The truth is this: the self-proclaimed Dark Lord Tom Riddle, as known as Voldemort, is no longer among the living. He has been dealt with and judged by entities that we have no hope of comparing to. For those of you with Dark leanings though, this does not mean that your magic will continue to be suppressed. Lady Magic has chosen her new Champions and things will begin to be changed. I tell you this so you are aware of our current political atmosphere. Many of you lost loved ones this past summer and came into your Lordships. Lady Magic has punished those that followed the false Lord without question.”

“... And just how do you know all of this Potter? It isn’t as though you were there.” Adrian Pucey sneered while Harry just rolled his eyes at the insult.

“... The correct form of address is Lord Slytherin-Gryffindor, or just Lord Slytherin if your mind is too small to grasp my full title. As for how I know, Charon, if you would.” Harry gestured at Snape and the man nodded and pulled the bottom of his robe up until his calf was exposed. There, just as clear as Draco’s, was Harry’s raven flying from a cauldron and the name Charon printed on the front of the cauldron, “I know Pucey because Lady Magic bestowed the Mantle of Dark Lord on my shoulders over the summer and I have already begun the fight to bring back our traditions. I am telling you all this because it is not as though you will be able to speak of it anyway and the new Lords and Ladies deserve to know what their parents died for. They died for a false leader, one who was never given the Mantle by the Dark Lord before him nor by Lady Magic Herself. They died for the Mark upon their forearm.”

“What’s that have to do with anything? Professor Snape had a Mark and yet he’s still alive.” Nott was the one to speak up this time, much to Harry’s shock.

“That is because Charon knew that Riddle was nothing more than a false Lord. You can all feel what the Mantle does for those that follow the Dark. That peace you feel right now? That is the Mantle soothing you and assuring your cores that all is well. The Marks that your parents bore were all the same and so that is another way to tell that he was a fraud. A Dark Lord will only Mark their Vassals, those sworn to give everything to their Lord for their protection. The Vassals are always a small group, not all that follow the Dark will take the Oath which is how it was meant to be. None of this important though as I haven’t finished laying out the new policies. Charon will be here to discuss the new Dark path with you later on, as will Wyvern, my left hand and the Lord Ravenclaw.” Draco bowed and Harry fought back a chuckle at how many jaws dropped at the revelation.

“... Now then, as you have no doubt gathered from your school list this year, you have been given more
options for electives though you also have more core classes as well. Everyone is required to take either Pureblood Studies or Muggle Relations as well as Wizarding Traditions And Religion. The others are considered electives and you may choose one or more to undertake this year. Depending on your individual class loads, I recommend taking as many as you can. They will all be useful. Assignments for each class will no longer be graded unfairly. There will be a list posted in each classroom with the new grading system. This is both to make it fair for you but also to make it easier on the professors. So if you, just for example, go over the length requirement then the professor is allowed to mark said assignment as a zero. Another change is the DADA class. It is no longer Defense Against the Dark Arts, rather it’s now Defense And the Dark Arts. I don’t believe that one can properly defend against something that they don’t understand. I will be giving this Umbridge a week if she proves incompetent, I have a better person in mind to replace her.

The Apprenticeship Program has been brought back this year as well and that is being headed by Dowager Longbottom. She will be here every Monday to bring the appropriate forms and every Friday to retrieve them so be sure to have everything you need ready. I do recommend taking Muggle Combat though as I have found wizards and witches to be sorely out of shape and unprepared for losing their wands.

I know that in the years since Dumbledore has been Headmaster here, Gryffindors have been favored and more often than not win the House Cup due to favoritism. That ends here and now. When I and my fellow Lords sit down with the teachers tomorrow, they will be made aware of the new guidelines regarding points given or taken and detentions. I won’t have Gryffindor winning at the last second again. Just know that this means that there will be no more favoritism in Potions either. You will each have to earn your marks. I will say this though, I will give a hundred galleons to any fifth year who beats Granger’s grades in any class. If you have questions or concerns, your Head of House knows where myself and the other Lords are staying. We are always happy to answer any question you may have.”

A bunch of cheering and laughing broke out over that announcement and Harry smirked. He was going to enjoy putting his ex ‘friends’ in their place. With a quick nod to Severus, the trio left back out the way they came to make their way to the Hufflepuff Common Room. This time, Harry and Neville switched places so that Neville could set the new pattern on the barrels outside the door. After Neville finished, Harry thought he heard a excited squeak but brushed it off in favor of following his god brother into the Badger’s Den.

It seemed as though, based on the reactions to his magic he was getting, the majority of this House was Light oriented which was the biggest reason he was happy not being the Hufflepuff Lord. He would never be able to release his magic like he needed to in here. As it was, he quickly drew his magic in tight around him. Draco’s whimper though made him reach out for his hand and channel a small portion of his magic through the contact. Focusing in on Neville, Harry was surprised at the change that came over his fellow Lord.

The normally shy and withdrawn teen disappeared and in his place stood the man he could be. He stood up straighter and his head was held high. Harry knew that if he were to reach out with his magic to other, Neville’s magic would be humming. The Hufflepuff students were much easier to wrangle for all that Zacharias Smith seemed to be in a mood. Even as they waited for the rest of the Firsties to come down, they were patient and quiet.

It was amazing watching as Neville drew all of the Puffs in and shut down any argument that they brought up. It was a lot less confrontational than his meeting with the Slytherins but it was still well planned out and it was even quicker than his own speech had been. That was no doubt in part to the fact that Hufflepuff had long been considered the most worthless and easily ran over House in Hogwarts.
Not that it was the truth. After all, one just needed to look at witches and wizards like Amelia and Edgar Bones. Both of them had been in Hufflepuff but neither of them was a pushover and neither was willing to compromise what was right over what was easy. It was one of the biggest things that Harry admired about them.

In half the time it took to give his speech and lay out the new order, Neville had soothed any fears that the Puffs may have had leaving them free to move onto the Ravenclaw Common Room. Harry was excited to see the entrance to the Ravenclaw Common Room, having never been there before. He knew the Claws were expected to answer a riddle every time but he was curious as to their door Guardian.

The trio of Lords made their way up the steps to the fifth floor where the entrance to Ravenclaw Tower was. The eagle statue guarding Ravenclaw Tower was as gray as the walls surrounding it, proof that misunderstood Dark curses and misused rituals had corrupted Hogwarts.

“This is a disgrace. Look at how badly things have built up. If it hadn’t been apparent at the other entrances, it is now. This statue was built with celestial bronze, that stuff is very hard to sully. How could Dumbledore just let this be?” Draco’s voice shook as though he was close to crying. Harry wrapped an arm around the slighter teen and pulled him in for a side hug.

“Are you okay, Draco? I know it’s rough seeing how much your House has been affected by a severe lack of care. The Hufflepuff entrance was much the same and we saw the difference Harry made to the Slytherin entrance just by Speaking with the serpents on the door.”

“I’ll be fine. I just hate that twinkly-eyed bastard for how much he’s let the school slip. The only way this statue would be this bad in the time since the Dark Arts have been banned is if someone has been using them flippantly. Before they were banned, everyone was better prepared to use them so the statue wouldn’t have gotten this bad. Sure, there would have been some build out from it’s sheer age but not like this.”

Draco sighed and placed his hand with the Ravenclaw Lordship ring, that he insisted wasn’t feminine, on the top of the eagle who shuddered and shook as though trying too dry itself, “I Draconis Malfoy, Lord of Ravenclaw call forth the Magic of Hogwarts to restore this statue to its’ proper state of being.”

Harry and Neville had both gotten a laugh out of the fact that Rowena had made restoring her Guardian sound so pretentious. The other three were much less proper though Slytherin did have snobbish Guardians so one could count that against the man. Their laughter had been well worth it though even as the eagle began to regain its’ proper coloring. The gray fell away and instead a shimmering auburn colored metal statue was left behind. Even the eagle’s sapphire eyes were restored. All in all, the change was a breathtaking one. Once it was done being restored, the statue slid out of the way, allowing the trio to enter.

The Common Room was what one could expect from a House full of the studious type, though even Draco was surprised by how warm it felt. It was decorated in blue and bronze but it wasn’t overwhelming like the Gryffindor Common Room was. The furniture looked both functional and comfortable and there was even a section separated out where desks and chairs could be seen. Along the walls were dozens of bookshelves along with a notice board full of different signup sheets and notices. All this was secondary to Harry though as he focused his attention on the blonde in front of him.

Draco was born for the mantle of Lord Ravenclaw, was the first thought Harry had watching his blonde speak. The second was that his voice and his whole manner in which he held himself during his speech was arousing. Harry found himself shuffling about to try and discreetly adjust himself but
if Neville’s looks were anything to go by, he failed at it. Harry flushed but kept his eyes on Draco all the same. Though he did have to glare at a few of the more awestruck teens when they seemed to be too fascinated by Draco. He didn’t want anyone trying to take what was his from him and there was no mistake. Draco was his, even if the blonde wasn’t aware of it yet. Harry was just waiting on the day that Draco approached him to start spoiling him during their courtship. Harry was sure the blonde would be sick of gifts by the time that they were engaged.

He wasn’t sure how much time had passed but it wasn’t long before they were once again leaving. Harry brought up the rear to keep the wandering eyes from becoming wandering hands. Draco would no doubt be disappointed if he hexed someone which is what would happen if they touched Draco. Neville was in front and so led the way to the portrait of The Fat Lady.

The pink dress wearing woman hadn’t always been so overweight, nor had she always been so lax about her job. According to the Charter, her name was Lady Iona Gryffindor, wife of Godric and there was a time when she was slender and elegant and every bit a noble woman for all that she wasn’t. Harry was sure that her current state had everything to do with the way Gryffindors behave themselves and get away with everything. Godric did say that his wife’s portrait would reflect the state of his House so that the current Lord would know if his House needed to be taken to task. Of course, he said, that after she found out what would happen to her portrait, he had to sleep on the couch but according to him it was worthwhile. He didn’t want his House falling apart just because the Lord was oblivious.

“Lady Iona Gryffindor, it is time to return to your original state of being, my dear. Lord Gryffindor has come home.” If he hadn’t known it was coming, the sight of the woman in the portrait crying would have shaken him. As it was, both Neville and Draco was in morbid fascination as the crying portrait shrunk and changed. Lady Iona once became the willowy woman that Godric had fallen in love with when she healed him after a battle with the goblins. Her dark haired was pinned back and her hazel eyes sparked with new life and a fire very few had ever seen. The pink monstrosity she had called a dress became a simple yet pretty crimson robe with a swirling cream embroidery.

“My Lord Gryffindor, it is grand to see you home again. Are you here to discipline this unruly bunch of rabble-raisers?”

“Of course dear, their behavior is quite displeasing. Now that you are feeling better though, how about we stick to the phrase Leonis dormit, yes?” The woman nodded her agreement before swinging open so as to let them in. No doubt, she would be gossiping away with the other portraits after she closed back behind the trio. Harry was the first to enter and he loosened the tight grip he had on his magic, knowing it would be a good deterrent for those inside. After all, only a true idiot would attack someone whose magic felt like Harry’s did. Even still, he was glad that Neville followed behind him.

Inside was just as overwhelming as he remembered but that seemed to be changing, slowly. The red was starting to become darker and the gold, more muted. All the Gryffindors were sprawled out on the various couches and chairs, not a care among them that the Lord of their House just entered. It was infuriating.

“There you are, mate! I was worried when you weren’t here when we got back from dinner. Where have you been and why is that slimy snake with you still? Better question, why did you bring him in here?” Ron shouted above the cacophony that started when people realized that he was in the room.

“Who cares where that lying bastard was? We don’t need him here. Neville, man, I thought you were smarter than hanging out with the likes of him?” Seamus was the next voice that made it out over the noise.
“Enough,” Harry didn’t shout but the magic he used in the word was more than able to get everyone’s attention, “The proper way of addressing me when speaking to me is Lord Slytherin-Gryffindor or even just Lord Gryffindor while at school. Outside of it I am Lord Potter-Black. My companions are Lords Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff and you give them the respect they deserve. I am not here to debate with any of you nor am I here for a chat. The other Lords and I have come up with several new policies that are now in affect and you will all be held to the new standard.

Firstly, bullies are no longer tolerated in this school and most assuredly not in my House. This means towards other Houses or even the younger Gryffindors.” At this Harry sent a glare at his former friends, “The first offense will result in a loss of a hundred points and a month’s worth of detention for each person involved. The second offense will be met with three weeks suspension without the possibility of making up any of the work no matter how much you plead with the Professors. You will also lose any right to the extracurricular activities that we have here. For those of you who are on the more dense side, that means no Hogsmeade and no Quidditch.

The second new policy that will be implemented is in regards to our new Firsties. This year on, each First year will be paired with a suitable Sixth year student. Sixth years, you are expected to take care of them and show them around. Be mentors for them. A lot of them are new to the Magical world and need a hand. Thirdly, as this is the House of the Brave and Daring, I expect each and everyone of you to reach out and become friends with at least one member from every House, especially the Slytherins.

Thirdly, as you have no doubt gathered from your school list this year, you have been given more options for electives though you also have more core classes as well. Everyone is required to take either Pureblood Studies or Muggle Relations as well as Wizarding Traditions And Religion. The others are considered electives and you may choose one or more to undertake this year. Depending on your individual class loads, I recommend taking as many as you can. They will all be useful. Assignments for each class will no longer be graded unfairly. There will be a list posted in each classroom with the new grading system. This is both to make it fair for you but also to make it easier on the professors. So if you, just for example, go over the length requirement then the professor is allowed to mark said assignment as a zero. Another change is the DADA class. It is no longer Defense Against the Dark Arts, rather it’s now Defense And the Dark Arts. I don’t believe that one can properly defend against something that they don’t understand. I will be giving this Umbridge a week if she proves incompetent, I have a better person in mind to replace her.

The Apprenticeship Program has been brought back this year as well and that is being headed by Dowager Longbottom. She will be here every Monday to bring the appropriate forms and every Friday to retrieve them so be sure to have everything you need ready. I do recommend taking Muggle Combat though as I have found wizards and witches to be sorely out of shape and unprepared for losing their wands.

I know that in the years since Dumbledore has been Headmaster here, Gryffindors have been favored and more often than not win the House Cup due to favoritism. That ends here and now. When I and my fellow Lords sit down with the teachers tomorrow, they will be made aware of the new guidelines regarding points given or taken and detentions. I won’t have Gryffindor winning at the last second again and shaming the other Houses. Something like that should not have happened. Just know that this means that there will be no more favoritism in Potions either. You will each have to earn your marks. I will say this though, you will be marked down if your essays fail to meet the required length in either direction. If you have questions or concerns, your Head of House knows where myself and the other Lords are staying. We are always happy to answer any question you may have.”

With that the trio of Lords swept out of the Gryffindor Common Room and headed back to their own
room. All three were glad to be within the space they shared if only because it meant they weren’t in the line of sight of students who would want to curse them.

“Fifty galleons that says the Weasel is the first to be expelled. He bullies the younger years all the time.” Draco drawled. Harry and Neville snorted at his remark before placing their own bets.

“I’ve got Granger as she’s exceedingly pigheaded and won’t listen when someone drops hints.” Harry, of course, referring to the point he made about the length of essays.

“I don’t know, guys, Ginerva might just take it. She can’t keep her legs closed.” Harry and Draco stared at the other teen before all three started laughing. Once they had calmed down, Harry flicked his wand and a board appeared on the far wall with a list of the trio’s bets and the wagers on it. Draco and Neville shook their heads at Harry’s action but agreed to leave it up. It wasn’t likely anyone would see it in their rooms anyway.

Chapter End Notes

Well, how was it? Let me know below...yes that is a very much so shameless plea for reviews... lol! For real though, I am thinking about posting another story on here as a companion to this piece with chapters in other characters’ POV as well as some Siri/Reggie childhood and current bonding time oneshots. Maybe I will even post some Sev/James bonding time as well. Anywho, let me know if there is any particular person and chapter oo you guys want and I will do my best to write it up for you. In other news, I GOTS A NEW FUCKING PUPPY and he is sooooomooo adorables!!!!
Acceptance

Chapter Notes

So I know it’s been awhile but the chapter fought with me tooth and claw. I have emerged victorious to bring these words to you, my faithful readers. Please, for the love of all things Drarry, please do not form an angry vicious storybook mob and hunt me down....I wouldn’t be able to give you beautiful people words like that. Although I am sure you would like me to shut up and get on with the chapter so...off you trot to the chapter.

Sunday came around too soon for Harrison’s taste but the young Dark Lord grudgingly got out of bed anyway. There was too much he had to do today to stay under his covers. Getting ready for the day took more time than he had anticipated, having spent ten minutes once again on trying to get into a pair of tight fitted dark green dragonhide trousers and a light gray button down made from Grecian sheep wool. Harry hadn’t known there was a difference in cotton from an English sheep and one from Greece but Draco had assured him there was a difference. After all, the Greeks feed the sheep with magic plants. It all sounded a bit strange to Harry but he couldn’t say he knew much about the world he lived in. It was something he was hoping to change with the new classes and his travels. For now though, he simply wrapped Orochi around and left his room.

Neville was in the living room flipping through one of their new school books. The look on his face meant it could only be Potions he was trying to figure out at the last moment. The look on his face, while amusing, had Harry shaking his head in sympathy. He knew that had Severus not taken the time to explain the different methods to him, he would have been just as lost as Neville right now. After all, much like Harry, Neville hadn’t grown up being taught the many little nuisances that Potions required. A fact that Harry had let Severus know about. The man had been visibly shaken and agreed to give Neville the help he needed.

Draco wasn’t in sight but due to the smoke floating in from the kitchen and all the strange noises he was hearing, he was sure he knew where the blonde was. Sure enough, seconds later, he was being ushered from the room by an irritated looking Winky wielding a wooden spoon. Had Harrison known how entertaining it would be to have the ex-Crouch elf around, he would have bound her to him sooner. As it was, this was exactly what he needed to finish waking up this morning.

“Master Draco be staying out of Winky’s kitchen from now on.” The tiny House elf declared, waving the spoon at Draco and getting a chuckle from the other occupants of the room. The blonde turned and glared at Harry who just stuck his tongue out at him.

“What were you even doing in there? You told me yourself that you couldn’t cook.”

“I wanted to make breakfast for you. I’ve seen you do it several times and it looked simple enough but I left the pancakes on too long and they burned.” Draco sighed and looked disheartened enough that Harry couldn’t help but wrap him in a hug.

“Maybe leave the cooking to Winky and I. At least until you know what you’re doing. If you want, I can teach you how to cook different meals, including your favorites.” The blonde’s eager nod was enough of an answer for Harry who began to plan out a schedule on what to teach him and when, “Alright, I will set up a schedule and figure out what to teach you and when before letting you
know. Until then, you might want to get dressed. We have that staff meeting this morning and you’re going to want to look your best for it. We all know Dumbledore and that new DADA professor are going to be late to try our patience. Don’t acknowledge their late arrival in any way.”

“Won’t that make them mad? It just seems like it would be best to give them the respect they are going to demand. Especially Madame Undersecretary Umbridge. She’s going to be a pain.” Neville questioned and Harry knew it was just the timid nature of other young Lord. Neville was just as pissed at Dumbledore as Harry himself was but the difference was, Neville still cared about other people’s acceptance.

“If we give them the respect they are going to demand, then we are saying that what they did and are doing is acceptable. If we give into them, then all our efforts to make this school a safer and better learning environment go up in flames. I know you want their approval but Neville, Umbridge is here on the behalf of the man who tortured your parents into insanity. They don’t deserve your respect and as Lord Hufflepuff, you are better than them.” Draco spoke this time and Harry could once again see the man that Draco was becoming now that Lucius was no longer in the way.

Neville sighed but they saw the acceptance in his face. There was determination there as well though and Harry was happy for it. It meant that the other boy was being to accept his role and stand up for himself. Harry grinned and patted Neville on the back before owing to get food from the kitchen.

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The trio of Lords stood at the front of the staff room as they watched the teachers filed in, by themselves and in groups of two or three. The Lestrange brothers wandered in with Sirius debating one thing or another. Snape, Shacklebolt, and Dawlish came in right behind them and McGonagall brought up the rear.

Once all the teachers and staff were present, with the exception of Umbridge and Dumbledore and the new History of Magic professor, the Lords decided to open the meeting. No use waiting on people who were trying to test their patience. Harry knew that the teachers present were shocked that they weren’t waiting but he was going to make it plain as to why.

“Calling to order, this first staff meeting of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry this September 1995. To start matters off, let the record reflect that neither the Defense and the Dark Arts professor and the Headmaster have both shown contempt for our time by deciding to show up late. Our new History of Magic Professor will, of course, be a couple minutes late as he is currently sending Binns on to the afterlife. With joy, I might add.” Harry addressed not only those gathered but the dicta-quill he had charmed for the purpose of recording the meeting.

“Now that we have addressed the biggest issue at hand, do our gameskeeper or caretaker have any concerns they would like to bring to our attention?” Draco looked over at Hagrid and Filch.

“I’d like to request a new professa’ fer Care. I can’ do both of tha jobs an’ I prefer bein’ gameskeeper.” Hagrid spoke and Harry and Draco were both at the half-giant’s request.

“Is that the only reason you wish to give up your professorship?” Harry was more than willing to find a replacement for the man, but he needed to be sure that that was the only reason he was choosing to give it up.

“Yeah, I though’ I’d like being the teacher fer Care but it isn’t satisfyin’.”
“Very well, give us a week to find you a replacement and then you can go back to your normal gameskeeper duties. Is there anything you need addressed, Argus?” Neville was the one to speak this time and the old caretaker nodded enthusiastically.

“Yeah, I would like to revise the list of banned items the Headmaster keeps adding to. A lot of the items on the list make no sense and I would like to fix it. If I could get an assistant to help with the work as well then it would make things easier to clean up as well and I wouldn’t have to have so many things banned.”

A knock on the door came then and a blonde-haired man with rose colored eyes came into the room, “I thought I would be the last one here, My Lords.” The man bowed to them all but the three of them knew the man was talking only to Harry.

“Yes, well, the Headmaster and his pet toad decided to try our patience. Not that it worked mind you. We just started without them.” Harry turned to the group at large then, “Everyone may I introduce our new History of Magic professor, Sanguini Vladimir. As far as your request, Argus, consider it granted on both accounts.”

“Which actually brings us to our next point. Each of you will be allowed to select an assistant to help you with your grading and classes. The stipulations being that they cannot be a student and they must be well versed in your subject. Professor McGonagall, as you have the position of Deputy Headmistress as well, you can either hire two assistants or just have one.” Draco saw the relief on the faces of all the professors, even those like the Lestranges who shared a class between the two of them. None of the professors really wanted to spend hours grading each and every assignment. Not to mention, this freed up more of time that could then be put to better use.

“Are there any limitations or requirements for the assistants?” Flitwick asked and Draco nodded.

“They have to be knowledgeable in your subject and willing to work within the same grading scale that you do. They will be allowed to take points, however excessive point taking will be brought to our attention and you will have to explain their actions to us.” Harry was about to say something else but Dumbledick and the Toad caused a racket as they came into the room. Alls heads turned to face them and Harry crossed his arms across his chest.

The Toad’s skirt was on backward and Dumblefuck’s robe was wrinkled. Harry really didn’t want to know what the two of them had been doing but it wasn’t that hard to figure out and based on the looks the other professors were shooting them, they knew too. Harry couldn’t understand how this man was still such an influence on the Wizarding World when he broke so many of the laws he helped make. Now, he was breaking the code of conduct expected of the Headmaster by sleeping with one of his employees. Harrison was really looking forward to the day he could take the mad bastard down and get him removed from the school.

“You are both late. This meeting was set to start at noon. It is now thirty minutes passed. What kind of excuse do you have that could possibly excuse your actions?” Dumbasadoor had obviously been expecting Harry to say something so he was visibly taken off guard though he gathered himself rather quickly.

“It is no matter. I do apologize for our tardiness but Professor Umbridge needed to speak to me about a concern she had about the lesson plans and I must admit that I, too, am concerned about the allowance of Dark Arts in the class so I told her that she should teach from a different book and that the school would provide them for the students.” Dumbledore sat next to McGonagall, who moved her chair away from the man.
“Unfortunately for Madame Umbridge, you do not have the power anymore to change the lesson plans that we and the Board have agreed to. The Dark Arts that the woman is referring to are the ones that have been used incorrectly in the past. Not to mention, the students are going to be taught how to gain control of that sort of Magic. We will not allow strictly Light Magic to be taught in this school just as the Founders didn’t. The students need to know how to defend themselves against any type of magic and the difference between the two. It is their right.” Draco was furious at the man. He knew that Harry had plans to deal with the man’s reluctance to balance the scales but Draco found it hard to hold his tongue about it.

“This here is another thing, why are you three here and running the meeting? Who are you to question the Headmaster? You three will run along and leave this meeting to the important people. You will also serve detention with me tomorrow night.”

“I don’t think so Toad.” Harry spat, “You will respect me and the others as the Lords of Hogwarts. Dumbledore is Headmaster only because we allow it and you only teach here because we allow it. You don’t have the authority to give us detentions and I would watch your tongue unless you wish to be out on your ass. The lesson plans are set and you will teach them as they are written. If we find out you are not, then you will be looking for a job faster than you can say Defense. As far as you are concerned, Dumbledore, the favoritism stops now. You will follow the punishment system that has been set in place over the summer. No more hidden, last minute points and no more victim shaming. Gryffindors are no longer too be considered the end all, be all perfect students. They have been allowed to become bullies and that was never Godric’s desire.”

“My boy, I don’t understand where this hostility is coming from. Surely it is unfounded.” Dumbledick tried the genial grandfather routine but it was lacking the normal softness and the twinkle that was normally in his eyes was gone.

“Firstly, you will address the three of us by our proper titles, not ‘my boy’. Secondly, the hostility you are sensing is due to the state of the school. You have allowed the castle and the lands to deteriorate. As the headmaster, it was your duty to ensure the upkeep on the school when the Lords aren’t present. Thirdly, you are holding up this meeting and need to sit down and listen as the other members of the staff are.” Draco snapped and watched with satisfaction as the late arrivals sat down quickly.

“Now then, Madame Pince, are there loamy books you would like to lose returned to the library?”

The staff meeting continued on with the three Lords making notes on things that the staff asked for or mentioned were problems. Harry could see that both the old goat and the toad were getting more and more frustrated that they were being ignored and their suggestions were being overlooked but he didn’t really care. As one of the Lords of Hogwarts, the castle protected him from all manner of attacks. He was particularly glad for that when it came to Draco’s safety.

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By the time dinner rolled around, Harry was mentally exhausted from dealing with the toad and goat trying to push their agendas through as well as fighting his way through a perfume storm from all the girls crowding him as soon as he left the staff wing. He didn’t know how they even knew where he was going to be or even how to find the staff wing but there they were. What made his anger spike though is they forced Draco away from him and when he managed to spot him, the blonde had a dark look on his face before he’d stormed away. Harry hadn’t been left alone since to go track his wayward Vassal down and talk to him and even now he had two annoying bimbos on either side of him: the youngest Weasley and Lavender Brown.
It seemed like they had decided to see who could cause him to pass out first from a lack of oxygen. Finally having enough, he extracted himself from the twits and started to make his way out of the Great Hall. He’d have one of the House elves bring him food. He would later blame his headache for his threat when he heard them get up to follow him. Turning around quickly, he all but snarled at them, “If you two bimbos don’t stop following me around, I swear to Lady Magic I will hex you until even your own mothers no longer recognize you.”

The two girls in question paled rapidly and returned to their seats, granting Harry a sense of dark amusement and allowing him to continue on his way.

Entering the rooms he shared with the other Lords, Harry stopped dead in his tracks. Standing in the middle of the living room, directing a group of four House Elves, was the blonde Harry had been looking for. Draco had left his hair alone so it hung around his face and he had foregone a shirt. Just as it had last time, Harry’s mouth went dry and he wanted to complain about how unfair his life was. Here was the only person he would ever truly consider for his Consort and he wasn’t allowed to make his desire known until Draco approached him. Sometimes, being the Dark Lord was one of the roughest jobs in the world. Had Harry not been expected to follow Lady Magic’s mandates, he would already have the blonde in his arms. As it was, he would just have to wait and pout. There would definitely be a lot of pouting.

Harry must have made some kind of noise as Draco’s head snapped up and Harry worried for a minute that the blonde had given himself whiplash. That worry was dashed a second when Draco let out an honest-to-Hecate squeak and grabbed for a nearby shirt. Harrison forced himself to focus on anything but the way Draco’s blush extended down his chest. It seemed that Draco was a full body blusher.

“My Lord, what are you doing here?” The use of the honorific stopped Harry from making a smart arsed remark.

“Do I need a reason in particular to return to my room, Wyvern? Though I will admit that I was worried about you. I lost sight of you when that bloody horde descended and then you weren’t at dinner. Are you alright?”

“You were worried about me?” At his nod, Draco took a deep breath and Harry saw him clench his fist before he continued, “I had wondered if I was reading more into our interactions and you were just ensuring that one of your Vassals was taken care of but I talked to Lady Luna, or rather she knocked some sense into me. After which, I went to Gringotts and retrieved something that would prove my sincerity.”

Harry walked up to Draco, hardly breathing as he processed what his Vassal was saying. It took more strength than he thought he had to speak at all at that point, “We will discuss your leaving without a proper guard later, Wyvern. For now, what is it that you had to retrieve that could not wait for a guard?”

Harrison was hoping that he was right in what Draco was about to reveal to him. He couldn’t rush this along though, nor could he help Draco. His Vassal had to do this on his own terms or Lady Magic would never accept them as a properly bonded pair. Draco held out an antique silver box with the Malfoy family crest on the top. *Sanctimonia Vincet Semper,* Purity will always win. Draco had told in a letter once that he hated that motto, that Lucius had used it to prove to Draco that Purebloods were better than anyone else. Harry told him that purity had nothing to do with blood and
everything to do with how a person uses their magic. It didn’t matter whether or not a person had magical parents or whether they were Dark or Light. What mattered was that they caused no intentional harm. Lady Magic didn’t grant her children their gifts just for them to hurt others. It was meant to help.

Draco didn’t speak again until Harry had taken the box and opened it. Resting on a pillow of cream colored silk was a bronze colored leather cuff bracelet with the symbol of Hecate burned on it. It had two leather strings that would wrap around the bracelet to keep it in place and looked as though it had just come from a store but Harrison knew better. For one, he could feel the magic coming from the box that would preserve the leather. Secondly, during their talk, he was certain that his lovely Counterpart had told Draco that any item chosen, needed to be from the time that the Olde Magicks had been used in the creating the jewelry which meant that the bracelet had been blessed by Lady Magic herself.

Draco knelt in front of him and held up his left wrist, “If it pleases you, My Lord, let this be a symbol of my acceptance of my place at your side. By the Lady Magic and the Lord Death, let it be known that I have accepted your intentions to Court me and that should things carry on to that point, I shall one day be your Consort and Left Hand. I offer the bracelet in the hopes that it pleases you, My Lord, steeped in the Magicks Olde and blessed by Our Lady herself as it is.”

Harry could feel Lady Hecate’s presence like the warmth of a favorite blanket as Draco spoke as was expected but the cold icy burn of Lord Thanatos’ presence was not. His family’s Patron hadn’t made his acceptance of Harry known much but to feel him now of all times was telling, “Rise, Wyvern, and bare your wrist. If you are to be my Consort and Left Hand then you will not kneel as you are. To be my Consort is to be my equal in the eyes of our Lady. My Vassals will be yours and we will share the triumphs this life will bring and its’ defeats.”

Once Draco was on his feet and holding his wrist out to Harry, the raven-haired youth tied the bracelet on with care, not wanting to hurt him. Harry pressed the tip of his wand to Hecate’s symbol and used his family’s true motto, *Mors ultima amice salutauit*, to ensure only he and Draco would be able to remove it should things go badly and the two of them not reach the ideal scenario. Draco’s eye widened at the explicit trust Harry was placing in him with the use of the motto but the approval he felt from Lord Thanatos was all he needed to know that he’d done the right thing, “I know that it is common to use a one or two word phrase but I want there to be no secrets between us. I also want you to know that I trust you with the knowledge I learned from the journal the goblins gave me. Many have forgotten that the Potters are the last descendants of the Peverell brothers and they made sure there was no obvious evidence of the connection, even going as far as to hide our true motto from outsiders. I don’t want you to not understand why Lord Thanatos is the Patron of choice for the Potters.”

“You mean that the Deathly Hallows are real?” Draco sounded as though all his dreams had come true and Harry chuckled darkly.

“Yes but not in the way you are thinking. One day, I will tell you but for now there is something else I would much rather be doing.”

Using the hand he was still holding, Harry pulled Draco to him and placed a soft, barely there kiss on the blonde’s lips, “Oh c’mon! You call that a kiss?”

Harry laughed at Daco’s pout before drawing him for another kiss, the first real kiss either of the couple had had.
Madame Undersecretary Dolores Jane Umbridge was not having a good week. It had started with that sham of a staff meeting that those three brats had ran as though they had the right, especially that Potter spawn. She didn’t know who the little scamp thought he was but she would show him. After all, he had her class in just a few minutes and she would prove who was in charge. Albus had bought the classes Slinkhard’s books which would insure that they would all fail their exams and prove that the education guidelines the brats put into place were ineffective. That way Dumbledore could take back his position in the Wizengamot and the ICW and she could move up to the position she’s always wanted: the Minister of Magic.

For now though, she had a set of twins to discipline and she knew the perfect way to do it. Being the Undersecretary of the Minister had always had its perks, one of which was gaining access to all of the Dark Artifacts that came thru the DMLE. One such item was an unique set of quills that forced the users to write in their own blood. She knew that once the troublesome duo were forced to cut into their own skin for a few hours, maybe something like I will not make mischief, then they would be less inclined to be troublemakers. They would also serve as a lesson for the Potter brat.

She didn’t understand why Dumbledore hadn’t fought the brats about running the meeting but she was sure that the man had an idea on how to handle them. Then when the two of them were running Britain's Wizarding World, she would finally be able to get rid of all the beasts that were infecting the Magical World and no one would be able to stop her.

Harry knew something was wrong the second the twins came knocking at his door. They kept their hands behind their back and weren’t fidgeting nearly as much as they normally do. He narrowed his eyes and really focused on the duo, sending his magic out to try and get a feel for what was wrong with them, only to rear back in horror at the amount of Black Magic pouring off of them. Either they had been dabbling in magic they shouldn’t have been or someone had used a rather nasty object against them. He was willing to bet on the second one as the twins weren’t foolish enough to go against him. He was also certain he knew who it was but wanted to be certain.

“Show me.” Fred and George opened their mouths to deny anything was wrong but Harry spoke again, “Chaos, Discord did you not swear your fealty to me? To place all trust in me as your Lord?”

“It really is nothing, my Lord. The Toad just assigned us lines in detention. We’ve done that several times in the past.” Fred spoke but Harry held up a hand to stop him from saying anything else.

“The two of you sit on the couch. Wyvern, I need Charon, Narcissa, and Barty here immediately. Tell Charon to bring anything he has to counteract the effects of Black Magic. What did she have you two writing with and don’t try to play it off!” Harry snarled while the other occupants in the room paled. Draco hurried off to as Harry asked.

“It was a pure black quill. We could feel the magic rolling off of it and it didn’t feel right but we just shrugged it off as the quills being charmed by a different Dark Lord.”

“If it had been, it would have been a comfort and would have soothed you. Dark Magic, no matter the Lord is a comfort to those who follow its’ ways properly. That it felt off confirms what I thought
it to be. Those quills were created by a Dark Lord much like Lumenex, a Black Magic user, meant to trap the blood of those who were forced to write with them. That blood would then be used to control them. I need Charon and Narcissa to ensure that no lasting damage was done, Barty will be taking over the Defense position. Now that he’s been cleared of all charges, he won’t have to hide.”

The twins looked at Harry with gratitude and let their scarred hands rest on their knees. It was only seconds later that the requested people rushed out of the Floo and into the living room. Narcissa and Severus immediately got to work healing the duo while Barty went to talk to Harry.

“You asked to see me, my Lord?”

“Am I your Lord? You haven’t sworn your loyalty to my cause yet nor have you spoke of any desire to do so.” Harry raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms in front of his chest.

“Then let me make myself clear: as soon as you allow it, I will take the Votum Servitii willingly and eagerly.”

Harrison searched Barty’s eyes for any sign of deceit but upon founding none simply nodded and called Elon to bring forth his ceremonial dagger again. Once in hand, Barty swore his oath and was dubbed ‘Helios’ after the Greek god of the sun. His raven had the sun high behind it and his name spelled out in Greek below it. Like before, Harrison felt the drain on his magic as the bond settled into place and left him feeling tired. Thankfully, Draco had been paying attention and brought him a cup of coffee to tide him over until he could go to sleep. For now he had a toad to end and a new Professor to appoint.

“Wyvern, Lady Black, please keep an eye on the two troublemakers while I leave. I have busy to attend to elsewhere for now but I will be back. When I am, Miss Black, I would like a report on the health of the other men at the manor. If they are healing nicely, I may suggest them for positions here in the school.”

“As you wish, Lord Black.” Narcissa smiled at him and Harry nodded.

With that settled, Harry stormed out of the room, Barty on his heels and his magic flaring around him in an almost tangible cloak. Students who felt him coming, and even those who couldn't, quickly got out of his way. Harry had no doubt that the look on his face was murderous because that was how he was feeling. If there was one thing he would never allow, it was the harm of those who were under his protection. Umbitch was going to learn that the hard way.

He knew that the Toad would be headed to lunch, too sure of her power to even question the twins’ silence. Harrison was sure that she would be feeling pretty smug and that she had plans for that blood. Those plans were the reason he was going to do this in a public place.

“My Lord, are you sure you want to do this in such a public place? The old goat might cause you problems.” Barty was nervous, as though expecting, and it was that nervousness that made Harry pause and look at the man.

“Never fear the insanity that griped Riddle, Helios. Lady Magic never deemed him her Lord and as such, his magic punished him. It didn’t help that he did the unspeakable and split his soul. Death took his revenge but the insanity was the first sign that he wasn’t the true Dark Lord. I never want you to fear speaking your ideas. I will listen, you have my word on that. I may not follow your advice but I will listen. Now, the reason I wish to make this public is that I fear I may lose control and the public setting will help curb the unfortunate bloodlust that comes from being a Dark Lord. I
suppose it could be worse, I could have been the Light Lord and ended up a Seer. Usually it isn’t real apparent, manifesting in the appearance of being omniscient, but my Counterpart has the unfortunate situation of being the eldest female of the Pythia Line. Every one of them have been born Seers, the gift passing from mother to daughter upon the daughter’s fifth birthday unless one of them dies sooner. As such, Lady Luna has a double gift, or curse depending on how you look at it, for Sight. It makes it hard for her to connect with others her age.”

“Why do you say that?” Barty was curious but just as Harry went to answer him, another voice cut in.

“The closer I am with people, the more of their future I can See. It would get to the point where I would eventually See their death. That is a burden I wouldn’t wish on anyone. Knowing how my mother was going to die and how my father will die is a terrible pain to live with, especially as I can do nothing to stop it.” Luna wore a serene smile and gave a slight curtsey in Harry’s direction, “Archontas tou skotous.”

“Kyria tou Fotós.”

“Your Greek is improving!” Luna cheered and Harry rolled his eyes, “A little bird told me you are going to seek revenge against a toad. Is this accurate?”

“She harmed two of my Vassals. She used a Black Quill against them in an attempt to control them! How would you feel if it were Bones or Abbott?” Harry snapped defensively, Luna’s eyes going wide.

“A Black Quill? You are sure?” She stopped and seemed to mentally scold herself before continuing, “Of course you are. You are better able to notice those things than I am and for that I am grateful. Nasty pieces of magic, Black Quills. Very well, let’s go render Judgement.”

The blonde then skipped off towards the Great Hall, leaving two very stunned males behind her to catch up. She stopped just outside the Great Hall in anticipation of Harry wanting to walk her in to send a clear message. Sure enough, when he reached her, he looped her arm through his and signaled Barty to wait.

A hush fell over the students as the two advocates of Magic walked down the center aisle, their magic unleashed and almost visible clouds around them. The professors had even fallen silent at their approach, Remus and Sirius both subtly baring their necks in submission. Luna waved her hand and a warm blast of her magic swept over the room, “Now then, since no one will now be able to tell anyone outside of this hall what is about to occur with the exception of you and I, Mi Socium, you can proceed.”

“Thank you.” Harry bowed his head in acknowledgement before glaring at Umbridge, “Dolores Jane Umbridge, I Hereby charge you with harming two Vassals and with the use of a Black Quill with the intent to control said Vassals.”

The Great Hall went deathly silent at Harry’s words, every Pureblood student paling at the charges. Umbridge shifted uncomfortably in her seat and looked to Dumbledore to get her out of trouble once more. Harry laughed to himself as he watched Dumbledore try to distance himself from the toad. His attention turned once more to Luna who gasped and narrowed her eyes at the woman.

“Dolores Jane Umbridge, I Hereby charge with conspiracy to commit genocide and instigating the attack of a Lord of Magic. Trying to keep your hands clean by using Dementors still makes you guilty, Toad.”
“You have two choices before you, Umbridge: Judgement or Advocacy. Be warned though, should Advocacy not fall in your favor, you will be punished harsher and your Advocate will be dragged down with you. I suggest you choose wisely.”

Whispers broke out all throughout the Hall as the Pureblood students explained to the Muggle raised what exactly was happening. Neither Harry nor Luna looked away from the Toad as she tried to disappear in her seat. Dumbledore on the other hand looked enraged as he stood to his feet. He knew what was going and what it meant for both Harry and Luna to be bringing charges against Umbridge. Harry had anticipated the reaction he knew was coming though and already began moving to shield Luna. Sure enough, the man’s wand went up and there was a curse flying towards Luna within a matter of moments. Or rather, there would have been if Harry hadn’t disarmed the Headmaster. There may have been a time when being the Lord of Light would have made him fast enough to truly be a danger to Luna or Harry but that time had long passed.

The wand that flew into Harry’s grip sent a spike of foreboding down his spine the second it connected with his hand. It took all he had not to snap it in two on principle, knowing the origins of the wand. How could he not when there had been a sketch of it in the Peverell Journal?

“Do not attempt anything like that again Headmaster. The only reason you still maintain a position of power in the Wizarding World is because you have been allowed to. Your wand will be considered as your forfeit though this is not your true wand.”

“Who do you think you are to declare something like that, Mister Potter.” The Toad sneered, making quite clear her thoughts on his titles. Harrison just smirked, happy for the opening her bigotry gave him.

“I am Lord Harrison Potter-Black, Dark Lord and Keeper of the Balance.”

“I am Lady Luna Lovegood, Lady of Light and Keeper of the Balance.”

“That is impossible! I am the Lord of Light! You could not take the position from me without my knowledge!”

“Do not engage them, Albus, my sweets! They are just attention seeking whores. Honestly, this is just a ploy to try to undermine us. I am willing to bet that even if I choose Advocacy, nothing will happen.” She rolled her eyes and scoffed.

“Is that your choice?” Luna’s voice may sounded polite but Harry knew that underneath she was just as furious as he was.

“Yes, I, Dolores Jane Umbridge, Undersecretary to the Minister of Magic, choose Advocacy. Albus Dumbledore, the true Lord of Light, will serve as my Advocate.”

“So be it. Mi Socium, as you are the truly wronged party, you may proceed.” Luna conceded and motioned for him to go ahead.

“Lady Magic, hear my call, I bring before you a case of Advocacy. I bring to you one Dolores Jane Umbridge, witch of mediocre talent and power, and her Advocate Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, Fallen Lord of restricted power. Umbridge has been charged with harming Vassals of one of your Chosen and the attempted murder of that same Chosen. Dumbledore, what say you on the behalf of the accused?”

Harry could see it was taking all the man had not to sneer as Dumbleass responded, “These charges are folly and you have not gotten my tile correct. Therefore, I refuse to acknowledge your charges
and am calling your bluff.”

The professors all gaped in shock or rose to their feet in anger, like the Lestrange brothers. They settled back into their seats though at a wave of his hand. The ceiling, meant to reflect the sky outside, turned dark and lightning cracked across the “sky” in bright flashes of silver. The sound of thunder rolled throughout the hall as the students closest to the Professor’s table moved away from them rapidly.

Harry couldn’t help but be impressed at just what magic was capable of when a bolt of lightning came from the ceiling and struck right in front of Dumblefuck and knocked him off his feet. Umbridge shrieked and struggled to get out of her seat and over to where the old goat was sprawled out, only to be stopped by another bolt of lightning. Harry wasn’t surprised in the slightest when Lady Hecate chose to appear instead of using Harrison or Luna as a mouthpiece, not that Harrison minded. He also wasn’t shocked that she had once again chosen the form of the crone, she seemed to prefer that form the most.

“Dolores Jane Umbridge, how dare you use such foul magic, such twisted magic, on those in service to one of my Chosen. How dare you attempt the murder of one of my Chosen? You who have little more power than a child born with their power locked away. I am ashamed of you who have squandered my gift to you. As for you, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, you who were once a Chosen but chose to abandon me for selfish gain, for a trinket that was ill-gained in the first place, you are a reason why the Balance was created. You two have forgotten that I am not the benevolent Mother you have painted me as over the years and that what I give, I have no qualms taking away. Dolores, you shall spend the rest of your days as the animal you most resemble, unable to shift back as your magic will henceforth be blocked and hidden from you. You will feel the void that your magic filled within you but never remember why you feel it. All other aspects of your human life, you will remember and desire.”

With a snap of her fingers, Umbridge was gone and in her place was a large dark green toad that was covered in warts and slime. She must have smelled something awful as Professor McGonagall placed a hand over her nose and cast a air freshening charm. Harry bit back a snarl, his anger hadn’t been soothed by the punishment doled out to the bitch. He knew though that to further retaliate without the go ahead of his Goddess would undermine everything he and Luna were trying to restore. It stung though that he could not make her suffer like she planned to make his Vassals suffer.

“I often forget how bloodthirsty my Dark Chosen are when they’ve been angered. It is a curse you bare, young one but you bare it well. You find the bloodlust easy to sate but it still must be sated,” Lady Hecate sighed as she ran a hand over his cheek and seemed to come to an agreement with herself, “Very well, my young Lord. You may sate your rage but do try to make it as quick as possible. There are young minds present after all.”

With permission granted, Harrison switched to the cursed wand and cast one of the spells Ignotus had written down in his journal, “Adtritis carcerem!”

For a man who spent a majority of his life in England, Ignotus had had an incredible grasp on Latin and spellweaving in general. The spell Harrison used on Umbitch was proof of that. It was an intent and power-based spell. For the students in the room, the spell wouldn’t function as anything more than a spell to keep someone in place. This was also true for the fully grown wizards without the power to unleash the spell’s full potential. For Harrison though, and those few witches and wizards with the core to do so, the spell would stop any and all movement while crushing the victim’s bones and organs. It was a horrible death for the victim but it left no outward trace. The victim just collapsed much like Umbitch did when the spell worked its way through the newly turned toad. Dumbledore let out a cry of outrage and Harry bit his tongue to keep from calling the man out. He
knew that despite his own advantage in power, the disgraced wizard knew more spells than he did. Dumbledore’s time would come but Harry had to be patient.

“Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, one under your Advocacy has been found guilty and you must face your punishment for her crimes as you were complacent in them and even aided her on multiple occasions. For those offenses alone, you are hereby banned from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry and all of her surrounding land including the village of Hogsmeade. No more will you be recognized as the Headmaster nor will you be able to find work where you are able to influence anyone. The phoenix, Fawkes, is returned to his native land to be reborn into his full glory and his bond with you severed. Count yourself lucky that I do not strike you down where you stand. Alas, that honor has been promised to my Dark Chosen. Now, leave.”

With a final wave of her hand, both Lady Hecate and Dumblefuck were gone from the school. A deathly silence had fallen over those gathered as everyone took in the fact that Lady Magic Herself had shown up. Lady Hecate was known for letting Her children make up their own minds. For Her to make an appearance as she did, things had truly gotten bad. Harrison knew that no one would be able to speak of what had happened but that wouldn’t stop the looks of fear and awe he was sure to get from this. At least Umbitch and Dumblefuck were taken care of for the time being and Harrison’s bloodlust sated.

“Professor McGonagall, as you are the Deputy Headmistress, you have now been risen to the position of Headmistress. You have a week to name your replacements for Deputy, Transfiguration, and Head of House Gryffindor.”

The woman in charge bowed her head in acknowledgement and Lady Hecate’s Chosen made their way from the Great Hall, arm in arm.
A Much-Needed Break

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A week and a half had been the amount of time it had taken for things to settle down at Hogwarts. In that time, Harry and Luna had both been bombarded with questions by students and teachers alike. It had come down to them having to be escorted from class to class just to get there on time. Not that everything had been easy or simple, nothing worth anything in life was after all, but the two Chosen had done their best to make do.

Harry especially had faced a lot of opposition. Mostly from his old House, whom had trouble understanding the difference between Dark Magic and Black Magic. There had been a lot of suspensions issued to that House and they were less than half of what they normally were. Ron, Seamus, and Dean had all been suspended for throwing curses at Draco and Neville when they had been walking back to the quarters. Ginny had been suspended for bullying a First Year.

There were several Seventh Years who had been suspended for attacking him when he was alone, wrongly assuming that he would be an easy target. No deadly curses o hexes had been thrown which is why they had only been suspended but it had still been enough to set Fred and George off. Honestly, Harry was sure that when they came back, the amount of shite they were going to have dumped on them by the prankster duo would cause them to drop out.

All that said though, he was glad the drama had finally died down and he would be able to ask his squirrelly Consort-to-be out on a proper date. So far, getting Draco alone had become troublesome, almost as though the blonde was ignoring him. It was starting to grate on the dark-haired wizard’s nerves but he was hoping it was just due to the drama of Umbitch’s demise and that the blonde hadn’t changed his mind. There was only one way to find though. Steeling himself, Harrison grabbed the Marauder’s Map off his desk and scoured it in search of his wayward mate.

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Draco wasn’t hard to find, the Slytherin Common Room should have been the first place he looked, but Harry was more concerned about what his distance meant. Having located the object of his affection, Harrison decided to put the next phase of his plan into action. Clearing the Map and leaving in his seat, he took a handful of Floo powder from above the mantle and stepped into the fireplace, “Vertic Alley.”

The Floo let him out in the center of Vertic Alley in a circle of outward facing fireplaces. The Alley was nowhere near as crowded as it had been during the summer but that was to be expected as the children were either at Hogwarts or home with their families and the older generations had work. The emptiness of the street suited his needs just fine though as he strode towards one of the nicer restaurants in Wizarding London, Amorentia. A quick wave of his wand and his attire changed from the property without a word. It may not be on the scale of Gregori’s but there was still a mandatory dress code. Instead of the school uniform he had been wearing, Harrison was in a crimson vest with gold rearing lion buttons, a light gold button down, crimson trousers, and light gold loafers. His shirt cuffs had rearing lion cufflinks to match his vest and his Gryffindor and Potter signet rings were on display. The general populace was best left in the dark as to how many titles he truly held.

Reaching the entrance, he regretting the need to act more mature than he truly was but, even if he’d
had that luxury, the Dursleys had beaten any desire to act his age out of him early in life. Even still, he wanted to laugh at the look on the maître d’s face when he walked in. There was the awe he was used to, but there was also shock. He wasn’t sure if it was due to him being there or his appearance, not that he cared either way. He just wanted to make a reservation.

“Lord Potter-Black, how can we at Amorentia serve you today?”

“I would like to make a reservation for tonight, a table for two, around seven? Perhaps at a private table,” Harrison slid a small pouch with 20 galleons inside across to the man, “for your discretion.”

“Of course, Sir, we take matters of privacy very seriously. There will be no worries of nosy reporters or fans to disturb your and your date tonight.”

Harrison inclined his head slightly in thanks and left for his next stop, Twillfit and Tatting’s. Draco would no doubt want a new outfit for tonight and it was best to get it out of the way now. He was probably counting his occamies before they hatched but he was hopeful that Draco would say yes. So to Twillfit’s he would go.

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An hour later, he stumbled back through the Floo, trying to be careful not to ruin his and Draco’s attire for the night. Of course, as Potter luck would have it, he nearly ran into the blonde in question who did not look pleased. Harry swallowed hard and tried to smile, knowing it probably came out as a grimace.

“Hello Draco,” he began but was cut off.

“Do not ‘hello, Draco’ me. Do you know how worried I’ve been? I came in to ask if you were going to be eating in the Great Hall and you weren’t here. To make matters worse, I couldn’t even find you on that damnable map of yours. Now here you come nearly falling of your face with your arms full of shopping and act as though everything is just fine?”

By this time, Draco had started yelling and Harry hung his head. He really should have let the blonde or Neville know he was going but he wanted things to be a surprise and he said as much, “I am sorry Draco. I just wanted to surprise you. I haven’t been a very good mate to you lately with everything going on and I didn’t want you to think I had changed my mind about us. I went out to make reservations for us at Amorentia and pick you up something new to wear as I know you would have worried about it.”

Apparently, that had been the right thing to say as the fight seemed to leave Draco completely and he sighed and held his hand out, “Well, let’s see what you risked life and limb for then.”

Harrison grinned and handed over the outfit he’d gotten done in a slate grey with hints of green to match his own. By the face Draco was making, he’d gotten the style right (or rather Madame Twillfit had anyway) and it met with the Ravenclaw Lord’s high standards.

“Alright fine, you win this time but don’t expect it to be so easy next time. What time is our reservation?”

“Seven.” Harry fought back a chuckle when Draco blanched.

“Seven!,” Harry had to admit the shriek was worth seeing Draco’s face as he fled to get ready.
Retreating to his own rooms, Harrison felt lighter than he had before. The weight of the Dark Mantle was heavy and he was glad for these moments of levity. Before he could sink too far into deep and darker thoughts, he shook his head to clear it and pulled his suit from the garment bag it was in.

Chapter End Notes

Sooooooo............I don't know whether to apologize just go throw myself on the pyre.....JK.......kinda.......Anyway, in case anyone is curious after the last chapter my muse ran away and i had to go find it. No seriously, there were several times that I just wanted to give up on this story and discontinue it but I knew that wouldn't be fair to my readers so again I am left to apologize to you guys. On a happier note though, I got engaged!!

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