Potions Lessons for Toddler
by Trickster32

Summary

After another disastrous accident in 3rd years Potions Gryffindor/Slytherin Severus Snape had enough. When they want to behave like toddler, then he would treat them accordingly. Instead of brewing after the curriculum he would keep them in line with potions sets for toddlers. Hermione's whiney complaints falls on deafs ears, as the Potions Master decided how to teach his classes.

Notes

A toddler is defined for this story as someone, who is between 6 months - and 2 years old. Speech and other characteristic development can differ from child to child. Depending on his nature and his upbringing.
New rules in Potions class:

After another major accident in the 3rd years Gryffindors/Slytherins the Potions Master had enough. As nobody of these Dunderheads were willing to listen, he would treat them like the toddler they seemed to be.

"Potions is as easy to learn as a toddler learns to walk. As you are neither here nor there, we will start easily, so that I do not have to kiss any boo-boos. Everyone gets a safe set for toddler, so that even the most dunderheaded of you will learn the necessary precautions which you need by brewing potions."

"But, we are not toddler." cried Granger embarrassed.

"Really, your behavior disagree with that statement Ms Granger."

"But, but."

"Nobody of you seems able to listen to any kind of instructions, nor to focus longer than 10 minutes on a simple potion. All of it indicates, that your mental capacity never outgrow the toddler stadium. Therefore you will be treated as toddler, until a time that all of you can prove, that you are worth to be treated according to your age.

"You can't do that?", complained Ron Weasley."

"On the contrary, Mr Weasley, I can and I will. Only infantiles would find it funny to throw random ingredients in other people cauldrons, without a single thought of the consequences. And only imbeciles are not capable of reading instructions."

Fuming, but helpless the class took the advised sets and placed them on their desks. Waiting for further instructions, while Severus watched them smirking. This would keep them on their toes, and he was sure, that some of them would complain to Minerva about his unfair behavior.

He instructed them to brew the first potion at the beginning of the manual. It resulted in color changes of the potion and the mixture tasted at the end like strawberry milk without any unnecessary sugar. Even Neville Longbottom mastered the task and brought a sample to the desk of the Potions Master. "Well done Mr Longbottom, that would be an O for you." Surprised the boy blushed about the first positive accolade from his harshest teacher.

"Th- Thank you, Sir." "You can bottle the rest and drink it, when you are thirsty."

"Do we have any homework, Professor?", asked Draco subdued, as the rest of the Slytherins about the unusual behavior of his Godfather.

"Your homework is quite simple, each of you have to take one of the colored books and color the first two potions correctly. It is due to next lesson. Clear your sets and desk, afterward go straight to dinner."

"Yes, Professor", answered the class, still miffed about his strange treating of them.

"I will talk to Professor McGonagall about it, we are no toddler and he can't treat us as such.", cried Hermione. "Are you sure, Mione? What can she do?", asked Ron doubtful.
"Do you agree with that treatment, Harry?" "I don't say, that I agree, but Snape is the teacher not McGonnagall." "I will talk to her, you'll see it.", dismissed Hermione the arguments of her friends.
Reactions

Chapter Summary

At Dinner the Great Hall was very surprised to learn about the new teaching style of Severus Snape. Hermione Granger tried to complained to Professor McGonnagal without success.

Reactions

This evening the dinner was very eventful in the Great Hall. Within seconds the strange new rules for the 3rd years Potions' class Gryffindors/Slytherins were known around the whole school.

"Did Snape really treat them like toddlers?", asked Lee Jordan baffled.

"It seems to be.", answered Fred Weasley. "Bugger, not even in our class, he acted out that way. What was the reason for it?"

"I dunno, you have to asked the midgets, maybe they tell you.", added George.

"Professor McGonnagall, can I speak to you for a moment?", asked Hermione, after seeing her favorite teacher entering the Great Hall.

"For what reason Ms Granger?", broached Minerva McGonnagall the subject again.

"It's has to do with today's Potions' class, Professor.", answered Hermione clearly.

"Potions? I'm sad to say, but if you got a complaint about Potions, you have to talk to Professor Snape about it."

"But, he treated us like toddlers. We didn't learn anything today.", cried Hermione furious.

Surprised Minerva looked at her colleague and asked: "Is that true, Severus?"

"Yes, I do not know, why you try to interfere. I made it clear, why I choose that way of action."

"Isn't that a bit overreacting.", commented Remus Lupin.

"Not at all, it was necessary. The last accidents showed clearly that no one of them has any regarding to the safety rules, which are necessary to successful brewing a potion.", explained Severus dryly.

"But they're children, Severus. You have to take this into account.", tried Minerva again.

"You don't get it, do you Minerva? Potions is not a game, one wrong added ingredient can lead to a major explosion and if you're unlucky to the loss of someone's life. Only because you're bored it's not a good enough excuse to throw firecrackers into the cauldron of other students."
"We are not toddler," cried Hermione infuriated.

"If you don't stop that annoying racket at once Ms Granger, I'll use a leash-spell and chain you to your Head of House.", growled Severus.

"You can't do that."

"I'll count til three, if you don't sit on your seat at that time, I'll do it, you got my word on it."

"No."

"One, two..." - Hermione realized she was gone too far and hurried to her seat.

"You said, Minerva?"

"Er, nothing, Severus."

"Thought so, after all if they don't like it, they'll free to take a tutor for Potions, to study separately for the exams. They have only to found one who fulfill the requirements to tutor students.", huffed Severus before sitting down once again.

"I don't understand?", objected Lupin.

"Did nobody of you ever read Hogwarts a History? It's one of the by-laws of the school. If a student isn't pleased with a teacher or elsewhere incapacitated, they are able to use an external tutor, who has the same qualifications as the aforementioned teacher to pass the course."

The rest of the dinner was taken in silent and before another teacher could react, Snape swerved from the room, robes billowing behind him.
The Slytherins discuss about the strange behaviour of their Head of house in their Common Room. They decide that Draco has to inform his parents via letter and to ask them for further advice.

At the same evening a very subdued group of 3rd years were seated in the Slytherin Common room. No one knows what to do. The behavior of their Head of House was completely strange. Never before had he treated them in such a way.

"What can we do? Is he sick?", asked Theo thoughtful.

"I don't think he is sick, but he never acted so strange.", agreed Blaise Zabini.

"Maybe a healer should take a closer look. I don't trust those Gryffindors. They could have easily dosed him with an illegal substance."

"But why, what should they gain from it?"

"If he doesn't change his ways, he could be declared insane or even incapable of teaching."

"You do not mean, that it is a nefarious plan to get rid of our Head of House?"

"Could be, they know how good he always protected us.", said Blaise

"I'll write my father. It is better that a trustful healer checked him up. We won't let them take the best Head of House Slytherin had in years."

"Do it, Draco, hurry."

"I'll write him this evening and send it with Ares, so that he gets it tomorrow."

Slowly Draco walked into his dorm. It would be better to write to his father about the strange potions class. Hopefully Lucius Malfoy could help them to solve the riddle. He can't die, I need Uncle Sev. Hogwarts wouldn't be the same without him.

"Dear Father,

I do hope you and Mother are well.

I do write to you, because of a strange occurrence in today's Potions Class. Uncle Sev acted very strange, he treated us like toddlers and as homework we should colored the first two potions in a color book. We had to work with potions sets for toddlers, as he wouldn't let us work with our
usual kits.

Please come as soon as possible to Hogwarts and talk to him. We are very worried, that he isn't well.

Your loving son Draco."

A sharp whistle brought his majestic eagle owl to the boy. He secured the letter on the leg of the owl and send it on its way: "Bring it to father, Ares. Hurry, we do not have much time."

Lucius Malfoy and his wife Narcissa lounged relaxed in front of a blazing fire as Ares arrived. Surprised both looked up, it was quite unusual for Draco to send so late a letter, instead of waiting to the weekend, where he often got the opportunity to spend it at home with them.

Something must have happened. I do hope Draco is all right.", voiced Narcissa her worries.

"I'm sure he is safe, Darling. Severus has always kept an watchful eye on his godson.", calmed Lucius his wife.

After reading the letter, his face getting whiter. "Lucius, what has happened?", inquired Narcissa. He hasn't said anything after reading the short letter, this was highly unusual.

"I have to go to Hogwarts and speak to Severus. He acted very strange in the Potions Class, I have to make sure that he is well."

"Should I accompany you?"

"No, stay here. I'll will come back as soon as I can. I only hope that this is a false alarm. Should something happened to Severus, I couldn't live with it."

"But who would harm him?"

"Haven't I told it you, already? Oh, than I have forgotten to mention it. The old coot hired Lupin to teach DADA."

"Lupin, isn't he a werewolf?"

"Yes, and he forced Severus to be silent about it. Not even the board knows about this furry little problem, and I can't do anything, when I want to keep Severus safe."

"What do you mean?"

"The old coot was very clear in his statements, if I tell them about it, then Severus would be incarcerated in Azkaban."

"What? He does cleared him himself during Severus' trial."

"I know, but I can't risk it. Severus is like my own brother. We have to find a way to get rid of the old coot, without endangering Severus. It won't be easy."

"You do not think, that he harmed Severus regularly?"
"I'm not sure, Severus is never open about the meetings with the old coot. He always refuse to see a healer, when he spends the holidays with us. Therefore we do not have any proof for or against it."

"Go Lucius, and speak to him. Should it be necessary we can always use Rita Skeeter to destroy the old man. Nobody else is so good in finding dirty secrets."

"You're right, Narcissa. That would be the best method to get rid of him."

"She could be interested to have an interview with Sev. I do think he is the only Potions Master who have never a deadly accident in all his teaching years at Hogwarts."

"Good idea, but make sure, that she can't destroy his reputation. Rita Skeeter may be a useful ally, I do not trust her at all."

"You can be sure, that I will be very careful, before I make any kind of contract with her. I would even make sure that she can't use one of her quick spell quills."

"I'll see you later, Narcissa. Bye"

"Goodbye Lucius, take care of Severus."

"Always, I will nobody let harm him unnecessary.", promised Lucius his wife.

He takes a pinch of the floo powder and calls: Severus Snape quarters' Hogwarts. Without a single glance back he stepped into the green flames, which brought him to his goal.

Severus relaxed with a glass of Merlot and an ancient book about Potions theories, as Lucius Malfoy flooed into his quarters. "Lucius what an unexpected surprise. How can I help you?"

"Are you well, Severus?"

"What do you mean? Have a seat, do you want a glass wine?"

"Yes, please. Answer my question, Sev."

"I am quite well, let me guess Draco send you a letter about our potions class."

"He did, he said you acted strange and treated them like toddler." Severus looked at him, before chuckling and laughed wholeheartedly.

"Sev?"

"I'm fine, you do not need to worry. But I want to show them, that I won't tolerate another reckless behavior in potions."

"I don't understand?"

"In the last years they have gone overboard. Draco's class is the worst of them. The others have already understand that you don't throw random ingredients in other cauldrons."

"Are you sure that you not overreacted?"
"No, I do not. Last week these dunderheads decided to throw again firecrackers into potions. It was bad enough in second year, as we studied swelling solutions. But we do know handle brand salves and more volatile potions. That's not a game, Lucius."

"I see, how bad is it?"

"Would Sluggy still teach, we would have lost the half class. And the old coot refuse to listen. I do not want to teach Gryffindors and Slytherins in Potions. They always tend to egg themselves on. "Hufflepuff & Gryffindor would be okay. Or even Ravenclaw & Gryffindors."

"And you can't change it?"

Not without Dumbledore's approval. But I do get even with the old coot. He won't be able to speak for weeks. I have coated his blasted lemon drops with a new potion from me, that lead to temporally lost of voice. It is tasteless and they will not even be able to detect the magical signature of the brewer."

"How do you manage it?"

"Quite easy, he got a voucher for his jubilee as Headmaster with a big sweet box from Honeydukes. My personal house elf, Sneaky, was very helpful and sworn to secrecy."

"Narcissa will be glad to hear, that you're well. She wants you to get a thoroughly checkup by our personal healer."

"That's not necessary, Lucius."

"Severus, do not budge, she will not let it be, until you agree to it."

"And if I refuse?"

"Do I have you do remind of the last shopping trip, you have to do as a penance for skipping the date she planned for you."

"She wouldn't?"

"She would, it will be over soon, and you have your peace for the next six months at least, Sev."

"I want a written degree that she won't try any kind of matchmaking again, If I agree to that farce."

"I talk to her. Do you come to the manor this weekend?"

"Wait a second, yes I have time. Luckily I have no Hogsmeadeduty for the next 2 months."

"Then it is settled. Goodbye Sev, I'll see you on Saturday."

"Bye Lucius, give Narcissa my regards."

"Will do."

After Lucius' leaving, Severus blocked his floo and went to bed. He will needed his strength to be
able to stay ahead of Dumbledore's manipulations and Lupin's aggravating presence in the castle.
Dark Lord interlude

Chapter Summary

A little interlude about Voldemort and two of his most loyal DE in Bucharest. He is back and he wants his precious.

Dark Lord interlude

In a decrepit manor near Bucharest the infamous Dark Lord Voldemort waited on News from Wizarding Britain. Although he usually wanted to wait longer and used the obnoxious Potterbrat for his resurrection, his loyal followers Barty Crouch Jr. and Ruben Yaxley had managed to find him in Albania and stopped him to overthink his plans.

"We can always grab the Potterbrat at a later time, Master.", crowed Barty. "We have found another victim for you and even a senile Potions Master to mix the required Potion for you, Master."

"And who will you use for it?"

"We have found a direct descendant of Vlad Draculea III. my lord. It will give you an additional boost to your immense powers and recreate you faster than if we use someone else."

"Good, very good work, Yaxley. I want to go back as soon as possible to England. My Precious should be safe. They haven't locate him yet?"

"No Master, they are still clueless after all that time.", smirked Barty.

"As it should be. The next ritual should be held on Samhain, it is time to take back what is rightfully mine."

"As you wish, Master. What should we do with Fudge?"

"That fool is still Minister of Magic?"

"Yes, Master, he is so blind that he believes everything what Lucius spouts."

"We will go tomorrow to the Gringotts branch in Bucharest, I have to claim some Lordships and we will take a closer look, if it's possible to legally claim Hogwarts."

"My Lord, do you think it's possible?", asked Barty awed.

"I'm quite sure of it, after all how many other direct heirs can the old coot draw of the sorting hat.", smirked Voldemort heinously.

"After we reached England, make sure that Rita Skeeter started her campaign against Dumbledore. Everything of his past have to be drawn out. And do not forget his former lovers. I want that the name of Dumbledore will be unsavoury for any cultivated wizard in the whole world. He should never again be revered for his past."
In Hogwarts was Severus rudely awakened at 3 a.m. Something sinister has changed, but he wasn't quite sure what has happened. Half sleeping his look fell on his Dark Mark and he was shocked, because clearly readable were the words written in blood red Parsel "My Precious" - the result of a darkritual that the Dark Lord has used him for as he was firstly initiated to the Death Eaters. Whenever he was nearby or when he has a real body, the words would be visible again. And it works as a beacon, as Severus wasn't be able to hide anywhere from him. His days of freedom were numbered and the future looked bleak.

The punishment of Lord Voldemort were always harsh and he wouldn't hesitate to collar him with an obedience collar and limit his range to a single property after the wishes of his dark Master, should he only assume Severus would have been disloyal in the 13 years, since his demise. Not even the Prince Lordship could protect him from any repercussions. He was bonded to the Dark Lord and nothing seems able to break that bond. Severus wasn't able to find anything and not even the Goblins could have helped him in that endeavour.
Prepare the classroom

Chapter Summary

Severus prepared the classroom for his special lessons with the Third Years. And he tried to ignore the signs that Voldemort has already a new body again.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Prepare the classroom

At 6.30 a.m Severus woke up and began to prepare for the new day. Since the unwelcome surprise of the last night, he took special care to hide the dark mark and the inscription on his left wrist under a special silver cuff, that he bought for that occasion.

An added bonus was that because of the material the werewolf wouldn't touch him, if he could prevent it. Whistling Severus strolled to his classroom, that he has reserved for 3rd Gryffindors/Slytherins and began to prepare him accordingly to his plans.

Should only one student misbehave, will they find soon out, what for consequences the dour Potions Master kept in his store. A message on the dungeon door informed the rest of his students (1st-2nd and 4th years will be located in Potions classroom B and 5th-7th year will be placed in Potions classroom C), that their lessons will take place in one of the other two potions classrooms. No need to exhaust himself unnecessarily.

With a spring in his step he strode to the Great Hall. At that early time most of the teacher and students wouldn't be here, and that was the way Severus preferred it. He sat down on his usual seat and within seconds he got a mug of black coffee in front of him. Grateful nodding he enjoyed the first taste of the strong coffee and decided his next step.

Dumbledore wouldn't be able to interfere, for that was Sneaky responsible, they special prepared lemon drops, which the house elf left on the desk in the headmaster's office would ensure that he can't utter a single word at least for a week.

In the meantime in Bucharest, the Dark Lord was ready to go to bed, but something was amiss. "Where is my plushie? I can't sleep without the plushie of my precious."

"We find it, Master. Trust in us.", grovelled Yaxley. He knew exactly what happened the last time, that plushie was missing, four rounds of crucios and a nightlong sessions of torture for all DE which have been ordered there beforehand. No, he and Barty could happily foregone that special treatment of their lord and master.

"Have you seen it?", he hissed to Barty?

"No, but I have found Nagini, I will bring her to him, maybe it helps to distract him."

"We can't reach England soon enough, he will much calmer, when he gets Severus back."
"I do agree. Is he still teaching at Hogwarts?"

"As far as I know, he still works for the old coot. I wasn't there for his trial, I only know that it was a closed sessions and he got a few stipulations for his probation. I can't even say if they probation is over yet, maybe Lucius will know it."

"We need a portkey to get Severus here, we would be much more at ease, when we're able to manage that."

"True, but not possible, not without a very good reason."

"He is starting to crucio us, I would deem that a very good reason.", huffed Barty.

"Yes, but the master want his return to keep a secret. So we can't use it anyway."

"Good Morning, Minerva." greeted Severus his colleague. "Morning, Severus, why do you look so happy?" "I thought, you know me better, Minerva. I do not do happy.", replied Severus after nursing his second cup of coffee.

Lupin stumbled in, bleary eyed and not quite awake, yet. As he almost was at his sitting place, he tripped and felled on Severus left arm. With a hiss he drew back, starred wide eyed at his burning flesh. "You imbecile. Do you ever use your eyes for anything.", growled Severus before he left the room.

Chapter End Notes

http://usako-chan.deviantart.com/art/Severus-Snape-194211401

For all readers who wanted to know, how the Snape-Plushie of Voldemort looked like
Listen to the teacher or pay the prize

Chapter Summary

The first official lessons after Severus has changed the rules and prepared his classroom. Who will be first fallen victim to the fresh prepared classroom?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Listen to the teacher or pay the prize

Harry and his friends sat very subdued at their table and concentrating on eating their breakfast, while Fred and George tried to get a rise from them. "You have double potions after breakfast, right?", asked Fred.

"Don't remind me.", groaned Ron he tried to forget the last potion lesson and hoped nevertheless that the twins would show once mercy with them. But, their luck seems to run out.

"How could we, Brother mine. You have written history, don't you know it?", grinned George wickedly.

"What do you mean, George?"

"How often did we have to tell you, I'm not George, I'm Forge and he is Gred.", commented George grinning.

"Whatever, could you explain it.", growled Ron.

"Sure, I can. You're the first year who ever manage to anger Snape so much, that he changed his curriculum."

"You're joking, right?", asked Harry baffled.

"Nope, sure we have done a lot of things in his class, experimenting with our potions, annoying Slytherins, but never ever did he change his curriculum before."

"Any hints, about getting back in Snape's good graces?", wanted Hermione desperately to know. She didn't fancy any trouble with the professors, especially if it could be lead to a permanent mark in her grades and that would destroy her perfect score.

"Sorry, can't help you, Mione, if the greasy Dungeon Bat decided something, nothing and nobody can change his mind, just keep your head down and it will soon be over."

"What, how should we prepare for the exams, when he treated us like toddlers."

"Studying and hoping that he will be merciful with your group, Mione."
"We're busted, he won't change his mind.", moaned Ron.

As they stand up to leave for the class, they suddenly stopped and looked unbelieving to the two house elves which materialized themselves in front of the table. "Master Potions Master send us. We is to escorting the wee children to their lesson.", answered Sneaky, speaking like an uneducated house elf and having a lot of fun with it.

"We do not need an escort.", cried Hermione aggravated.

"You do, toddler not allowed to walk alone through the castle.", answered Sneaky unfazed. He like those kind of orders. And the dark humour of his master.

"Hurry, or no snack for naughty toddler." commanded Sneaky.

"Professor" tried Hermione again to prevent the humiliating escort. Alas Professor McGonnagall wasn't willing to help them.

"Ms Granger stop that whining at once. When Professor Snape ordered an escort by house elf, than you have to follow those instructions."

The Slytherins looked stoic and followed silent their house elf, no one of them would willingly try to aggravate their Head of House, his punishments were the basis of horrific nightmares and something which they avoid at all costs.

Silent they entered the classroom and stared astonished at the wall near the blackboard. There was a line of posters with each name and additional information on it. And two subject lines – naughty toddler – nice toddler.

Speechless the students slumped into their chairs and looked at each other, what should that mean? And where was their professor?

Severus watched them smirking from the shadows, he enjoyed their unbalanced acting. "Good, let the games begin." with a little wandless magic the door closed loudly.

Surprised the students jump from their seats and looked wild around. This commotion used Severus to step from the shadows in the front of the class room.

Instead of speaking directly to his students he looked to the two elves, who still waiting on further instructions.

"Did they behave?"

"Mostly, Master Potions Master", answered Sneaky smirking. "

Really, for whom was it to difficult to follow simple rules?", inquired Severus with a raised eyebrow.

"Bushy haired girl complained to other professors about new rules."

"Indeed. Tsk, tsk Ms Granger, are you deaf?"

"What?"
"Should I use one-syllable words, so that you understand, what I have said?", replied Severus dryly.

"I am capable of leading a conversation, Professor.", huffed Hermione.

"Certainly not, if you are not able to follow simple instructions Ms Granger. It seems as if you try to be as difficult as you can be. What a bratty behaviour and it shows clearly that you are a very naughty toddler."

"I'm not toddler." cried Hermione, but this triggered the hidden charms, with which Severus has prepared the room this morning. Within seconds a blazing light blended the students and after his abrupt disappearance they looked astonished at Hermione. Instead of her school uniform she was now clothed into a red-gold onesie, a red pacifier in her mouth and a pink bib completed the new outfit.

"This unnecessary outbreak will be noted and cost you five points on the naughty toddler column, Ms Granger. No dessert for you today."

Wide-eyed the students looked at their professor. What had happened, but nobody had the courage to interrupt him, as they do not want find themselves in similar embarassing outfits. Before Hermione could utter a word, a camera appeared in front of her out of thin air and took rapidly photos of her in the shameful toddler-outfit.

"See to it, that you change in the correct uniform after the lesson Ms Granger. This isn't a nursery, but a classroom." Hermione tried to say something, however to her dismay only wailing and stuttering left her lips. "Mira, inform Madam Pomfrey that she is needed her at once. It wouldn't be wise to let her use the floo on her own, she is much too young for that."

"Yes, Master Potions Master.", answered Mira and popped away to submit the message to the school nurse.

Chapter End Notes

House points for everyone who is able to tell from which movie the quote is "Listen to teacher"
Comforting Neville

Chapter Summary

Severus shows a new side of his character in the classroom, as he comforted Neville during Potions.

Comforting Neville

Not even five minutes later the floo flared green and Madame Pomfrey entered the classroom. "What is the matter, Severus? Another accident?"

"You can say it. As you can see Ms Granger was unable to follow some simple rules. Would it be possible to take her to the hospital wing, so that she can have a bottle with formula and a much needed nap."

"Er, yes, that would be for the best. Come Ms Granger, take my hand."

"Today you will make a simple cheer-me-up-potion. Nothing can happen, if you follows the instructions in your books. Begin."

Silent the students began to work in their assigned groups. Everything was at peace as halfway through the lesson, Neville's knife slipped and cut deep into his hand. Involuntarily the boy hissed, tears threatened to fall. Before someone else could react, Professor Snape was beside him. Carefully he removed the knife from the stiffened hand of the boy, and take the injured hand careful between his.

"Hush, child. No need to cry .", he murmured as he healed the wound without the use of his wand. And before Neville got a chance to realise what had happened, Severus used a feather-light-charm on him and scoop him up in his arms, before settling the boy on his hips.

Rubbing soothing circles on his back, Severus took the knife and the needed plant for the potion and placed it before him. "Take a closer look, Neville. There is no need to rush, You are allowed to take your time, as you do it when growing a plant.", he explained to him. Wrapping the fingers of Neville around the knife and enclosed them with his own, he showed him deliberately, how to cut the plant, without cutting himself.

"See, it is quite soothing to do it like this, Mr. Longbottom."

"Yes, Sir." agreed a bewildered Neville, still grabbing unconscious the robe of Professor Snape.

"Good, very good. Can you stand on your own, or do you need more time?"

"I can try."

"Good boy", praised Severus him, which was completely new for the shy and clumsy student. No one of his family has ever called him a good boy. He was the half-squib for his Great-Uncle Algie and a disappointment for his Grandmother Augusta, who bemoaned it, that he wasn't an exactly copy of his father.
Relaxing in the comforting embrace of his professor, Neville leaned back and chose to enjoy it, who knows how long he would allow it him, to be cuddled in such a way. Five minutes later he feels the grip loosened.

"I will put you down, Neville. Don't be afraid."

"Won't be afraid, professor.", mumbled Neville a little bit drowsy. A small upturning of his lips was the only outward sign of Severus' amusement.

"You got still time, to finish it. Use it.", he advised him, as he put him carefully back on his feet. A short ruffling of Neville's hair and he walked away from the student's desk.

Harry had watch the whole exchange wide-eyed. Never before has he seen the bat of the dungeons so human. "Did he really have a heart?", mused the raven-haired boy.

Walking back to the front of the classroom, Severus cleared his throat and announced: "Those who have finished the potion, filled a sample in a potion vial, write your name clearly on it and bring it to my desk. I'll grade them later." "Yes, professor", replied the class.

"Afterwards you can clean your work station and you will be escorted to your next lesson. Every adequate made potion will be rewarded with 5 points for the houses. Go on."

Silently the students followed his orders and within minutes the work stations were impeccably clean again. "Class dismissed."

After the last student has left the classroom, a small smile was shortly visible on Severus' face. "That went well. I can't wait to show those picture to Minerva and the other staff members. But I have to go now, my Potions OWL-course started in 15 minutes and it's a stiff walk to the other classroom. No sense in delaying it any longer.", mused the professor as he noxed the lights and closed the door silently.
**DE want to break free**

Chapter Summary

It is time to take a closer look on the imprisoned DE in Azkaban. Are they still sane or are 13 years in near vicinity of Dementors more than enough to cost everyone their sanity? What are required to get a Dark Lord to sleep? Ask his loyal minions.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**DE want to break free**

Azkaban the Wizard Prison in the North Sea was to be known as the gloomiest place in the Western Hemisphere. If it was not the cold, that chilled the marrow in the bone, than it was the steady presence of the dementors which was responsible for the loss of happy memories.

Alas, this time no one would be able to subdue them again. Bellatrix and Rodolphus have watched in awe as their dark marks turn darker and a sinister smile mirrored on both faces. "He is back, Bella. You know what that mean, do you?"

"Yes, we will be free at last and Wizarding Britain will be tremble under his leadership.", nodded Bellatrix.

"Oy, brother mine, why do you look so gloom?", asked Rabastan smirking.

"I'm not gloom, just imagining what we will do first, after getting rid of this dump.", snarked Rodolphus back.

"What could that be?"

"Looking for my daughter, you nitwit", growled Rodolphus. "And killing Moody."

"You're going for the kill, alone or can other join in on the fun?", inquired Rabastan.

"A team of DE, we will capture him and show him what real Death Eaters are capable of, he cost my our twins."

"You never told me ..."

"What, that this swine harmed Bella so much during their torture session, that she lost our twins."

"And we will make him pay for Evan's death." snarled Bellatrix.

"True, never thought Severus had the guts to attack him. It was a sight to behold." "The celebrations afterwards will I never forget.", agreed Rabastan as he remember their great feast to celebrate Beltane.

"Do you really trust him?", interrupt Bellatrix the brothers.

"Of course, why shouldn't we?" "Have you already forgotten, that he didn't take the Dark Mark
willingly. Our Lord captured him through his snatchers and prepared the ritual for this occasion. Snape fought the whole time, even as he branded him and invoke the bond to bound him for eternity to our Master."

"But he is his property. He will never be able to escape him, Bella.", tried Rabastan to calm her down.

"Maybe, but he hasn't broken him yet. He should have done it, this defiance is unbearable.", muttered Bella.

In his dank cell listened Sirius Black confused to the talk of the Lestranges. "Can't be, he was always a bad person.", huffed the animagus. "He's Snivellus, and a dark wizard, nothing will change that."

"He have to placed a geas on him, so he couldn't stay to long from him without suffering excruciating pain. And even then Snape tried to rebelled against our lord.", added Rodolphus.

"Wouldn't our master reward those highly who make sure that he gets Severus back.", asked Rabastan.

"Good thinking, Rabastan. Let's grab him as soon as we are out of this hellhole. And Lucius would loose his power in the inner circle, as he would never be willing to hand him over to our Lord and Master.", praised Bella a sickening smile visible on her face.

"Yeah, why did he intervene again?"butted Rodolphus in. "If you want to believe the stuck-up he'll viewed him as a younger brother.", declared Bellatrix freely.

All three looked surprised up as a charmed message arrived in front of them:

"Be prepared, your endurance is over. Fudge comes tomorrow for his yearly inspection. Two of our ranks will accompany him and we have our wands with us. A Portkey is already prepared to take you to our Masters' side."

"Tomorrow we will be free again, let's go to sleep, so that we're ready to play a bit with our guests.", suggested Rodolphus.

"Yes, it's late and we will need our wit to get out of the cells. Hey Bella, maybe you can play with your cousin, too."

"Yes, Rabastan, we should include him in those festivities.", smiled Bella inauspiciously.

In spite of himself Sirius couldn't prevent a shudder as he heard those three lunatics casually talking about playing with their guests. He already knew what a sadistic bitch his dearest cousin Bella could be. And Rodolphus and Rabastan were exactly the same. He hadn't any kind of interest to become their plaything, but what could he do? Transforming into his animagus form may be helpful to keep the dementors at bay, but Bella had never had any problems to stun animals and torture them afterwards. Even worser they would get their wands back and Bella like to crucio everything living in near vicinity.

In Bucharest Yaxley and Barty searched still desperately for the plushie. "Have you found it yet?"

"No, but wait. What is that?", mumbled Barty – a small black crystal on a golden chain glittered in the light. As he touched it a song could be heard: "Sleep Voldie sleep..."
"Take it to him, quick.", ordered Yaxley, "I'll keep looking for that godforsaken plushie, but this could really help us greatly.

"I'm on my way.", agreed Barty and run with the chain to Voldemort's bedroom.

He braced himself before entering the darkened room: "Master I have a gift for you. This will help you to sleep well."

"What is it, Barty."

"Listen to it, Master. It is quite unique." Warily took Voldemort the chain and touched the black crystal. Once more the song was to be heard.

"That voice, it's from my precious. Well done, Barty. You are dismissed."

"I only live to serve you, my Darkness.", answered Barty before leaving the bedroom.

Voldemort pulled the chain above his head so that the black crystall lies near his heart. Another touch was enough to reactive the song, imbued in the crystal.

_________________

The Dark Lord Lullaby:

Sleep Voldie sleep,

Nobody has enter your hidden keep.

Keep your plushie in your arm,

It will help to keep you warm.

Not a single sound is uttered from a Death Eaters' lips,

And you can be feeling your precious thin hips.

Don't let him go,

Just follow the flow.

Everything is as it should be,

Nothing harass you, not even the senile bumblebee.

Dream about your great plans for wizard-kind,

Nobody else has such a devious mind.

Sleep Voldie sleep,

You can always later sacrifice some non-magical sheep.

The night is almost over,

Time to search for you four-leaf clover.
Fortuna smiles only for you,

Isn’t that a reason to coo?

Your precious is waiting within your reach,

Are you ready to show the world, what you’re willing to teach?

Chapter End Notes

Snape-plushie by usako-chan-d37mmh5 - For those of you who want to know what Lord Voldemort's plushie is, be my guest.

Unfortunately not for sale - it has even a Dark Mark.

And House points as well, when you are able to tell the Band and the correct title, which has been mentioned in the headline of the chapter.
Repercussions

Chapter Summary

Severus experiences an unexpected relapse as the geas react once again. Can Sneaky and the Malfoys help him to avoid Voldemort's clutches?

Repercussions

At dinner that evening the whole school buzzed with the latest information from 3rd years Gryffindors/Slytherins Potions Class.

"And suddenly Granger was wearing an onesie including a bib and even a pacifier.", explained Cho Chang to her friends at the Ravenclaw table.

"What, you can't be serious.", cried Marietta, her best friend.

"I am, I have seen her later in the hospital wing. She even got a bottle to drink from it."

"But that's not all, he carried Longbottom on his hip, like a toddler. Caressed and soothed him as well.", could be heard from Hufflepuff.

"Snape, I didn't think he got a heart?"

"When where you last in his office, he always got some in those jars."

"Trying to be funny, Lee?"

"Why are you so surprised?"

"Why, because that's not him.", screamed another Hufflepuff student annoyed.

"Are you glad for that ruckus, Severus.", asked Minerva miffed.

"Should I be?", smirked Severus.

"Was it really necessary to humiliate Ms. Granger in front of the class?"

"I never did anything, Minerva, my wand was the whole time in my sleeve.", replied Severus. "But, as you mentioned Ms. Granger, take a look at those interesting pictures."

Still smirking gave he Minerva the pictures from Hermione in her Gryffindor-onesie. "It suits her quite well, don't you agree."

"How could you?"

"Who said it was me? They were warned that their behaviour would have consequences, Minerva."

"Have you seen Albus?" asked Remus Lupin.

"Yes, he went to the hospital wing, can you tell us the reason, Poppy?"
"No real reason, he got a problem with his voice, but the diagnostic spell couldn't find anything. I have advised him to reduce his workload and not eat so many sweets."

"Severus, I want to know something, why have I gotten burned this morning, after I came into contact with your left arm?", inquired Lupin.

"Nothing you need to know, wolf."

"What, I do have a right to know it."

"No, excuse me, I have to grade some essays for my classes. I see you tomorrow.", remarked Severus before he strides from the Great Hall.

After reaching his chambers, he breathed in and summoned his house elf: "Sneaky, third batch tomorrow."

"Yes, Master. You got post Master, I have laid them on your desk."

"Good, I'll study them later. I have to grade essays and later hall patrol between 2 and 3 a.m. Wake me and bring me a cup of coffee at 1.30 a.m."

"Yes, Master."

However as he reached his desk an excruciating pain make him doubled over. Gasping he tried to keep the pain at bay. "No, it should have been broken years ago. Why now?"

"Master?" Sneaky was returned and stared incredulously at her master. He was in pain, how could she help him. "Master?"

"Third shelve, golden potion", commanded Severus, steadying himself at his chair.

"I'll bring it to you, Master."

She returned with the potion and was ordered to spell it directly into Severus, which lead to a gradually subsiding of the pain. "Thank you, Sneaky."

"Master should rest, sleep will help against the pain."

"I can't I have papers to grade and..."

"No, Master you rest, I'll spell a quill to grade those essays. If you don't listen, I'll stick you to the bed for the next two days."

"Who do you think you are, my keeper?"

"I can always inform Master Lucius and Mistress Narcissa."

"Don't you dare. I do not want them to know about it."

"Then comply, Master."

"Fine, but this is a non-recurring exception. Try it again, and you get clothes."

"Yes, Master.", smirked Sneaky. She knows too well, that he would never follow through with that threat. She was his elf and knows him best to not make a too great fuss, when he needed help or
The Malfoys have already spoken after Lucius returned from his meeting with Severus. Although Narcissa wasn't completely at ease with the situation, she knew that Severus would be too stubborn to accept any kind of help. The darkening of the Dark Mark couldn't be ignored either. Therefore she searched another talk with her husband, as this situation was worrying her. This sick obsession of Voldemort had already destroyed their dour friend once.

"What can we do?"

"I don't know, Narcissa. I am afraid that the Dark Lord wouldn't let Severus leave, when he should be called again. He is so obsessed with him, he even placed a geas on him, to prevent his long term absence from the side of our Master."

"You never told me about it?"

"I thought it wasn't necessary. Severus never admitted to any nasty side effects of those enchantments. Yes, he didn't become willing a DE and what they have done to him was the reason, that Evan, Regulus and I took the Dark Mark as well. We wouldn't want him at the mercy of the crazier Slytherins. You know how you sister treat the majority and she never liked him."

"True, but can't you do anything to help him?"

"I don't think so, not even the goblins were able to break the enchantment completely. The only good thing that the blasted Potter boy have ever done, was the vanquishing of the Dark Lord. But now he is back, and he will not let Severus left alone. We can't even hide him, his Dark Mark is different from ours. Our Master knows everytime where to find him."

Both turned their head as Sneaky popped in front of them: "Master is hurt, needed the golden potion for his pains."

"What, did you say?", exclaimed Lucius."The golden potion is only to be used when the geas is activated. When did that happen."

"Two days ago, Master Lucius."

"The same time as our marks has darken again."

"Exactly, he have to wear a silver cuff over it, you could even detect writing in parsletongue."

"How is he?"

"He is asleep, I have send him to bed, he was totally exhausted."

"Cancel his lessons for the next 4 days, he have to recover and he wouldn't do it at Hogwarts. Can you bring him here, at 7 a.m. we will prepare his usual room for him."

"Yes, Master Lucius, I will do it. Who hurt him?"

"I am not allowed to speak about it, Sneaky, and you shouldn't try to avenge him. Not without his permission."

"As you wish, Master Lucius."

"Sneaky, can you contact the castle itself?"
"Yes, Mistress Narcissa, Sneaky can do it. Hogwarts likes snarky Master Severus."

"Ask the castle for extra protection for him. No one should be able to abduct him or harm him in any way. She should install extra ward to deny access for those who wear the Dark Mark. The only exception are Severus and Lucius because of their occupation."

"I will do it, Mistress Narcissa. Will you take care of him?"

"We will, Sneaky. Draco should spend the next weekend with us as well. We have to be extremely carefully."

Furiously looked Narcissa at her husband. "Lucius you have better find a way to help Severus to get rid of both the Dark Mark and this suffocating geas. Or so Lady Magic help me, I will kill the Dark Lord myself."

"Yes, Narcissa, I will ask the goblins for help, they are the best versed into this ancient ways of magic. I will not let my little brother be the helpless victim in the clutches of a madman. And when the old coot only think to interfere, I would with pleasure send him through the veil."

The Geas has been reactivated and Severus knows that this is only the beginning. At least he got two supporters who aren't willing to let Voldie get his clutches again into the dour Potions Master.
Let's play

Chapter Summary

The DE escaped from Azkaban with two hostages. What will this mean for Severus and his friends?

Chapter Notes

As already mentioned, this is an AU - Igor Karkaroff was never able to rat the other inner Circle DE out, as they have discover his betrayal way earlier and killed him, before he could utter a single name. Severus has been tried as a DE and has been cleared by Dumbledore from any suspicion.

Severus was never a willing DE, but has been forced to serve an obsessed Dark Lord or his friends would pay the prize for his defiance. He never worked as a spy for the old coot

Let's play

The next morning, 30th September 1993, was a day that Cornelius Fudge always dreaded. It was the appointed date for the yearly inspection of Azkaban Prison. For safety reason he would be accompanied by John Dawlish and the Unspeakable Augustus Rookwood. Luckily for the Death Eater they have managed to kill the traitor Igor Karkaroff before he could utter a single name of them to the Wizengamot. And to protect their most important secret, the importance of Severus Snape for the Dark Lord. Nobody besides the Death Eaters could know about it.

Rookwood was one of a few chosen who enjoyed the utmost confidence of their dark master. Severus Snape was essential for him in more pressing matters then he would be willing to understand. His lineage and his hidden talents were only tiny scratches on the surface. To force the young man to be at his side, Voldemort wouldn't hesitate to wager a war on heaven and hell. And he wouldn't hesitate to break him, when Severus wasn't willing to submitting totally to him with his body and mind, now that the Dark Lord has returned at last.

"Morning John, did you get your packages?"

"I did.", smirked John Dawlish. "And I got more. At least two of those Lethe Potions and one vǫkr tarnal, which would be brewed by Prince Labs."

"Why did you chose these?"

"They are the best. I thought we could use the second one for our unwilling Potions Master."

"Good thinking, how strong?"

"Stronger then the normal Imperius curse.", bragged Rookwood. "Even stronger than the usually..."
used *liquid imperio* only our Lord could cancel the effect of the potion, when he wished it."

"Everything worked out?" wanted Dawlish to know.

"Oh yes, that compulsion works like a charm. Dear old Lucius had no other choice than to slip the diary of our lord into the cauldron of that blood-traitor. Never see it coming.", smirked Rookwood.

"Good, dear old Lucius is still too loyal to Severus for that matter. He would never hand him over. And to claim Imperius was a slippery excuse."

"True, but he still got Fudge in his pockets. Wonder why he doesn't run with his family. "You have to ask, Augustus? Because of Severus, he sees him as family."

"Should that mean, he would be devastated, when Severus should be ripped from his side?", requested Rookwood.

"Oh yes, I always wanted to see that smug bastard to take down a peg or two."

"And whoever managed to bring Severus back to our Lord will be rewarded well?"

"Sure, Augustus. We have to track him down, at Hogwarts it would be hard to get him, but outside he should be fair game.", declared John Dawlish.

"How does that potion work?"

"One drop on the skin is more than enough.", explained Dawlish. "Minimal contact to activate its contents. And the best is, even when you mind register what is happening, you will be utter helpless to defend yourself against its effects."

"Good, exactly what we need to secure him for our Master.", praised Rookwood.

"You know that Black is still in Azkaban, right, August?"

"Really, it was so hilarious, Dumbledore sacrificed the only one who was really loyal to Potter."

"True, but he never even got a trial, not do they even bother to check his arm for the mark."

"Ah, but we were already prepared for it, John. We had modified a temporary Dark Mark, so that no doubts would be voiced from the Wizengamot.", smirked Augustus.

"A plan from our Master?"

"Yes, to further weaken the Ministry and those order of fried chicken from the old coot. Everyone of his people we got a hold of, would be treated with our little gift."

Both men walked silently to the office of Minister Fudge, soon their brethren will be free and chaos will reign once more. And when the people will call for a saviour, then Lord Voldemort will be the one who offers graciously to help, in exchange for a price.

"Good Morning, Minister, we should escort you today and protect you should it be necessary.", greeted Dawlish devoutly.

"Gentlemen, I am glad to hear it. Both of you are accomplished duellists, am I right?"

"Yes, Minister, we are more than capable to fulfil this task by all necessary means.", replied
Dawlish graciously.

"Good, good. We have to hurry. I do not want to be longer in Azkaban as it will be necessary."

"Understandable, Minister. Do you want to interrogate Black again, Sir?" "The traitor of the Potters. Why should I waste my time on him?"

"Maybe he knows something about the future plans of his master. Isn't the Potterboy now attending Hogwarts. He could be planning to kidnap or even assassinate the boy for his lord."

"That would be a complete disaster."

"Yes, Minister", agreed Rookwood, "you have right as always, alas Dumbledore wouldn't be willing to listen to our warnings."

"Augustus is right, Sir. Black should have been kissed years ago. But Dumbledore prevent it. Not even a trial was announced to gain the secrets of the mind of this traitor."

"Yes, he could know so much, which would weaken his master. I have to thank you again, gentlemen, I will interrogate Black. Do one of you have Veritaserum with you?"

"Yes, Minister, I have always a small vial with me, because of my occupation.", remarked Dawlish.

At 9.30 a.m. the trio arrived at Azkaban Prison. As Fudge was no huge fan of the dementors and have this in common with the majority of Wizarding Britain. Therefore only human guards would be waiting during their visit. After their departure, which was scheduled for 12.30 p.m. the dementors would returning to their normal posts.

Still shuddering as a result of the freezing atmosphere of Azkaban the trio hurried to getting inside of the building. Another unmarked follower of Voldemort was eagerly waiting for them. He has cleverly secured the position as chef of Azkaban Prison and therefore positioned the Dementors in that way, that only non-DE would suffer their powers. Every three month he ordered Sirius Black to be brought in the isolation cell, where two Dementors were already waiting for him. 3 Hours of mental torture have broken the once proud animagus. He only dared in his cell to change into the grim, during the night hours, to keep at least a shred of his sanity.

"Director, can we start? I want to go as soon as possible.", said Fudge to Director Farquhar urgently.

"I understand perfectly well, Minister. Do you wish to inquire Black as well, today?"

"Hm, it would be for the best, as we are already here. Can you bring him to the interrogation room?"

"Yes, Minister. If you wish you can start the questioning within 10 minutes, maybe you will be able to get a confession from that traitor. And if it is possible at all, you'll should be checking his arms as well. For the completing of our archives, Minister."

"It isn't archived, whether he wears the Dark Mark or not. However our thoroughly investigations shown that only the most important member of You-Know-Whos-Followers have it."

"Yes, it is imperative that we check Black for such a mark, we will do it during the interrogation. Lead the way, Director."
"After you, Minister.", smirked Farquhar. A quick glance to Dawlish and a stunning spell later, produced an unconscious Minister. "Well done, Robert.", praised John. "Is Black still in his cell?"

"Yes, we should hurry, who will carry the oaf."

"I have a better idea, a new spell so that Bella can play with him a bit."

"What will it do, Augustus?"

"Deaging him into a toddler. There is a possibility to make it permanent else it will wear off within a day."

"How?"

"Quite easy, Robert. He will have to drink Lethe potion. He will forget everything we want him to forget.", explained Rookwood.

"Do it.", urged John.

"With pleasure – Mutare infans" intoned Augustus Rookwood, as a blue light hit the Minister and deaged him instantly.

"Hurry, we shouldn't let them wait."

"You're right John.", agreed Rookwood, carrying the toddler to the cells where the Lestranges were located.

"Hey, Bella, we got something for you.", claimed John jovial.

"Let us out, now.", growled Rodolphus.

"Always so impatient, Rod. Wait a few minutes, it is time.", calmed Rookwood the Lestranges.

"Who is that?", asked Rabastan as he noticed the infant.

"May I introduce you to Minister Cornelius Fudge."

"That toddler is Fudge."

"Yes, new deaging spell, Bella don't you want to play with him?", requested John.

"Later, what is that spell?"

"Mutare infans, why you want to use it on someone else?"

"Yes, John, open that cell."

"Miss your cousin already?"

"Hurry, John, or you'll regret it.", screamed Bellatrix.

"As you wish, my Lady.", replied John dryly, but complied nevertheless.

Sirius Black glanced shocked into Bellatrix' face. "Hello Sirius, time to play. Mutare infans" - the spell hit the animagus spot on and a toddler stared into her face. "Perfect, come to mummy, starpuppy.", said Bellatrix and grabbed him roughly.
"We have to go, time is valuable, Bella."

"We take them with us."

"Of course, Bella. But we have to go now.", urged Augustus.

They freed the other 6 DE which were imprisoned in the block as well and went to the Apparition point. "We send a message in 48 hours, Robert. You know your next orders?"

"I do, John. I will have to notify the public about a massive break-out of notorious DE at Samhain. Nobody else will check, if they are still in their cells. We can easily use Polyjuice on some of the other inmates to camouflaged your escape."

"Good, follow his directions, then we will win.", commented Rookwood, before activating the Portkey that had been sent to him by Yaxley from Bucharest.

It would bring them to a safe house in Scotland, where they will be able to recover and plan their next steps. Soon their master would be back in Britain and they would be able to get rid of his enemies.

_The DE are escaped from Azkaban and they have taken Sirius Black with them. Can he escape them or will he be forced to play House with Bellatrix Black?_
Forced Recovery

Chapter Summary

Severus has been brought by his loyal house elf Sneaky to the Malfoys, so that he can recover in peace. It doesn't matter for Narcissa that Severus isn't interested in forced bedrest. How will his snakes and the rest of Hogwarts react, after discovering that he isn't in Hogwarts anymore?

Forced Recovery

As Severus woke up in the morning, he was stunned to see, that he wasn't in his chambers in the dungeon, but in his guest room at Malfoy Manor. "Sneaky, what have you done?", asked Severus fuming.

"Only following Mistress Narcissa's order.", answered Sneaky.

"Morning Severus, how are you feeling?", intervened Narcissa.

"Why? I do not need a nursemaid. I was perfectly fine at Hogwarts."

"No, you're not Severus. Do not make me use your full name."

"You wouldn't dare."

"Try me, Severus. You will stay here and recover as long as it will takes.", replied Narcissa calm.
"And we have already let Sneaky cancelled your classes for the rest of the week."

"What, that wasn't necessary. I am perfectly capable of teaching those annoying brats.", complained Severus furious.

"You will do what I say, Severus. Or I'll stick you to that bed, if it's the only way to breach your ingrained stubbornness."

"You're not my mother. I do not need mother-coddling."

"Leave that decision to me. And if you do as I say, you can stand up tomorrow. ", said Narcissa smiling.

"I am not a child."

"Really, you act like one, Sevvie."

"Do not call me Sevvie, Cissy."

"If you behave, I wouldn't need to take the temperature with the baby thermometer, which I have saved from Draco's infancy."

Severus, after hearing that warning, swallowed harshly, he knew that Narcissa never joked about such things.

"Fine, I'll behave, Cissy. As you leave me no other choice. Infuriating woman.", snarled the dour
Potions Master.

Narcissa left the room, whereas Sneaky stayed to help her Master.

"Sneaky, when is the next full moon?"

"Tomorrow night, Master."

"Bring, Lupin the Wolfsbane, it is ready to drink, in the silver cauldron. Fill it in a goblet and bring it him at lunch. Stay there, until he has drunk it completely. Afterwards, you have to seal off the entrance of the Slytherin Common Room at the Begin of Curfew. The floo is already set on the Hospital Wing. No one of my snakes should leave, except for an emergency. Inform my prefects to makes a head-count after supper and to supervise the study groups.", ordered Snape.

"Will do, Master. Anything else?"

"Yes, Sneaky, the golden potion should be brought here, only to be on the safe side."

"Should I inform MacKitty as well?"

"Who? Ah, yes, inform Minerva that I will be unable to teach for the next few days. Someone else of them have to take my shifts for hall patrol."

"On my way, Master. Go to sleep, it will help.", answered Sneaky and popped away to Hogwarts.

In the Great Hall the breakfast was already served, but some people were still missing, the Potions Master was one of them. It was strange, as it has never happened before. No matter what happened to him, Severus was already there on time, as reliable as a good-oiled clockwork.

"Have you seen Severus, Poppy?", inquired Minerva.

"No, I haven't seen him since yesterday evening. He is always one of the first here.", replied Poppy.

"Message for Professor MacKitty.", interrupted Sneaky. Both women looked at the house elf. "Master Potions Master isn't able to teach for the rest of the week. Classes have already been cancelled. He will be recovering with family. Mistress Narcissa was very adamant about it.", told Sneaky.

"He stays at the Malfoys. What happened, Sneaky?"

"I am not allowed to tell, only can say he needed golden potion and shouldn't leave the bed for the next few hours."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, Professor MacKitty, Sneaky have to make sure Professor Wolfie takes his medicine at lunch today. You should observe it as well. Master doesn't trust him at all. Precautions for full moon have been arranged for Slytherin House. It would be most advisable if the other Houses followed Slytherin's lead. We do not want any accidents, because of students, who often ignores curfew.", announced Sneaky pompously.

"What was he thinking?", cried Lupin.

"He is indisposed for a few days, Remus. Are you surprised that he want to prevent any
unwelcoming surprises.", admonished him Poppy. She hasn't forgotten that Severus was almost turned by Lupin in his sixth year. And how despicable Dumbledore has acted in regards to Severus. Lupin wouldn't get any leeway with the stern matron.

"Have you seen it, Draco? Professor Snape is missing."

"I see, maybe that's Longbottom faults. He was the one who was carried on his hip yesterday."

replied Draco to Pansy.

"What, do you seriously think that Longbottom is contagious?", nagged Pansy.

"I do not know, but it's not Uncle Sev's style to miss his classes. He was fine yesterday, I'll have to tell my father."

"Are you sure, that you aren't a crybaby, Malfoy.", smirked Blaise – all of Slytherin House had the misfortune to hear that sentence very frequently.

"Stuff it, Zabini, my parents may know something about it. We're practically family in all but blood.", growled Draco enraged.

Before another one could egg him further on, the eagle owl of the Malfoys landed in front of the boy. "See, a message from my parents.", exclaimed Draco, took it carefully from the owl and handed him some of his bacon in exchange.

"Dear Draco,

We do not want to worry you. Your Godfather will spend the rest of the week with us, because of medicinal reasons. We invite you to come this weekend, too, should you wish it. You do not need to worry, he will recover in time. Your mother will take care of him, should the need arise.

Keep your head up, Draco. We have our utmost faith in you.

Yours sincerely,

Lucius Abraxas Malfoy"

"What did they write, Draco?", wanted Theo to know. Severus was his most favoured teacher and always there, when he needed someone to talk. "He is staying at my parents for the rest of the week to recover from some kind of sickness. If I wish, I'll can come home and visit them. I do hope he gets well soon.", reported Draco.

"He stays at your home? Then it have to be something serious. We have to be on our best behaviour for our Head of House. Nobody else gives a damn about us. And it would be the best course of action, if we could write him some get-well cards.", suggested Gemma Farley, one of the Slytherin Prefects.

"Good idea, Gemma, we can do it in the free period. I do hope, he will able to recover soon. Or they will send the next crackpot the old coot is able to find.", mumbled Draco.

"What do you mean, Draco?", asked Pansy.

"Before Uncle Sev started teaching, Potions class was very dangerous. Sluggy never seemed to care what happened, and a lot of students were heavily injured. In all the years of his teaching, no one died, which have hold Hogwarts in a top spot for the wizarding school around the globe.", explained Draco calmly.
"What do you expect, Hogwarts' reputation and educational level decreased year for year, after Dumbledore gained the Headmastership. One of the reasons, why my father favoured Durmstrang. Alas, my mother was heavily opposed to the idea and she reminded him, that Uncle Sev teach at Hogwarts and is Head of Slytherin."

"True, Draco, my mother looked up certain Italian schools, but all said the same. If you want to be the best in potions, you have to learn from Severus Snape. They even tried to lured him abroad, but nobody was successful and nobody talked about his reasons.", added Blaise.

Narcissa: Severus: he should really know better than to oppose the ice queen of Slytherin. Will the forced recovery be enough to help him and keep him safe from the other lunatic DEs? At least his Slytherins will be safe during the next full moon.

Does he have any other middle names beside Tobias?
Unexpected Parentage

Chapter Summary

A charm lesson with unexpected consequences. Is Hermione a pureblood? And when it is true, who has hidden her with Muggles?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Unexpected Parentage

The 3rd Gryffindors/Slytherins were on their way to charms and still talking in groups about the absence of Professor Snape. Although the Slytherins know, where their head of house was, they have all agreed not to uttered a single word to their Gryffindor rivals.

They do not deserve that scrap of knowledge. As today was the first night of the full moon, they have been already informed during the last house meeting, that the entrance to Slytherin would be sealed off, as soon as curfew started. But they would have access to the Hospital Wing via the floo in the common room, should it be necessary. One or two of the students have asked, why it should be necessary, but their Head of House had only answered, it would be better for them not to know. And he trust them, not to run reckless into danger as dunderheaded Gryffindors.

More wasn't needed to keep them in line, they trust their Head of House to do anything necessary to keep harm away from them. He may not publicly remove points, but whoever lost points or even earned a detention, would be subjected for a very unpleasant talk, after controlling if those actions were justified. A loss of points or a justified detention could be easily doubled by him, and he remind them about it every year at the start of term.

He treated them all as if they were his own children, even offering special courses and tutoring, so that Slytherins are optimal equipped for both worlds. Thanks to his ruthless, meticulous fitness programme all Slytherins had a bigger stamina then the rest of the school. He even have shown them different muggle fighting-styles and have created survival programmes for his snakes.

As a special treat for his snakes a survival-camping trip during the summer was offered to a little group of Slytherins after certain criterias. The House Cup was out of reach, since Potter has started Hogwarts. Yes, they knew how biased the old coot was. But his action at the end of Potters' first years was unforgivable.

"How long will the greasy bat stay away?", asked Ron Weasley his friends.

"Dunno, Ron. But does it matter? We do not have any Potions until he returned.", muttered Dean Thomas.

"True, or do they sic us another teacher for those lessons.", agreed Seamus.

"Look at those slimy snakes, they act as if nothing happens, even when the greasy git is there Head of House, shows why you'll never trust a snake."
"Ron, that's not nice. You do not know, when they were informed about his absence.", interrupted him Hermione.

"Why do you try to defend the git. Have you yesterday already forgotten, Mione?"

"No, but he is still our teacher and deserves our respect, Ron." "Completely mental, too much reading is not good for you, Mione.", replied Ron.

"Harry, why don't you say anything?"

"For what, we do not know anything, or do you think really, that they would tell us what we want to know.", argued Harry annoyed.

"No wonder, ever cared about your treatment of them in the last years.", called Neville to them.

"Neville, what do you mean?" "What do I mean? Do one of you ever use your brains. Doesn't seems so.", huffed the teenager frustrated.

"In our first year, we only won the House Cup because of Dumbledore's favouritism. And nobody from the other houses got the courage to say something against that decision. You three got points for entering a forbidden corridor. Do you really think, that he would have awarded any of the houses points for that? Rather he would have expel them for breaking school rules."

"That's not true.", cried Hermione.

"You live in a dream world, Hermione. Ron and Harry almost exposed our world to the muggles. Again no punishment for them, can't you see the pattern. Harry is only on the Quidditch-team because of Dumbledore's intervention – read the school laws, why do you think they write explicit only for 2nd years and older. Wake up."

"He saved your Remembrall, Neville.", Interrupted Ron the tirade of the usually quiet lion.

"Really, doesn't seems that way. If Malfoy had broken it, the teacher would have forced him to replace it. Do you ever use your head.", scoffed Neville annoyed.

He had more than enough with the golden trio. They always ignored the rules and often did not have to fear any consequences because of Dumbledore and McGonnagall. As he told his Grandmother about the end of first year, she had a long and serious talk with him. She very seriously put him through the paces. "Such actions only lead too more rivalry and hate between the houses, Neville.", had she warned him.

The shy boy could see it, Slytherins were more and more ostracised, whereas Gryffindors get too much leeway. But what shocked him most was to learn about their dour Potions Master, that he was harassed and bullied for the whole seven years at Hogwarts, simply because he existed as the Marauders formulated it. And for the audacity to be the childhoodfriend of a muggleborn witch, a witch on who James Potter has a crush.

His Parents had left him diaries and letters and he had read them again and again, his Mother Alice confirmed that Snape loved Lily Evans only like a sister, he was gay, but even that was only more reason to be harassed by the Marauders. They were hypocrites who would struttet around, as if they owned the school, even when that wasn't true. Sadly no teacher intervened and their parents were never informed about their misdeeds.

"No wonder, he can't stand Gryffindors", thought Neville sadly. "Yesterday in Potions it was
strange, no degenerating, but silent comfort, even when it was extremely embarrassing at first. Is that how he treated his Slytherins? With compassion and understanding? Our own Head of House seldom enters the tower to address us. But they have regularly meetings, I have overheard them talking about it in the Greenhouses, as I helped Professor Sprout. And he often spends his evening in their common room or let them know, where they can find him. Even if he is very intimidating, he does a very good job with them, and they'll know it as well."

Filling into the classroom where Professor Flitwick was already waiting for them He waited until they were all seated, before he began today's lesson: "Today, we will learn an interesting charm, to determine the parents of you. "Parens revelio" will be casted by each of you in turn. As usual you will team up in pairs and each of you try the charm on his or her respective partner. After revealing the name of the parent, I will that you write down their names on a fresh parchment. Your homework will be 3 foot about the origin of the charm, due to next class. Any questions?"

"No, Professor.", answered the 3rd-years. Hermione, who was paired with Neville for this lesson, reread the passages in her textbook again, before she turned to Neville: "Who should start?"

"Ladies, first, Hermione."

"Okay", biting on her upper lip she lifted her wand, directed it on Neville and called: "Parens revelio" in a green cloud above Neville head was readable: Frank & Alice Longbottom - "it worked", jubilated Hermione.

"Your next, Neville." The boy swallowed harshly. He focused his wand on Hermione and spoke the incantation. But to his utter shock and that of Professor Flitwick in the green cloud above Hermione's head wasn't written John and Jean Granger, but Rodolphus and Bellatrix Lestrange.

"No, no. You can't be related to them.", denied Neville, his accidentally magic flares up, and suddenly stood in his place no longer a teenager Neville, but a small toddler. "Daddy, where are you.", could be heard from the small child.

Professor Flitwick as stunned as the rest of his class, sprang into action "Ms Brown, go and fetch Professor McGonnagall at once. Mr. Weasley, go and inform Madame Pompfrey, we do need her in class. Hurry." "Yes, Professor.", answered both and ran from the room.

"The rest of you, sit down and not one word, am I clear?!" Silently nodded the class, no need to aggravate him further.

The commotion had brought Sneaky to the classroom, she saw the small boy and recognized him as that one, who was seated yesterday on her Masters hip. Master could help him, she was sure of it, and popped silently beside him.

Within minutes Minerva and Poppy emerged into the classroom. "What is the matter, Filius?", asked Poppy.

"Well, as you can see, we got a very strong case of accidental magic. The 3rd years have studied the Parens revelio charm and I do not know how it happen, but suddenly Mr. Longbottom was a toddler. And it shows a wrong information above Ms Granger's head." "We will sort it out, maybe a heritage potion, to be on the safe side. It is too bad that Severus isn't here, he could brew it with ease.", replied Poppy.

"Be it as it may, we should take both to the Hospital Wing, it seems Ms Granger has gotten a
strong shock. And should rest for the remainder of the day.", suggested Minerva.

"That would be the best solution. I do not want any rumours about it, or it will be heavy point loss and detention.", warned the Deputy Headmistress the group.

"Yes, Professor.", muttered the class.

However Sneaky wasn't pleased with that kind of action. "I'll bring little boy to Master. He can calm him down, has done so successful yesterday as well.", interrupted the elf.

"What, no, that's not necessary.", said Poppy.

"Ask him.", advised Sneaky, already trying to calm the frightened boy. "Hush, young Master, you'll be safe. Do you want to go to a safe place?" "To Daddy?"

"Sort of, my Master will take good care of you.", promised Sneaky.

"Y- Yes, please."

"You have heard him, he want to go to my Master.", announced the elf proudly.

"I can't allow it.", meant Minerva stubbornly.

"My Master take always good care of his students.", hissed Sneaky and before the could intervene, he touched Neville and popped with him away to Malfoy Manor. "Don't be scared, he will care for you well.", said Sneaky to the scared Toddler, who gripped her hand like a vice.

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Poor Hermione what a shock to find out that she isn't a Muggleborn, but a child of infamous DE. And poor Neville, is it possible to reage him, or will he have to grow up again? How will Severus react on this latest action of his House elf. Can he take care of Toddler Neville?

Chapter End Notes

A/N: This is an AU, therefore I have allowed myself some creative freedoms. Or to put it differently: I will deliberately use songs, which I like, even when they officially haven't been written/existed 1993. And if you want to blame someone, blame the Multiverse from which they have swapped in this reality.
Unpleasant Surprise

Chapter Summary

Neville has been brought to Severus. Before they could get really acquainted a old foe tried to abduct the pair for the Dark Lord. Will they be alright?

Unpleasant Surprise

Severus was startled, when Sneaky appeared in his Guest Room at Malfoy Manor with a toddler in tow. "Sneaky who is that?", asked he, as he sat up.

"This is young Master Longbottom, Master."

"This is Mr Longbottom? Why did you bring him here?"

"Accident in Charms, he wanted his Daddy."

"But, I am not…"

"Da.. Daddy...", cried Neville. Severus swallowed twice, and tried to calm down.

"Alright, hand him over, Sneaky.", he said calmly. "Hush, little Man, no need to cry."

"Daddy?", asked Neville hopeful.

"If you want it, I'll try.", promised Severus.

He took him carefully in his arms after wrapping the cover around them. "Maybe you can bring a fresh bottle for him, please Sneaky."

"As you wish, Master."

"What has happened?"

"They tried a charm about Parents "Parens revelio" and it shocked him and his partner.", explained the elf.

"Who was the partner for this exercise.", inquired Severus.

"The Know-it-all. But it shows different names for her parents."

"What do you mean?"

"Not Granger, but Bellatrix and Rodolphus Lestrange.", answered Sneaky.

"Are you certain, that you know it is true, Sneaky?"

"Hogwarts said it, but they wanted proof, Master. A heritage potion should be used for it."

"Yes, that would be best, but she doesn't look like them. Yes, her hair is untamed like Bellatrix', but
that would mean...", murmured Severus lost in his thoughts.

Softly humming, Severus cradled the toddler to his chest. "We will manage it, little one. You'll see.", he talked to Neville. The door opened without anyone of them noticing. "Better little one?"

"Yes, Daddy. Love you..."

"I … I love you, too.", stammered Severus. He kissed the crown of Neville's head softly. Leaning back, he closed his eyes, as a noise nearby, startled him.

"Well, if that isn't sweet, you'll got a brat, Snape.", smirked the ratlike man who threatened them with his wand.

"Pettigrew, what do you want here?"

"What do you think, how high will be the reward of our Master be, when he would be getting you back. You and your brat."

"Forget it, I won't go with you."

"Careful, Snape. Have you seen what a Crucio can do to a young child. I heard that they can die from it."

"Don't you dare.", growled Severus, his arms still slung protective around the small boy.

"Your choice. Come with me willingly and nothing will happen to the brat, for now.", smirked Pettigrew. Yes, this was true power. He would prove those other Death Eaters, that he will always be better than them, nobody else would have been able to capture the one man, who their Master want at any cost.

"Stand up, and walk to me, slowly. One wrong move, and the brat will suffer.", ordered he coldly. "Put your wand on the nightstand, you won't need it any longer."

"How did you come in, the wards should have prevented it?" inquired Severus, hoping that Sneaky would return soon, before anything could happen to him and Neville.

"Dear old Lucius, is pretty callous, no Anti-Animagi-ward, it was easy to slip in. And you will be a worthy trophy to bring back to our Master. Haven't you feel the pull of the Dark Mark, Snape."

"I am not his property. Why should I go back to him?", hissed Severus angrily.

"Really, I have heard otherwise, about a very dark ritual, that he only used for you.", taunted Pettigrew the Potions Master.

"I won't go. You will never get out of here without getting caught.", declared Severus.

"Don't be too sure, Snape, with two hostages, everyone will let me go. And once outside the wards, the Dark Mark will lead us directly to him.", grinned Pettigrew evilly.

He loved the despair in Severus' eyes. Every bit of vulnerability was a feast for his sadistic nature. "It will be your fault, should anything happen to the brat. Are you willing to risk it?"

"Leave him out of it.", cried Severus despaired.

He hated feeling so helpless, as it was the same nagging feeling, as they have caught him the first
time and Voldemort used the ritual on him. He remembered waking up and looking scared into those red eyes. Tied on the black altar, not able to defend himself against the leering older man, who whispered in his ear, what he planned to do with him, after the ritual.

"You're mine, my precious. Nobody else will ever touch you. I'll make you scream and beg for more."

"Come to me, and I'll think about it. Your life and freedom for the brat. Choose, the time is ticking."

"I... I..." - how could he damned the toddler to such a life. "You win, you rat. Just leave him alone."

"Then come here, slowly, without your wand, I'm not stupid, you know."

He watched as Severus slowly put his wand on the nightstand besides the bed, while he held Neville close to his chest.

Slowly while still holding the small boy protectively Severus left the bed and walked the short distance to Pettigrew. "Was it so hard, to cooperate, Snape? Soon, you will be back, where you belong. But I have my doubts that you will see the Malfoys ever again."

"You can give me the brat."

"No, never.", denied Severus, "I'll carry him. Don't you dare to touch him."

"As long as you behave, I do not have to do anything to the brat. Try to call for help, and you'll watch him die.", warned him Pettigrew as he shoved him hard forward. "Move, we do not have the whole day."

Silently followed Severus those instructions, he doesn't have another choice, without risking Neville's life. Where was Sneaky, she has never needed so long for fetching something to drink before. And why has no one of the other elves reacted on the intruder.

The trio has already reached the portal of the manor, as Narcissa stopped them.

"Severus, I told you that you should rest today.", she interrupted them. Scared Severus looked up, what would Pettigrew do now.

"Stupefy", roared Pettigrew behind them.

Narcissa was startled, but she dodged the spell and drew her own wand. "For Merlin's sake, what do you think you're doing here, Pettigrew."

"Securing my reward, and destroy some lose ends." "Cruc...", a huge vase hit the man and rendered him unconcious. Sneaky had felt her Masters despair and intervened as soon as she found them.

Narcissa walked warily to him and bound him with the "Incarcerus-charm", while Severus tried to catch his breath and checked up on Neville. "Make sure he doesn't wake up, Sneaky. And use the special cell for animagi in the South-Dungeon."

"Yes, Mistress Narcissa. Can you look after Master, he doesn't look well."

"I will, hurry Sneaky."
Elf and Prisoner disappeared, while Narcissa looked after Severus. "Sev, how are you?", asked she worriedly.

"Don't know, I'm cold, but check Neville, he doesn't react at all.", pleaded Severus.

Careful scanned Narcissa the small boy, before she smiled at Severus. "He is okay, he is only asleep Severus."

"Nothing has happened to him?"

"No, he is fine. But you need to drink and eat something, before you fainted."

"I will, I was so scared, that he would kill him, Cissy."

"I understand, but you wouldn't let anything happen to him."

"He wanted to bring me back to him, to get a reward. I can't do it anymore, Cissy. I'm only a burden and endanger you all."

"No, you're not Severus. You're a part of our family. And I'll be damned before I let Voldemort get your clutches into you ever again."

"I do not want anything happen to you. I have already lost Evan and Regulus. I do not want to lose you, too.", cried Severus, still cradling the sleeping boy to his chest.

"You'll never lose us, Sev. Nothing is strong enough to destroy this family bond.", promised Narcissa, before she drew a calming draught from her pocket. "Drink it, you'll need it." Doubting, Severus took the vial, sniffed it, before downed it. Within minutes, the calming draught worked and he sacked unconcious on the couch.

"Sneaky, bring him back to his room, and ensure that they slept well, before reporting back to me. We will have to deliver those vermin to the DMLE as soon as possible.", ordered Narcissa.

"Yes, Mistress. I'll do as you wish.", replied Sneaky.

With his elven magic he brought both back to the Guest room, tucked them carefully in and warded the room against unwanted intruder. Nobody else should have a chance to enter, without their knowledge.

One DE already tried to capture Severus, will he get time to recover and is Neville really fine?
Minerva and Poppy discuss about the strange revelation regarding Hermione and the charm lesson. Sneaky informed them about the failed abduction and invite the duo to the manor. She declared freely, that she wouldn't let "his gollumness" catch her Master and the toddler.

Minerva and Poppy had escorted Hermione to the Hospital wing. After making her drink a mild calming draught, Poppy tucked the tired girl carefully in and erected a privacy ward to talk with Minerva.

"Poor girl, we have to tread her with utmost care."

"Yes, Poppy. But how can it be? Her letter was addressed to Hermione Granger? Is it possible that the spell was bungled up?"

"I do not know, why don't you try it. We will use the potion afterwards. I have to order one from St. Mungo's as Severus isn't here to brew it for me."

"Maybe the best solution, Poppy.", agreed Minerva. They dispelled the privacy ward and Minerva spoke calm the spell: "Parents revelio", again the same names were readable – Bellatrix & Rodolphus Lestrange.

"No bungled spell, Poppy. How can it be?" "I can't tell it, it's a complete riddle to me as well, Minerva." Before they could talk more about it, popped Sneaky into the Hospital wing.

"Greetings from Mistress Narcissa. Ratman brought to DMLE. You should come to Malfoy Manor."

"Who do you mean, Sneaky?", asked Poppy. "Ratman tried to abduct Master and young Master Neville. Tried to crucioed Mistress Narcissa.", explained the elf.

"I don't understand.", muttered Minerva. "Master called him Pettigrew.", replied Sneaky helpful.

"What, he is dead."

"No, not yet, but he tried to harm Master. Wanted to bring him to his Gollumness."

"To whom?", inquired Poppy tiredly.

The elf looked astonished at both women. "To the dark lord, who else? He is obsessed with Master. Don't know why, but it has depressed Master."

"You-know-who is dead. For 12 years, Sneaky.", explained Poppy shakily.
"Unfortunately not, he is back and he is bad for Master. Never accept a **NO** as an answer. But Family won't give him up.". said Sneaky stoically. "He tried to harm Master, Sneaky will get rid of him. Nobody has the right to hurt Master."

"Why should we come, Sneaky?"

"You to check up on Master and not leaving him alone. Mistress is worried about situation. Master should have been safe there and have time to recover at peace.", answered Sneaky sadly.

"We can't leave both, Ms Granger needs us.", tried Poppy to make the elf understand the situation.

"No need, Hogwarts will make her sleep, until you return to the girl. She is not waking up, before dinner.", smirked Sneaky triumphant.

"How can you be so sure, Sneaky?", asked Minerva.

"Connection to castle, similar to Master. Castle likes him, would protect him against any enemy." declared the elf.

"You can speak to the castle?"

"Yes, not hard. We have to hurry. Or he will wake up. And he doesn't like check-ups.", urged Sneaky them to go on.

"What do you say, Minerva?"

"I want to know, what has happened to Severus. And we have to look after Neville as well.", agreed Poppy.

"Hogwarts says, young Master have to grow up again. Wild magic too strong, to reverse it."

"What, is there no other way?"

"No, shock was too strong for body. But Master will raise him well. No need to worry."

"Shouldn't he go to his grandmother, Sneaky?"

"No, he wants to stay with Master. He already has called him Daddy, after seeing him for the first time.", denied the elf.

"He called him Daddy.", exclaimed Minerva. "And how did Severus react?"

"Master was smiling and kept him warm, near to his heart.", replied Sneaky.

Neville has woken up and lifted his arm to patted Daddy on his face. Severus stirred slowly and smiled at the toddler: "Hello, little one. Slept well?"

"Yes, hungry Daddy."

"Me too, Let's go and eat something, hm."

"You will both stay here, Severus.", interrupted Narcissa the pair.

"What, we want to eat and drink a bit, Cissy."
"Do what I say, I will order the House elves to bring us something to eat and drink."

"Nobby", called Narcissa.

"What can Nobby do for Mistress and Guests?", asked the elf devoted. Although related to Dobby, he was always pleased to served the Malfoys.

"We need something light to eat and drink and a bottle for Neville."

"I'll bring it, Mistress Narcissa. Nobby will hurry."

"Be careful, Nobby. The bottle have to be warm enough to drink, but not too hot. Don't forget it."

"Yes, Mistress", replied Nobby devoutly and popped away.

"You can sit straighter, Severus, but you won't leave the bed, without a very good reason."

"Is this necessary? I'm fine, Cissy."

"You will rest today, I do not want you to have a relapse, Severus."

Severus glared mutinously at Narcissa, but bit on his lip. Better not to aggravate her, when she is in her mood of mothering everyone in near vicinity. She wouldn't hesitate to stick him to the bed, when he riles her up too much.

"Be my guest, Cissy.", answered he icily, while he unconsciously soothed Neville.

Nobby appeared with the meal and two other elves to prepared the tablets for them. He handed the bottle over to Severus and the three elves popped away. Carefully Severus place the bottle on Neville's lips and eagerly sucked the little boy on the formula. "Slowly, little one. No need to rush.", he admonished him softly. Neville looking up in the onyx eyes nodded and drank a bit slower.

Still secured him and the bottle with one hand, Severus ate a piece of fruit and relaxed after the disturbances of the day. Narcissa smiled at the domestic picture. Man and child complete at ease and savouring each bite and each drink, as where it the best meal the ever had.

And that was the first impression that Poppy and Minerva got from the room, as Sneaky brought them directly from Hogwarts for a better recap of the prevented disaster.

How will Poppy and Minerva react on the newly appointed Father-son-Duo?

Ravenspy: Credit to whom it is due - didn't I told you, that I would use it in this story?
Dealing with Minerva and Poppy

Chapter Summary

Minerva and Poppy encounter Severus and Neville at Malfoy Manor and learn something new about the dour Potions Master.

Dealing with Minerva and Poppy

After their meal, Severus carefully cradled Neville to his chest, where he put a fresh cloth and burped the small boy.

"Severus, let me change him."

"What, I can..."

"You will not leave this bed. It won't take long, Severus. Listen to me.", persisted Narcissa

"But..., protested Severus weakly.

"Don't worry, Daddy.", interrupted Neville the one-sided fight.

"Are you sure, little one?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Be careful, Cissy."

"I have already a vast experience in that regard, Sev.", smiled Narcissa.

"I know, Cissy. But, it's so hard."

"We will be back soon, you can talk with your guests, until we return."

"Guests, you're not an Oracle, Cissy."

"Take a look, Severus.", laughed Narcissa. She liked to banter with him. He needed it, even when he never come clear about it.

He looked into the direction where Narcissa has pointed him, before she glided with the little boy from the room. "Poppy, Minerva, why are you here?", asked he startled.

"How are you feeling, Severus?"

"Fine, don't do that Poppy."

"I want to make a health scan of you, before we talk further."

"No, that isn't necessary.", recoiled Severus, cursing silently, that he isn't allowed to leave. "Who have informed you, that I'm here.", inquired he warily.
"Do not struggle, Severus, or I will not hesitate to let Minerva use a spell on you, that bound you to the bed."

"I'm not a child, I do not need it, Poppy."

"I count till three and then Minerva will use some from her repertoire. Your decision, Severus.", said Poppy calmly.

"That's evil. How could you..."

"One, Two..." Severus could see Minerva lifting her wand.

"Alright, you win. Do what you want. Noisy biddy.", grumbled Severus. At least Narcissa wasn't here or it would have been much worser for him. Those three could form a really terrible triumvirate, and he won't dare to oppose them too much.

Poppy acted as if nothing happened, Severus never liked to be checked over. She had known it, since he attended Hogwarts.

"You're underweight, Severus. How often do I have to tell you, that you have to eat more and regularly. And you fatigued as well, your magical core is almost depleted, what have you done in the last week, young man."

"I'm fine, Poppy."

"No, you're not. You're not allowed to brew or use your magic, before I allow it. You will rest, take a strong potions regime, which will include a magic replenisher and you will not leave this room, without permission.", decided Poppy sternly.

"That's ridiculous, Poppy. How should I do my work, when you limit me everywhere."

"You don't before I give you a clean bill of health. I'm sure Narcissa will agree with me about it, you stubborn man."

"I do not need mothercoddling, neither from you nor from her, Poppy.", gritted Severus through his teeth.

"Your wand."

"No, I won't hand him over. Never.", persisted Severus vehemently. He needed his wand. Who said that Wormtail was the last one, who tried to abduct him and drag him back to the Dark Lord.

"Be sensible, Severus. It is only in your best interest.", tried Minerva to calm him down.

"You don't understand it. I need my wand. How should I defend myself, without it.", declared Severus aggravated.

"What do you mean?", asked Minerva worried. She has seen the dark shadows under his eyes. Something was very troubling for her young colleague and friend.

"Didn't Sneaky told you. He is back, and some of his goons have already tried to drag me back to him.", answered Severus despairingly

He subsided onto the bed, not longer having the strength to sitting upright. It was all too much for him. It was like a neverending nightmare which wouldn't lose his grip on him.
"Explain, Severus, take your time.", said Poppy. She has exchanged a worried look with Minerva. Something was really troubling him. She has never before seeing him so helpless and despaired. Not even after the death of the Potter's at Halloween 1981 had he gotten that look.

"Whoever is responsible for that, will pay. Healer Oath doesn't matter. How dare they to scare him so much.", thought the Mediwitch.

"Where should I start?", asked Severus broken. Absently stroking over the silver cuff, still covering the hideous Dark Mark and his added Parsletongue inscription.

"Why do you wear a cuff, Severus?", asked Minerva suspicious. She knew what was hidden beneath it. One Reason, why he preferred long-sleeved shirts and robes.

"Huh, just so, no special reason for it, Minerva."

"I am not some dunderheaded student of yours, Severus. The truth, now.", growled Minerva, her Scottish accent clearly understandable.

"It is nothing, you need to worry about, it's just a new style I try out...", tried Severus to distract her.

"I do not believe you. "We can always remove it, and looking, what you tried to hide, Severus.", added Poppy.

"No, you can't touch it, it is vile, and I won't let you.", shouted Severus.

"Then you should better talk, it will help you."

"Nobody can help me, you only get hurt, when he will be informed about it."

"Who, Severus. Who has threaten you?"

"I can't" Try to understand me, please."

"Is it your mark, Severus?"

Sneaky interrupted the interrogation and popped in. "Potion for Master, take it now, Master."

"Thank you, Sneaky. Can you please look where Cissy and Neville are. They are away far longer than necessary."

"Will do, Master."

Without looking at both women Severus drank the golden potion and shuddered from the vile taste of the mixture, but it was the only one, what could repress the pain in the Mark.

Before they could start again, Narcissa and Neville entered the room.

"Daddy.", called the boy.

"Little one, how are you? Did you have fun with Auntie Cissy?", asked Severus.

"Yes, great fun."

"Good, you're such a good boy, Neville.", praised Severus the toddler, carefully sitting him in front
of him on the bed. "What do you want to do now?"

"Play with Daddy?"

"Really, and what do you want to play, little one?", inquired Severus.

"Ball, Daddy."

"Ah, can you conjure one. I am not allow to use Magic at the Moment."

"I'll try.", said Neville seriously.

He concentrated for a moment and a silver-green ball decorated with Snakes zoomed into the room, landing near the small boy.

"Well done, Neville.", smiled Severus openly. And the snakes on the ball hissed approvingly as well.

"Snakes hissing, Daddy."

"Yes, they do."

"What do they say?"

"Do you think I know it?", asked Severus astonished. He has only told five people, that he is a Parslemouth as well. The Malfoys, including his godson Draco, who have loved it. Only Regulus and Evan has known it, too. But both has been killed years ago, it still hurts him, everyday to think about it.

"They're greeting you, Neville."

"Hi, Snakes.", greeted Neville back. He pushed the ball to Severus and smiled at him. Accepting that he doesn't have to tell more, he pushed the ball carefully back to the toddler, still watching him, that he can't fall down. As he isn't able to ward the bed without using magic.

"Let's talk outside.", whispered Narcissa to the other women. Both agreed silently and followed her out of the room. Sneaky who has returned moments ago, warded the bed and popped silently away.

For the idea of using his Gollumness as a special name for Voldie, I want to thank Ravenspy for bringing this little input up in our discussion about this story. It is hard to find a better expression for such a possessive and obsessed character.
Let's talk

Chapter Summary

Minerva and Poppy learn some devastating news from the Malfoys. And some secrets about what really happened on the 31st October 1981 - The Dark Lord is back and he wants his Precious, no matter the cost.

Chapter Notes

Note: Yes, I do have forgotten to define what age a toddler is, in the first draft of this story. This will be remedied at once: A toddler is aged between 6 months and 2 years.

His or her development and speech is depending from the nature of the child and the upbringing. And most won't use a bottle any longer, except in times of great duress, mostly the would drink from sippy cups.

Neville and Hermione would be well developed toddler, whereas Harry would have a stunted development, due to his staying with the Dursleys.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Let's talk

Neville yawned and crawled into Severus' arms. "Sleepy, litte one?" The toddler nodded, still pressing himself deeper into the arms of the man. "Then sleep, nobody will harm us."

Severus leaned back, positioned Neville better on his chest, so that the small boy was able to listen to his heart beat and tugged the covers around them. "Sleep well, sweet dreams, Neville.", said Severus before kissing him softly on the tip of his nose.

Smiling Severus started to sing the old Irish lullaby, which his mother has sung for him, as he was the same age as Neville. His whole attention focused on the small boy, whom he want to lulled to sleep, nothing else matters. Not even the three female onlookers who listened astonished to his voice.

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Hush now don't you cry!
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
That's an Irish lullaby.

Over in Killarney, many years ago
My Mother sang a song to me in tones so sweet and low,
Just a simple little ditty, in her good ould Irish way,
And I'd give the world if she could sing That song to me this day.

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Hush now don't you cry!
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
That's an Irish lullaby.

Oft, in dreams I wander To that cot again,
I feel her arms a huggin' me As when she held me then.
And I hear her voice a hummin' To me as in days of yore,
When she used to rock me fast asleep Outside the cabin door.

Silently closed Narcissa the door and led her guest to the salon. "Did you know he could sing?", asked Minerva baffled.

"Yes, he always sang it to Draco, when he was here, during his teething phase. Nothing else worked. And Lucius was so glad, that he almost forced Severus to moved in with us at last.", answered Narcissa amused.

"He refused?"

"Yes, he wanted his freedom, nevertheless how he views Lucius. His freedom is very important for Severus."

They have sat down and drank tea, as the floo flared up and Lucius stepped out. "Is he alright, Cissy?", asked he worriedly. Sneaky had informed him, after delivering Wormtail to a holding cell in the Ministry.

"He is fine, Lucius. Don't disturb him."

"What, why?"

"Neville Longbottom stays with him and he has only managed to lull him to sleep a few minutes ago."

"Why is Mr Longbottom here?"

"According to Sneaky an outbreak of wild magic during charms deaged Neville to a toddler. It was such a strong shock to his body, that he have to grow up again. And the little boy latched onto Severus within seconds.", replied Narcissa.

With weak knees he settle on the next seat and asked weakly for a cup of tea. After drinking his first cup, he gazed upon Minerva and Poppy. "So Neville Longbottom has latched onto Severus. And he hasn't recoiled from it. It's a miracle."

"Don't be so sarcastic Lucius.", admonished his wife him.

"I'm not, but can you recap what had happened during my absence today. And why that rat was
"I can, if you remember your manner, Lucius Abraxas Malfoy." Lucius winced, before mumbling, "I apologise, Narcissa. It's just the shock, how could the rat manage to breach our wards."

"Did you know, that he was an animagus – an ratanimagus to be exact?", inquired Narcissa.

"There were rumours in the inner circle, about a spy of the Dark Lord, who were an illegal animagus. It was said, it were a vermin, that most people wouldn't look closer at. And have even brought part of that damned prophecy to our master.", replied Lucius.

"Didn't Severus heard part of it, too?"

"Yes, but he has never told it him. He avoided him, whenever he could. You know, that he never believed in it, as it should be. Only fools would follow such stupid nonsense. And when someone called it self-fulfilling, no neither he nor I need them.

"Did he try to stop him?"

"What do you think, Cissy. He may not like his forced bond to the sick bastard, but he would never willingly let another child suffer. You know him. He tried to prevent it, argued that only a small part was brought to him, and he shouldn't act before knowing the complete prophecy. For Merlin's sake Severus suggested that the Dark Lord should go to the Department of Mystery alone and look for the prophecy. Should it be a real one, then she would be there. He was so despaired, that he was willing to give into the Dark Lord's demand, when he would let it rest."

"You never told me..."

"What should I told you, that he would sacrifice himself to a life of misery, only to save some children, he never met or knew?", cried Lucius. "He send Dawlish and Rookwood for the notification of any magical boy born in Britain at the end of July. And he limited it further to those, who are member of Dumbledore's blasted order. In the end it was only two pairs, who could it be: Longbottom or Potter. It was frightening. His eyes gleamed unholy and his laughter as he chose to go after James and Lily Potter. I do not want to hear that laughter again. Bella was ordered to bring Severus to him, and she cackled evilly, as she throw him shackled in front of his throne."

"He helped him up, stroke him over his hair and told him: "Soon, you will be completely mine. I only have to destroy a little obstacle on the way." Severus was shivering, trying to keep his calm, but when he heard, that he should have to wait in his bedroom for the return of the Dark Lord, it broke."

"A flash of wild magic flared up, and Severus vanished into mid-air. Voldemort was furious. He crucioed everyone who was nearby. And ordered harshly, that they should find Severus as soon as possible. Or it would be worse for us. He would punish him accordingly, for this open defiance. Then he left for Godric's Hollow. And the rest is history..."

"Did you find him Lucius?"

"Me, no Sneaky found him, and removed the chains. He had deep abrasions from them and shivered, before she could force him to take a calming draught. Before she was able to stop him, he apparated away. The old coot found him first and used his grieve to force an unbreakable vow on him.", growled Lucius.

"I never know.", said Minerva thoughtful.
"I don't think, he ever planned to let anyone else outside our circle know about it.", mentioned Narcissa, before drinking another cup of tea.

"What do you want to know, ladies?", asked Lucius. It has been a long day, and he only want to check up on Severus and then eat dinner, before crawling into his bed.

"Sneaky mentioned that You-Know-Who is back, but he should be dead.", said Poppy. "He had lost his body, but no he isn't dead. The Dark Lord had a series of safety measures, one of those was the diary, that I have placed in the cauldron of the Weasley girl.

"How could you do something like that, you're a father, Lucius.", accused him Minerva.

"I don't know, I can't explain it. Does it matter at all? He is back. Look for yourself.", screamed Lucius. He unbuttoned his left sleeve and let them throw a close look on the hideous Dark Mark, that seems to writhing in the light of the salon.

"Satisfied. Our Marks differs from the rest. The Dark Mark, which he have imprinted on Severus skin is utterly unique to mine. Mine was the same as the Dark Mark for Regulus and Evan. Maybe because he always know, that we weren't really his, but only want to protect Severus from him. He mocked us with them. See the inscription, it's parsletongue and would be translated in little boys. I know that Severus' own Mark has a parsletongue inscription, too. "My precious" to remind him, whose property he is."

"But, that is a bad joke.", croaked Minerva.

"Sadly it's not joke. He is completely unhinged. And he has traumatized Severus with that blasted dark ritual, where the Dark Lord tried to bond Severus to himself. He even placed a geas on him, that is only partly broken at the moment. We have tried for years, to break it, but even the goblins haven't found a solution."}

"Couldn't another Parslemouth helped you with it?", asked Poppy despairingly.

"No, You-Know-Who has done something so twisted, that he is the only one, who can do it. Why do you think, that Severus is so depressed? Should he return to Britain, he would find a way to obtain Severus. And the results would be disastrous. Wizarding Britain wouldn't be the same, as we know it.", explained Lucius morosely.

"You want to know what has happened? I'll tell you. Somehow Pettigrew breached our wards, he even gloated about it, as he forced Severus and Neville to walk in front of him. He wanted to deliver both personally to the Dark Lord. Severus hasn't his wand, he couldn't do anything, not even using wandless magic, as Pettigrew threatened to kill Neville, when Severus would try anything."

"When did you meet them?", inquired Lucius, it was worser then he had thought.

"They were already near the portal of the Mansion, as I have encountered them. He attacked me instantly and even tried to crucioed me. Luckily Sneaky managed to knock him out, before he was successful. Severus collapsed on a couch and asked me to check Neville, as he wasn't reacting. He has feared, that something happened to the toddler. Fortunately it was a false alarm. He was only asleep, and have not any memory at the commotion. I convince Severus to drink a calming draught and escorted him back to his room...", explained Narcissa.

"I am glad that none of you were hurt, Cissy. It was a narrow escape for you."
"We are glad as well. Lucius, you should call some of the goblins to add new wards to the manor. We need at least Anti-Animagi-Wards."

"You're right. Cissy. How about a ward, that only left a small circle of people enter and leave our Manor."

"Who, do you have in Mind Lucius?"

"Us, Severus, Minerva, and Poppy. I do not want to risk any other DE trying to get in and abduct Severus."

"Good, and only when they are with one of us, aside from our elves or Sneaky, can the enter the property."

"Exactly. I think, we will have the new wards activated tomorrow. Do you have your memory already submitted to the DMLE?"

"I have a copy of it send with Sneaky. I don't trust them, that they won't deliberately lose it, Lucius."

"Wise as always, Narcissa. Should we later eat dinner with them?" "Yes, we let them sleep first, I let Sneaky bring you a snack, you'll need it." "Thank you, I'll appreciate it, Cissy.

Minerva and Poppy stood up. "We have to go back. But we should talk soon about it again." "Yes, that would be best. I'll bring you to the floo. Be careful, they could always try something on Hogwarts's ground.", warned Narcissa as she led them to the floo.

"We will be careful. Should I inform Albus?"

"No, he would only use Severus as a bait, should he knows about their connection.", refused Lucius.

"Good, for the moment, we won't inform him. But should Voldemort return to Britain, I have to tell it him."

"As long, as you can keep silent about the connection between them, I have no problems with it.", agreed Lucius graciously.

"Good bye", both women flooed back to Hogwarts and left a worn out couple back.

Chapter End Notes

Minerva and Poppy know now that Voldemort is back, and got a deeper insight in the secrets of Severus and the Malfoys. Can they help them to prevent Voldemort from getting Severus back into his clutches?

The Prophecy was something, that always tasted sour for me. For a variety of reasons:

1.) Why did Dumbledore hold the job interview in the "Hog's Head" instead of his
warded and secured office at Hogwarts.

2.) Why weren't any privacy and silence ward active, as Trelawney got into her trance. The signs are unmistakable and Dumbledore is a strong wizard. It would be easy to throw them up, even wandless.

3.) Severus only knew a small part of the prophecy, but even when you got thrown out, you would hear single words from the rest. But he only knew the first two sentences.

4.) A real prophecy isn't something a seer can remember – yes, a crystal ball would created and stashed into the Department of Mystery immediately after the prophecy has been uttered via magic. But it is completely useless to hide the seer, as he/she can't remember what they have said.

5.) Only two boys should have fit the prophecy? Who said, it have to be a boy born in Britain, or that the parents have to be members of the order?

6.) Severus would rather carefully suggest to get a hold of the rest of the prophecy. Hinting, that the old coot knows the complete content and it is the only way to avoid any traps. Voiced in a way that don't lead to a round of crucios.

7.) All in all it looks more like a set-up, than a real prophecy. The location of the interview. Every other candidate for a professorship at Hogwarts, has been interrogated into the Headmaster's office. The obvious absence of wards, not to mention not scouting, that nobody could overhear them. Even the Hog's Head have private rooms, where you can set up wards. And it was in the middle of a war. Not even an eccentric war leader as Dumbledore would have been so utterly careless.
Reflections

Chapter Summary

Harry and Remus will be confronted with some home truths in the Hospital Wing by Minerva & Poppy

Chapter Notes

A/N: This chapter is splitted in two parts. Harry and Remus will be confronted with their actions from a different point of view.

Reflections

Harry has been shocked about what had happened to Hermione and Neville in Charms. He still wasn't able to disregard the fury, Neville had radiated as he defended Slytherin and what the golden trio had accomplished the last two years.

"Is his anger justified? I need to talk to someone about it, but whom? Ron, no bad idea. Maybe Professor Lupin, he claimed to be an old friend of my parents. Yes, I will speak with him.", decided Harry.

Poppy and Minerva has returned from the Malfoys still stunned, about the latest darker revelations. Voldemort was still alive and not Harry Potter was his target, but Severus Snape their Potions Master.

"Let us eat here, Minerva. I can't face Albus today.", suggested Poppy tiredly.

"Good idea, Poppy. Let me send a Patronus to Pomona and Filius, that they have to supervise dinner today." A swish with her wand send two identical copies of her Patronus to the other heads of house. "Done. I do not know, about you, but I could really need a dram of scotch."

"Me, too, let me check how Ms Granger has been fairing. You can already order a meal for us three from the house elves."

Harry has reached Lupins office, but before he could even knocked, the door opened and Professor Lupin hold an injured right arm close to his chest. "What happened Professor?", cried Harry surprised.

"A little incident with one of my latest test subjects for class, Harry. Nothing to worry about. I just want to go to Poppy and let her heal it. She can do it much quicker as I can.", explained Lupin.

"I wanted to talk with you about some things, Professor.", said Harry, still following Lupin to the Hospital wing.
"About what, Harry? Is it important?"

"I don't know. Neville has spouted nonsense before charms today, how Headmaster Dumbledore would favoured Gryffindor and we only get the House Cup in our first year, because the Headmaster cheated."

"Can you elaborate it, Harry. I wasn't here in your first year. Who would else have one the House Cup, and how did Gryffindor get it in the first place.", inquired Remus interested.

They have reached the Hospital wing, Harry opened the door for them, so that Remus could easier walk inside and not strained his injured arm further.

"Remus, Mr Potter what do you need?", asked Minerva as she discovered the pair.

"Minerva, is Poppy here, I had a minor accident and could need her help. And Mr. Potter wanted to ask something about the last two years at Hogwarts."

"Of course, you can eat with us. Poppy only wanted to do a quick scan on Ms Granger. She is still asleep. The poor girl had had a harsh shock today."

"Is it true then, Professor?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Potter?"

"Is she really a pureblood?"

"The spell wasn't bungled up, I have used it myself on her this afternoon. And the result stays the same. We will use a heritage potion later, but it won't change the fact. Ms Granger seems to be the daughter of Bellatrix and Rodolphus Lestrange. But how could she end up in the Muggleworld is still a mystery."

"She is still sleeping. I have spelled a dreamless sleep and a nutrition potion into her. She will not awake during the night. And tomorrow I will have to check her again.", exclaimed Poppy as she came outside of the quarantine room, where she has put the young girl

"Poppy, I have gotten my arm injured. The Grindylow has bitten into my arm. Can you please look it over. I can't feel anything in it and it's my wandarm.", asked Remus.

"I can. Come with me Remus. Why don't you eat with us. It won't bother us at all."

Poppy ushered Remus to follow to her office, where she treated his injury and give him a pain potion as well. "Take this before you go to sleep tonight. Should it still hurt tomorrow, you have to come again, Remus."

"Thank you for your help, Poppy. How is Ms Granger?"

"She is still sleeping. It was a harsh shock for the poor girl. Should the heritage potion prove that she is really a Lestrange, it will have to be enquired how she ended up with the Grangers.", answered Poppy seriously.

"Mr. Potter you can help me to clear this table for us to use for dinner.", ordered Minerva courtly.

"Yes, Professor. Is Mione alright?"
"We will have to wait, until she wakes up. Do not worry Madam Pompfrey is one of the best healer in Wizarding Britain.", assured him Minerva.

"Where have you been, Professor?"

"We have visited Mr. Longbottom and Professor Snape at Malfoy Manor."

"Oh, how are they?"

"Mr Longbottom will have to regrow again. The overload of wild magic was too strong for his body. Professor Snape will help and guide him in his second childhood. And Severus, well he have to take it slowly so that his magic will recover. Should all be well, you will see both again in two weeks, Mr. Potter."

"I don't understand.", mumbled Harry.

"If you do use too much magic or an accident or an illness latches onto you, then you'll magical core can be depleted completely. Should you use magic nevertheless you can lose it forever. You'll become practically a squib, Mr. Potter. That is one of the reason, why we teacher have a close eyes on our students. And why you have no practical homework over the summer holidays. Your core need time to replenish itself."

Remus returned with Poppy and took a seat besides Harry, both waiting while Minerva ordered dinner for four people, served at the Hospital wing. Poppy activated the silence spells and the additional privacy wards, which have been installed by Severus two years earlier on her request.

She sank down besides Minerva on the other side of the table and sipped of her scotch. "That's better. What a day."

"Indeed, I have never thought that Pettigrew is still alive.", agreed Minerva.

"What do you mean, Minerva? Sirius killed him.", cried Remus surprised.

"I am not allowed to tell you anything, as long as you don't are willing to take a wizard's oath, Remus.", said Minerva miffed.

"Why do you look so gloom, Harry?", tried Poppy to change the subject.

"Neville claimed that Professor Dumbledore favoured Gryffindor too much, and we only won the House Cup in the last two years, because he has cheated. And Ron, Hermione and I got too much leeway.", murmured Harry.

"Mr Longbottom has told the truth, Harry."

"What, no, it can't be true.", denied Harry wildly.

"In your first year, who would have rightful won the cup, Harry? Which house has the most points on the day of the leaving feast?", asked him Poppy carefully.

"Slytherin, but we have earned those points.", claimed Harry furiously.

"No, if it was rightful, then you should have gained those 160 points directly after your fight against Professor Quirrell about the Philosopher's stone. But he waited deliberately after Slytherin was announced as the winner. In a moment where nobody else were able to gain another point for
his house. And do not forget one thing, Harry. He has all of you forbidden to enter this room on the third floor."

"But, but...", stammered Harry.

"Harry, you're one of his favourites. Professor Dumbledore always has favoured Gryffindor heavily in the past, it his old house. Alas, before you came to Hogwarts, he has never done it so openly as stealing the House Cup from another House.", explained Poppy calmly.

"It wasn't necessary for your three to risk your life. The stone was so secured inside the Mirror, that neither Quirrel nor his Master would have been able to get it. We Heads of House have protested against having the stone at Hogwarts, as it endangered all of you. And I know for certain, that he changed at least twice Severus’ riddle. Do you really think that Severus would leave a riddle that is solvable for firsties on a table. Even with the right phials, when a thief tried to steal the stone. He is a Slytherin after all, and would have planned for all eventualities.", added Minerva.
Neither Minerva nor Poppy hold back any longer and tell the duo Remus and Harry some pretty harsh home truths. It is time for them to finally take responsibility for the own misdeeds.

"Your placement on the Quidditch team wasn't something with which I was very happy, Harry.", told him Poppy sternly. "We got the rules for a reason. First years shouldn't play Quidditch for a variety of reasons. One of them is, your were the smallest on the field, you have not learn magic as long as the others of the team and it would be to hard to balance out your academical work and your Quidditch activities. Not to mention, that you normally aren't allowed to own a broom in your first year."

"But I wanted to help Neville," grumbled Harry rebelliously. He was proud to be the youngest seeker in Hogwarts' history.

"Mr Potter, had Mr Malfoy broken the Remembrall, then he would have been forced by the school and us professors to replace it. As well as getting a letter home to inform his parents about this atrocious behaviour. Professor Snape always has a close eyes on his snakes and he doesn't overlook any unruly behaviour from them.", admonished Minerva her student.

"Doesn't seem so in Potions.", murmured Harry, still angry that they wouldn't accept his excuses.

"Did you or one of your friends ever deliberately throw ingredients into another cauldron, Mr. Potter? The truth, or I wouldn't shy back from using Veritaserum on you, young man.", inquired Poppy.

"Er, maybe. Once or twice. But Ron said they are slimy snakes and deserves it. And it was only firecrackers.", tried Harry to avoid trouble.

"Firecrackers, was it in your second year. As you should brew the swelling solution, Mr. Potter."

"Yes, ma'am. But they always try to throw something into our cauldrons, too.", defended Harry himself.

"I can't believe it, and I thought he was to harsh in treating you like toddlers. Have you ever read your potions books or listen to his lectures at all, Mr Potter?", wanted Minerva to know.

"I... I...", stammered Harry.

"In the first chapter of your potions book is a clear description of a shield, to prevent anyone from messing with your potions. And I know from personal experience that he always used the first week for safety lectures. I am very disappointed in your immature behaviour, young man. Did you don't know that a cauldron explosion can kill people. He is so strict to you for a reason.", lectured him Poppy.
"I will have to apologise to Severus, Poppy. I know that he always speaks personally with the miscreant, when he caught any Slytherin in messing with other student's potions. And he dealt out harsh punishments for that kind of misdeed.", replied Minerva browbeaten.

"You're right, Minerva. You can tell him to send the next to me, I'll will let them clean the Hospital wing for two weeks. Second year, did you try to steal from his personal stores, too? Hogwarts have a no-leniency rule for thieves."

"Don't ask me, Professor.", pleaded Harry.

"Didn't Mrs Granger tried to brew Polyjuice Potion on her own in second year. How did she get the boomslanghide for the potion?, inquired Poppy."

"You have really stolen from his store. And I thought you would have learned not to aggravate him further. You and the rest of your trio will write an essay about the danger of messing with potions and the dangers it includes. You three will also write an apology for Professor Snape and if anyone of you failed Potion, I will not protest if he should exclude you three from Potions.", decided Minerva strictly.

"Is that not to harsh, Minerva. They're only children.", tried Remus to intervene.

"No, it is not too harsh, Remus. We have once before let Gryffindors run wild. We should have stopped the Marauders' years ago, and we should have never let Albus blackmail Severus and let your lot run scotfree after the Shrieking Shack."

"Not to mention that the life debt was a bad joke. James never wanted to rescue Severus. He only wanted to safe your own hides. You could have ended up in Azkaban or be killed, had you injured him. And I have read the hideous note, with which Sirius Black baited him to his doom.

"Sirius doesn't mean anything with it."

"Did you ever read it? I have, he has written that Lily Evans will be raped, when Severus wouldn't come to the Shrieking Shack at Moonrise. On the night of the full moon. And she was his best friend. Did you really think, Severus would have anything let happen to her.", said Poppy angrily.

"My Mum was a friend from Snape?", asked Harry baffled.

"Professor Snape, Harry. Yes the grew up together in the same neighbourhood. It was in fact Severus who told her that she was a witch and educated her in everything which she have to know about our society. Rules, customs, magical abilities and therelike.", replied Minerva.

"But why did nobody tell me about it", cried Harry.

"Their friendship ended at the end of their fifth year. He was attacked again by your father and his friends. They tried to sexually harassed him in front of the whole school after the DADA-OWLs and your mother tried to intervene. Severus was very embarrassed and have a heavy concussion from their attacks, he insulted her in a moment of thoughtlessness. She had never forgiven him for it, even as he tried a whole week to apologise for it and to make it up again."

Afterwards he was only be seen in the company of Slytherins, especially his yearmates and the older students. They never reconciled again. Your father attacked him for seven years for simple existing and for having the audacity to be her childhoodfriend. He was obsessed with your mother and he never stopped pursuing her.
He may have matured a bit after Hogwarts, but he never made it up with Severus or one of his other victims from Hogwarts."

"We weren't so bad.", protested Remus weakly.

"You were a bunch of hooligans, Remus Lupin. You used illegal means to attack them, 4:1 and not even as a prefect did you ever try to stop Sirius and James. An invisibility cloak and a tracking method to catch them when they were alone. Did you really call that honourable, young man?", scoffed Minerva.

Remus swallowed harshly, he never wanted to think about the consequences of their misdeeds at Hogwarts. And he knows only to well, that he and his friends attacked with special glee outsiders as Severus Snape, only because nobody would have tried to stop them. It was harder during the first two years, as Lucius Malfoy has kept a close eye on Severus and used his power as a prefect to deduct points from them and to keep Severus safe.

After his graduation they have attacked Severus as often as they could. They had destroyed his assignments and possessions. And did everything to even destroy his future. He is a Slytherin, was enough for them to treat him as a whipping boy. But Remus have always looked into the other direction. He wasn't willing to own up his own insecurities, even when he knew about the sadistic tendencies of his friends.

"You said my father was a good man. But he sounds like Dudley.", cried Harry. "Is this his reason to hate me?, thought the raven-haired boy despaired.

"Harry, your father grow up, he matured after he married your mother. But he has his flaws like everyone else, too. We aren't perfect. We are only human. And as teacher we were responsible as well, for not putting an end to that feud in the first three years and always picked the Marauders' over Severus and the other victims. He couldn't trust any of us teacher to help him, and I have regret it for years."

"Only your mother was able to make him smile. I do not know, whether Severus would have been happier, when they were still friends, but I do know that he does not hate you. He always shared the opinion that no child is responsible for his parents. Even when he hates your father, he would observe you and treat you like your own person.", explained Minerva.

"Minerva wouldn't lie to you about it. Severus may have a strong dislike for rulebreakers or for you getting a special treatment from most of your professors, but he doesn't hate you. He sees you as an obnoxious student who got too much leeway and deems it as detrimental for you. And he wouldn't lie to any of his students. I can understand him, you are in some ways pretty arrogant, Harry. Especially when you get away when being caught out after curfew or another of your stunts.", said Poppy.

"It is late, Remus can you bring Mr Potter back to his dorm."

"Yes, I'll do it, Minerva. Come Harry, when you want, then I can tell you more about your mother and our Hogwarts' days."

"But do not lie to me again, Professor. I need to know the truth about my parents. Promise it me.", begged Harry.

"I will tell you the truth Harry. If that is what you want, then I'll try to do my best to give you an honest account about our Hogwarts' days.", answered Lupin hoarsely.
Poor Harry, now he have to learn that his father wasn't the perfect man, that they claimed him to be. And he have to face his own actions in a new light. Remus was shocked to learn that not everyone accepted the excuses "We're only boys" and the knowledge that Pettigrew is still alive. What did this mean for Sirius Black?
Although Severus should still recover, he used the absence of Narcissa to sneak with Neville and Draco to Muggle London. How long will it be, until someone realise that the trio is missing? In the meantime Dawlish encounter Pettigrew in the holding cell of the DMLE and send him via Portkey to their Master after getting the necessary information from Wormtail's failed abduction of Severus & Neville.

**Illegal trip to Muggle London**

Dawlish was on his way to the DMLE as he stopped abruptly and stared in the holding cell. Bound with anti-animagi-cuffs Pettigrew lurked in his cell miserably.

"For Merlin's sake, what are you doing here, Pettigrew?", hissed Dawlish, after looking around that nobody else was nearby.

"Dawlish, help me. I had almost successful captured Snape for our Master.", answered Pettigrew.

"You idiot, did someone else recognise you? You should be stay dead, or they would question who really betray the Potters.", growled Dawlish.

"No need to be so miffed, Dawlish. Would you help me out or not. I can't change my form with these cuffs on me."

"Tell me everything what you have done, and afterwards we will decide what is the best course of action. You almost ruined everything. You can count yourself lucky that we have already accomplished the liberation of our brethren from Azkaban and that Sirius Black isn't a danger any longer. He is the new playtoy for Bella and at the moment a snivelling toddler. ", smirked Dawlish evilly.

"As soon as she administered the Lethe Potion to him, it will be permanently. Sirius Black will cease to exist. But you have to be so stupid and try to act without any planning. You Gryffindors never learn."

"I got a plan.", protested Pettigrew weakly.

"Really, which plan had you minuscule brain provided?", mocked him Dawlish mercilessly.

"Snape got a brat with him, I am not quite sure. But it seems to be the Longbottom brat. The brat had somehow managed to deaged himself in Charms. It seems that they can't re-age him without repercussions. And the brat latched himself on Snape."

"Hurry, I have better things to do, than being caught talking with you, rat."

"Yes, whatever no need to get your knickers in a twist.", said Pettigrew angrily.

"I can go and leave you to face your destiny, rat."
"No, I apologise for my loose mouth."

"Better. Go on."

"I have waited until both were alone in the room and the force him to come to me. Or I would crucio the toddler. And he should come without his wand. It was so fantastic, Snape had to follow my orders or the brat would be harmed."

"Pettigrew, if you do not tell the rest, I'll sent a Dementor into your cell to suck out your soul.", threatened him Dawlish.

"Y- Yes, I'll do what you want, Dawlish.", mumbled Pettigrew meekly. "He came with me, without any further protest. He have the boy protected with his body and walked in front of me to the portal of the manor."

"We were already on our way out, as Narcissa Malfoy stopped us. I engaged her into a duel, until one of those blasted house elf attacked me from behind. I have waken up in here, and that's all I can tell you about it.", concluded Pettigrew his tale.

"Narcissa Malfoy has seen you as well. Alright I will get you out of the cell and give you a portkey to bring you to our master. And I will destroy any evidence that could lead to your real identity. You own me big for this rat.", growled Dawlish Pettigrew.

"And you will have to give our master a complete report about your failed mission. Do not dare to leave one word out of it. As I know him, he would lock you into your animagusform and let you be the new playtoy for Nagini.", smirked Dawlish deviously.

"But, but...", stammered Pettigrew.

"Take it or leave it. You can't stay here. Be lucky that the information isn't already registered with the other animagifiles.", admonished Dawlish Pettigrew.

"You're right, Dawlish. Can you please take these cuffs of me. They hurt like hell.", pleaded Pettigrew.

Silently performed Dawlish the countercurse to drop the cuffs on the floor of the holding cell. He took an emergency portkey out of his robe and threw it to Pettigrew. It activates on "Snakes' lair". I do not want to see you ever again in this cell. Am I clear?"

"Yes, I'll go at once.", agreed Pettigrew. He activated the Portkey and was transported to Bucharest within seconds.

With a quick swish of his wands, banished Dawlish the cuffs and cleaned the holding cell as well. He would have to destroy the memory that Narcissa will have left for the DMLE. She would never be so callous not to get another evidence secured elsewhere.

"Rookwood and I have to visit the mansion and make sure, that she won't telly anybody about her encounter with Pettigrew. I should take those potions with me, should Severus still be there, it would be a quick way to regain control over him. At least with the toddler he is more vulnerable and more open for negotiations.", smirked John.

On Saturday morning Draco left via floo to Malfoy Manor. As his Head of House wasn't here, he had to ask Professor McGonnagall, if he could leave the grounds, luckily she'll gave him permission to go home.
After entering the Manor Nobby brought his luggage into his rooms and left Draco free to visit his Godfather.

He knocked three times on the door, waiting on the invitation of his uncle to enter.

"Come in, Draco.", called Severus. He had already changed Neville in a fresh outfit and both were ready to leave within a moments notice. A fresh scan on Friday night had shown, that his Magical Core have been replenished enough, to use a wand without any fear of falling into a magical coma or losing his magic completely.

This suits both well, Severus wanted to show Neville some sights in the Muggleworld, but he knew too well, that he can't talk about it with Narcissa. After all he was still recovering from the latest attack of the geas.

"Good Morning, Draco.", greeted him Severus.

"Good Morning, Uncle Sev. How are you?"

"I'm fine. And I want to go out with Neville. Do you want to accompany us? We'll go to Muggle London.", asked Severus his godson.

"Does Mother know, what you have planned for today?", inquired Draco warily.

"Of course not, or she would stick me to the bed. I have to go out, or I lose my mind.", replied Severus.

"And where do you want to go with him?"

"London Zoo and a few other sights. Let me show you what Muggles are capable of, Dragon."

"I was never in a Muggle zoo.", answered Draco.

"I have taken you once there, as you were the same age as Neville. You have especially liked the snakes.", corrected him Severus.

"Uncle Sev, is Granger really related to me?"

"According to Minerva the spell wasn't bungled up. But they will use a heritage potion on her, before confirming or denying it. Should she be related to you, there will be a lot of questions to be asked. How she ended up with Muggles and who covered it up.", explained Severus patiently.

"Let's go before somebody stop us.", smirked Severus.

Neville was secured in his arms and Draco had a vice-like grip on his left arm, as he apparated them to Muggle London. A quick swish of Severus' wand and all three was clothed in Muggle outfits.

Neville cooed delightedly, he has liked the feeling of apparating and he laughed openly at his daddy and the strange boy who accompanied them today.

"Do you need a stomach soother, Dragon?", asked Severus, noticing the green taint on Dracos face.

"No, it is fine, Uncle Sev. Longbottom seems to like that way of travelling."

"True, my little one is a special boy." smiled Severus and tickled the toddler before sitting him on his hips.
"Do you think, Mother knows that we're gone?"

"Maybe, when she check my room or asked the elves. Doesn't matter we won't go back for a few hours.", replied Severus.

"Should someone ask, our Name is Prince. Don't forget it Dragon.", told him Severus, as he walked with them to London Zoo.

"Prince, got it, Uncle Sev.", agreed Draco. He has always enjoyed their trips over the years. Severus was more at ease, when it was only the two of them. And always answered all questions patiently.

At Malfoy Manor Narcissa have waited to greet her son and to check again how Severus was doing. But the room was empty. No sign from Severus, her son and toddler Neville.

"Nobby, have you seen my son?"

"Young Master has arrived on 10 a.m. Mistress Narcissa. I have brought his luggage in his room and he wanted to see Master Severus."

"You haven't seen him for the last hour, Nobby?"

"No, but he wanted to see Master Severus.", answered the House elf.

"Can you send me Sneaky. Maybe she knows something about their whereabouts."

"Will do, Mistress.", agreed Nobby and popped away to look for Sneaky.

The portkey had send Pettigrew directly to the manor where Voldemort and his two loyal followers were hiding. Yaxley encountered him first and throw him roughly for the feet of their master.

"What do you want, Pettigrew?", asked Voldemort, stroking his snake and looked at him coldly.

"M-M-Master I have come to show you my respect. I have tried to bring you Se-Sev-Severus, but I couldn't accomplish it. Narcissa Malfoy and a house elf stopped me, as we were leaving Malfoy Manor. He had a small boy with him.", snivelled Pettigrew.

"He had what. Who had dare to touch my Precious. He is mine.", growled Voldemort furiously. His red eyes glowed evilly.

"I do not know, who did it, but he c-ca-cared for the brat, Master. He would do everything to keep him safe.", replied Pettigrew meekly.

"Show me the memory from that day now, Pettigrew. And you will regret it, when you lied to me.", warned him Voldemort.

Pettigrew gulped, he knew he would be punished. He had shoved Severus and nobody besides Voldemort was allowed to touch him.

Voldemort sorted violently through Pettigrews memories. He didn't care if he should damaged his brain permanently, he only would have cared for the memories and to get a fresh glimpse on his precious.

After seeing the whole scenes he growled: Pettigrew how dare you to hurt my Precious. You know
that you aren't allowed to touch him at all. Nagini time to eat, my darling."

He locked Pettigrew into his ratform and set Nagini on him. Pettigrew squeaked and scrambled away as fast as he could.

"I want him here, now."

"Master, the Romanians are famous for their bloodtracking spells. Should I bring one of them here, so that you can hunt him down yourself.", asked Barty Crouch jr.

"How does it work?"

"I have heard, that you only need a sample of his blood and they create a spell that leads you directly to your target, Master. It is impossible to hide from it. And when you're near him, then you can use the Dark Mark to call him to your side.", replied Barty.

"Do it, Barty."

"I will, Master.", complied Barty before leaving the room.

Yaxley observed it from the shadows, barely manage to control his glee as Pettigrew was punished for his failures. That idiotic rat got the best chance of them all to capture Severus and bring him to their master and he was beaten by a house elf and a witch. He only got a place into the DE-ranks because of his knowledge of Potter, Black and the werewolf Lupin.

But he was the first choice for new hexes, spells and potions. Friendly fire happened quite often, when Pettigrew lurked in the shadows. And the rat had even managed to anger the calmer DE with his continuing spying on them to placate Voldemorts ire.

He wasn't even a real member of the Inner Circle, one word of their dark Master and they would gladly kill him. Afterwards his remains would be dispose near the fountain in the Ministry of Magic, after removing the Dark Mark on him.

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Severus had enjoyed his trip to the zoo with Neville and Draco. He relaxed more and more as they watched the huge variety of animals and answered some of Dracos questions about them.

"Let's take our tea in a café nearby before we return to Malfoy Manor", suggested Severus after a quick wandless tempus which shows 4 p.m.

"Okay, Uncle Sev." Can we eat over there?, asked Draco, already spotting a café near the exit of the zoo.

"Yes, well done, Draco.", praised him Severus. He had placed Neville on his shoulders and keep him secured with his hands, while Neville giggled about the unexpected height.

Draco had soon found a booth for them near the entrance and sat down, still smirking about the antics of toddler Neville. It has been years since his godfather has acted so carefree. He had missed it, even when he couldn't speak about it outside of the Manor. And he knew who was responsible for it.

Before he started Hogwarts had his father ordered him in his study and told him the facts, why he had taken the Dark Mark and that the Dark Lord was obsessed with his godfather. "Be careful, Draco. He will try to come back and we have to be prepared for it. Study and practise hard, otherwise we wouldn't have a chance to prevent the abduction of your godfather.", has Lucius
warned him morosely.

"We have to go back, Dragon. Hopefully your mother hasn't realised our absence, yet.", said Severus calmly.

"And if she has discovered it, Uncle Sev, what would we have to face?"

"Don't worry, she will focus her ire on me. After all, I should still recover in the room, before she allows me to leave it.", smirked Severus "I can deal with it."

"Do you think, she would punish you, Uncle Sev?", inquired Draco interested.

"Probably, but I can possible handle it. At least she won't set me up to entertain other witches.", replied Severus.

"Why, I thought she want you to be happy, Uncle?"

"As long as a certain lunatic is still lurking around, it wouldn't be very wise to do. And she knows that I have no interest in witches at all.", commented Severus.

"Should I play lookout, Uncle Sev?"

"If you wish, come on, time to go back and we'll face whatever she has in store for us."

Even Sneaky couldn't answer Narcissa's questions, where the trio would be. She was angry and still planning her revenge. "Sneaky, I want you to bring Rita Skeeter to the Manor."

"Why, Mistress Narcissa?"

"We have promised her an interview with your Master as soon as possible. Today would be very suitable, did you prepare the parchment and the ink?"

"Yes, it is both infused with Veritaserum Mistress and we made sure, she can't use a quickquill. Do you want an oath from her as well?"

"It would be only reasonable to demand a witch oath to write nothing else than the truth about that interview with us.", considered Narcissa. "Bring her to the green salon."

"I'll hurry, Mistress Narcissa. Nobby will offer tea and snacks for guests, Mistress."

"Good, and you have to remove Severus' wand after he returns, he knew exactly that he should recover and not strain his body further."

"Master wouldn't like it.", murmured Sneaky.

"It doesn't matter, I want him to stay healthy, but he is too stubborn for his own good."

"And if another one of those imbeciles tried to abduct him?", asked Sneaky worriedly.

"You and the other house elves are allowed to do everything to protect Severus, Neville and our family. Even break their wands, when you can only stop them with that kind of action, Sneaky."

"As you wish, Mistress. I'll bring your guest and inform the other elves about your new orders. Do not worry we won't let anyone harm our Master. And if his gollumness tries it again, then I blast him into pieces. He won't hurt my Master ever again."
What have you planned this time, Narcissa?”, asked Lucius. He hasn't left for the Ministry but had taken a holiday instead to be there for his family. And he wanted to protect Severus at least a bit from Narcissa overzealousness.

“I invited Rita Skeeter for an interview with Severus, Lucius. He has gone out and Neville and Draco have accompanied him. He knew exactly that he should take it slowly and not leave the premises, until I allow it him.”

“I know your upset, Darling. But don't you think that Rita Skeeter is a bit harsh for that kind of infraction, Narcissa?”, tried Lucius to calm his wife down.

“Did you already forgot, that they tried to abduct him. Who said that it was the only one. You know only to well, how Bella tried to please the Dark Lord. She wouldn't hesitate to abduct him, when she find him anywhere in the open. And he isn't strong enough at the moment to win a duel against her and the Lestranges.”

“What do you mean?”

“His magical core was almost completely depleted yesterday. Would he have use only a bit of his magic, he could have died, Lucius. I do not want to lose him.”, told him Narcissa sadly.

“It was so bad. I'm sorry, I didn't know it, Darling. I will speak with him, but you know him. He doesn't like to be quarantined for 48 hours. He wants to be free.”

“I know, but his health is more important, Lucius. And if I have to stick him to his bed, then I'll do it.”, declared Narcissa.

“I'll stay by your side and we will convince him, that he have to take better care, Narcissa. Together we can convince him, to follow your instructions, Darling.”

“True, together we will make him see the light, Lucius. Do you want to be here for the interview?”

“Of course. As I know my little brother he would try to bolt. What about Neville?”

“We will see, maybe he can stay for a little while, but should he need to be changed, I'll let Sneaky do it.”

Sneaky returned with Rita Skeeter, who was greeted heartily by both Malfoys and ushered into a free seat.

“Can I offer you a cup of tea, Ms Skeeter?”, wanted Narcissa to know, as she played the gracious hostess.

“Yes, please. You really want to grant me an exclusive interview with Potions Master Severus Snape? How did you convince him?, inquired Skeeter curiously. She has tried it for years without success.

“Severus is my brother in all but blood”, answered Lucius Malfoy. "I told him it was for his best interest to give you a real insider view what happens behind Hogwarts's wall. Have you read our contract already, Ms. Skeeter? We do need an oath from you as well, that you won't change a single word in the interview."

“I understand, Lord Malfoy. And where is Professor Snape?”
"I told you, Draco, we will be safe.", could they heard near the green salon.

"He is here, Ms Skeeter. Nobby escort them to us."

"Yes, Mistress. Please Master follow me."

"Why?", asked Severus warily. He got a very bad feeling about this.

"Just follow Nobby, Masters", replied the elf and lead them into the salon.

"Really, that isn't necessary at all. Narcissa, I do not remember to allow any kind of interview at all.", growled Severus, as he saw Ms Skeeter sitting on one of the seats in the green salon.

"Indeed? And I know exactly, that I told you to stay in your room, Severus. Where have you three been?"

"Out, I'm fine Cissy. As I have told you again and again, I do not need any kind of mothercoddling.", moaned Severus, as he rolled his eyes.

"You can always hand me Neville and talk with Ms Skeeter, Severus.", smiled Narcissa.

"What, no way.", exclaimed Severus, cuddling Neville protectively in his arms.

"Sit down, do you want a cup of tea?"

"Yes, please, Mother.", said Draco. He hastily lead Severus to a free couch and forced him softly to sit down.

"Did you have a nice trip?"

"Indeed we have. We have to do this again.", answered Severus. He leaned back and placed Neville on his lap. "Nobby a sippy cup with warm milk for Neville."

"I'll bring it at once, Master Severus."

What an unusual punishment for Severus. Now he have to face Ritas questions and who knows what else Narcissa has planned for her stubborn patient.

Voldemort knows thanks to the snivelling rat, where his precious Severus is located at the moment and considers even the use of his animagusform. What kind of animagus would Voldemort be?
Plotting

Chapter Summary

The escaped DE plotting with Dawlish & Rockwood how to capture Severus. And Voldemort had an annoying encounter with a mysterious Romanian, who claimed to be a bloodtracker - his name is Radu.

Chapter Notes

A/N: I want to thank Plutoplex for the ingenious idea, what could be a plausible reason, why Severus entered the Shrieking Shack during his fifth year. A threat that Lily could be raped, when he wouldn't be there on time, would spin him into action. At that time he was still most loyal to Lily.

And as the question came up: This is an AU: Severus was never a Spy for the DE and he never treated his students as harsh as in Canon. Yes, he is still strict in Potions, but that is due to the danger of the craft. He treated Harry as a normal, sometimes annoying student, but he doesn't single him out or humiliate him during class. And he still favours his own house, but he isn't blind for any wrongdoings of his Snakes. Only suicidal Slytherin fools would repeatedly throw ingredients in other student's cauldrons after getting caught by their Head of House.

To make it easier for new students at Hogwarts the Heads of House have decided that in every dorm, for every student is placed an information package near their beds. It contains relevant information to the core classes, e.g. requirements from the teacher, basics of Wizarding Culture and Etiquette. How to prepare ingredients correctly, an additional book about the school rules and by-laws. Sadly the Gryffindors have a tradition to throw these books in the fire on their first evening, but they got the chance to start with the same basics as the rest of the school.

The Heads of House are a bit different from canon. Minerva speaks more often to her Lions in contrary to canon. And she visit the dorms regularly to stop bullying. This was the result of letting the Marauders' running wild. She wasn't amused to hear after their graduation of their moonlight trips, and had vowed to prevent this in the future.

About the handling of students as Hermione Granger, the Heads of House have decided to watch it during the first week and when she handed in too long essays, they will deduct points or even stop reading after the wished length. Severus had once in second year burned the rest of the essay in a potions lesson, as she has ignored every cutting remark of him. Needless to say she complained about it to her Head of House.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Plotting

Bella had loved to have two toddler with which she could play. Within minutes both boys had...
green and silver bows in their hair and wore matching onesies. Rodolphus and Rabastan were very amused with her antics and took a lot of embarrassing pictures.

They were Slytherins to the core and this would be a possibility to blackmail both for years. Why should they give up such a golden opportunity? As it was getting dark, Bella sang a lullaby for both boys, conjured two pacifiers for them and tucked them into new conjured cribs.

Sirius tried to glare at his cousin for this humiliation, but she only cooed that he looked adorable and he was such a cute starpuppy. This shut him up instantly. He wasn't cute, and he was no toddler. He feared the next day, as they have planned to administer the Lethe potion to him. He wouldn't be able to remember that he was once Sirius Black. As only the will mattered of the person who forcefed him the potion or the brewer of said potion. He was doomed.

As they were ready to go to sleep a message from Voldemort reached them. He has been informed about their successful escape by Rookwood and even the deaging of Fudge and Sirius Black. He ordered Rodolphus to meet him with Fudge on the next morning at 10 a.m. Rabastan and Bella should stay in Scotland and wait on further instructions.

"I will meet our Master tomorrow with Fudge. What are your plans, Bella?"

"I'll stay with starpuppy here. When he starts to getting difficult I will force him to drink the potion. Then we can be a real family again.", answered Bella giddily.

"I want to get further information about our target. I can scout with ease, without getting caught. We have to be careful so that Snape can't escape from us.", replied Rabastan.

"True, our Master would reward us greatly, when we can offer him Severus on a silver platter. We have only to remove some obstacles beforehand."

A noise outside, stopped the talk between them. They looked at each other worriedly, but relaxed as John Dawlish entered the room.

"Are you well?"

"Yes, why are you here, John?", inquired Rabastan warily.

"Wormtail got caught by the DMLE."

"What, how did the Rat manage that?", screamed Bella.

"Stupidity, what else, Bella. He thought he could succeed in bringing Severus to our lord. He used his animagusform to slip through the wards at Malfoy Manor and he took Severus and a toddler as hostages."

"Wait a second, which toddler? Since when did Severus have a brat?", asked Rodolphus astonished.

"I don't know Rod. He was unsuccessful as a house elf and Narcissa stopped them from leaving the Manor. He was brought to the DMLE, where he was placed into one of the holding cells.", explained John tiredly.

"The toddler would be a way to make him obey us, don't you agree John?", voiced Rodolphus his thoughts.
"Probably, Severus wouldn't risk him. But how do we catch them? We can't get them at Malfoy Manor, as they will have installed new wards after Wormtail's stupidity.", growled Dawlish.

"Can you forge a letter, John?", suggested Bella smirking.

"A letter, what do you have in mind, Bella?"

"Is he still the last heir of the Princes?"

"Yes, I do not know, if Augustus Prince is still living, but Severus will be the next in line for the title."

"Write a letter, that ordered him to a confidential meeting in Diagon Alley. Suggest the Leaky Cauldron for the meeting. Offer him protection from our Master. When his grandfather would really care for him, he could write such a letter.", replied Bella still smiling.

"Yes, the idea with a letter has merit. I got a better idea. We write a letter with a fake name. He should come without adult support to the meeting. Only the toddler may accompany him. Should he refuse, then an anonymous letter will be send to the Daily Prophet and inform everyone about the bonding between him and our Master.", smirked John evilly.

"Even better, he will come. As he had tried to kept this secret for the last 13 years.", agreed Rabastan.

"You have to make sure, that nobody can follow him. Put a magical damper in the room, it should only react on his signature. Stun him, as soon as he opened the door. Do you need the special cuffs for him?", interrupted Rodolphus them impatiently.

"Yes, this could really work. But we have to work fast. How can we make sure, that he will do what we want him to do?", asked John.

"If he doesn't come, then Lucius will die. Severus would never risk it.", grinned Bella manically.

"But we have to charm the letter, so that only Severus will be able to read it."

"True, but he was always too lenient with him. He thought the geas would be enough after he forced him to bond to him as a result of the ritual.", commented John calmly.

"It would have been enough, when they would have consummated the bond, but unfortunately those fried chicken disrupt it. Our Master could only banish the restraints and the altar, before he was forced to flee and left Severus back. This will not happen again."

"Of course not.", scuffed Bella miffed. "Because we will prevent it. He will submit to our Master and we will earn our reward. Lucius will be only a little errant boy, after we have done that deed. And Severus will be reminded on his rightful place and his status.", smirked Rabastan.

"Bring me a bowl with water.", ordered Bella coldly.

"Why do you need it, Bella?", wanted Rabastan to know.

"I want to scry for them. When I get a closer look, it will be easier to lure him into our clutches.", smirked Bella.

"I'll fetch it, Bella.", replied her husband and came soon with a fresh bowl filled with clear water. He placed it before her and sit down again. All three males watched eagerly, as Bella began to scry
for their elusive prey.

"Show me Severus Snape.", she intoned in a melodic voice. The water rippled, before a clear picture formed into it. They all saw it, Severus Snape and seated on his lap was a little boy, who looked proudly up to him.

"That's the Longbottom brat.", exclaimed Rabastan.

"How, shouldn't he be 13 years old, today? It doesn't matter look at him, and listen.", interrupted Bella her brother-in-law.

"Daddy"

Severus whispered quietly something into Neville's ear. "Let us play a little prank on your Aunty Cissy and your Uncle Luc."

"Yes, Daddy. What prank could we play?", inquired Neville excitedly.

"Place your hands over my wand, we will change the colouring of their hair for a while."

Together they pointed the tip of Severus' wand into the direction of the Malfoy and a silent non-verbal spell later was Lucius' Hair interwoven with red and gold strains. Whereas Narcissas Hair now resemble the Slytherin colours.

"Lucius, I didn't know that you were so supportive of Inter-House-unity. Minerva would be so proud of you. But was it really necessary to dye your hair in those garish colours."

"What do you mean, Severus?", asked Lucius warily. He quickly conjured a mirror and gasped at his new look. His gaze fell on his wife and he handed the mirror over without any objections.

"How could you…?"

"Isn't accidental magic amazing, Lucius.", smirked Severus. He cuddled Neville closer to himself and relaxed slowly. "I'm sure it will wear off or you can end the spell."

A quick wave of her hands and the picture of Severus and Neville vanished. They looked at each other.

"Have you seen it, he helped the brat to control his magic.", murmured John.

"Yes, I didn't think it was even possible. But I was right, the brat is the key to make him comply to our orders.", agreed Rodolphus. "I'll meet our master tomorrow and you'll wait on my return, before we make further plans. We won't fail him and should it necessary we can always use one of those special potions on Severus."

"When was it, Bella?"

"I can only scry a bit in the future, John. You should know it. Saturday around 5 p.m – why do you want to know it?"

"It could be a way to catch him easier. I'll get Augustus and we pay them a little visit."

"Wouldn't it be ironic to bring him down with a potion that Prince Lab has brewed?", commented John laughing.

"It would be poetical justice.", giggled Bella."
"We will use a two-fork-approach to get Severus into our hands. The letter is a good idea. But Augustus and I will go first to Malfoy Manor. We have to make sure that Narcissa does not have any other evidence about Wormtail's stunt yesterday.", proposed John.

"When will you both go to Malfoy Manor?", asked Rabastan.

"At 5 p.m – it will be best, if we can catch them unaware. And we have to do it, before Severus returns to Hogwarts. Should we be successful, then I'll send a message to you. You know what you have to do in the next days?"

"I'll bring Fudge to our Master. The spell will be wearing off tomorrow. It is easier to travel with a toddler. And should we reach the manor shortly after he is an adult again, I'll simply stun him, before presenting him to our Lord.", replied Rodolphus amused.

John left the trio to their plotting and went home. Soon after they Lestranges went to bed, Bella looked again after the toddlers, tucked Sirius in, and stroked him soft over his hair, before she went to bed herself.

In Bucharest had Barty found a Bloodtracker and brought him to his Master. Red eyes looked upon the scrawny man, who looked back fearless.

"You claim to be a specialist in tracking humans with their blood."

"Indeed, it is like the tracer which your Ministry used to control underage wizards and witches.", smirked the man.

"Your name?", growled Voldemort, his wandhand twitched. He had to fight the urge to crucio the man, just to wipe that smirk from his face.

"You can call me Radu, your Darkness.", replied the man calmly.

"Do you know, why you are here, Radu.", inquired Voldemort.

"You're looking for someone special. A young man who has defied you for years, even when you have tried to bond him to you.", answered Radu.

"Who told you that?", screamed the Dark Lord.

"I'm a man with many talents. And Potions Master Severus Snape-Prince is well-known in our circles. Many have tried fruitlessly to get him into their hands. His ancestry and his inborn talents is only some of the benefits to own him. And his blood should be a real treat. Should you really manage to tame him, then Romania will support your crusade, my Lord.", offered Radu smiling.

"But you will need a better ritual, and don't botch it up again. Or you will lose him to another competitor. Should you manage to get him into your hands, you have to use a bloodbond, so that he will be yours for the rest of eternity.

"How dare you.", growled Voldemort.

"Augustus Prince isn't dead yet, and he has offered a reward as well. Do not underestimate him. He is infamous and ruthless like our national hero Vlad Draculea III."

"What has the Prince patriarch offered to your kind, Radu?", asked Voldemort worried. Prince was
a dangerous opponent. He had in the 1940s developed a stronger variation of liquid imperio – commonly referred as **vǫkr tarnal** – it enslaved everyone who was influenced by combined with the Lethe potion, it was his worst nightmare.

Yes, he may not be a saint, but he couldn't let Severus handed over to his grandfather. The man hates muggles and half-bloods with a fanatical streak.

"Doesn't matter. I heard that he bragged to purify his heir. And he will re-educate him, should he get him into his hands. He had everything prepared already. On the night of the blood moon Severus Snape will cease to exist."

"What are his plans, speak you vermin."

"Nope, you want my help. Do not waste my time. Voldemort. I can show you how bloodtracking worked, but nothing else. Show that you're more powerful than Augustus Prince and maybe you get new allies. I do not fear you. ", smirked Radu evilly.

"Fine, but I warn you. Try to fool me, and I'll kill you. ", snarled the Dark Lord. "When he is the next blood moon?"

"You're lucky. The next blood moon will arise on the 11th March. Should you get him sooner and bond with your intended, than nobody will deny your claim of him. Best to hurry. Augustus Prince has already alerted his followers to capture his wayward grandson should he venture outside of Wiltshire. He has even placed his elite in Hogsmeade."

The blood drained from the face of the Dark Lord. During his schooling he has read about that elite. It was one of the reasons why he created horcruxes. They were ruthless killers and never stop until their task was finished. Should they capture Severus than the world will burn.

"No, I'll kill Augustus Prince before I let my precious be tainted by him. ", swore Voldemort silently. "Show me everything, what I need to know about this technique. ", he ordered brusquely.

"With pleasure, my Lord. It is important that you have to bite him, when you have successfully tracked him down. Only then will the bloodbond settle between you two. Don't forget it. ", complied Radu.

He followed the instructions of his supervisors and taught the technique to bloodtracking a victim to the Dark Lord. "Make sure that Augustus Prince and Voldemort destroy each other. While the other try to recover, we can secure the young Prince for our leader. He had like the taste of Severus' blood. Nothing can be compared to it. Do not fail us, Radu. " "I won't", had he promised.

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**Chapter End Notes**

A/N: At least 3 fractions have an unhealthy interest in Severus. Augustus Prince, Voldemort and an unknown third party. Who will succeed in getting his clutches in the young Potions Master? Who needs enemies when he got such relatives?
The Interview

Chapter Summary

Severus have to answer the questions of Rita Skeeter about his life, friends and accomplishment after gaining a Mastery in Potions & Defense against the Dark Arts. Fudge has been brought to Voldemort who will wants to use him as a meaning to an end. He imperioed him, branded his mark into him and creating him as a mindless puppet. During the interview 2 DE enter the Manor, taking Neville as a hostage and forced Severus to surrender to them, when he wants the little boy to survive. They imprison them and waited for their Master - the Dark Lord Voldemort.

Chapter Notes

Flashbacks are usually written in bold and Italics.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Interview

Severus glared into the direction of Lucius and Narcissa, even his little prank with Neville's help wasn't enough for his sombre mood. He hated to give interviews. It was the same as he gained his Potions Mastery after two years of excessive studying. As he has created the three new potions and passed the written exam, he was exhausted and only wanted to sleep.

But of course, it couldn't be so simple. He had been dragged from event to event. He was the youngest Potions Master in the last centuries and this was never willing to forget easily. After the disaster with the failed bonding ritual and his capture by the rabid DE, Severus only wanted to sleep and never return into public.

It wasn't accepted. Dumbledore discovered his secret hiding place and persuaded him to became Head of Slytherin House and the new Potions Master on 1st September 1980. Horace Slughorn was tired and want to enjoy the rest of his life without further responsibilities to young students.

Severus wasn't pleased with the arrangement, but Dumbledore blackmailed him, when he wanted that Lucius and Narcissa wouldn't be arrested for any DE-activities, Severus have to take the position. Dumbledore still carried too much political influence and could harm his friends. Therefore Severus accepted the position grudgingly.

After Nobby has brought the sippy-cup for Neville, Severus helped him to drink it carefully. His whole attention focused on the small boy, he never even noticed as Skeeter took a camera out of her handbag and photographed them at least a dozen times. Those sort of pictures are priceless and could be sold to a huge varieties of magazines and newspapers.

"Professor Snape, I am very pleased to get this unique opportunity of an interview with you.", began Skeeter. "You're not only one of the youngest British Potions Master in the last centuries, but
have gained this title worldwide. How old was you, when you gained your Potions Mastery?"

"I have gained my Potions Mastery in the July of 1980, Ms. Skeeter. I've worked for two years as an apprentice for Master Tidwell. He was a good Master who motivated us everyday to do our best for the Potions Community."

"Isn't it highly unusual to take the exams after two years, normally you need between four to six years?", asked Skeeter.

"Indeed, Ms. Skeeter. As I started in Hogwarts I got an opportunity to get tested about my Potions knowledge in the first week of classes. Professor Slughorn was so pleased with my efforts, that he got a special permission from Headmaster Dumbledore, so that I could take lessons with the fourth years. I had still to brew every potion, draught and salves from the first three years curricula and pass the exams about it, but that wasn't too hard."

"You got a sponsor in Abraxas Malfoy, how did that happen?", inquired Rita Skeeter intrigued.

"I have met Abraxas Malfoy the first time at the end of leaving feast 1971. Lucius had always looked out for me, after my sorting into Slytherin and he used the opportunity to arrange a meeting between his father and me. He was a good friend of my mother and able to help us with ease. He treated me like a second son. I couldn't have asked for a better role model.", answered Severus, unconsciously stroking Nevilles hair to calm himself.

"Interesting, Professor. Have you ever met your grandfather Augustus Prince?", fired Rita the next question.

"No, I have no contact with my paternal relatives. And I do not have any reason to change it, Ms. Skeeter.", growled Severus. Even after all these years he didn't like anyone to mention his grandfather. His mother had fled from him into the Muggleworld. After his birth she has used an old charm to make sure, he won't be able to find Severus. She knew it would have weaken her magic and her lifeforce, but she wanted to ensure Severus' safety.

"Stay away from him, Severus. Your grandfather is not a nice man. He can harm you in many ways. Promise me, that you will never contact him.", had she urged him before he went to Hogwarts in September 1971. "I promise Mother. I won't look for him."

"You're the only Potions Master in the last years, who have never lost a student to a fatal Potions accident, since you have started in September 1980. How did you manage it?"

Severus only raised one eyebrow for the stupidity of the question. He breathed once in and out to calm himself before replying: "By keeping an eye on my students and be all time on my feet, Ms. Skeeter. Potions is a subtle science and I would never be silent about the dangers it can entail to mastering it."

"Can you elaborate it, Professor Snape?"

"It would be easier to teach as an elective, instead of a core-class, Ms. Skeeter. An elective is chosen because the students wants to learn and have had time to weigh up the risks and the benefits. A deeper knowledge of Potions is required for a variety of jobs and therefore we need students, who knows about the important to study for their lessons. Unfortunately only a very small minority is willing to study hard for their classes."

"It is dangerous?"
"Ms Skeeter, you'll have to deal in Potions with open fires, sharp knives and sometimes even with poisonous ingredients. A little mistake can lead to a disaster. Why do you think, I spend the first hour of my double Potions lesson to lecture the first years about the safety measures? We do provide the necessary information for all our students in an additional information package that is always placed besides their beds. But we do have no influence, if they actually read it or will they disregard our efforts and therefore be more prone for accidents in the lessons."

"I'll deal harshly with any miscreant I caught to mess with another students potions. It can be fatal to miss it."

"Even with Slytherins, Professor? You have a special relationship with them, as their Head of House."

"Ms Skeeter, I can assure you, that I inform my Snakes exactly what I require from them and what kind of punishment they have to expect, when the mess with Potions. I have chosen those textbooks for my lessons very carefully. This is not a game. Therefore it is important to install the right work ethics into them."

At the same morning Rodolphus used a portkey to travel with toddler Fudge to the lair of his Master. He couldn't be sure why his Master wanted to see this wimp of a wizard, but he obeyed nevertheless. He was not so suicidal that he would cross his Master, and he has never shied back in the past to crucio his wayward followers.

He stepped into the Manor, greeted Barty and Yaxley and was ushered into a nearby antechamber. Rodolphus placed Fudge on the ground, murmured "Incarcerous" to bound the Minister after he had re-aged. A second spell clothed the Minister in a simple black robe. Smirking levitated Rodolphus the Minister into the audience chamber of Lord Voldemort. After their entrance he cancelled the spell and watched with glee, as Fudge hit the floor hard.

"My lord, I'll bring you the Minister, as you has wished it.", said Rodolphus calmly.

Voldemort glanced into his direction and ordered his instructor, Radu, to leave them alone for the next hour. Radu left smilingly. He had a report to write at his Prince about Voldemorts development in bloodtracking. Luckily Voldemort didn't know that he is already in London and waiting on the right opportunity to woo the reluctant Potions Master.

As one of the closest advisers of Vladimir Baserab, better known as Dracula, he know the basics of their first official encounter. Vladimir wanted to ensure that nobody of his people would ever harm Severus.

It was in October 1980 on a Potioneer Conference in Bucharest. His prince was very intrigued as he learned about the existence of the youngest Potions Master and he wanted to meet him. He used his charisma to gather a seat at the same table. A little cut into the left hand of Severus Snape, gave him the perfect opportunity to taste his blood.

Severus looked surprised in his eyes, this opportunity used Dracula to enthral him. He stopped him from leaving the little alcove in which they have hidden from the annoying reporters. His blood was so sweet, that nothing hold Dracula back any longer and he kissed the young man roughly on his lips. A soft moan left Severus' lips, but he bend over in pains within seconds. The geas has flared up and Severus hissed through gritted teeth.
Surprised recoiled Vladimir and could observe how the pain subsided after minutes. However
the young man would avoid his worried look and tried to hide behind his hair. It hurt him, but
Vladimir got no other choice, when he wanted to help Severus. Therefore he obliviated him, so
that he wouldn't remember their encounter.

Nevertheless he swore on that day, that Severus will be his one day. He only have to got rid of
the vexatious Dark Mark and the bothersome geas before he could claim Severus as his mate.
Soon he will win him over. Severus wouldn't be able to overcome his thrall.

Radu got the special permission to taught Voldemort bloodtracking, but only as it gave his Prince
more time to win Severus over. He should only teach the insane Dark Lord as slowly as possible.
The result would be a longer stay in Bucharest, while Dracula will used his chances in England to
gain the Potions Master. After a decade of tedious studying he has finally found a way to get rid of
the Dark Mark and of the geas, too. A little ritual would be enough to clean Severus from this
unwanted taint. Afterwards nobody would be able to stop Dracula from claiming the young Potions
Master as his mate.

Should they consummate the bond, the dormant gene in Severus blood would be activated and
grant him immortality. Some years later he would be even capable of bearing their children.
Dracula would have only found a way to hide his reluctant prey on one of his hidden British
properties, after ensuring that he wasn't willing to leave him. The thrall would ease his endeavour,
but Severus could be pretty stubborn. He would probably need a potion to ensure his compliance.
Or he have to find something which will make it impossible for Severus to refuse his orders.

Fudge looked scared and totally shocked at Voldemort. "It couldn't be true. Harry Potter had killed
him years ago. How could he be still alive?"

"Good Morning, Minister. You will get a special honour, for your sake you should appreciate it."

"What honour", croaked Fudge hoarsely.

"You will get the unique opportunity to return my property to me. My precious is much too long
separated from me. That won't do any longer."

"I d- do- don't understand", stammered Fudge.

"Hm, I will try to explain it in a way that even you minuscule brain can process it. You will do
your best that Severus Snape will be handed over to me within the next month. Should you fail,
then one of my followers will gladly kill you.", smirked Voldemort evilly.

"What do you want with Professor Snape?", inquired Fudge baffled. "It doesn't make any sense at
all. Harry Potter would be understandable, after all he was responsible for the Death of Lord
Voldemort at Halloween 1981. But Severus Snape?"

"And if I refuse, what will you do?", challenged him Fudge bravely. He was once an auror, he
wouldn't cave in because of this lunatic.

"You do not have the guts, Fudge." A quick spell petrified Fudge, another spell directly fired after
disappeared his clothes. Smirking Voldemort went to Fudge, twirling his wand lazily in his hands.

He crouched down in front of the helpless man and branded the Dark Mark into his left forearm.
"You're one of mine now, Fudge. And you will obey me, I'm your Lord and Master. Imperio –
bring me my precious – bring me Severus Snape within a month or you'll die."
Without success tried Fudge to fight against Voldemort's spell, but it shouldn't be. His mind became muddled, only one thought came through. "I have to bring him the Potions Master."

Two spells later Fudge was clothed and stand still with a glazed look. "Rodolphus you'll return with our latest recruit at once to Britain. Follow the plan. Secure my mate as soon as possible and hand him over to me. Should it be necessary you will make new portkeys to assist you in this endeavour. The Ministry is now ours, as we control his Minister.", ordered Voldemort laughing deviously.

"Yes Master. We will not fail.", replied Rodolphus. He grabbed Fudge roughly, activated a new portkey which he has gotten handed over by Yaxley during his long watch.

John had met with Augustus and both were on the way to Malfoy Manor. Augustus had the latest prototype of Wizarding Technology in his pockets. It will render house elves powerless and enables them to break with ease through wards without the opportunity that the inhabitants of the Manor can be warned beforehand.

"How will we do it, John?", asked Augustus eagerly.

"You'll use this nice gadget to get us inside. At this time they'll be probably in the green salon. We will accio the Longbottom brat as well as Severus' wand and force him to come to us, when he didn't want anything happen to the boy. I'll cuff him, so that he isn't able to use his magic against us and we will leave to our safe house. Once when we arrived there and have they locked into one of the bedrooms, without disposing the cuffs, I'll inform our Master about our success."

"I'll like it.", grinned Augustus, they had reached the end of the wards and the Unspeakable activated the tiny gadget. The effects were immediately visible. Nobby was serving fresh tea, as he suddenly lie flat on the floor, not reacting to any actions of Lucius and Narcissa. They tried to call another elf, without success.

During that riot the two men enter the house and locate their prey.

"Accio Toddler."

"Accio Severus' Wand"

Severus tried to hold Neville without any success. The boy flew in the open arms of John Dawlish, while Severus' wand ended up in Augustus left hand. John pressed the tip of his wand at Neville's neck.

"Hello Severus. If you do not want anything bad happen to that brat, then you will come over to us at once. And the rest of you, won't even move one inch from your seats. Do you understand me."

"Daddy", cried Neville scared.

"You wretch, leave him alone.", screamed Severus angrily.

"No. Time is ticking, Severus. Come to us, or watch him die. Avad.."

"Stop, leave him alone. I'll come. Just don't hurt him or any of the others, please.", pleaded Severus. Slowly he stood up and walked over to the kidnappers.

Augustus never even looked once at the other persons in the salon, he only watched Severus as he cuffed him roughly the hands behind his back. They wouldn't risk anything Severus was a very dangerous opponent when he was despaired.
"You two will accompany us to a safe location of our choice. Do not bother to say goodbye. You'll never see them ever again. *He* awaits you eagerly. Did you really believe that *he* won't be able to find you again, Severus?*, commented John laughing.

"Where do you want to bring us?"

"You do not need to know. It doesn't matter then you will not be able to leave without his consent. Ah yes, Lucius try anything and we will crucio both. It's so sad that small children will die from it. Don't you agree?", sneered Augustus as he shoved Severus roughly through the door.

Before the Malfoys could do anything both DE and their hostages were vanished from the premise. Fast as a rattlesnake injected Augustus a sedative into Severus bloodstream. He fainted and landed in Augustus arms. At the other side of the wards, they activated the portkey which brought them back to the safe house.

John and Augustus locked their hostages into a bedroom after restraining Severus to the bed and sitting the toddler on the covers. "I'll inform Bella about our successful mission. Have you seen Lucius' face as we snatched Severus under his nose.", inquired John.

"Indeed, I wouldn't have thought, that it could be done so easily. Is the room warded?"

"Of course, neither of them will be able to use magic as long as they are in it. Not even when the cuffs will be removed, would he be capable. They will weaken him, so that he can't fight against our Lord.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: A really bad development for Neville and Severus. Abducted by DE. Will Lucius and Narcissa with the help of Minerva, Sneaky & Poppy be able to find them, before they can be handed over to Voldemort? Or will Vladimir find them before the Malfoys and bring Severus & Neville to another secret location?
News break

Chapter Summary

Severus and Neville are imprisoned in the Scottish Safe House. And thanks to Rita Skeeter it is common knowledge soon. Voldemort is on his way back to claim Severus again.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

News break

"I'll send a message to our Master, that we were successful", announced John.

"Fine, should I inform the others?", asked Augustus.

"Yes, wait a moment. Someone is coming.", warned John his wand already in his hand.

The portkey delivered Fudge and Rodolphus to them.

"Why did you bring him, Rod?", inquired John tiredly.

"He is our newest recruit. Our lord has not only marked him, but imperioed him as well. And he has already his first mission. Tell them.

"I have to bring Severus Snape to our Master.", answered Fudge monotone.

"We have brought him and the boy here. He is sedated, cuffed and restrained to the bed. Neither he nor the toddler can use magic within the room. Why did he marked him?"

"He wants to take over the Ministry earlier as planned, and the bumbling fool has no defences against the power of our Master.", smirked Rodolphus.

"Wouldn't it better when our Lord came to take him back himself?"

"I do not think he wants to stay longer then necessary in Romania. You were successful. How did you manage that?", wanted Rabastan to know, who was back from his scouting mission.

"Augustus had found an interesting gadget. It takes you through any kind of wards, without detection. And it rendered house elves helpless, too. Thanks to Bellas scrying, we know where to find them. Once there we accioed the toddler and his wand. Afterwards we forced Severus to come to us out of his own free will, when he wouldn't want to see us kill the boy."

"How far were you?"

"Avad...", replied John laughingly.

"Had anyone recognized you?", interrupted Rabastan rudely.

"No, we have used a chamleon-charm. No one was able to see our faces."
"Good job. Is he still sedated?", asked Bella.

"Yes, he is restrained to the bed and he has the cuffs on, too.", commented Augustus. "I have a fresh batch of Veritaserum with me. We can use it to interrogate him at dinner or even later. Make sure to secure the brat, hold him in a way that his hurtful, when he tries to be difficult. We may not be allowed to break him, but we're not forbidden from wearing him down."

"True, can I go in and play with them later?"

"Bella, I thought you want to take care of starpuppy?", reminded her husband.

"Oh, I do have take very good care of him. He was such a good boy today. Not once did he act up. We even played peek-a-boo. You have to renew the spell this evening, or it will be wear off."

"Why don't you mix him the potion into his dinner. He wouldn't change back afterwards and you can raise him properly.", suggested John.

"Fudge keep watch of the door. Wait until our Master arrived.", ordered Rodolphus coldly. He wasn't able to override Voldemort's imperio, but he was able to adjust it a bit.

Like a wooden puppet walked Fudge stiffly to the door and stood on guard.

"Skeeter was there, too. We will probably read an article soon in the Daily Prophet.", concluded John sourly.

Neville crawled carefully to Severus and patted softly his face: "Daddy, wake up, Daddy.", cried the toddler.

"Ah, what happened? Neville, are you alright?"

"Yes Daddy, I'm scared."

"Me, too, litte one. I'm sorry that I couldn't protect you better."

"Isn't that cute, starpuppy.", cooed Bellatrix, who had entered the bedroom with toddler Sirius on her hip.

"Bella, what do you want?", groaned Severus.

"Nothing, just enjoying the show, Sevvy. Maybe, I'll play with your toddler, too."

"Leave him alone, Bella. Can't you just get rid of those restraints, please."

"Why should I?", taunted Bella.

"It hurts, and I want to be able to calm Neville. I won't try anything else. I swear it on my magic.", urged Severus.

Maniacally grinning, waved Bellatrix her wand and banished the restraints. Tiredly scooped Severus the toddler into his arms and cradled him protectively into his chest.

"Thank you, Bella. Who is the boy? Did you and Rodolphus have another child?"

"This is starpuppy. He was a very naughty boy, but he will be learning or it is potion time for him.", replied Bella.
"This toddler is Sirius Black? Why did you do it?", yawned Severus, he was totally worn out from everything that has happened today. He only wanted to sleep and keep Neville safe.

"Tired, Sevvy?"

He didn't answer, instead turning on his right side, still keeping his body between Bellatrix and the small boy in his arms.

"Have you seen my daughter, Sevvy?", asked Bella.

Severus recoiled and still shielded Neville from the insane woman. "Y-Yes, I have seen her. She doesn't remember any of you. She was raised by muggles, Bella. Why do you ask?"

"Tell me her name, now. Or watch him die."

"Leave him alone. It doesn't matter at all. You won't be able to get inside Hogwart's walls. This information is completely useless for you."

"I can always crucio you, and make him cry.", threatened Bella.

"I am not scared, Bella."

"So, I can traumatize him, then he can share a room with his real parents.", taunted the insane witch, still raising her wand. "Cruc.."

"Stop, you win. One day you'll pay for it."

"Tell me, what I want to know, and I do not need to play with him, yet. We have so nice potions to use on you and on him, when you do not comply.", grinned Bella manically.

"Her Name is Hermione Jean Granger. She is an insufferable know-it-all.", growled Severus. He hated feeling so vulnerable. And Bella relished into it.

"We will have so much fun, when he comes to see you.", laughed Bella. "You will learn your place, or the toddler will pay for you disobedience."

"No.", croaked Severus. He knew only too well, how much Bella liked to play with her food. Still cradling Neville protectively in his side. He doesn't care what would happen to him. However Neville doesn't deserve anything bad happening to him. And Severus would do anything to protect him.

"The Dark Lord will be coming soon, Sevvy. Then we can play 20 questions. Happy nightmares.", said Bella before leaving with Sirius the bedroom. She loved it, when she can hurt him emotionally. John had been right, he would do anything to protect the brat from them.

She tucked Sirius into his cradle, after renewing the charm once more. A second spell later, his eyes closed and the little boy was soon asleep.

Bella meet her fellow DE in the living room.

"How are our guests, Bella?", asked John interested.

"He doesn't like our hospitality, but when you threaten the boy, he'll comply to our wishes. Rodolphus, our daughter is at Hogwarts. She was raised by Muggles."
"What, we will have to rescue her and re-raise her into our beliefs and traditions.", growled Rodolphus angrily.

"True, we may have to de-age her, too. Should she be too corrupted by those animals.", agreed his wife.

"What have you done to him, Bella?"

"I have banished his restraints and taunt him a bit, as well as threaten the boy. The toddler is his biggest weakness. Nevertheless an obedience collar would be better to break his stubbornness and defiance against our Master. It seems as he have to re-enact the original bonding ceremony, when he wants it to be successful."

"When would be the best opportunity for it?, inquired Augustus interested, he had brought the gadget back to his hiding place and wanted to check up on their hostages. He could easily bring one or more obedience collars with them. They have different sorts in the depots of the Department of Mysteries.

"On Samhain, the veil will be very thin and we can use the stone circle in the nearby glen.", suggested Rabastan an unholy gleaming in his eyes. "We have only to ensure that nobody will stop the ritual this time."

"I'll send a message to our Master.", declared John "What have you planned, Augustus?"

"I will take a closer look into the room. We shouldn't underestimate Severus, only because we have bound his magic."

"True, maybe Barty and Yaxley will accompany our Master. Are the rooms prepared?", inquired Rodolphus.

"Yes, what about this strange Romanian who you have met there?"

"I can't see him willing to leave the bloodtracker behind. Nagini will come, too.", reminded Rodolphus the other DE. Nobody would deny their Master his familiar. At least nobody who wasn't suicidal enough.

"And Wormtail?", asked Bella annoyed.

"Dunno, but we could always need a new target for our spells.", smirked Rabastan evilly.

At Malfoy Manor the Malfoys sat shocked in their seats. Neither of them had even thought, the other inner circle DE would try it again so soon after their last failure to abduct Severus.

"Lucius, what can we do?", asked Narcissa worried. She has seen the despair in the eyes of her friend and she knew Lucius was worried, too. "We have to find them, it won't be easy. Can you call Sneaky, I'll inform Minerva and Poppy. This is really bad, Cissy."

"You do not really think, that they would take them to him, do you, Luc?", inquired Narcissa.

"Him, who do you mean, Lady Malfoy? Who are those men, and why did they abduct Professor Snape and Heir Longbottom?", intervened Rita Skeeter a Quickquotequill already starting to write everything down, what had happened in the last 45 minutes.

"It is better you do not know, Ms. Skeeter.", replied Lucius Malfoy stiffly. "Cissy, ask Sneaky to
locate them. It is our only chance. And if they hurt one of them, they will rue the day, mark my words, Cissy. Nobody harmed my little brother and live to tell the tale.", growled the Malfoypatriarch.

"I have to apologize Ms Skeeter. But as you see, we have to deal with a family crisis. If you would be so kind as to send as a pre-copy of the interview, before you publish it in the Daily Prophet.", said Narcissa softly.

"I understand, Lady Malfoy. It was a very stimulating afternoon. I do hope that you will be able to find both well and unharmed. My best wishes to Professor Snape, too. Fatherhood seems to suits him quite well.", Skeeter said good-bye. She has some articles to write and to inform her readers about the latest scandal regarding Wizarding Britain and especially the Malfoys.

**Professor Snape and Toddler abducted from Malfoy Manor**

My dear readers,

I have never thought, to be in the midst of the latest scandal regarding Wizarding Britain. I got the honour to have an interview with Professor Severus T. Snape – not only the youngest Potions Master in the last centuries, but also Head of Slytherin House and Potions Master at Hogwarts.

Professor Snape have taken care of Heir Neville Longbottom. The young Heir of the Longbottoms have been exposed to an overload of wild magic and as a result is now permanent de-aged. He will have to grow up again. And thanks to the blessing of Lady Magic he chose Professor Snape as his new guardian. Take a closer look at the enclosed pictures and you will have to agree with me that their love is radiating from the pictures.

During the interview the Manor has been invaded by two masked men, who brutally summoned the toddler and the wand of Professor Snape. Before any of us could react, the men then threatened to kill the small boy with the unforgivable *Avada Kedavra* should Professor Snape refuse to surrender to the abductors.

Without any hesitation faced Professor Snape those brutes. He accepted his fate, to be abducted by them, as long as the toddler would be safe. It seems as if they feared the young scholar, then he has been brutally handcuffed, so that he wouldn't be able to use his magic against his attacker. Before this happened the men spoke in riddles. An unknown master seems to demand the abduction of the young Professor.

Who could it be? Who is so obsessed with a single man, that he wouldn't shy back from abducting someone from a safe Manor, only to satisfy his lust? I am sad to say that it was already the second try to abduct Professor Snape and Heir Longbottom. An unnamed DE has almost been successful in kidnapping them the day before. He claimed to be working on orders from YOU-KNOW-WHO.

Is it possible that YOU-KNOW-WHO isn't dead. And should that be the case what for sinister plans do he have in mind for his hostages. It seems as if the Professor has successfully evaded him for the last 13 years, why has he such an interest in him?

For more information read page 4 – what are DE, is YOU-KNOW-WHO really dead?

For more information regarding the accomplishments of Professor Snape read page 8

For a closer look at the enclosed pictures, go to page 10
"Interesting, it seems the time at comes at last. Igor, my coat, I'll will go and hunt my mate."

"Yes, my Prince. Should I prepare the suite for him and the young master, Sire.", asked Igor devotedly.

"No, wait until I send you a message. I will have to court him first. But prepare the ritual chamber. After he has been freed from the Dark Mark and this tedious geas, I'll intend to make him mine."

„Tu esti al meu, poțiuni master Severus Snape” - You're mine, Potions Master Severus Snape.", murmured Vladimir Baserab, licking his lips as he remembered the sweet taste of Severus' blood on them 13 years ago.

Voldemort has gotten the message that the mission was a complete success, Severus and the boy has been brought to the Safe House and would be waiting for him in one of the guest bedrooms.

The Dark Lord ordered his minions to gather their things and travelled with the bloodtracker as fast as possible to Wizarding Britain. He would take Nagini with him and apperate directly to the Safe House. "Follow my instructions.", he hissed to the trio that looked warily in his red glowing eyes, his familiar coiled around his body.

Without waiting any longer Voldemort apperated directly into the entry hall of the Safe House. "Hunt for your Dinner, Nagini. I will go and meet my precious. It has been far too long for my taste."

"Yes, Tom.", agreed the huge snake before she went into the garden to hunt her dinner.

Voldemort followed the pull to his precious. As the distance between them shrunk further a sinister smile displayed on his lips. Soon he will have him again in his arms. And this time he will never let him go ever again.

"Fudge, go to the Ministry and set up a Marriage contract between myself and Severus Snape. I will have an official bonding between us within two weeks. Talk to nobody about it, when it isn't one of my marked followers."

"Yes Master", answered the imperioed Minister, kissing the hem of Voldemort's robes and disapparated to the Ministry.

After putting up some wards to prevent anyone from sneaking up behind him, Voldemort changed into his animagus form. He utterly despised it, instead of a snake or a mighty predator he resembles a black red-eyed bunny with long canines. Originally located in Romania and known as Draculabunny. He crept into the bedroom and looked longingly at the sleeping forms of Severus and Neville. Without any further consideration he hopped onto the bed and snuggled into the left side of Severus, still enjoying the unexpected reunion after 13 painful years of forced absence.

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A/N: Voldemort is back in Wizarding Britain and will soon discover how demanding a
toddler can be. How will Severus react on the surprising guest in their bed. Who will reach Severus first? Vladimir Baserab or the British rescue team (Lucius, Poppy, Minerva & Sneaky)?

Who will get the chance to kiss Severus first? Vladimir or Voldemort? Will Harry & Hermione drag along on the rescue mission and be responsible for the failure to save Severus & Neville from the DE and the insane Dark Lord?

How will Dumbledore react to such news. That he has the perfect bait to lure the Dark Lord into a trap directly under his nose and never known it before. Or will the shock be too much for him and he choke to death on his beloved Lemon Drops?
Information and creepy Voldemort

Chapter Summary

Lucius informed Poppy and Minerva about the abduction of Severus and Neville from the manor by DE. Not knowing that Harry and Hermione eavesdropped on the conversation. Voldemort has entered the room where Severus and Neville are imprisoned and shows his creepy side. But he isn't the only one who lusted after Severus' body, even Headmaster Dumbledore has plans with the young Potions Master to satisfy his personal needs.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Information and creepy Voldemort

Harry had had difficulties to came to term with his behaviour. He had forced himself to be honest with himself and reflected again about Nevilles words. It was hard, but it was true nevertheless. Most of the teacher were very lenient with him. He had known that they should stay on the ground, but he wanted to whip the grin from Malfoys face. And the huge number of points that they have gotten from Dumbledore at the end of his first years, was pretty unfair. But it had felt so good to see Gryffindor win.

Maybe Hermione would be able to help him. Harry grabbed his invisibility cloak and sneaked into the Hospital wing. "Mione", hissed Harry, as he was near her bed.

"H- Harry. It is late, why are you here?", asked Hermione sleepily.

"I have some questions, and need your help, Mione.", admitted Harry sheepishly.

Before he could say more, the door swung open and Lucius Malfoy strode into the room, calling for Madame Pommery. Quickly hopped Harry on the bed, still covered in his cloak, while Hermione pretended to sleep. Both huddled together and don't dare to breath too loudly.

"Poppy, are you here, we need your help.", called Lucius anxiously.

Poppy came from her office and looked at him closely. Something bad has happened, but what could it be? "Should I call Minerva, too Lucius?"

"Yes, please. We need your help.", replied Lucius tiredly.

Poppy send her Patronus to Minerva and she stepped minutes later through the floor.

"What has happened, Lucius. You do not look well.", inquired Minerva cautiously.

"Th-They have abducted them. Two DE had successfully breached our wards again and rendered our House elves useless. Before we could do anything, they summoned Neville and Severus' wand and threaten to kill him with the Avada Kedavra, shouldn't Severus surrender."
"Did he?", asked Poppy.

"Yes, he would never let anything happen to the boy. Those cretins bound his magic with special cuffs and left with them. We do not know where they have brought them, but we have to find them soon or it will be too late.", answered Lucius.

"Do you know what they have planned?"

"I can only guess, but we know with absolute certainty that the Dark Lord has returned and it seems that he is still obsessed with Severus."

"And the Prophecy?", interrupted Minerva, surprising Harry and Hermione with that question. What prophecy could she meant?

"That crap, please it was never part of original plans of the Dark Lord. He had only known a small part of it, but he chose the Potter. No matter how we tried to stop it. Even Severus has tried without success. He suggested to hear the full contents, before acting. You both know, only too well that when it is a real Prophecy, then a copy will automatically created in the Department of Mysteries. And they stored it in the Hall of Prophecies. Only the people who are affected by it, can move it from the shelves."

"But why should he attack them and the Longbottoms? It can't have to be because of their membership in the order, or am I wrong?", wanted Minerva to know.

"The Attack of the Longbottoms was the idea of Bellatrix. You know she is practically insane. The Black Madness influenced her much more than most of the family, besides of Sirius Black. But she was completely unhinged, after she lost her unborn twins, due to the harsh interrogation methods of the Aurors. Do you know who lead the interrogation? It was Alastor Mad-Eye Moody and Frank Longbottom."

"A few weeks before the attack someone has led a raid on Lestrange Manor and abducted their eldest child. She has been called Lyra Bellatrix Lestrange. We never known what has happened to the child. It wasn't a pretty view. Bellatrix screamed for ages and swore to find and kill the culprit. The only time when she calmed down, was when she got the special attention of the Dark Lord. This was the reason, why he ordered her to bring Severus to him. He knew exactly that neither Regulus nor I would have been willing to hand him over."

"Did he ever suspect you, Lucius?"

"Oh yes, he mocked us, with the Marks, as Regulus, Evan and I wanted to be a part of his knights.", growled the Malfoy Patriarch. "But we got no other choice, his snatchers captured Severus shortly after his 17th birthday and he used this thrice-damned ritual on him to bound him. After he has marked him as his property. We can only be grateful that the order stopped the ritual, before he could consummated the bond."

"He hated the mark and what it meant for him. We tried to act as buffer, but it didn't help much. And the death of Regulus and Evan drove Severus even farther into a dark mood. I never wanted to see this side of him again. It is too terrible to describe.", explains Lucius shuddering.

"You could have asked Augustus Prince for help?", suggested Minerva.

"No way in hell, this man is way worser than the last dark lords. I won't let him near my brother. Not even when he would have been the last surviving wizard in Britain. He gives me the creeps. You know how he thinks about muggleborns and half-bloods. He want to purify our lineage and
sadly he knows enough of the darker form of magic to can make it possible. Should he get his claws in Severus, then we’re all doomed.

"And how should we find him, besides asking Sneaky?", changed Poppy the topic. She hadn't known that it was so bad.

"I'll will write down a list with safe houses, which have been used by the dark side during the last war. We can start into checking them one after the other, but we have to be careful.

"Why, Lucius?"

"Rita Skeeter had witnessed the abduction and probably already wrote one of her tasteful articles about it. Should Sneaky bring us a positive report, would you accompany us Minerva, Poppy?"

"Of course, we will need to look, if they need medicinal help after that ordeal.", agreed Poppy. "Will Narcissa be a part of the rescue-mission as well, Lucius?"

"I can't deny it her. She can be a right sight to behold in a duel. And she is a properly educated Healer. We could need it.", answered he cockily.

"Good, then we should decide, what we will do when you got the message.", added Minerva thoughtfully.

"I'll send Sneaky with a portkey, and we wait on you outside of the building. We shouldn't underestimate them. As soon as they recognise someone is on the premises it could be escalated easily."

"And we should avoid, that they can use either Severus or Neville as hostages again.", warned Minerva. "I do not want to see them longer in their clutches as necessary."

"Yes, I haven't thought about it. We will set up the required wards, so that they can't apparate out with them. Thanks you for your help. I appreciate it.", said Lucius before he flooed home.

"I do hope we find them quickly. We have to keep them safe, Poppy.", murmured Minerva.

"Yes, we will do our best, Minerva. I only hope we do not come too late. Should he really be back, it could easily lead to another war. Don't forget that we have to keep Mr. Potter safe, too."

"I haven't forgotten it, wouldn't it be for those blood wards, Harry could have grown up in our world. Andromeda Tonks would have been the best choice for it. She know both worlds and she could have raised him properly. Why did Albus sealed their wills, I'll never understand it.", uttered Minerva. "I'll see you at dinner. And we will have to read the articles, even when I can't stand Skeeter."

"It will not be a secret much longer, poor Severus. How will Albus react to it?"

"I don't know, but we can't let him manipulate Severus or anyone else. He wouldn't hesitate to use him as a bait, when even the smallest chance exists to lure YOU-KNOW-WHO out."

"Why don't you use his name, Minerva. You're not a coward.", asked Poppy.

"Habit, but no it's much more. One of the reasons is that it hurts Severus, that blasted mark react on it, when you use his title. And another good reason for not using it without thinking. He has made a taboo on it, during the last war. Whenever the name was uttered, his minions or even the Dark Lord himself could find you and killed all brutally. Nothing helped against it. No wards, no
charms, the name worked as a beacon. Of course Albus wasn't let it became publicly knowledge as he himself had nothing to fear. You know what he exclaimed, that he would be the only one that YOU-KNOW-Who has ever feared."

"But that's not true, Hogwarts was his first real home and that is the only reason, why he hasn't attacked it, yet. I'm not even sure how much claim he have on Hogwarts, he is one of the heirs of the school and the premises.", explained Minerva.

"I have forgotten it. Do you think there are others, or has those families died out?"

"I can't say it, Poppy. There are a special set of rules in the by-laws of Hogwarts. They have even the right to live here during the year, when their home situation should became unbearable, but I have my doubts, that Albus will ever allow it. You know his stance about families and abuse. He only sees what he wants to see."

"True, I can't say how often I have healed Severus after his summers at home. I had to inform the board anonymously or I would have lost my job. Even then it doesn't help in the long run."

"I thought it hasn't been so bad, since Severus started teaching and became the Head of Slytherin House."

"He is a great help, Minerva. But he can not do anything when the old coot blocked it everytime. Have you forgotten how hard it was to expelled that 7th-year Ravenclaw, who had tried to rape a 1st-year Slytherin. When that girl hasn't gotten her wits with her to kick him in his balls and then run to Severus, it could have gotten pretty nasty. At least Filius and Pomona supported him, after it was proven without a doubt what that sad excuse of a wizard have done. When I remember it correctly he got sentenced for 5 years in Azkaban."

Voldemort has waited until he was certain that Severus and the small boy slept deeply. He hopped from the bed and transformed into his regular form. Slowly he drew his wand and hold it into the direction of the sleepers. "Sonnus", he murmured twice.

He waited for any sign that it hadn't worked. But everything was peaceful. A triumphant smile was visible on his lips. He pocketed his wand again and climb on the bed, behind Severus. Softly he draw the sleeping man into his arms, still on alert, but he didn't stirred at all.

"I have waited for you so long, my precious. As I lost you on that fateful day. But we're together again and this time, nothing will separate us again.", spoke Voldemort as he nuzzled Severus' neck. His hands caressed the body softly and tenderly. They stopped over his stomach.

"Soon you will be carrying my child. And you will never remember them. You'll be mine in every sense of the words. Severus, I'll still have to punish you for your disobedience and that you have never looked for me in those past 13 years. We will be staying in Slytherin Manor, we will bond again and this time nobody will dare to interfere. I'll only have to make sure, that you can't escape from me ever again."

Severus tried to struggle unconsciously as if he felt he isn't alone and he'll be in danger. "Hush, my Precious. It will all be end well. I let you even keep the brat. You'll be my family. You will get a nice collar to show everyone that you're mine. I'm going to design one only for you."

Voldemort glanced at the cuffs, which have left deep abrasions besides the removed restraints and chuckled softly. "They will have to stay on a little longer. You're too stubborn for your own good, Severus. You'll try to escape, when you see a chance. But I do not want to separate you from the
boy. So the cuffs will have to stay. Sleep well, *my Precious*." 

He turned to Severus' face and pressed a soft kiss on his lips. "Still delicious. I can't wait until everyone will know that you're mine."

He laid him down again and transformed back into the Draculabunny, after he has cancelled the spell on both inmates and on his wards outside. He snuggled into the left side of the Potions' Master and watched Severus' arms unconsciously drawn Neville closer to his chest.

The evening edition shocked the student body and most teacher at Hogwarts. None of them had expected something like that. And Dumbledore fumed inwardly. Had he known beforehand how important Severus was for Voldemort, he would have adapted his plans. "Should he getting freed, I'll will use a stronger leash on him. He will be the perfect bait, and I would love to show him his place.", thought Dumbledore.

He knew how lean and muscular Severus was beneath his robes. And he often fantasised about getting him to submit totally to him. One room in his suite was already prepared for his personal lust. Should he manage to get Severus in it, then he wouldn't be able to leave before Dumbledore was willing to allow it. He knew that Severus was a male bearer, and he loves to dominate other wizards and break them.

Luckily Augustus Prince has never found his grandson, which means he got the chance to mould him after his personal wishes. But he have to hurry. He has seen glimpses of the elite in Hogsmeade. He is really back and now he is interested in getting Severus into his hands. "No I won't let him. I have need too much time to influence him subtlety and I will be damned, when I let another one reap those rewards."

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Creepy Voldemort and it seems that Dumbledore has lost his marbles long ago. Who will find him on time: Vladimir Baserab or Lucius and his Allies? Will Harry & Hermione relly try to sneak secretly on the rescue-mission?
A Surprising Encounter

Chapter Summary

While Lucius and his allies tried desperate to find Severus before Voldemort return to Britain a mysterious stranger has already found him. Dracula wants the young Potions Master as his mate and he is willing to use everything from his vampiric powers to his wit, when it ensure that Severus will be his for the rest of eternity. How will Voldemort react on this unexpected competition?

Chapter Notes

A/N: Warning this chapter contains the mentioning of past rapes and cruelties by Augustus Prince.

And to PiffyEQ, I do hope you like the first kiss between Severus and Vladimir.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A Surprising Encounter

Sneaky has followed the orders of Narcissa and tried to locate her Master Severus. The bond between them worked as a beacon and not even cutting him of from his inherited magic, could stop the elf.

Sneaky was angry, she has failed Severus and young Neville. This meant war, after all Sneaky was a very unusual elf – her father has been one of the infamous dark elves and her mother was the last in a long line of warrior house elves. She got the best attributes of both races and had no problem with killing wizards and witches who could harm her master.

She has felt a strong pull to Scotland, the Scottish Highlands called for her and Sneaky obeyed at once. In a hidden glen was the safe house located, where the DE recuperated after fulfilling missions for their Dark Master in that part of Britain. "Master is near", smirked Sneaky. And crept slowly nearer, she could feel different magical signatures and one was strange, the signature of a man, but in the body of an infant.

Curiously Sneaky followed the signature and saw Bellatrix Lestrange feeding a bottle to a black-haired toddler. "Hush, Starpuppy, I have told you it’s potions time for you, when you do not behave. Mummy will soon make it better. You get a father and a mummy and maybe even a sibling, when we find Lyra again.", said the crazy witch, as she cradled the protesting toddler closer to her bosom.

Sneaky used her power to walked invisible through the house and soon reached a door that was different to the rest of the house. Heavy warding spells locked two magical signatures inside. She recognised them at once. Her master and the toddler were inside. Quickly Sneaky marked the door and popped silently away to Malfoy Manor. Lucius and Narcissa would be pleased to hear about her discoveries.
Severus awake at 7 a.m after hearing a giggling Neville lying across his chest. "Good Morning, little one. Slept well?"

"Yes, Daddy. Look what I have found, bunny.", answered the toddler proudly, still petting the black bunny. Severus blinked twice and even pinched his left hand to ensure that he wasn't sleeping any longer.

"Where did you find the bunny, Neville?", asked the Potions Master.

"He was on the bed, Daddy. Can I keep him, please?", pleaded Neville with big puppy eyes.

Severus hesitated, it was so hard to deny it, when Neville looked at him with his big eyes. "Er, yes you may keep him, Neville.", replied Severus. Seconds later he had an overjoyed toddler in his arms, still petting the bunny who kissed his daddy over and over.

"That's enough, little one. Let's go to the bathroom and start the day You can pet your bunny afterwards again.", tried Severus to change the topic.

"Okay, Daddy. We will come back soon, Mr. Bunny.", told Neville the black bunny, before Severus carried him to the bathroom to take care of their morning ablutions.

They returned a few minutes later, clothed in fresh clothes, however Severus had his robe from yesterday over his arm. He carefully set the toddler down on the bed, sit on his left side and searching slowly the content of his robes. Neville petted the bunny and observe his daddy. "What are you doing, Daddy?"

"I'll check that I have everything, that we could need for an emergency, Neville. I can't use everything, without being freed from this cuffs, but some of this potions can be handy, when it should be required.", explained Severus as he put three of them into his shirtpocket.

"We're free, Daddy?"

"Yes, we'll be free soon. And they will pay their due.", promised Severus. A cold shiver run down Voldemort's spine. Never before had he heard him spoken so coldly. What could he have in mind for the DE who have abducted the toddler and him?

Severus folded his robe and covered Neville with it. He didn't want him to catch a cold and it wasn't very warm in this room. Neville relaxed and cuddled with his daddy. As long as he was with him, he felt safe and protected.

5 Minutes later a house elf popped into the room and starred with big eyes to the prisoners. Severus glared at the elf and sneered: "What do you want?"

"I – I – I should bring breakfast for guests.", stammered the elf.

"And when can we leave this room?", inquired Severus mercilessly.

"You not leaving. You have to wait until Master arrived."

"I don't think so. It would be better for you, to release us now. Take the spells down, that imprison us here. And bring me a lock pick, now."

"Lolly not allowed to bring such tools to guests.", answered the elf shaking.
"You should bring it to me, or you'll regret it. I do not react very well to cabin fever. It wakes my darker side. And then it won't end pretty. I do not play nicely. Your choice."

"D- da- darker side?", asked Lolly scared.

"Indeed, it even has a name – **Emrys**.", smirked Severus.

"Y- Y- You Emrys, but that's a dangerous man."

"Then it would be better to follow my orders, don't you agree, Lolly?", asked Severus rhetorically. His eyes shimmered for a short moment red, before they returned to onyx.

"Lolly w-w-will do, not harming Lolly.", stammered the scared House elf.

"As long as you do not try to betray or to trick me, there is no need for that, Lolly.", replied Severus.

"For Breakfast, oatmeal twice, one with blueberries and strawberries and a bit honey and dried nuts sprinkled over it. The other portion should contain honey, cinnamon, dried nuts and cranberries. A bowl with salad and carrot sticks for the bunny, a bowl with water, has to be brought, too. A sippy cup with warm milk for Neville, black coffee for me and an additional plate with vegetable sticks, e.g. carrots, cucumber, spring onions etc. A plate with cut fruits, bananas, oranges and apples would be best. Sunny Eggs with toast, crisp bacon and baked beans."

While Lolly scribbled it all on a fresh sheet of parchment, drew Severus a miniature potion from his right robe pocket and handed it to the elf. "You should mix this potion into the breakfast of my hosts, before the clocks strikes 8.30 a.m."

"W-Wh-What will it do?", asked Lolly, as she took the potion vial with shaking hands, before she has managed to put it away safely.

"A mild laxative, nothing which doesn't cause long-term damage, yet. I wouldn't go so easy on them, Lolly."

"I'll b-br-bring breakfast soon, Master. And other things which you wished for."

"Good, hurry Lolly. After you bring us our breakfast, dismantle the wards that keep us here imprisoned.", ordered Severus.

Neville smiled at the little boy and answered simple, so that Neville will understand it. "It is a special potion that helps other grown-ups to go Potty, Neville." And as he want to distract the boy, he began to tickle him and even blow a raspberry or two on his tummy.

Neville shrieked for laughter, but he learned fast and soon began to tickle back. He had noticed that Severus always tried to protect his neck and focused his attention on the neck and on the Potions Masters' ribs.

"Stop it, I yield, little one.", laughed Severus as he cuddled Neville closer to him.

"Neville win?", asked the toddler.
"Yes, you did. Well done, little one.", praised him Severus and kissed the little boy softly on his forehead. Both relished in the comfort and the warmth from a trusted person. Neville looked up and saw something gleaming in the pale light of the bedroom. Curiously he reached up and soon held part of a necklace with two dog tags in his little fingers.

"What is this, daddy?", wanted Neville to know.

"It's a keepsake from my past, Neville."

"It looks strange, what it his meaning?"

"Oh, little one. This necklace and the two tags on it, they're called dog tags. Every one who has served in the Army or in the Military gets such marker on his first day. I was recruited before I started university. I served four years in the SAS - it was interesting and very challenging.", explained Severus.

"Why dog tags?", asked Neville.

"Quite easy, should anything happen to us during a mission. These tags would help to identify us precisely."

Carefully removed Severus the necklace and handed it to Neville. "Look you can read my name: Severus Prince-Snape as well as my codename "Panther". On the second one is my SAS-number engraved. Neville played a few seconds with the necklace before handing it back to Severus, who hung it again over his neck.

In the meantime had Vladimir Baserab reached the safe house. Although he was one of the elder vampires, sunlight has never harmed in in any way. He could eat Garlic without any allergic reactions and neither silver, holy water nor crosses harmed him any longer. Yes, he has to undergo some rituals, but it was so worth it. He could practically taste it, his mate was nearby.

"Oh yes, this would have aggravated Van Helsing to no end."

Now two options were available. He could either assist him to flee with the boy, catching his attention while he overpowered those DE. Or he could wait on a suitable opportunity to break the enchantments on the room. As fog or black smoke he could easily slide into the room and render them unconscious. It would be easier to bring the toddler and his mate to his hide out. And once there he could use the thrall to ensure that Severus wouldn't be willing to leave. "I only have to kiss him once, while sharing one or two drops of my blood with him. It would be more than enough to snap the bloodbond into place."

Decision made, he crept into the house, observing his environment to make sure, that nobody could surprise him. As he got to the bedroom, he smirked triumphantly, success was his, he could taste it in the air. A short rough non-verbal order in Romanian has ripped down the wards, as if they were only an illusion of tapestries, instead a force created to keep the prisoners at bay.

He opened the door and glided into the room with a careless smirk on his face. Astonished looked Voldemort, Severus and Neville at the intruder. Vladimir wasted not one second, a hand drew the surprised Potions Master into his arms, as Neville dropped onto the bed. Nothing has happened to him, he was only baffled who this stranger was, who has grabbed his daddy. To calm himself, Neville grabbed the Draculabunny and cuddled and petted him, while softly hiccupping.

Severus turned his head, his whole attention focused on Neville. He would have tried to calm him
down, but the stranger wouldn't let him go. Before he got the chance for a harsh rebuke, the man kissed him passionately.

Against his will, the dominance of the kiss, overwhelmed him and triggered a half-lost memory from the Potions Conference in Bucharest Samhain 1981. Severus opened slightly his lips and Dracula's tongue slipped into his mouth, mapping every inch out.

"Prințul meu Severus—my Prince Severus", hissed Vladimir and used a tiny amount of his thrall to ensure that Severus wouldn't try to fight him at the moment. "Nu se lupta cu mine, Severus —do not fight me, Severus!", murmured Vladimir in his ear as he prolonged the kiss further.

„Do I know you?”, asked Severus still trying to fight the thrall, but to weak to overcome this compulsion because of the cuffs which still blocked his magic.

"Not yet, but I am willing to change it. Tu esti al meu, inima mea, sufletul meu, Severus. —You're mine, my heart, my soul, Severus.", whispered Dracula softly caressing Severus' body and hugged him closer to himself. „Trust in me—încredere în mine"

„I'm not sure.", mumbled Severus sleepily.

In that moment popped Lolly back into the room with the breakfast tray. Vladimir let Severus go at once and camouflaged himself. No one needed to know, that he was here, too.

Severus became aware of Nevilles crying and hiccupping and went to him. He sat down, drew Neville on his lap and caressed him softly. "Hush, little one. Everything is fine. I got you."

"D-Da-Daddy", cried Neville and hid his face into Severus' shirt. Severus didn't stop his ministrations until Neville was calm again.

Sneaky popped to Malfoy Manor and informed them, where Severus and Neville have been imprisoned. Lucius take the leadership at once. It was during breakfast as he ordered Draco to stay in the Manor, until he and Narcissa will return, hopefully with Severus and Neville in tow.

"Should I prepare anything, Father?", inquired Draco. He hasn't slept well the night before, nightmares about the destiny of his godfather and the toddler harassed him mercilessly.

Narcissa suggested that he should brew blood replenishing potions and dreamless sleep. "Try nothing harder, Dragon. Afterwards you should read two chapters in the First-Aid-Book for Muggles which Severus has given you to your birthday."

"Yes, Mother, I understand.", answered Draco.

"I'll need to make a portkey for Poppy and Minerva and to inform them about the latest news, my dear. Sneaky can you bring Narcissa to the Safe House? Do not enter the premise, wait until we arrive. We cannot fail them. It is our only chance to save them.", commented Lucius seriously.

Neither of them had slept well, he has seen again and again the despair in Severus' eyes as they uttered the first part of the killing curse, which would have killed Neville. And he had known his brother good enough to know, he wouldn't accept such a fate, when he could prevent it.

Harry had used his time wisely, thanks to the Weasley-Twins he had already eaten earlier in the kitchen and was now beneath his invisibility cloak on the way to Hermione. Should anything
happen, they want to be a part of it. It was the idea of Hermione to use the invisibility cloak and sneak on the portkey, when they were ready to leave.

Poppy were busy in the Hospital wing, after checking her potions stores, she wrote a new list, which potions needed to be replaced as soon as possible. She could brew the easier ones without any problems, but flesh-mending potions, Skele-Gro and a few of the more volatile ones, she didn't dare to try it.

She has often brewed together with Severus in his private lab and has nagged him quite often finally wrote a book or two about his own potions or his adaptions of the receipts. He had denied it firmly every single time, without telling her is real reasons behind his decision. Augustus Prince has the Potions World in Britain in his firm grips. Any new book would be delivered to him firstly, before even officially published. He couldn't risk it that he would catch his attention. Not when he wanted to stay free.

Poppy would have tried to convince him, to write a book nevertheless, hadn't she found a letter from Lucius to Severus in the Potions Lab.

**Dear Severus, 25th September 1983**

*I am sad to say that I can't offer you better news. It seems your grandfather is still among the living and the British Potions World is still at his beck and call. Enclosed you will find a list about the new Potions which Prince Labs have created during the last 60 years.*

*Listen to me, Severus and stay as far away from his as possible. He isn't a very nice man, my father met him twice during a Wizengamot-session and was shaken afterwards. The Dark Lord is a harmless toddler in comparison to this cold man.*

*He had asked about you and said as he was leaving "Keep my property safe, Malfoy. When the time is right, I will claim him as my own." Do not publish anything besides in one of the magazines. He gets every new book that has anything to do with Potions first.*

*We would like to see you again as soon as possible. Can you visit us on the next weekend? Narcissa has already threaten to drag you personally back to the Manor, should you decline again.*

**Yours Sincerely, Lucius**

She never spoke to anyone about the letter, but she was troubled and worried that Augustus Prince would find a way to claim his grandson. His abduction makes him more vulnerable and Lord Prince has the connections and the political sway to get the Wizengamot do his bidding. How could we stop it?"

"Poppy, are you alright?", interrupted Minerva her thoughts. She has stepped into the infirmary a few minutes ago, without Poppy noticing anything. It was very unlikely for her keen friend to miss something so crucial.

"No, not really. I'm worried about Severus and Neville. I want them to be safe and healthy. But can we even manage it?"

"What do you mean, Poppy?", wanted Minerva to know. Both women didn't know that two students eavesdropped into their private talk. Both hidden under the invisibility cloak and holding their breath.
"I have remember the reason why Severus never published a book based on his findings. You know he is a prodigy in Potions and could easily write a better book for the daily use in the classroom. We could benefit so much from his changes to the classical potions, but he was always adamantly against publishing his own works. Besides some smaller articles in "Potions Weekly" and "Potions Monthly".

"Yes, it was strange, that he didn't want to publish anything. Did you know why, Poppy?"

"I do, he seemed to think, should he publish anything worthwhile, than his Grandfather would be able to find and claim him. He is more scared that Lord Prince could do anything to him, than to face the DE and the Dark Lord.", explained Poppy.

"Why should he be scared, he is his Grandfather after all, Poppy?"

"Do you know why Eileen Snape-Prince left the Wizarding World?"

"No, why should this matter?"

"It has to stay between us, Minerva, no one else should know it. Lord Prince has raped it daughter repeatedly after she were 15 years old. Don't ask me why he has acting this way. It seems as if she should bear him an heir, no matter the cost."

"Raped, but how did you know it, Poppy?"

"I have treated her often after she returns during the welcoming feast. He was and still is a very cruel man. And you know I have to tested our new firsties during their mandatory health check on the first weekend, if they got any special traits. Severus is a male bearer/carrier – he can without much health problems, conceive and carry a child to term. I had to seal his patient records, so that it wouldn't be registered at the Ministry, too. Should Lord Prince connects the dots, he wouldn't stop to get Severus in his claws.", replied Poppy concerned.

"Do you ever test who is Severus' father, Poppy?"

"No, and I do not want it. It doesn't matter for and Severus is better without this lunatic.", stated Poppy vehemently.

Lolly had looked uncertain at the duo on the bed and the bunny besides them, before snipping his fingers twice and therefore allowing the wards that kept Severus and Neville imprisoned, vanished at once. She looked scared around, something wasn't right. She could feel another presence in the room. Could it be this darker side, that the Potions Master had mentioned – Emrys? Instead of questioning anyone she popped away and left them alone.

"I know, you're still here. Do you want something, too?", confronted Severus the stranger.

"Maybe a bit fruit and some toast.", replied Vladimir smirking. He used the opportunity and sit down on the other side of Severus, watching the seething Voldemort and rest his hand on Severus' leg. Using legilimency he send a short message to Voldemort. "Game on, let's see who'll win him over, Voldie. But you make a really nice pet. Behave or I'll out you."

Voldemort was furious, how dare that stranger to touch and even kiss his precious. This audacity deserves a whole barrage of crucios. But he couldn't do it at the moment or he would lose Severus. Therefore he decided on another strategy he hopped over to his bowls and eat and drink his fill.

"Would you kindly remove your hand from my leg, now.", growled Severus.
"No, I do like the contact.", smirked Vladimir. "You haven't asked me for my name yet. You're a shy one, am I right."

"What, no!", denied Severus a slight blush were visible on his face.

"No need to deny it, Severus. Nobody else is here, it's just us, the bunny and your little boy. You do not have to hide it."

"I'm not shy.", persisted Severus fruitlessly.

"My name is Vladimir Baserab, but you can call me Vlad.", said Vladimir smiling. "I do find you fascinating. Even since I have seen you the first time on that Potions conference in Bucharest Samhain 1981."

Instead of reacting to this information, Severus picked up the lock pick and worked on the cuffs. Solely focusing on this task and finally getting free of this annoying cuffs, which blocked his magic effectively. A few minutes later a soft clicking could be heard and the cuffs fell on the bed.

Both have left deep abrasions his flesh, but Severus doesn't care he could feel his magic again. "Now they'll be paying for it, Neville.", smirked Severus darkly.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: It is time for Severus to fight back. Will Lucius and Co. arrived before the battle started or after it is over? Will Harry and Hermione really try to use Harry's cloak to participate on the portkey-trip to save Severus & Neville? How will they react on Vladimir Baserab? Will Hermione meet her real parents?

Extra House points, if you can guess correctly, who sung "Trust in me" and the correct movie? Bonus points, when you can even guess the correct year, when the movie was shown firstly in the cinemas.
Chapter Summary

Severus has decided to fight back. His darker side - Emrys - wants to play with them. In the meantime Lucius and their allies plan to rescue Severus and Neville from the Scottisch Safe House. Thanks to Sneaky they know where they're imprisoned. Harry and Hermione planned to sneak onto the mission with Harry's invisibility cloak.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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**Rabastan And Duelling with Bella**

*This chapter is dedicated to Ravenspy, yes I haven't forgotten it. You'll get your duel between Severus & Bella. No need for pestering me about it any longer.*

"What an interesting surprise, Severus. How did you manage to get them loose?", asked Rabastan Lestrange, as he leaned in the open doorway.

"Doesn't matter, and we won't be staying any longer, Lestrange.", snarked Severus.

"Careful, or something could happen to your brat. Acc..."

But before Rabastan could finish the summoning, Severus had tackled him, and keep him in a merciless grip that makes it impossible to speak.

"Last warning, Lestrange. No one harms my family, got me?!", growled Severus almost crushing his windpipe. He was done with playing nicely. Have you already forgotten Moody? I swear, if you only think to betray me, you'll look much worser than he ever did. You will only summon one thing, and that is my wand. Try anything else and you'll die. Slowly and extremely painful."

"Y-Y-You wouldn't?", gasped Rabastan, still hoping that Severus was only bluffing.

"Do you want to find out, *Emrys* is back and it is time to pay the piper.", smirked Severus coldly with eyes that were glowing red for a few seconds, before returning to his usually onyx colouring.

"I have warned you before, do not mess with me and those I care about, or you'll be dead. I do not mind to tear you apart limb by limb.", added Severus still smirking.

"B-Bu-But.", stammered Rabastan, this couldn't be happening, it was a nightmare.

"Neville call Sneaky, I want you and your new pet to stay safe. And I do not know, if I can trust you, Baserab, but you can help me, to make sure my son stays safe until we can leave this dreadful place."

"With pleasure.", answered Vladimir, he liked that display that his mate had showed. His fast and cold reacting on an unlucky opponent. Yes, Severus was the right mate for him. And he would win
him over, he hasn't any doubt at all, that he would succeed. Not only because of his powers, but he could hear his blood still singing and couldn't wait to taste it again. After he would have him freed of the Dark Mark and the geas he would pleasure Severus until he would beg for more. He had used the last centuries to gather experience on how to pleasure someone and he had enjoyed kissing him.

He could be charming, even without using his vampiric powers and the key to bound his mate to him, was hidden in Neville Longbottom. He only have to win the trust of the little boy and convince him, that he would be the best choice. Severus wouldn't be able to deny the toddler anything at all.

"My wand, summon him now or pay the price, Lestrange.", hissed Severus into Rabastan's ear.

"I can't, when I do that then Bella will kill me.", cried Rabastan despaired.

"On the contrary, if you do not summon my wand, then I'm more than willing to show you real pain. You and your companions looked pretty relaxed for a 13-years-stay in Azkaban. How did you manage it? Care to tell?", challenged him Severus.

"I do not know, where it is. Rookwood had it with him. And he isn't here today. Dawlish isn't here, too. Both should retrieve something which our Master has ordered and keep an eye on our latest recruit."

"Who did you recruited, recently?", asked Severus. He didn't like the implications that Rookwood and Dawlish should retrieve something. It didn't bode well for him. He hasn't forgotten what Voldemort has threatened him with, when he wouldn't cease to oppose him further. He would use an obedience collar on him. And the most dangerous of them were hidden in the Department of Mysteries. Some of them were so magically inclined, that they forced the wearer into a trancelike state, with only one thought on his mind, that he have to pleased his master.

"Do they want to fetch an obedience collar?", inquired Severus his captive harshly.

"How did you know?", gasped Rabastan. Severus shouldn't know about it, before they got the chance to put the collar on him. Rookwood had told them from a specifically designed obedience collar, that was originally designed for a hostage of Salazar Slytherin. It was after the fall out with the other three Hogwarts' founders and Slytherin's leaving of Hogwarts.

Slytherin had by accident found a magically strong infused teenager near his hide out. He was driven to dominate this man and to secure his prey, Slytherin created the collar. It could only be opened by a Parselmouth and once around the throat of the victim a hidden spell would render him unconscious and open for any kind of suggestions.

"Who did you recruit, tell me?", growled Severus.

"Fudge, we brought Fudge to our Master. He imperioed him and marked him. He'll only will do what the Dark Lord has ordered.", replied Rabastan.

"Why Fudge?"

"He should bring you to our Master. But as you were already captured the orders were changed. He is working on a marriage contract for you and the Master", smirked Rabastan.

He needed only a bit time to distract Severus and then to stun him or crucio him. The others would be too far away to intervene. How did he even manage to get free from the cuffs. It shouldn't be possible, but nevertheless as long as he wouldn't leave this room, they have still a chance to
overwhelm them again. And Severus would pay a high price for his rebellion. They would punish the boy in front of Severus. No crucio, but there are other painful dark curses, which will not miss their mark.

"You can't escape. And it's not you who pay the price, but the brat.", hissed Rabastan. "You won't see him again, when you not surrender at once, Severus."

"How dare you…!", growled Severus, whose eyes are glowing red once again.

"Give up, you got no choice. Or you will hear him cry for his daddy.", taunted him Rabastan.

Severus turned his head into Neville's direction, his safety was more important than his freedom or his own life.

"Sneaky", he called his elf to his side, knowing that their time was running out.

"Master has called?", answered the elf, glad to see his Master up to his old tricks.

"Protect Neville and his new pet. Use the special protection spell for him, you know which I mean."

"Yes, anything else?"

"My wand, Sneaky. I'll be needing it for the fight."

"Right, Master.", replied Sneaky, she clicked her fingers once and Severus wand landed into his open hand.

"One last point, before you'll follow my orders, Sneaky. How are Narcissa, Lucius and Draco?"

"Worried about you and young Master, but were positive that you won't be a prisoner for a long time, Master."

"Can you remove that trash from this room, Sneaky. Do as you like with it.", smirked Severus wolfishly.

"With pleasure, Master.", agreed Sneaky. He was one of those who tried to harm her Master. No one did this unpunished.

Seconds later Sneaky and Rabastan were vanished from the room. Severus kneeled in front of Neville and hugged him tight. "Stay safe, Neville. Listen to Sneaky. Promise me, little one."

"I promise, Daddy.", said the toddler earnestly. He trusted Severus to keep him safe and healthy.

"Good, I'm proud of you Neville. You're such a brave little boy.", commented Severus, before he gripped his wand in his right hand and returned to the door. He would go first, should anything happen, it would give Sneaky enough time to evacuate Neville and his pet.

He breathed deep in and out, non-verbally summoned a shadow cloak on himself, that would camouflaged him completely. They have only one chance to left undiscovered. Should they be caught again, they wouldn't be lenient with him again. He knew exactly how devious those two potions were, with whom he got threatened before. He wouldn't put it past them to sedate him again, before using draught of living death on him. Only to ensure that he can't escape before Voldemort return to Britain.
The irony wasn't lost on him, especially as at least two wizards exists that were worser than Voldemort – Augustus Prince and Albus Dumbledore.

Rita Skeeter was very pleased the meeting on the day before at the Malfoys had given her one of her biggest scoops ever. Mountains of letters flooded the main building of the Daily Prophet. Asking about new information about the abducted. But most shocking was a single letter which carried the Prince crest.

**Dear Ms Skeeter,**

*I have read your interesting article about the abduction of Severus Snape-Prince and Neville Longbottom. I was devastated to hear that some thugs had the audacity to abduct my heir.*

*I am sad to say that I have never gotten the chance to meet my grandson personally. His mother had filled his head with lies about me for years. And she had even the audacity to use a highly illegal and very dark spell to ensure that I won't be able to find him during his childhood and youth.*

*I am very proud about his achievements and his decisions to educate the next generations of Potioneers. Not to forget, that he was willing to raise a war-orphan on his own, after his family has severed all ties to him, shows what a remarkable man my heir is.*

*I have one small request of you to make, Ms Skeeter. Would it be possible that you can smuggle this portkey into the hands of my grandson? Without his knowledge, as I'm certain that they will have poisoned his mind against me.*

*I will only protect him and offering an opportunity to thrive further. His safety is for me the most important priority, especially when the rumours are true and YOU-KNOW-WHO tried again to control Wizarding Britain.*

*I am looking forward to hearing from you soon.*

**Yours sincerely**

**Augustus Prince**

In his study August Prince smirked evilly. Soon he will have Severus on the estate and he will have no other choice than to obey him, he would make sure of it. His place is at my side and no one will be able to stop it. He would use Skeeter to get Severus back. One of his darker potions would be enough to make her a mindless slave. 2 Drops into a beverage and she would be at his mercy.

"I can use it in the next Wizengamot Session and nobody would be any wiser. I could even use it to strip the old coot from his titles and throw him into Azkaban. And when he is out of the way, then I can easily grab my stubborn heir. They would be like puppets on a string. Gormak, I need you, now.", called Augustus harshly.

A dark elf popped into the study and bowed devoutly to his master. "Yes, Sire. How can Gormak help you?"

"I want you to go to Hogwarts and break into the quarters of my grandson. Make sure to let a loophole open in the wards, so that he and his brat can be easily collected during Samhain. Install
our invisible spies. I want to know everything that will be uttered within his quarters. No matter
who it is, do it now.", ordered Augustus.

"Master, wouldn't it be easier to grab the brat, and left a portkey behind, that only react on his
magical signature? He would come to save him from any danger, Sire.", suggested Gormak.

"Is the barrier still active, Gormak?", asked Augustus, changing the topic.

"Unfortunately, it is still intact, Sire. But should you consummate the bond with the young Master,
it will break. They have already pledged their loyalty to you, Sire. We make sure, that he will be
yours.", replied Gormak.

"Bring me my bloodstone, Gormak. I can use it to influence my stubborn heir. It can cause
nightmares without ending, when you do not find it in time. You will hide it in his nightstand,
camouflaged it that his nosey elf won't find it. I'll only have to add some compulsions so that he
have to seek me out, when he wants to rescue his brat.", smirked Augustus.

"Gormak will do, as ordered, Sire.", acknowledged the dark elf.

He brought him the bloodstone and an athame, too. To work perfectly Augustus have to added
fresh blood from himself to the stone and to renew the spells on it, especially the compulsions on
it. He had used another one to break Eileen, until she managed to escape him. He watched gleeful
as the stone soaked up his blood and soon it would be able to do his sinister work and drive
Severus back into his clutches.

Augustus stood up and walked into the west wing. He opened a crimson coloured door, which
revealed a Spartan fashioned room, only the bed stood out. Manacles dangled from the headboard
and from the footrest. "Perfect to break him.", smirked the Prince Patriarch.

On the other side of the room was an artificial window that could be used like a scrying screen,
when you want to find anyone anytime. "Ostende mihi Severus – show me Severus", intoned
Augustus lazily and watched eagerly as the artificial screen showed the bedroom and his grandson.

He was tensed, his wand in his right hand and observing anything closely in the near vicinity.
Augustus snapped once with two fingers and the rest of the room was visible. A curse left his lips.
Severus wasn't alone in the room. It wasn't the toddler which annoyed him, but the other adult in
the room.

"Baserab, how dare you to be near my heir.", growled Augustus Prince angrily. "Do you really
think, I would let a bloodsucker like you mate with him. Severus is mine and nobody else will ever
bed him, as long as I can stop it. Too bad that Van Helsing wasn't capable of doing one job right.
He should've killed you ages ago. At least, I will have this pleasure to do it in front of my heir. I've
always knew that he was destined to have two mates. A triad isn't unusual for our family and
necessary to ground our powers. Well, in that case I have only find those intruders and kill them,
then he will be mine for the rest of eternity."

Narcissa and Lucius has gotten informed where Severus and Neville have been imprisoned. "That
is cheeky, they really used the Safe House near the Scottish Highlands.", commented Lucius
baffled.

"You're right, Lucius, but who would have thought to look there, at all? We would have taken into
consideration that they would have imprisoned them on one of his properties.", replied Narcissa.

"True, I'll bring the Portkey to Minerva and Poppy. You know where it is located, Narcissa?"
"I'll do, Lucius. I will be waiting on you. Don't worry we will save both. And they will rue the day as they have abducted them."

"I only hope, that he isn't there yet. We're not strong enough to win in a duel against the Dark Lord.", warned Lucius his wife.

"We will be careful and it would be a good idea to invest in further safety measures for Severus and Neville. Don't you agree, Lucius?"

"I do, but you know how stubborn Severus can be."

"Indeed, but he will only need the right partner at his side. I'm going to find the best match for him."

"Narcissa, do not play matchmaker again, please. Severus doesn't want any partner at the moment. And he will not have the time should the Dark Lord really be back.", tried Lucius to convince his wife.

"Leave it to me, Lucius. I'll know what I am doing.", placated him his wife.

"Let him rest first, Cissy. They both had quite an ordeal. Do it for me, please Cissy.", pleaded Lord Malfoy.

Instead of reassuring her husband, Narcissa apparated to the Safe House and began mentally plotting who would be the right partner for Severus. "I'll have to look closer into his family history. Than I'll know if I have to look for one or two partners for him. And should it work out, I'll have a wedding to plan."

Narcissa used a locator spell, to find out how many persons were inside the building. "8 Persons, who could it be besides Severus and Neville?", wondered Narcissa.

She had consider scrying for their abducted friends, but dismissed that idea. All three Black sisters were gifted with the second sight, but it differs for everyone. Narcissa was only able to scry the past. Andromeda could see the present time and Bellatrix could scry future events with ease. She could remember well how proud Aunt Walburga has been on those rare traits, which has manifested themselves in the three Black Sisters.

"You can find Emrys, with those gifts it will be easy to locate him." had she murmured again and again, as she has tested them profoundly. "Who is Emrys?", asked Andromeda astonished. Emrys is designate to lead us into a glorious future. He will turn the tide into our favour again. But we have to find him first, before some of those Mudblood-lovers can get their clutches into him. He will be more powerful than Grindelwald and Voldemort combined. You have to find him and make sure that he follows his destiny."

"How can you be so sure, Aunt?", inquired Bellatrix with an unholy gleam in her eyes.

"It has been predicted that he will be born when the dark side needed him most. Dark eyes and hair and a smile that even Dementors fear. When his wrath will be woken his eyes turns bloodred and he wouldn't even need a wand to kill anyone nearby. He is a natural born mage – a stormdragon who can only be grounded by his two mates. They're powerful as well and will not waver from his side."
"Who is Emrys? Could it be Severus?", thought Narcissa "I have never told him about that myth, maybe I should have inform him ages ago. But I can't forget how he reacted as Regulus had introduced him to his parents on a Sunday, the 15th August 1976. Aunt Walburga looked so gleeful as if Yule have come early and wouldn't let him out of her side. She has already known that he was the one person who could be fight the Marauders to a standstill when he has been ambushed 4:1 from behind. And Uncle Orion was most pleased to hear that Severus was a Prince and totally ignored his Muggle origins.

"You remind me of your grandfather, Severus"

"I have never met him, Sire.", replied Severus politely. "My Mother wasn't willing to forego the past, yet. And she has raised me to always respect the wishes of my elders."

"That is a very important lesson to learn as soon as possible, Severus. And what to you wish to do after Hogwarts?"

"I'm going to study for my Masteries in Potions and Defence, Lord Black. Master Tidwell ensured me that I can finish the studies in two years and pass it with distinction, Sire.", answered Severus. "In Defence I got the chance to study under Master Sgian-dubh, Lord Malfoy has been so inclined to write a recommendation for me. And he have tested me hard during the last two weeks. He does seldom takes on an apprentice and demands a lot from them.", explained Severus calmly.

"I would like a heritage potion to check his parentage, Walburga", has Orion later spoken to his wife. He seems to be so much like Augustus Prince, it is eerie to say the least. Did you hear what Bellatrix has observed during his last duel with our disgrace of a son. His eyes has glowed red for 30 seconds. He could be Emrys, then it would be more than important to get him on the right path. At least when Abraxas sponsored him, we can be ensure that he wouldn't fall for any ploys of the old coot."

"You do really think Augustus is his father and not just the grandfather, Orion?"

"I'm not so sure, everything in his stance, his behavior and even when he speaks, screams Augustus Prince. We have to protect him, so that he is ready to meet his destiny. I have heard rumors that he is interested in the boy. More than interested, he is obsessed with him and wants to use the bonding ritual on him after he will be 17 years old. Make sure that neither of the young generation knows about it, you know how protective Lucius, Evan and Regulus are when it concerns their best friend. Regulus sees him like a brother in anything than blood and the same is to be said from both scions of Malfoy and Rosier. They could try to interfere."

"How could I have forgotten it? Does that mean Uncle Orion has already known beforehand that the Dark Lord would have tried such a dark ritual on Severus. I have to study every memories of their past meetings in a pensieve with Lucius, should we have the time. It is too important to amiss it completely.", frowned Narcissa.

Sirius has been fed the Lethe Potion and as a result wouldn't be able to remember his past life and in combination with the "Mutant infans" has to re-grow up again. He was handed over to Rodolphus, by a giddily laughing Bellatrix Lestrange.
"Say hello to your Son, Rodolphus. This is Rodolphus Orion Lestrange, our heir. We will get Lyra back soon, and then we will be a real family again. I want to go and play a bit with Severus and his brat. Augustus was so nice to left some Veritaserum for me. I want to play 20 questions with him, before our Master comes back."

"Has you already fed and taken care of him, Bella?", asked Rodolphus, awkward settling the toddler on his hip.

"I have done everything that was necessary. Listen to your father, starpuppy. Mummy has to play a bit with our guests. Do you think Severus would be stubborn, too? He never liked to be cuffied and imprisoned before?"

"He wouldn't like it at all. What do you have in mind, Bella?"

"Summoning his brat and force him to take the potion, when he wants the boy to stay safe. Any refusal will be resulting in crying toddler.", stated Bellatrix smilingly.

"Perfect, he won't be able to refuse. John and Augustus have already told that he is smitten with that toddler. Even the rat has confirmed it. He is his big weakness, and would never risk anything which put him at risk. Have fun, Bella."

Bella left the room to play with their guests, leaving the de-aged Sirus with his new father.

Lucius has entered the Hospital Wing and waited impatiently that Poppy and Minerva were getting ready. "Hurry up, we do not have much time. I don't know when they expect him. I'm afraid that they even tried to hide them somewhere else, when we failed today.", urged Lucius.

"Don't worry, Lucius. We'll be careful. I have checked up on Ms Granger. She is still sleeping and a house elf will keep an eye on her.", calmed him Poppy. Not knowing that Hermione was already standing besides Harry under the cloak and both had planned to be a part of the rescue mission. And that Rita Skeeter has already hidden in her hair to be a part of this mission, too.

"Minerva will be here soon, she has to check up on the headmaster. He hasn't been able to speak for the last week. And we have to be sure that he won't be getting sick."

"I'm here. Albus will be alright. He only had a sore throat and will stay in bed over the weekend. His personal elf will look after him, and to be on the safe side I have vanished his stash of lemon drops.", explained Minerva as she entered the room.

"Is this a new development?", asked Lucius.

"No he has a cold at the start of the term, but he never rested enough and lemon drops aren't helping him to recover.", replied Poppy.

"The activation word is Emrys", said Lucius and hold the portkey up. A simple malachite without any markings. He waited until everyone has touched the stone and spoke "Emrys" and they landed directly by Narcissa.

"Oomph", groaned Harry, as Hermione has fallen on him.

"Be quiet, or they realise we're here, too, Harry."

"Sorry, Mione. Is that Malfoys Mother?"
"Seems to be. What is she doing here?", asked Hermione baffled.

"Dunno, look they go inside. Let's follow them."

Severus had already left the room, still checking if the coast was clear, but as no sound could be heard, he'll give the signal to follow as a stunner hit his shield.

He looked up and saw Bellatrix running to him, manically laughing and already throwing the next spell in his direction "Naughty, naughty Severus. Don't you like your accommodations? Crucio"

It hit him through the shield and Severus hissed as the curse hit him, before he dodged to the left side and jump to his feet again. "Not my style, Bella. Flipendo", he lay part of his anger in the spell and Bella was propelled back halfway through the room.

"Oh, do you want to play, Sevvie?", cooed Bella firing a Bombarda in his direction, which Severus blocked and sent a non-verbal Sectumsempra in her way.

"Fervēre sanguis", was his next spell, he was done with playing nicely. Bella would pay for everything that had happened since Samhain 1981.

This spell could Bella only escape, as she has slipped before and landed on her back. She looked up and laughed again: "Going dark, Sevvy. Oh what would the Mudblood say, when she could see you, now. Levicorpus"

But Severus has blocked this spell. She really thought to use one of his own spells against him? That wouldn't do it at all.

"Langlock" "Rictumsempra" "Levicorpus", he fired a barrage of spells against her and hit her every time. "Bella, Bella, nobody should use my own spells against me. Didn't you learn it by now. Or haven't the mutt told you what would happen, if I caught you, using them?" "Expelliarmus", he caught her wand and with a simple sticking charm stuck it to the wall besides him.

"Seems like you do not want to listen to me. So let's play a bit, my dear Bella. How long do I have to carve into you, until you start to scream?", asked Severus, whose eyes glowed red and a sickening smile was visible on his face for a few seconds.

"You wouldn't do it?", declared Bella.

Wrong answer. You do not know, who I am, right Bella? Let me help you, my name is Emrys. And I know exactly how to create pain, without killing my victims. Ask Moody, who was responsible for his new look. Hm, where to start. So many opportunities and not enough time."

"You're Emrys? Really, Master? We have waited on your return. Let me serve you.", replied Bella devotely. She tried to get near him, but his spells hold her in mid-air.

Unfortunately this conversation was interrupted by Rodolphus who balanced a toddler on his hip and dragged his knocked-out brother behind him. "Bella, there are intruders on the grounds. Huh, why did he have his wand back? Crucio"

Again dodged Severus the curse, but his concentration wavered, which led Bella crashed on the floor, unconscious.

"We're not finished, yet, Snape.", growled Rodolphus and levitated his wife and his brother in the
air. "He will break you sooner or later. You and your nosy brat. Lolly bring us home, now."

"Y-Yes, Master.", answered Lolly, she had already secured the wand from Bellatrix and put it back into Bella's robe, before colliding with an invisible cloak. She dragged it down and his occupants became visible.

"What are you two doing here?", asked Severus horrified, as he saw two of the batty trio.

"Lyra, you look really like your Mother.", murmured Rodolphus, another spell flow into his direction. "Lolly, we got to go."

Lucius stormed into the room, followed by the rest of the rescue mission and from the bedroom emerged Sneaky with Toddler Neville on her arms his new pet and an amused looking Vladimir Baserab.

"Daddy, where are they?", asked Neville.

"They're gone Neville. You're safe.", he reassured the toddler, handing the pet over to Sneaky and cuddled the little boy as he tried to calmed himself.

Baserab used the commotion to step besides Severus and kissed him again. He whispered into his ear: "Chiar mi place sa te sărut, Severus – I really do enjoy kissing you, Severus."

"O să te văd din nou în curând, prințul meu - I'll see you again soon, my prince", smirked Vladimir and vanished into thin air.

"Who was this, Severus? Have you met him before?", inquired Narcissa. A stranger who kissed Severus, she needed to know more about it.

"Can we please go elsewhere before you try to play Spanish Inquisition again, Cissy?, pleaded Severus.

"Don't think I will let you from the hook easily, Severus. You'll tell me everything, when you know what is good for you.", replied Narcissa.

"Do I have another choice?", asked Severus rhetorically.

None at all.", smirked Narcissa.

"Thought so. Sneaky, can you take my robe back to Hogwarts. And check the other rooms, to ensure that we're really alone on the premise, please."

"Sneaky, will do it. What should I do with the bunny?"

"That is Nevilles new pet. Take him back to Hogwarts as well. We'll follow as soon as possible."

"I don't think so. You both will accompany us to Malfoy Manor. You can go back to Hogwarts at Monday, when you insist on it.", interrupted Narcissa the pair.

"What, that isn't necessary at all, Cissy. I'm fine.", complained Severus.

"You're not fine as long as we haven't used at least two diagnosis scans on you. You have been abducted, and I can see abrasions on your wrists. Do what I say Severus, or you'll regret it."

"What, you're not my mother. And I do not need any mothercoddling, neither from you nor anyone
else.", cried Severus.

"I can always de-age you and then use the diagnosis-scan. Your choice, Sevvy."

"That's not a choice, that's blackmail.", grumbled Severus. "Fine, do what you want. I can't stop you anyway.

They have left the premise and were on the way to the apparition point as someone called surprised: "Hey, guys take a look. Peacock and Panther."

"Great, why is the SAS here?", groaned Severus.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Who is Peacock? Severus is Panther according to his SAS-Necklace. Will Skeeter have pictures from the Kiss between Severus and Vladimir? Will she write another article about it? How will the SAS react to Severus and his son? Will Narcissa try to find out more about the mysterious stranger who has kissed Severus? How will Minerva and Poppy react to the newest shenanigans of Harry & Hermione?
Chapter Summary

After their successful escape Severus encounter with the rest of his group his old SAS-Unit. He still have planned to slip away with Neville as soon as he would find a suitable moment to do it, without any of them recognizing it. Lucius has been shocked as he learned, that the S-Unit know the whole time that Severus and he was magical inclined. Who of his suitors will find Severus first - legal or magical

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

S-Unit

"Hey guys, take a look.", called Marten, one of their old comrades in the SAS.

"How long haven't we seen you two? Five years or more?", asked Wildcat who stepped besides Marten and studied the group surrounding Severus and Lucius.

"And why didn't you bother to tell us, that you got a son, Panther?", inquired Wolf, the teamleader of the S-Unit.

"Who are those men, Lucius?", asked Narcissa, who held one hand near her wand, just in case it was needed.

"Er, those men are part of our old Military-unit, Cissy.", answered Lucius worriedly. Narcissa has never known that he and Severus had served in the Military and she never liked it, when you tried to omit anything from her.

"Interesting, Lucius. And it just slipped your mind to tell me anything about it. When did you decide to do something so utterly stupid. You could have been killed.", attacked Narcissa her husband openly.

"Sev, help me, please.", pleaded Lucius and looked at Severus and Neville.

"No chance, I've told you again and again, that you shouldn't try to keep any secrets from her, Peacock.", smirked Severus. He adjusted Neville better on his hips and faced his old comrades.

"Why are you here? As we have served in the S-Unit you were stationed in Wales, not in Scotland.", wanted Severus to know.

"We have been stationed her six months ago, Panther. Colonel Merryweather decided, we would better adjusted far away from Wales.", grinned Marten.

"You have overstepped the boundaries again. When will you ever grow up?", groaned Severus.

"We were pretty tame, after you and Lucy left, Panther. We didn't tease the Colonel so often, only twice per week.", added Wildcat jovial.
"And why are you here? You do have a kid. Never thought I see you with one.", interrupted Wolf curiously.

"Are those abrasions on your wrists, Sev? What have happened?", asked Marten who have take a closer look and recoiled back in shock.

"Nothing, just an unpleasant encounter with some thugs.", commented Severus coldly.

"Oh no, you won't slip out so easily again.", declared Wolf impulsively. "Let Doc take a closer look on those wounds. You always tends to ignore it."

"Good idea, Mr. Wolf", smiled Narcissa "He is always so stubborn and refuse to accept medical treatment."

"Just Wolf, Ma'am.", grinned Wolf. "You can follow us, our army base is nearby. He can check Panther over and maybe something to eat and drink for you, wouldn't go amiss."

"What, no. That isn't necessary.", protested Severus vehemently.

"I'll can always drag you with me and shop for some new outfits for your wardrobe, Severus.", threatened Narcissa. "You can't always wear black. And not to mention that you can accompany me to the next social gatherings during the Winter Season."

"You wouldn't, Cissy. Torture isn't legal any longer.", argued Severus.

"Who said something about tormenting you. I'm quite sure that Minerva and Poppy agree with me about my plans."

Severus looked horrified at the female trio, still clutching Neville to his side.

"And do not even consider to flee. I know your hiding places.", added Narcissa smiling.

"Instead of tormenting me, which is completely unnecessary, why do you not admonish those two youngsters, who have decided to accompany you, here.", replied Severus considering his options and when he can slip away unnoticed.

"He is right, Minerva. Neither Harry nor Hermione had gotten our permission to accompany us on this mission.", answered Poppy.

"Doesn't mean that he is off the hook. Your Slytherin tactics don't work, Severus.", stated Minerva calmly before focusing her attention on the hapless duo.

"Be my guest, Minerva.", smirked Severus he knew exactly what kind of potions he had in his shirtpocket. When he throw them into their direction, he got enough time to escape with Neville. And he had already planned to return with his son to Hogwarts to pack a few necessities and to look after his snakes. He only needed some time before they realised that he is missing again.

He didn't feel very well. His head hammered with a heavy headache and the duel with Bella and taking down Rabastan had tired him, too. Honestly, Severus only wanted to crawl into his bed and sleep. Instead of answering inane questions. He wasn't looking forward to answer any questions, why a stranger kissed him in public. And he wanted to avoid another check-up at any cost.

"Why have you both followed us?", asked Minerva sternly. "You could have been getting hurt. Did you never think anything at all?"
"But, we wanted to help", tried Hermione fruitlessly.

"We wanted to make sure that Neville and Snape were alright.", added Harry his two knuts.

"I have never, in all my years as a teacher, seen such an irresponsible behaviour. For this inane stunt you will serve detention under Madame Pomfrey and me until the end of term. You will help her in the infirmary with anything that she wishes you to do. And for me you will cleaning and rewriting the detention records of the last 50 years.", began Minerva.

"Additionally you will go to bed at the same time as the first years. Your Hogsmeade privilege will be revoked and I will personally inform your guardians about your shenanigans.", commented Poppy calmly.

Carefully, using his SAS-Training and his Hogwart’s experience in dodging the Marauders, Severus and Neville crept back onto the shadowed path. He had already lifted slowly a finger to his lips, to show Neville that both have to be very silent. He had whispered softly into the ears of the toddler:

"We will play a bit hide and seek with them, little one. Hush now, they shouldn't see us too early."

"Okay, Daddy.", smiled Neville.

Luckily for Severus nobody knew that he owned a small house in Finistère/France. It was located in Roscoff, which shared a ferry port with Great Britain and Ireland. Normally he took the ferry from Plymouth to Portsmouth. It was one of the few occasions where he acted as a normal muggle. He usually spend his summer months there to recover in peace and quiet. He had even consider to take Draco with him one day, after he got a wizard’s oath from his godson to keep the secret.

The locals knows him under his alias "Alain S. Lenoir" a secluded living research chemist, who has lost his partner in a tragic car accident. He liked it to draw and sketch pictures near the port and spend some evenings in the local restaurants.

His course of action was rather simple:

1.) Return to Hogwarts to fetch a few things for Neville and himself, including the bunny.

2.) A House meeting with his snakes, to ensure that they are all well and to give some important instructions for his absence

3.) Appareting with Neville to Plymouth to catch the next ferry to Roscoff.

4.) Send a time-delayed letter via Gringotts to Lucius and Narcissa, that he has to spend some time alone with his son. And he will contact them soon.

5.) Contacting the French branch of Gringotts to ensure Nevilles safety and asking for help to remove at least the tedious geas.

"Be prepared, Neville. We have only one chance to vanish, before they notice it.", whispered Severus into Nevilles ear.

Slowly he took one of the potion vials from his shirt pocket. It contains a potion that works like a smoke grenade, when you throw it on the ground. And he had used it successfully in the past against nosy opponents and annoying students, when he wanted some time for himself. Even when
it means at Hogwarts only a temporary refuge behind the battlements of the castle. Nobody had ever looked for him above ground. They all thought he would only hide in the dungeon area. And Severus has never really tried to change their opinions on him. It has served him well in the past and would help him now, too.

He didn't want to meet Colonel Merryweather, who looked like a double of the Austrian-German Actor Curd Jürgens and treated him always like a naughty teenager. It wasn't really fair either, during their military service Lucius was the vain one. He had to shorten his hair, so that it only reach his shoulders, but it didn't stopped him to re-grow it every evening and even wear a hairnet to protect it from splice.

Of course this was one of the reasons why the other members of the unit teased him shamelessly. It was no coincidence that the Beatles classic "Lucy in the Sky with Diamond" could be heard everytime, when Lucius had to step out for his guarding duties. That was one of the few songs, which every member of the S-Unit had learned by heart.

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**Picture yourself in a boat on a river**
With tangerine trees and marmalade skies
Somebody calls you, you answer quite slowly
A girl with kaleidoscope eyes

**Cellophane flowers of yellow and green**
Towering over your head
Look for the girl with the sun in her eyes
And she's gone

**Lucy in the sky with diamonds**
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds, ahh

**Follow her down to a bridge by a fountain**
Where rocking horse people eat marshmallow pies
Everyone smiles as you drift past the flowers
That grow so incredibly high

**Newspaper taxies appear on the shore**
Waiting to take you away
Climb in the back with your head in the clouds
And you're gone

**Lucy in the sky with diamonds**
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds, ahh

**Picture yourself on a train in a station**
With plasticine porters with looking glass ties
Suddenly someone is there at the turnstile
The girl with kaleidoscope eyes

**Lucy in the sky with diamonds**
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds, ahh
During his third year at Hogwarts Severus had eagerly worked to became a ventriloquist. He had been successful and used it often to get even with the Marauders. They have never worked out, how he managed it to throw his voice across the room or even sounded like one of the teacher.

"Time to depart. I'm sure we will see each other again someday.", smirked Severus and throw the vial into the crowd.

Narcissa was the first one to looked up and realized that he had slipped away again.

"Severus, come back at once. This isn't funny."

"No need for it, Cissy. I'm fine and more do you not need to know. And I definitively need no additional check-up. You want to mollycoddle someone. Limit it to your nieces. I'll be keeping in touch."

"Sev, come back. That isn't very smart to do now. Or have you already forgotten who has placed a bounty on your head?", pleaded Lucius, without success.

"Wait a second, Peacock.", cried Marten surprised. "What do you mean? Who has placed a bounty on Panthers head? Spill the beans."

"Marten is right, don't stay mum. We can help you, but you have to come clear.", agreed Wildcat agitated.

He and the other men of the S-Unit had always had a soft spot for Severus. He was the youngest of them and one of most devoted during their training and the drilling afterward. He was their secret mascot not that they would be idiotic enough to tell it him ever. They know only to well how deadly Severus could be, when someone provoked him too much. Even Colonel Merryweather treated him like his teenaged son and was proud of Severus’ accomplishments. He was one of the best sniper the SAS has ever secured in their ranks and had a talent for gathering intel, without getting caught.

This was one of the reason, why the SAS wanted him as a link between the secret service and the army. And Lucius was his trusted companion who delivered the messages to the SAS-Board, should it be necessary, when Severus wasn't capable of doing it himself.

Both have easily climbed up the ranks after their basic training. Lucius has earned the rank of a major, whereas Severus has become one of the youngest Lieutenants of the S-Unit. And both have used the offer of the SAS to study at university after absolving basic training and have obliged to serve for 12 years in total. This allowed them after serving the first three years to choose their preferences.

Not very surprisingly Lucius decided to study law, politic science and economics in Oxford, while Severus chose Chemistry, Biology and Medicine. He even have been encouraged to study for a teaching degree and absolved it with distinction. Some years ago he have consider to go back to university to study Biochemistry, but he had neither the necessary financial means nor the time, with an old coot who wants to destroy any magic that doesn't suit into his worldview.

"What has happened?", asked a baritone behind them.
Lucius gulped heavily and looked into Colonel Merryweather's face.

"Good Day, Colonel. You do look well. Not a day over 50, am I right, Sir?", babbled Lucius anxiously.

"For Merlin's sake, Lucius.", grumbled Narcissa.

"Good Day, Colonel. My Name is Narcissa **Euphrosyne** Malfoy. I'm the wife of Lucius Malfoy and mother of his son Draconius Lucius Malfoy. We are very worried, then our good friend Severus Prince-Snape, practically a brother to Lucius and I, has vanished again with his son Neville."

"Go on.", urged Colonel Merryweather after the S-Unit has escorted them to the army base and into Headquarters. They have seatied into the Officers' Mess and have been served nutrition and drinks, before Narcissa explained more about the background of their latest problems.

"Unfortunately as Severus has been 15/16 years old, he had gotten into the focus of a very powerful man. You can compare him to one of the mob bosses which features so many movies and news nowadays. He became obsessed with Severus and even let him kidnapped from some of his minions on the 19th January 1977. And that's not all. This crazy megalomaniac hat the gall to use a ritual on Severus to bound him to himself.", told Narcissa morosely.

Lucius could see how his wife struggled and take over for her.

"Severus was heavily traumatized through those events. We can only count ourselves lucky that some vigilantes have interrupted the ritual, before he could rape him. As my father, Lord Abraxas Malfoy has attended the same boarding school as this man, he knew what to expect from him. Severus has lived with my family for years as we attended the same boarding school and the health of his mother declined more and more. She even granted my father legal custody over Severus, should she unexpectedly die."

He drank from his glass and added: "As my father was devastated what had happened to Severus. My friends and I, we wanted to help. He had tried at our old school recruit the next generation of followers and was rather successful. One reason was, that the headmaster tried to make our schoolhouse to the scapegoat of our society and Riddles' organization offered a better solution for those young men and women."

"We tried to infiltrate the group, as he had already marked Severus with his personal emblem, that he branded into the left forearm of his followers. He wouldn't be willing to let Severus live in peace and we wanted to protect him from the more deranged minions in his mob."

"How bad was it, Lucius?", inquired the Colonel hoarsely.

"Very bad, Sir. He had used a tracker to find Severus everywhere, embedded into his arm. He had planned to take Severus by force on Halloween 1980, after one of his more devoted followers, I am sad to say that it was my own sister-in-law Bellatrix Lestrange, had abducted him again and brought him back to the mob in chains. To celebrate the consummation he planned to killed the family of a famous Lord in our society – Lord James Charlus Potter, his wife Lily Potter and their infant son Harry James Potter. He wanted to return with bloodstained hands and take him by force, but Severus managed to flee before he could achieve his goals."

"He killed the parents, but the infant son couldn't be killed on time, Sir. And he damaged a gas line which caused a huge explosion in the house and it looked as if he has been killed in the house, too."
"But the worst were the letters which had been send in the last years. They claimed he would be back and Severus would be a fool to hide. He would find him everywhere and he should better submit to him, when he wants us to survive.\textasciitilde\textasciitilde, concluded Lucius his story.

"He came back and two of his minions really managed to abduct Severus and his infant son from our Family home, yesterday. We have only today manage to find them again as Severus and his son had been able to leave their prison cell. They would have expected the mob boss in the next days. And now Severus has vanished again with his son Neville. We do not know where they have gone, he could have been heavily injured as they rough handled both and have even threaten to kill the toddler, when Severus wouldn't comply to their wishes."

"Why didn't you getting rid of this tracking device, Peacock?\textasciitilde\textasciitilde, asked Wildcat annoyed.

"Believe me, I would have done it, when it would be possible. Unfortunately he had prevented it against removing. Only the mob boss himself can remove it. Anyone else who tried it would risk to kill Severus, he had hidden some very hideous traps in it. One of them would weaken his heart, when he strays too far from his side. There were rumors, that he want to collar Severus and imprison him on one of his properties, so that he can only leave when the mob boss accompany him personally.\textasciitilde\textasciitilde, growled Lucius tiredly.

"Why didn't you use magic to escape him, permanently?\textasciitilde\textasciitilde?, shocked him Colonel Merryweather.

"W-Wh-What did you say, Sir?\textasciitilde\textasciitilde?, croaked Lucius.

"Please, you never figure it out? S-Unit was always famous for his mixture of Muggle and Wizard soldiers. We are responsible for supporting the prime minister when he meet with those idiot Fudge.\textasciitilde\textasciitilde, smirked Merryweather.

"But, why didn't you tell us?\textasciitilde\textasciitilde?, asked Lucius shocked.

"Simple, you do not need to know. Oh we knew too well, that your both are magical. And I guess this is the same for the rest of your group, am I right. What is the name of your mob boss?"

"Voldemort", replied Narcissa baffled.

"Fantastic! Don't worry we will do everything we can, to protect Panther and his son. He is really back?\textasciitilde\textasciitilde?, wanted Marten to know.

"Yes, according to his minions that is the case. You will really help us. Severus was so depressed lately. I have feared he would try anything stupid, when I can't stop him before. As he abducted him on Samhain 1980 again, he had already worn him so out, that he was really considering to submit to the Dark Lord, when it would guarantee our safety and our lives.\textasciitilde\textasciitilde, told Lucius seriously.

"Then it would be better not to waste any time and develop some good contingency plans.\textasciitilde\textasciitilde, suggested Wolf. "Does he still works at Hogwarts?"

"Yes, he is the Potions Master and Head of Slytherin House.\textasciitilde\textasciitilde, confirmed Narcissa proudly.

"Good, Colonel. We should visit the school during the next weeks. Severus will definitely return back to teach. As I know him, he will be staying in some safe house, he never disclose to anyone and lick his wounds.\textasciitilde\textasciitilde, stated Wildcat.

"How can you be so sure?\textasciitilde\textasciitilde?, inquired Minerva disbelievingly.
"Madame, I do know Severus for 15 years. It is his typical Modus Operandi. He detested medical attention and prefer to treat himself, when he gets away with it. He has a very high pain tolerance and is too stubborn for his own good.", answered Marten for his comrade.

"True, you have described him to a T.", acknowledged Poppy. "But how can we find him?"

"Er, I had an idea.", murmured Harry. He drew carefully the Marauders' map from his pocket and activated the password. "We used this for Hogwarts, as nobody can hide on it. And should someone try to activate it, without knowing the password, he will be heavily insulted by the makers of the map. I do hope, we can modify it, so that we will be able to find them easier."

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Big surprise for Lucius & Co. - the S-Unit knows already about Magic and is willing to help them to protect Severus and Neville from Voldemort and his deranged minions.

Will Severus and Neville stay safe and unharmed, while they recover abroad? Will the Dark Lord accidentally reveal his identity to Severus? Are they really able to modify the Marauders' Map to find them again? How will Vlad react on their vanishing act?
Chapter Summary

Severus and Neville return to Hogwarts to pack a few things, before they venture to Roscoff/France. Unnoticed Gormak - the Dark Elf of Augustus Prince entered the room and attack them. He carved a rune into Severus' collarbone and hide the bloodstone into their luggage. Severus discover the rune, without knowing who has placed it there and is very worried. He talk to his snakes before leaving for France. During the first night in France he has a bad nightmare about the bonding ritual on the 19th January 1977 - and Voldie will be drawn into the dream scape to witness everything from Severus' point of view, too.

Will this be the long overdue wake-up-call to make Voldemort reflect his own dealings with Severus?

Chapter Notes

A/N: This chapter contains a flashback about the bonding ritual that Voldemort tried on Severus Snape-Prince, during the New Moon on 19th January 1977. This chapter is dedicated to Niaf who was willing to create the used dark bonding ritual.

I do not advise to repeat this actions at all. As it is a flashback it will be written in Italics. And as usual Voldemort has a flair for dramatics, one of the reason why the bonding ritual takes place in Stonehenge.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
pet. I don't need long.", replied Severus. He put the little boy carefully on his bed besides his bunny and left to his small kitchenette to prepare a light meal for them.

Severus returned 10 minutes later with a tray filled with their meals and drinks and two small bowls for the bunny. He placed everything on the bed, sat down besides Neville and gave him his sippy cup filled with warm milk.

"Where do we go, Daddy?", asked Neville after drinking his milk.

Severus looked at the small boy and smirked lightly. "We will go to France, Neville. I have a house there, which nobody knows about. After speaking with my snakes, we will apparate to Plymouth and take the ferry to Roscoff."

"And how long do we stay, Daddy?", inquired Neville, still petting his bunny.

"We will stay for a week, Neville. Unfortunately your Auntie Cissy has right, I still have to recover from this experiences and my relapse some days ago."

"Will you go to a healer, Daddy?"

"No, there is no need for it. I just have to take it slowly for the rest of the week. Eat balanced meals and rest a lot, while not using much of my magic. We will live like muggles for that week."

"Why daddy?"

"Your Auntie Cissy has made a scan on me three days ago and wasn't pleased with the results. I had a very bad reaction on the relapse, Neville. My magical core was almost completely depleted. I am not allowed to strain it too much in the next days."

He cuddled Neville at his side and said: "No need to worry, Neville. I know exactly what I have to do to strengthen my magic again."

Severus closed his eyes shortly before he opened them again and looked at his son. "They will use another name for me, during our stay in France, Neville. It's a little game that I have played for years with them. And it can be that they mention another name as well, Neville. Eric, it is a name which is very important for me. I have used it to honour some good friends of mine. It is my special name for them."

"Who is Eric?", asked Neville curiously.

"Eric Dauphin, for my good friends Evan Rosier, Regulus Black & your Uncle Lucius, little one. Two of them has been dead for over 13 years, Neville.", replied Severus sadly.

"How did they die?", wanted Neville to know.

"Evan has been killed by Aurors and Regulus is a mystery until today. We only know that he is dead, because his dead has been registered on the Family tapestry 1981. Evan wanted to be a portrait painter for magical portraits, his family was famous for their artistic creativity. And Regulus wanted to study Ancient Runes and Warding in Italy."

"Don't be sad, Daddy.", tried Neville to console him.

"I'll try, but I can't make any promises in that regard, Neville." Severus breathed in and out, before asking the boy the question he dreaded for days. "Neville, do you want to become my real son?"
"What do you mean, Daddy?", asked Neville surprised.

"I would like to blood-adopt you. It would mix your genes with mine and you would became my son. I have to warn you this special potion tastes pretty yucky, but when you do it, we can't be ever separated again.", explained Severus outwardly calmly.

"Yes, Daddy. I would like that.", answered the toddler at once.

"Are you sure, Neville? There is no going back, after you have taken the potion. And it can hurt very badly, little one.", warned Severus the small boy.

"I'm sure Daddy. We will be a real family.", assured Neville confidently.

"Thank you, Neville. You have make me the happiest person on the whole world.", exclaimed Severus. "Accio Blood-Adoption Potion." Within seconds the potion flew in his outstretched hand.

Severus bit in his left ring finger and let three drops of blood fall into the potion. He re-corked the vial again, shook it, so that it could mix, before helping Neville to sip the concoction.

Soon afterwards the changes began and Neville began to cry, it hurts a lot. Severus cradled him into his arms and soothed him, softly humming to him, the whole time until the pain subsided.

"Hush, my sweet courageous child. I'm so proud of you. I love you so much, my son.", told him Severus again and again. Nevilles hair changed to the darker silkier locks of Severus and his eyes turned onyx, the same colour as his adopted father. He grew a bit and gained the high cheek bones from Severus, too. He looked like the perfect mix of Longbottoms and Severus and nobody could deny when looking at the small boy, that Severus was his father.

"Does it still hurt, little one?", asked Severus worried, after Neville stopped crying.

"No Daddy, but it hurts lots. Is it over now?"

"Yes, you was so courageous, my sweet little boy. I will change you and myself. We will talk with my snakes and then sneak out silently, before leaving Hogwarts."

"Where will we go, Daddy?", inquired Neville joyously.

"We'll be appaorting to Plymouth with our equipment and your pet, Neville. At 6 p.m leaves the ferry for France. We should arrive at our home not later than 8 p.m. and after leaving our equipment in the house, we will go to eat in one of the restaurants in Roscoff, Neville.", replied Severus calmly.

Neville nodded solemnly, before looking smilingly up to his daddy and pleaded: "Daddy play with Neville, please?"

"Let me check something first, okay Neville?" A wandless tempus showed 3 p.m. "Good we have not enough time. What do you want to play, Neville?"

"Playing ball with Daddy!", crowed Neville triumphantly. He conjured with ease the same green ball with silver snakes and pushed it to his daddy. The snakes hissed again and father and son cocked their heads and listen closely to the hissing.

"Snakes talking, Daddy.", exclaimed Neville proudly.

"Can you understand them, little one?", asked Severus interested as he pushed the ball back into
Neville's direction. He had already warded his bed earlier so that Neville couldn't fall out of it.

"I can. They call you father of snakes, Daddy. And that I'm your little hatchling. What is a hatchling, Daddy?"

"A hatchling is the child of a snake, Neville. Why do you ask?", inquired Severus worried.

"There was a huge snake near the house who hissed all the time. I remember it, she seemed to be looking for someone."

"A huge snake, are you sure?"

"Yes, Daddy. She hissed something about hatchlings and mates.", answered Neville. He didn't know what distress this caused for his adopted father.

"When she is here that means, no it can't be. Is he really in Britain? We have to go and I have to use any trick I have ever learned to ensure that he can't come near us again.", whispered Severus to himself.

To distract himself, Severus conjured an animal carrier for the Draculabunny and together with Neville coaxed it into the carrier, before the closed the small door of it.

Neither Severus nor Neville has felt the presence of Gormak as he popped silently into the room and watch the pair closely.

"Master will be pleased.", growled the Dark elf and hid the blood stone in their luggage, so that it could fulfil his sinister work and trigger the compulsion spell, which has been bound to Severus' blood.

He send another spell into their direction, which render them unconscious and force Voldemort to watch helpless inside his carrier. Then he walked up to Severus and ripped his shirt off to inscribe a dark rune on his collarbone.

"Othala – you will always be his property, young master. It's your destiny. Follow his call or you'll lose your boy. Don't defy him. Or he won't hesitate to break you. It is time to awake again and soak the world in blood, Emrys. Free us, now."

"For Merlin's sake what has happened.", groaned Severus as he woke up again. "Where is my shirt?" He struggled to sit up and tried to wake Neville, still pondering what has happened to them.

"How long were we out cold?"

"Neville, wake up, little one.", he shook him carefully.

"D-Da-Daddy, cold.", cried the toddler trying to snuggle into Severus' chest.

"You, too? What has happened to us? Let's get you warmed up a bit, don't you agree, my little snake?", said Severus.

"What is that, Daddy?", asked the toddler, as he patted the rune on his collarbone.

"What do you mean, Neville?", inquired Severus astonished.

"Picture, Daddy. Look.", answered Neville, patting the rune again, which caused Severus to hiss from the fresh pain, that soared through his body.
"I don't know, let's take a closer look, little one.", he replied shortly and ventured with Neville to the bathroom. A quick swish of his wands activated the lights in front of the mirror. Severus sat Neville carefully on the closed toilet and inspects the rune that Neville has mentioned.

He recoiled back at once, after seeing the **Othala** sign on his pale collarbone.

"How can it be? Who has done that to me? And when? It wasn't there, as I have woken up today."

He summoned a black shirt and his garnet snakes cuff links and put them on at once, after those items hit his hand. Another summoning brought a cloak from him, that he shrank down and put on Neville.

"Better, little one?"

"Yes, Daddy. It's warm and cosy.", answered Neville beaming up to Severus.

"Good, we will go now to the Common Room and talk with my snakes. Then we will return here, to retrieve our luggage and the pet carrier. We will leave through a secret passage and go to the apparition point in the forbidden forest."

"It is dangerous, Daddy?"

"Not, when you follow the rules, Neville. And when you treat his inhabitants with respect, little one. It is their home and therefore it should be treated that way."

"Who lives there, daddy?"

"Centaurs, Unicorns, Thestrals are only some of the inhabitants which you can encounter by venturing into the woods. They do not like most of us, my son."

"Why?"

"Most wizards and witches treat them like mindless creatures and that isn't anything you would want to be treated like, Neville.", replied Severus as he adjusted Neville better on his hip.

"True, Daddy. Why do they do it?"

"They do it, because most of them are dunderheads. They could kill us easily, when the mood strikes them and get rid of our remains, without anybody being the wiser. Have you ever seen a Goblin? They can wield magic with ease, and not only our magic, but their own, too. But the ministry doesn't want them to own wands. They do not even consider it, that it would restrict the goblins, as well, when they start to rely on wands as most of us do."

They had reached the Slytherin Common Room and Severus has intoned the password "Fiat Nox" that granted the pair access and closed directly after they have stepped into the room.

Startled the students looked up at their Head of House and the toddler who was adjusted on his hip.

"Prefects, call everybody to the Common Room. We will have to uphold an extraordinary house meeting, before I have to leave for another week with my son.", ordered Severus as he went to his usual place near the fireplace.

"Yes, Professor.", answered the prefects and run to do their duty. Within minutes the room were filled with all students of Slytherin House who looked astonished to be dragged in so rapidly. But
as they saw their Head of House, they seem to relax at once.

Severus waited until everyone has found a seat, breathed twice and adjusted Neville better on his hip, before he spoke to his students.

"I have heard from Draco, how well you have been behaved during my absence last week. I am proud of you. Well done, Slytherin House. Alas, there has been some commotion, which will lead to a further week of absence from Hogwarts for me and my son Neville."

"What has happened, Sir", asked Gemma worried.

"I have encountered some DE, who have confirmed that he is back again and probably already in Britain. You are safe, as long as you do not venture outside of Hogwarts and Hogsmeade. Nothing will happen to your parents either, as he seems to lie low for now. I tell you this so you can be prepared for anything that can happen during the next months."

"And you, sir?", asked Terrence Higgs, every Slytherin whose family has only loose ties to the Dark side has learn from an early age what an unhealthy obsession the Dark Lord has with their Head of House.

"I can deal with it. They attack me, and they will pay the price for it. And anyone who harmed my family, can't expect any kind of leniency from me. It's not in my nature to show clemency to everyone.", replied Severus calmly.

"You should use the portkeys, that I have given you, when the need arise. Never go anywhere without them. Do you know the activation word?"

"Yes, Professor, we do.", answered the students unanimously.

"We will be back on Sunday. Have fun and whatever you do, don't get caught.", smirked Severus.

"Sir, what do you mean with, your son?", asked Theodore Nott curiously.

"I have blood-adopted him, Mr Nott after getting his consent. May I introduce to you all Neville Francis Alexander Severus Snape-Prince. We have to go now, Good bye."

"Good bye, Professor. Take care of you and your son.", replied his students and watched them leaving the Common Room.

"They're nice, Daddy.", commented Neville.

"Indeed, when you know what is behind their masks, Neville." answered Severus. They have return to his quarters, where he shrunk their luggage and summoned a dark muggle duster coat, which he put over his normal clothes. He take the pet carrier in his right hand and cradling Neville to his chest with his left arm, before leaving his quarters, which closed automatically behind him.

Nobody noticed them as they ventured to the apparition point and apparatus to Plymouth. They had still time, the ferry left at 6 p.m the port and Severus knows a short-cut which lead directly to the port. Following the trail, they arrived at 5.30 p.m. and Severus used the time to pay for their tickets with his credit card, that was registered on Alain S. Lenoir. To ensure that nobody would hold back their pet, he has already placed a notification on the pet carrier, which reads: "This is Lyssa —λύσσα , he is chipped and already checked against rabies. He doesn't have any. Have a nice day and pet your pet from us."
"Let's go on board Neville. Where do you want to sit?", asked Severus as he adjusted the pet carrier in his right hand.

"Can we sit outside, Daddy and watch the sea?", inquired the toddler happily.

"Sure, we can.", replied Severus and handed their tickets over to the first mate, who checked the passengers.

"Everything is alright, Sir. You can go on board. And your bunny?"

"Thank you, read the inscription on the carrier. It explains everything. Have a nice day, Sir."

"Ah, I see. Where do you go, Sir? If you don't mind, that I'll asking you, Sir?"

"We're going home. My son has never seen our home before and we want some time to recover at peace.", smiled Severus openly.

"Do you like the sea, little man?", asked the first mate Neville.

"I like it lots, but I do like my Daddy more.", smiled Neville happily.

He had easily secured a seat for them on the upper deck of the ferry and put the pet carrier on a free seat besides them, before leaning back and closing his eyes. Neville climbed on his lap and snuggled into his daddy, lulled into sleep by the sea. His arms still slung protective around Neville and a little notice-me-not charm and an additional protection spell would ensure that both can sleep peacefully until the ferry reaches Roscoff.

At 7 p.m the siren sounded loudly that they have reached their goal, the port of Roscoff. Severus woke up, he looked at Neville, who still slept peacefully. He must have been really tired, when not even the siren woke him up.

Severus stood up, stretched himself, before grabbing the pet carrier with his free hand, the other hand holding Neville close to his chest. Soon after reaching the port, the trio had already left the ferry and was on the way to Severus' home.

"They have really done it, nobody would be able to find them here, as the whole region was specially protected through a whole variety of protective magic. One reason why Severus liked to spend his summers here.

"Bonne soirée Alain. Comment allez-vous? - Good evening Alain. How are you?


"Qui est-ce, Alain?" - "Who is that, Alain?"

"Mon fils, Neville. Je ne savais pas que j'avais un enfant. Cependant, après la mort d'Eric, sa grand-mère m'a contacté et m'a demandé de m'occuper de mon fils. Elle ne pouvait plus le faire." - "My son, Neville. I never knew I had a child. However after Eric's death his grandmother contacted me and demand I'll take care of my son. She couldn't do it any longer."

"Je l'ai adopté la semaine dernière et nous essayons encore de mieux nous connaître. C'était si dur de faire face à la mort d'Eric." - "I have adopted him last week and we still trying to get to know each other better. It was so hard to cope with Eric's death."
"C'était un accident de voiture, j'ai raison, Alain?" - "It was a car accident, am I right, Alain?"

"Oui, mais il a toujours été un pilote si prudent. Il ne conduisait même pas après avoir bu un verre de vin. Il me manquera tous les jours." - "Yes, but he was always such a careful driver. He never even drive after drinking one glass wine. I'll miss him everyday."

"Ça va s'améliorer, Alain. Tu n'es pas seul. Combien de temps prévoyez-vous rester à Roscoff?" - "It will be getting better, Alain. You're not alone. How long do you plan to stay in Roscoff?"

"Une semaine, je dois retourner au travail. Et je dois trouver quelqu'un qui prend soin de Neville pendant mes heures de travail." - "A week, I have to go back to work. And I have to find someone who take care for Neville during my working hours"

"Au revoir Alain. Profitez de votre séjour ici." - "Good bye Alain. Enjoy your stay here."

"Au revoir Monsieur Jardin. Nous ferons de notre mieux." - "Good bye Mr. Jardin. We'll do our best."

"Who was it Daddy?", asked Neville after they had reached their house which lay in a side alley of the port.

"He is one of our neighbours, Neville. He had helped me years ago, after I moved in to get acquainted with the other inhabitants of Roscoff.", answered Severus.

"Should we eat at home or go out, Neville? It's up to you, little one.", offered Severus

"Eat at home, Daddy. We can eat outside, tomorrow.", decided Neville.

"As you wish it. We should go to bed early. It will be good for both of us. I'll put you down on the floor and you can let your pet out of the carrier. I'll be back soon. But first I'll call Monsieur Jardin, so that he will babysit you, until I return from my errands."

"Okay, Daddy.", replied Neville, after he has been deposited on the floor and already opened the door to the carrier. Voldemort hopped out, unamused about the hours, he had to spend in it, but pleased that he has another chance to get into contact with his precious.

The boy was important to his precious. To woo his precious successfully he have to get the boy on his side. But how should he manage it? Should he change back and try to convince him to keep it a secret?

As expected Monsieur Jardin agreed and come directly over to keep a close eye on the toddler. He was rather glad that his neighbour hadn't forgotten to called him over, even when he isn't use to taking care off a toddler for long, he did a good job.

"Don't worry, Lyssa, Daddy is coming back soon.", said Neville still petting the Draculabunny.

"Lyssa, how preposterous, I'm not a female.", cried Voldie in his mind. "But the petting is soothing. Who was that elf? I'll have to contact my DE and make sure that my precious stay safe. And do keep this bloodsucker at bay. How dare he to kiss him twice. He knew I was there, too. And he threaten to out me. He won't get him, Severus is mine and mine alone."

Severus had left the house and went to the supermarket in Roscoff. He wanted to buy something to eat for himself, the bunny and Neville. As well as some toys and clothing for Neville, including two packages of nappies, as he didn't know if he is already potty trained.
The supermarket was pretty empty, therefore Severus could buy anything he needed quickly and returned 40 minutes later to his home. He was greeted happily by Mr. Jardin and Neville, after he disposed the packages on the counter and scooped Neville up. Wishing them a nice evening, the older man left their home and was looking forward to telling his wife the latest news, she was always so worried about their quiet young neighbour. It had been fun to babysit the toddler, he was polite and friendly, not once had he thrown a tantrum, while Monsieur Jardin watched over him, it had been a nice distraction from his daily life.

"I'm back, little one. Let's eat something and then I'll give you a bath, what do you say, Neville?", smiled Severus.

"Yes, Daddy.", agreed Neville.

"What do you want to eat, Neville?", asked Severus as he placed the bought goods into the refrigerator.

"Pancakes, Daddy." crowed Neville happily.

"Pancakes with ham and bacon, and another stack with apple-filled pancakes, do you agree?"

"Yummy, Daddy."

"Thought so, too.", replied Severus as he mixed the batter for the pancakes and sliced the apples before adding them to the pan. 30 minutes later two stacks of pancakes were ready to eat. He only have to added the ham and bacon on an extra plate and filled two glasses with milk.

He served Neville first, the pancakes already cut in little pieces, easily to eat for the toddler and the glass with milk, spelled to prevent accidents. Both enjoyed their meal and the cold drink and after finishing it, Severus cleaned the used utensils and plates, before he takes Neville and the bunny to his bedroom.

A quick bath for Neville and a shower for him, make them ready to go to sleep. Severus changed Neville in a footed pyjama with plants on it. He changed himself into a black pyjama bottom and carried Neville to his bed. He sat down and cradled Neville into his arms, before asking:

"Do you want to sleep with me tonight, or in a toddler bed, little one?"

Neville looked up and declared proudly: "Sleeping with Daddy."

"As you wish it, Neville.", grinned Severus.

He tugged the covers of the bed around them, draw Neville at his side and both slept within minutes deeply.

Voldemort has waited a few minutes, to be sure, that they are really sleeping, before he transformed back. As he has done it in the Safe House, he used the Somnus-charm to ensure that none of them would wake to soon. He lay down on Severus' left side and his hands followed the lines on Severus' face, that had soften a bit during his sleep.

"I have missed you, and I want to claim you. How would you react, if you figure out the truth, my precious?", spoke Voldemort relaxed.

Not knowing that the bloodstone already began his sinister work and will cause them trouble.
Voldemort looked astonished as Severus began to stir and said again and again the same word: "No, no..."

"Instinctively Voldemort grabbed the sleeping man and looked deep into his closed eyes:

"Legilimens", he intoned clearly and landed abruptly into Severus' dreamscape as another observer who experience everything from Severus' point of view.

"Where are we? Is this Stonehenge?", thought Voldemort as he looked around. He could see a stone circle nearby and a group of hooded figures, that hold an unconscious teenager between them. The pale light of the new moon shone upon them and he hear a cold voice behind him saying:

"Prepare the ritual ground. We do not have much time. He have to be awaken for the majority of it, ensure that nobody disturb it."

"Yes, Master.", could be heard from the circle of the hooded figures.

A black basalt-altar has been conjured with restraints, on which the victim has been lay down. The restraints fastened, to prevent any escape.

"Any problems to get him?", asked the master his minions.

"No, Master. We could have stun him easily and used the portkey to vanish before one of his friends could even try to intervene.", answered a man clothed in rags.

"Well done Scabior. You have pleased me immensely. Soon he will be mine for the rest of eternity. Prepare the candles, I want everything working perfectly, before I'll initiate the main part of the ritual."

"Are you sure, Marvolo? Is there no other way to claim him?", asked Orion Black, who has stepped besides him and looking worried on the unconscious teenager, who were so important for his younger son.

"It's the only way, my friend. Severus will be mine in body, mind and soul. And he will never be wanting anything else. My mate, my partner, my soul – after this ritual no one will be ever able to separate us again. He will know his place and not even seriously considering to opposing me ever again."

On an unspoken order from Voldemort, seven coloured candles has been brought into the circle and set around the altar in a distance of 7 foot each. One black candle, which resembles the bloodline of the parents are infused with blood drawn from master and intended, before lighting. They are placed on the northern and on the southern quadrant of the ceremonial site. A white candle, which should protect the ritual and ensure that the magic be kept inside the circle, is placed on the west side. A second white candle is placed on the east side, surrounding the altar. The blue candle, which resembles water is placed on Northeast. On the Northwest the red candle for fire is installed, the grey candle for air is placed on the Southeast and the last green candle for earth is placed on the Southwest.

With a nonverbal Incendio lit Voldemort firstly the black and white candles and afterward he lit the candles for the elements; red, green, blue and grey.

"Lay him down, and fasten the restrains, I will carve the runes myself into his flesh.", ordered Voldemort coldly. His eyes never leave for once his lean body, that shivered in the cold night air.
Silently he has been restraint to the altar, only clothed into a loincloth to protect his modesty, his head is facing the Northern direction, elicited a smile from Voldemort.

"Soon, I can claim you, my precious.\textsuperscript{4}\textsuperscript{,} he uttered joyously, disregarding his circle of followers. Only the inner circle was here tonight to witness this ancient ritual of claiming a bondmate for the rest of time.

"We will consummate our bond on this altar, with the blessing of Lady Magic and nobody will ever be able to deny that you're mine."

He took the ritual silver knife into his right hand and bite in his finger to draw a bit of blood that he used to draw the runes on Severus' body, which he will be carving into the flesh with the knife a few moments later: \textit{Naudiz} $\textsuperscript{5}$ for North on his forehead. On the right arm he inscribe the rune for water: \textit{Laguz} $\textsuperscript{6}$ and without a second of hesitating he carved the rune for air: \textit{algiz} $\textsuperscript{7}$ on the right foot, before he carved the last to runes on the naked flesh. On the left foot the rune for earth and finally on the left arm the rune for fire.

Still smiling he carved a pentagram on the chest of Severus, directly above his heart and around the pentagram in a circle the words for the final incantation in Latin to snap the bond into place. "Bound in Blood", "Bound in Flesh", "Bound in spirit." "I claim thee as mine, from now until eternity so mote it be." Starting on the western side of the pentagram with the carving and still observing the unconscious teenager, who doesn't know what he will soon experience.

"Ennervate, Severus", he smirked at him, as the young man looked up, scared and not knowing where he is.

"Don't be afraid, everything will be, as it should be. You will understand soon, my precious. After the last part of the ritual has been fulfilled and we will consummate our bond."

"No, no, I don't want...", started Severus.

"Hush now, Severus.", a cold hand touched his lips and a kiss has been bestowed upon them. Not long now, my soul. ", told him Voldemort still smirking and intoned the main part of the ritual:

"\textit{Conligata est in sanguinem} – bound in blood" – "\textit{Conligata in carne} – bound in flesh"

"\textit{Tenentur spiritus} – bound in spirit" – "\textit{Ego te peto ut mei} – I claim thee as mine"

"\textit{Ex hoc nunc et usque in aeternum} – from not until eternity" – "\textit{Sic fiat} – so mote it be"

Voldemort let four drops of his blood fall on the center of the pentagram as he intoned the incantation again and to plead the elements and to Lady Magic to bind them as one. He had for that occasion cut with the ritual knife into his open palms. And press his bloody hands on both side of the pentagram as he said the words a third time.

"Almost finished, my Dark Prince. You look beautiful with fresh blood upon you, I can't wait to claim you as mine."

He stab the knife into the center of the pentagram to draw the needed blood for the last part of the ritual. The sudden pain evoke a cry from Severus, which Voldemort stopped with a sudden passionate kiss and enjoy the vibration in his mouth.

A golden chalice embedded with rubies and granates, jade, onyx and malchachite has been brought
forward to be filled with the blood. It still contained a small amount of the original purification potion and will now be used to strengthen the bond between them.

Without hesitation he drank the mixture and filled the chalice again with his blood and the purification potion and set it on Severus' lips.

"Drink it, my precious.", ordered Voldemort.

Severus refused and pressed his lips together, but resistance isn't anything that Voldemort will allow and therefore he pressed his left hand on the open wound, which evoke another cry of pain from Severus, this opportunity used Voldemort to force the mixture into Severus' mouth. He ensure that Severus have to swallow it, and couldn't spit it out, until the chalice was empty again.

"Was ist so hard to obey me, my Dark prince", purred Voldemort.

"Y-You monster.", croaked Severus.

"We have almost finished everything, my Dark Prince. Only two other aspects have to be done, before we can consummate our bond for the first time.", smirked Voldemort.

Pressing his hands again on both side of the pentagram he spoke coldly: "instalar geas – install geas" – your place it at my side. No one else will be ever able to touch you without my consent. And should they try it, you will pay the price for it. It will hurt much more than the Cruciatus, I can assure you of that."

Voldemort took his wand and pressed it on the left arm, where he traditionally place the Dark Mark of his followers. "Morsmordre, my precious" – it is perfect, it suits you quite well, my Dark Prince."

He kissed him again, still ignoring the despair struggling from Severus to get free of the restraints. His hands wandering deeper to touch Severus' body.

"Master, the enemy is coming.", warned him Helios Lestrange, who had heard a commotion nearby.

"We have to leave now.", urged Cygnus.

"No, we haven't consummate the bond, yet.", growled Voldemort unwilling to left him behind.

"We have to go, you have to do it another time. With your mark you can find him everywhere and order him to appear, Master.", added another member of the inner circle.

A quick spell in parsletongue hid the Dark Mark and the carving on his chest, only the pentagram and the runes were still visible, as Severus landed harshly on the wet grass.

The DE and Voldemort escaped like smoke, while the Order of the Phoenix enter the stone circle. Severus was almost unconscious as Alastor Moody stepped beside him.

"For Merlin's sake, here is a boy. Come on, we have to take him to St. Mungo's at once. He doesn't react to anything.", growled the old Auror.

His lips were blue and his whole body shivered in the cool night air. Albus Dumbledore has stepped beside his friend and looked surprised at the lean body.
"Severus, my dear boy. Can you hear me?", he inquired, without success.

"Albus, we have to take him to St. Mungo. Whoever was here, wasn't careful. It looks like a ritual, that we have intercept. Maybe the healer can tell us more, after he has awaken. He seemed to be shocked and when we do not hurry, he can die from it."

"Yes, you're right, Alastor. I will accompany you at once to St. Mungo. I'll call Fawkes for it, it will go faster than appareting."

Voldemort has stepped behind the ghostly figure of Severus and draw him into his arm, still hearing his voice: "No, no stop it, I beg you."

"I'm here, my prince. I never wanted to harm you, only protect you from all. Let me show you, what I can do for you. I won't let anyone harm you ever again. I give you my word, Severus."

"No, I can't trust you. You have hurt me.", replied Severus, still shivering.

Voldemort wouldn't want to hear anything from it, he draw him nearer and kissed him on his lips. "You're my life and my soul. I'll do anything to keep your safe. And I will atone for my missdeeds. Trust in me, Severus. I can change for you and your son. Somnus"

He catched Severus as he landed unconcious into his arms and together they returned to the bedroom.

Sadly Voldemort looked at the sleeping man and vowed that he will change for Severus and Neville. "I will show you, that I'm worthy to be your mate. You're more important to me than my own life, Severus. I love you.", he spoke to him and kissed him softly on his lips. He cancelled the spell on both and changed back into his animagusform. Before snuggeling closer into Severus' side. "I never wanted to hurt him, only to claim him as mine.", was his last thought before he slept, too.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Voldemort has received his long overdue wake-up call. What a nightmare for Severus. This ritual wasn't very nice to him at all and Voldemort was a very creepy fellow who wasn't willing to listen. He easily takes obsession to a whole new level.

But will it change now, as Voldie can see first hand, how much he has traumatized Severus? Is he really willing to change or is it only a trick to win Severus back. And to consummate the bond for real. The last part, the consummation hasn't been done, yet. Therefore the question is, how far is Voldie willing to go, to show that he has changed?

Will they even find the bloodstone before more nightmares disrupt Severus' nights?

A little addition to this chapter - after a debate with Kawisdom... yeah, I'm only human
Interlude at the Ministry; The Toad and the Minister

Chapter Summary

Short interlude at the Ministry - meeting between Augustus Prince, Cornelius Fudge & Dolores Umbridge. The start of another dreadful alliance.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Interlude at the Ministry; The Toad and the Minister

Fudge has returned to his office on the next day and was eagerly working on the marriage/Bonding contract between Lord Slytherin and Potion Master Severus Snape-Prince.

But to ensure that everything was legally correct, he needed his Senior Undersecretary Dolores Umbridge, she was his most important ally and would help him with pleasure.

However Cornelius Fudge didn't know that she was a stout supporter of Augustus Prince and informed him about anything interesting that happened at the Ministry.

“You need my help, Minister? How can I be of your assistance.”, inquired Dolores politely.

“Ah, Dolores. Please come in, we have to handle a very serious matter and we do not want it be publicly known, before the contract is valid.”, replied the Minister shortly.

“Your so secretive today, why is it so important, my dear Cornelius? Have I already mentioned, that you looked so manly, today?”, asked Dolores again.

“Lord Slytherin want to be married as soon as possible to Potion Master Severus Prince-Snape. He feared that You-Know-Who isn't dead, as Dumbledore has made us believe and he would go after the young man.”

“Did you have already the consent of his head of House, Cornelius? I do not think that Augustus Prince would be pleased about anyone wanting to marry his heir, without consulting him first.”,
warned Umbridge.

“I do not think it would be necessary. After my knowledge his mother was disowned and that would include the children as well.”, refused Cornelius vehemently. The mix of imperio and compulsion still working strongly.

“If you would let me work my charms, my sweet Cornelius. I think it would be possible to get Lord Prince here and you can ask him personally. Anything else would be unwise. He has a lot of political influence and his work was important to ensure the survival of the Wizengamot after the devastating wars with Grindelwald and You-Know-Who.”, smiled Dolores saccharine.

“I really do not think, that we should inform him about something so unimportant…”, started Fudge again.

“Minister, do not forget that a bonding contract, as you want to use it, can never be dissolved. It is from utmost importance that Lord Prince gave his blessing for this union. And we should asked Lord Slytherin and Potions Master Severus Snape-Prince to come to the Ministry to ask them about it, too.”, added Dolores Umbridge calmly.

“Augustus Prince is not a man we should want to annoy. And he told me a very important secret about his heir.”

“What secret, Dolores. I demand, that you tell it me at once.”, barked Fudge annoyed.

“One moment, Cornelius. Let me call Lord Prince first and ensure our privacy. We do not want that anyone will inform Dumbledore about it. You know he only want your position, too. And Severus Snape-Prince still worked at Hogwarts. We do not want to endanger him, because of rash decisions.”

“Er, right. Do as you wish my dear.”, replied Fudge baffled.

He sat exhausted down and waited quietly on the arrival of Augustus Prince.

He entered the room 10 minutes later, installed heavily privacy and anti-eavesdropping-charmes before pointing his wand into Fudges face and intoned lazily: “Finite Incantatum.”
“W-Wh-What had happened?”, stuttered Fudge and looked scared into the faces of Umbridge and Augustus Prince.

“Somebody tried to control you, Minister. I have seen the signature of two powerhungry men – one of them is Albus Dumbledore and the other is Voldemort.”, answered Lord Prince bluntly.

“No, it can't be. He is dead. The Potterboy is said to have killed him 13 years ago.”, denied Fudge still breathing heavily.

“Unfortunately it seems to be untrue, Minister. Thank you for informing me, Dolores.”, said Augustus Prince calmly. He looked at the marriage/bonding contract and asked icily:

“Care to explain, why you try to bond my heir to Lord Slytherin? Without consulting me first or even asking, if he agree to such a farce, Severus wouldn't be willing to marry a stranger.”

“I can't explain it, Sire. I had only a compulsion that I have to do it. Please forgive me.”, pleaded Fudge.

“We will see. Show me your arms, Minister.”

“My arms, why do you want to see them?”, asked Fudge bewildered.

“I'm taking a guess, that somebody tried to use you for his sinister schemes. Severus is my heir and he is very important to me. He is like the son, I never had, Cornelius. And to ensure his happiness, I would do practically anything, my dear Cornelius.”, smirked Augustus Prince coldly.

Nodding, Fudge removed his robe and unbuttoned his shirt and starred in shock and the Dark Mark.

“How can it be. I was never one of his follower. Please you have to believe me.”, cried the devastated Minister.
“There, there Minister. We do believe you.”, consoled him Umbridge and embracing him without hesitation.

“I have feared it. Not only has the old coot successfully poisoned the mind of my only daughter so that she used a charm on my heir. It ensured, that I can't find him, when I'll look for him. Don't worry, Cornelius. We will stand by your side. He doesn't know that we could free you from his sinister spells.”, stated Augustus Prince regally.

“But what should I do, when anyone discover it?”’, cried Fudge despaired.

“No need to worry, old friend. We have already prepared a cover story for it. It will tell the public, that you weren't completely sure that You-Know-Who is dead and therefore decided courageously to infiltrate the DE to prove it on way or the other. And to capture every one of his inner circle. Dolores will write the required documents to ensure your safety.”, commented Augustus Prince.

“And you will even give them a better reason, so that nobody will be able to doubt your claims. You will inform the public that your spies has discovered that You-Know-who is obsessed with my heir and even tried to bound him to himself with the help of dark rituals.”

“Should I really do it?”’, asked Fudge doubtfully.”

“It is necessary, Minister. I do not like to share this secret with the public, but to protect Severus it have to be. Inform them that Severus is a male bearer and that this is one of the reasons for his sick obsession with my grandson.”, answered Augustus Prince coldly.

“Nevertheless, remind them that anyone who dreamed of a bonding with my heir, has to ask for my consent first.”’, ordered Lord Prince.

“As you wish it, Lord Prince.”’, agreed Fudge at once.

“My dear Lord Prince.”, interrupted Dolores the talk between both men, “Is there no other way to protect your heir?”

“Unfortunately, there exist no other way, to protect him. I have already send my elite to Hogsmeade, so that they will be able to protect him, when he left Hogwarts. I would like to take him into protective custody. But to enable that, we have to break the dark enchantments, which his
mother has placed on him.”

“Is it possible?”

“Oh yes, me dear Dolores. It it possible.”, smiled Augustus Prince. “You have to summon him to a meeting with the Minister – use this fake contract, if you have to do it, and then keep him in this office, until I can come for him. I trust you to not to reveal anything to a third party. But I would feel way better, if you two would be so kind and swear an oath of your life and your magic for me.”

“Of course, Lord Prince. I can understand your hesitation. Many men would try to exploit your grandson, should it became public knowledge.”, agreed Dolores and Fudge.

“Indeed, and this oath would protect you from anything that would come from Dumbledore’s sick mind. I do not like his looks. On the few photos I have get over the years from Hogwarts. He seemed to lust after him.”

“I want him as far away form Hogwarts as possible. But he would never agree to it. He cares for his Slytherins and treat them as his own children. Therefore we need another way to ensure his safety.”, confirmed Augustus Prince.

Cornelius and Dolores had sworn the oath as Lord Prince wanted it and additionally signed a secret document with a bloodquill that bound them to Lord Prince and prevent them from talking about anything without his consent.

“Well done. I will expect a first report about it at the end of this week. Good bye.”, smirked Augustus Prince evilly before he left the office.

“Minister, you have make the right decision. Augustus Prince can be very generous, when you follow his instructions.”, said Dolores and hugged him again to her bosom.

“Er, yes Dolores. Would you please hide this contract. So that no one will be able to find it.”, replied Fudge tiredly.

“As you wish, Minister. No need to look so gloom. We will weed out the follower of the old coot and capture the other DE and you will be known for it. Mark my words, Minister.”, laughed
Dolores giddily, before leaving the office with the contract hidden in her handbag.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Fudge may be free from the compulsion and the imperio that Voldemort has placed on him. Alas his situation is even worser than before. Now he is at the mercy from Augustus Prince and even bound by bloodquill to him.

How will Severus react, when the public will be informed about his secrets?

And what will Dumbledore do to get Severus back into his clutches?

Will Neville and Voldemort find the bloodstone? Or will Vladimir find him first, as he tried to seduce Severus again?
Chapter Summary

Daily Prophet shows again, that he can't keep any secrets at all. Watch the reactions and plans of Vladimir Baserab (Dracula), Augustus Prince & Albus Dumbledore. Some of them had really sick ideas and conjure even simulacrum to use them for their personal lust. Minerva and Poppy planning to talk with the other Heads of House about the latest developments and Severus' absence. Unexpected stepped S-Unit in the Great Hall. Order from Colonel Merryweather and some interesting news will keep them on their toes. Vlad has found the trio (Severus, Neville and Draculabunny Voldemort) again in France and learns a very valuable lesson.

Annoying Vampire

Vladimir has returned to his local hide out in London and gave his servant Igor new instructions. He had decided to change his approach and get his mate into his arms. Even as he figure out that Severus wouldn't be in England anymore. He always enjoyed a good hunt and Severus was a very elusive prey.

“Vladimir, prepare the rooms for my mate and his son. Only the best for them. And this wannabe Dark Lord will be learning a very valuable lesson soon. Severus will be mine. I have only to find him and he can't stop me now.”

“Yes, Master. The ritual chamber is already prepared, when should we do it?”, asked Igor devotionly.

“Good question, Igor. I have to convince Severus to accompany me to my humble abode. Luckily we don't need a New Moon for it. You have to ensure that his family and acquaintances will be observed all the time. And those DE who have harmed him, find them and leave them to me. I am quite thirsty, but I would enjoy more to drink from my mate. Nothing can be compared to his blood.”

“As you wish, Master.”, smirked Igor and rubbed gleefully his hands.

“Bring me the Daily Prophet, I want to read it during my breakfast, Igor.”, ordered Vladimir coldly.
“At once, Master.”, replied his servant, who had already prepared the table for the single meal that his Master enjoyed. It even included a goblet filled with fresh human blood, that Igor has organised from a nearby Blood bank. He may only have a few powers that his Master bestowed upon him, but he never got any problems to get him fresh blood. It would be a moot point soon, when his Master would successfully lured his Mate on the premise and seduced him here. Severus would never be able to leave again, while Igor's Master would enthral him completely.


Dear Readers,

I'm shocked to my core. Never in all my years as a reporter has I ever thought something like this could happen. But it has been confirmed at last. You-Know-Who isn't dead and it seemed as if our esteemed Headmaster and Head of the Wizengamot, Albus Dumbledore, know it all along.

Who could have forgotten his goal to conquer Wizarding Britain and how cruel his followers act on his behalf? We all have been told that the boy-who-lived, Harry Potter, has vanished him on Halloween 1981 – Albus Dumbledore confirmed it and shipped the little boy of to a secret place, where he should be raised and lived without fear.

Now, I can't believe it, but the obsession of You-Know-Who seemed not to be focused on Harry Potter, but on another person – Severus Snape-Prince, the youngest Potions Master of the Magical World.

How can it be that we didn't know about it? Has the young man even faced him personally? I would have loved to asked him about it, but nobody has seen him since the abduction of him and young Neville Longbottom 3 days ago by two Death Eaters. I have even owled Lord Malfoy and he only replied shortly: “He is safe, Ms. Skeeter. Nobody will be able to keep him long as a prisoner against his will. Never underestimate him.”

Why is one of the darkest wizards of our time so obsessed with this young Potions Master and Head of Slytherin House? Augustus Prince – the Head of House Prince has exclusive confirmed a rumour that has been circulated for some years. Severus Snape-Prince is a male bearer,
extremely rare and very sought upon in certain circles.

Before this news have been worldwide known there has already been first attempts to rope the young man into a bonding or even a marriage contract. Lord Slytherin has asked no one other as our Minister of Magic to write one for him and the young reluctant Potions Master.

Why has it taken over 20 years to confirmed it? Hogwarts is obligated to test every new students on abilities, heritages and other possible problems. And the Medi-witch had the duty to inform the Ministry about male bearer and other special abilities. Why hasn't she done it in that occasion? Had someone forbidden her to talk about it or even destroyed the evidence?

I have taken the time and looked up this sinister ritual – it is pure evil, I can't call it otherwise. During a New moon the victim will be bound to a black altar, 7 multi-coloured candles will be placed around the ritual site, to enclose the caster and his victim. 4 runes and a pentagram will be carved into his body and directly afterwards the words of the bonding ritual. The ritual itself consists on 3 parts – the preparation which includes the carving of the runes, the pentagram and the words of the ritual into the naked flesh of the victim

During the second part this words will be chanted three times, before a goblet will be filled twice – at first with the blood of the victim and a purification potion, which the caster have to drink in one go. In the next step the goblet will be refilled with blood of the caster and the purification potion, mixed and then forced the victim to drink it.

Optionally a geas can be placed on the victim to ensure that no one else can come near him, without the approval of the caster. Should anyone touch him sensually, the victim will feel excruciating pain cursing through his whole body.

It is much more worser than an exposure to the Cruciatus. As you can't even break it. Only the caster can revoke it. And the last part, the most important one, as some would agree, is the consummation of the newly evoked bond. It ensure that the victim will be bound for the rest of their natural life to the caster. And it gets worser. Should it be consummated than the victim will lost any will to resist the caster further. He will give in to his demands, no matter how atrocious they may be. He may even know on a subconscious plane what is happening to him, but the will to fight against it, will be lost forever. You will be practically a prisoner in your own body.

We can only be glad that someone interrupted the ritual, before it became crucial. How traumatizing must it have been for the young man – first to learn that You-Know-who is obsessed with him, then to be abducted and prepared for the ritual. I have always wondered why
he is so serious and quiet all the times. Now we know the truth.

I'm sure you agree with me, that we have to stop him and his DE once and for all. And that Severus Snape-Prince will have the needed support from his family and close friends. Pray with me to Lady Magic, that he stays safe and no one will try to harm him or his loved ones ever again.

Interview with anonymous Healer about the aftershocks from 19th January 1977 – page 7

Statement from Lord Augustus Prince – Over my dead body – page 10

The followers of You-Know-Who and an overview over past crimes page 11

A male bearer – famous male bearer in Magical History – extremely rare - page 13

“That isn't good at all.”, growled Vladimir. He had always known that someday the public will learn about some of Severus' secrets. However he had hoped, they wouldn't learn it, before he got the chance to win his mate over.

A smirk graced his face as he considered the benefits of this unexpected developments. This could really work.

“I can offer him protection and a safe environment for the toddler, too. I have to find him first, but with the opportunity to track him down, it should be done easily. And should little Tommy act out, I would like to lock him permanent in his animagus form.”

In his study Augustus Prince had used a copy of the bloodstone to view the latest nightmare of his stubborn heir.

“Interesting, he used that ritual, but he hasn't consummated the bond yet. Why did he never use his chances. My spies have even told me, how often he managed to get Severus in his clutches after the ritual. Even better for me and my plans. Severus will be mine and no one else will got a chance to claim him.”
He snapped with his fingers and in front of him kneeled a simulacrum of Severus, only a towel protect his modesty.

“Master, what do you want me to do?”, asked the simulacrum with lust-filled eyes.

“Who do you belong to?”, wanted Augustus Prince to know as he draw the lean body in his arms.

“I'm yours, only yours, Master.”, replied the simulacrum without hesitation.

“That's good to know, Severus. Never forget it.”, commented Augustus, before he kissed him harshly. He vanished the simulacrum and swore again: “Merlin's balls, I will make you mine, no matter the price. Your virginity will be mine, I'll will ensure it.”

Albus Dumbledore wasn't at breakfast this morning. He had decided to read the paper in his office. And nobody of the portraits have ever observe such a tantrum before.

“How dare they? When I get that cow in my fingers, she will rue the day, as she has written only one wrong quote from me. I thought I had them cowed enough, that nobody would ever dare to write such junk. I have to find him and show him once and for all, who he belonged to – I have waited long enough. Severus is mine, and no one else will ever touch him. I was too lenient with him, that will stop now. I'm sure I can make him see the light or he will be force to watch as I rape Neville and Harry, before it is his turn.”

“Fawkes! Find him and bring him to me. Go, bird! That's an order!”

He went to the hidden room, which he had prepared for his lust and summoned a simulacrum of Severus on the bed, tied helplessly to the bed posts and glared defiantly at his captor.

“That's useless, my boy. Nobody will hear your screams. And you will not prevent me from taking what I want.”, smirked Dumbledore at the naked captive.

“Never, I'm not yours, old man.”, snarled the Simulacrum angrily.

“It seems I have to teach you a lesson. You Slytherins will never learn. Maybe a good whipping will help to end this stupid defiance, my dear boy. Of course I can always take one of the younger
ones. Your decision. I even let you watch, when I take young Harry or should I take your ward Neville. What do you say, Severus?”

“No, don't Let them be. I… I..”, stammered Severus defeated.

He conjured a branding iron and branded his crest on the naked stomach, enjoying the pained cries of Severus. “There, isn't it better now, my boy.”, grinned Albus before he kissed the Simulacrum harshly and grabbed his hair painfully. “Never forget, what I can do to your snakes, my dear boy.”

Still smirking he vanished the simulacrum as he basked in this glorious feeling. Soon Severus will be at his mercy. “I can't wait to break him. He will be so tight. It has been years since I had the chance to bed a virgin. Too bad that they have been more observant, since Severus started working here. Doesn't matter nobody from them will realise it until it is too late. And I will get him to agree to anything I want, he would never try to defy me, when I threaten his snakes. I know your weaknesses, my boy. And I get always what I want.”

He went back to his office and consider re-activating the Order of Phoenix again. Most of them were so naive, they believe him everything he told them. He knew why he preferred Gryffindors, most of them aren't smart enough to think before they rush into danger. But, who should he called for that search. Who is naive enough to believe him and not reporting to her superiors. He smiled as the answer came into his mind – Nymphadora Tonks of course, a real Hufflepuff who will do anything he told her to do, just because he is the Headmaster. Ms Granger was similar in her blind believe in authoritative figures. It was one of his best ideas to removed her from her real parents and dumped her on the Grangers.

“Nobody know that I have a list of every squib that have left for the Muggleworld, and I get a special notification if some of them married each other. It wouldn't do for them to have magically strong children. A little potion and some dark spells and they can't conceive not even when they would shagging non-stop like rabbits.”

“I should really make a little trip to the Ministry later. They have everything in the Department of Mysteries, what I need to not only control the annoying Potterbrat, but also Severus. The obedience collars are the best and often the darkest, that have ever existed. A marriage contract between Harry and Ginny to ensure that I keep the control over his vaults and any children they will conceived. It is really overdue to laced his food and drinks with the required potions. The boy is always so hungry for caresses, I should invite him more often to my office to ensure that I have a bit of fun with him.”, smirked Dumbledore evilly.

He chose one of his lemon drops and sucked on it, enjoying the sour taste of this sweet. Nothing can go wrong, he will stay in control and soon he will be able to reap the fruits of his hard labour.
The Portraits of the Headmasters and Headmistresses looked distressed, Dumbledore was really the worst person who ever sat on the chair of the Headmaster. How could he willingly plan to rape anyone. Even consider to rape a male bearer was the height of infamy. Male Bearers were sacred, because they were so rare – in the ancient days the birth of a Male Bearer was a sign that Lady Magic had blessed this family and deemed her worthy beyond anyone else. Anyone who had only tried to rape a Male Bearer would have been executed without hesitation. The Veil of Death has been specifically designed for those executions.

It was true that everyone of them has lead the school in a certain style. Headmaster Black the most infamous Slytherin in the past decades who held the headmastership had ensured that Muggleborns don't get accepted at Hogwarts during his time. And they have often discussed it. Should the magical education started earlier? A magical school only for muggleborns and muggle-raised students? How else would anyone able to stop the gap between both sides. It wasn't fair for any students to be hold back, only because a minority of them lacked a pre-Hogwarts-education in magical traditions and knowledge.

However Dumbledore has gone even a step farther then most of them had thought he would dare to do. He had found the hidden portrait of the founders and froze them permanently in this frame. Afterwards he had hidden it deep into the school bowels, so that nobody will be able to awaken them and ask for guidance. No one should know, that Salazar Slytherin wasn't an evil but only a rather dark wizard and the other dark secrets which Dumbledore had successful kept for himself.

He had ensured that no child from Knockturn Alley would get a place at Hogwarts. He had spelled the books of names to show him the address of the children. And those children weren't worth a Hogwarts' education. He destroyed those letters, as soon as the magical quill has written them down. Minerva doesn't know it, but he had convinced her before she even become his deputy, that it was his most important duty to watch the quill as he writes down the new names of the future Hogwarts students. They are only good to slave away in badly paid jobs or for a quick fuck.

Minerva and Poppy were shocked as the read the newspaper. This was so bad, and they couldn't even contact Severus to warn him.

“Oh dear!”, murmured Pomona as she read the headlines – a male bearer – Severus doesn't look like a typical submissive to her, or was he only good in hiding it?

“Pomona, Filius, can you come to my office in 10 Minutes, it is important?”, stated Minerva.

“Of course, we will be there. Do you know where he is?”, asked Filius quietly.
“No, I can only say, that Neville is with him. And that he has managed to escape these DE for now.”, replied Minerva.

“So, it is true? You-Know-Who is alive?”, wanted Pomona to know. She was very worried that a new war would break out and their students would be the first victims of it.

“It seems to be. According to Lucius Malfoy, they have attacked their Family Manor and taken young Neville as a hostage. You know he has been a toddler since the incident in Charms. He will need to grow up again, as the wild magic was too strong for his body. Not even a re-aging potion would help.”, added Poppy in a hushed tone.

“We will have a Head of House meeting coming up, why not use that excuse.”, suggested Filius. He had been looking around, without spying the Headmaster.

“No need for it, Filius. He hasn't come to breakfast, today.”, replied Minerva.

“It happens more often over the past weeks, a bit strange, don't you agree Minerva?”, commented the Charmsprofessor.

“I have given up to understand this infuriating man. Maybe his robes have finally fried his brain.”, retorted Minerva as she took the last kipper from the serving plate.

Remus has read the Daily Prophet with huge eyes and a very heavy mind. He remember only too well the stories from his early childhood, before his life has changed in the blink of an eye. Turned into a werewolf, after being bitten by Fenrir. Sentenced to a lifetime of suffer, because his own father was idiotic enough to insult the werewolf, that enjoys to prey upon hapless children.

Maybe he should call himself lucky, that he never took him away to used him for mindless sex. But before this could have happen, his father and grandfather had attacked the werewolf with silver bullets and so he left the heavily injured child back.

However that was not the same, when the reports in the newspaper were true. How was Severus able to deal with such problems. You-Know-Who has not only survived but lusted after him? Severus as a male bearer, not only rare but highly sought upon and normally required to notify the Ministry, as soon as they discover it during the mandatory health exam at the start of term. Alas, this was one of the first rules, that had been outlawed by Dumbledore.
Nowadays only those students get a mandatory health exam, when their Head of House had decided it at least 6 months before the new term started. He had managed that Gryffindor House didn't have one for decades as he piled his paperwork mountains on Minerva two weeks before the deadline is over. And she hasn't figured it out, yet that he does this on purpose.

Slytherin, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw doesn't matter – let their Heads of House deal with those pesky problems.

Draco had returned the night before and hold the newspaper tight, he didn't show it outwardly, as the rest of his house. But he was fuming. “How dare they to spill those secrets to the Wizarding World. Uncle Sev should have time to recover, instead of being forced to deal with other unwanted suitors.”

“We will talk later about it”, whispered the prefects to the other Slytherins, who nodded silently. Should they see one of those vultures near Hogwarts everyone of Slytherin House would like to teach them a lesson.

Ron looked for a moment as if he wants to make fun of those news, but the twins and Percy stopped him harshly. “Stop it, Ron. Or I'll inform Mum about it.”, growled Percy annoyed. He remember only to well how worse the last war has been. Should Voldemort really be still alive and have plans that included their Potions Master, even the students could easily be getting harmed.

The elder Weasleys had learned to respect the Potions Master, yes he was very strict, but Potions wasn't anything you could afford to underestimate. A Potions accident, which involved an exploding cauldron could kill you on the spot. This was one of the reasons, why their Potions Master always started the fourth year with wizarding photos that showed the results of deadly Potions accidents. And anyone stupid enough to sabotage after those picture another potion ever again, would be facing the whole wrath of the Potions Master.

He has even found the time in his overfull schedule to brew with the twins and give them pointer which potions could be research for their future endeavours. He may not be a very big fan of pranks. Who would be, after being for 7 long years the main victim of the Marauders. However creative pranks, that didn't aim on humiliation, but good harmless fun, have been often found his support.

And neither of them would ever forget as Severus had managed to prank the whole school with help of the house elves at the welcoming feast 1988 – as suddenly all students and most of the staff members, except Madame Pompfrey, Professor McGonnagall, Professor Flitwick, Professor Sprout and of course Severus himself, only been able to utter animal sounds. Gryffindors growled like lions, Slytherins hissed, Ravenclaws screeched and Hufflepuffs grunting like real badgers. The poor professors at the staff table had unfortunately started to sound like barn owls. A simple prank
potion created by Severus had the house elves mixed into the meals and drinks and resulted into a prank that had inspired Fred and George to try their best in Potions Class.

However before anyone could left the Great Hall a group of SAS-soldiers stalked in, and saluted lazily to the Deputy Headmistress.

Wolf smirked and said amused. “S-Unit at your service, Madame. On orders of Colonel Merryweather we should ensure that nobody act out.”

“We should stay on guard until the end of term, Madame.”, added Marten who twirled a long knife in his hands.

“By the way, you weren't able to contact Panther, yet? Such a pity, the Colonel was more than willing to read him the riot act, for slipping away before his next medical check-up.”, smirked Lynx.

“Boys, behave, or I'm going to hang you up by your thumbs and left your there.”, called Tigress to them.

“You way, to early, Tigress. He isn't even here yet.”, quipped Wolf amused.

“Men can be so juvenile. No wonder he avoids you.”, replied Tigress bored.

“Ah, too bad. Why you're here, when were so immature?”, needled Marten unashamed.

“Easy to explain, buddy. Panther will need someone with whom he can talk on an intellectual basis. For you he would have tone down his speech pattern.”

“Wait a second, did you just insult us?”, growled Lynx.

“When the shoe fits, wear them.”, answered Tigress.

“Stop it, you're not in a kindergarten, but in a school. Act your age.”, interrupted Poppy the fight.
“Sure, if you wish it, Madame. You have to be Poppy, am I right?”, asked Tigress. “He said it is quite hard to dodge you successfully. But it would be a very good practice compared to our normal Training parcours.”

“He did, when did he tell you such things?”, asked Poppy her hands fixed on her hips.

“Last July, when we have to prepare the new recruits for basic training.”, grinned Tigress.

“He was in a very good mood at that time. As he mentioned he would later in the year go to his summerhouse in France.”

“France, for Merlin's sake why should he ever spend time in France?”, inquired Wolf baffled.

“What did he say? Ah yes, nobody annoys him and he can simple relax and recover, should the need arise. He only mentioned it is somewhere near the French coast.”

“Not helpful, Tigress.”, groaned Marten.

“Exactly, why he said it like that.”, replied Tigress.

Vlad had used bloodtracking to hunt down once again his elusive prey. Luck was on his side as he found their house and all three (Severus, Neville & Draculabunny Voldemort) in the backyard.

Smirking he stepped closer and tried to steal a kiss from Severus again, but this time he wasn't so lucky as the first two times in the Scottish Safe House. Instead of simple accepting the kiss and be open for more, Severus kicked him hard in his balls.

“I can't stand people who tried to steal kisses.”, commented he snarkily as he adjusted Neville better on his hips. And Vladimir couldn't be sure, but it seems as if the Draculabunny was smirking, too and gleeful about his misfortune.
Chapter Summary

Vlad finds via bloodtracking Severus, Neville and Draculabunny Voldemort in France. With the help of his thral, he controlled Neville, so that the little boy come voluntarily to him. Therefore Severus was forced to do exactly what the Vampire wanted from him. Before this situation could escalate further they were interrupted by Severus' french neighbour Monsiour Jardin. Severus collapses and has been brought into the house, as neither of both men are willing to give him up as a mate. In Hogwarts have the class been cancelled for the days and S-Unit tested all students mercilessly with one of their standard fitness tests.

Chapter Notes

Changed chapter title - originally working title: "Stressful Nights - Voldemort always gets what it wants" - will come later in this story. ;-3

S-Unit at Hogwarts

Vlad hissed, it hurts like hell. His intended mate seems to know, how to kick painfully. Of course this made him only more interesting in his eyes.

“Neville, would you please bring me the handcuffs from the drawer besides the entrance door. It's in the drawer on the floor.”, asked Severus as he put his son on the floor.

“Yes, Daddy.”, replied Neville and toddled into the house.

“And you, don't even dare to move even one muscle, before my son is back. Or you'll regret it.”, growled Severus.

Voldemort enjoyed the sight of his rival on the ground. He may not be able to change back, without outing himself, but it doesn't stop him to send a taunting message to the unwanted intruder:

“Not yours! Shows again, that my precious doesn't fall for your clumsy flirt attempts,
“Are you so certain? Why don't you change back, and we'll see about it.”, replied Vlad icily. He consider the possibilities, how could he changed the tides. The boy, when he enthral the boy, so that he would want to be lifted up by him, or just cuddled, then Severus would have to give in.

Would it be worth it? He wouldn't have much time, before Severus would realise something amiss. And he never tried it, while lying on the ground. His sharp hearing helped him to know, where the boy was and yes, he was more than willing to set this plan in motion.

“Here Da…”, begun Neville, as he toddled with the handcuffs in the backyard, but he stopped suddenly, as he came in contact with Vlad's thrall. His tiny hands dropped the handcuffs on the ground and against his will he toddled nearer to the intruder, in a wide arc, so that Severus couldn't grab him.

“UP”, demanded the toddler. This wish complied Vlad with great satisfaction as he swooped Neville up and jumped back on his feet, but some meters away from Severus.

“Stop it.”, growled Severus.

“No, why should I?, smirked Vlad and held the toddler closer to himself.

“Why don't you yield, Severus? I'm sure your boy would prefer not to be too long away from you. You still owe me a kiss and an apology for this attack from you, don't you agree?”

“Leave him alone. He has nothing to do with it.”, snarled Severus angrily.

“True, this is between you and me. But he is a very good leverage, and this will be as long as I want it, Severus.”

“Come to me and stop being so stubborn. One kiss and I'll release him from my thrall. Trust in me, Severus.”, smirked Vlad triumphantly.

Defeated closed Severus his eyes, at the moment he was rendered helpless again. And he hated it. However he couldn't risk that Baserab would harm his son. Therefore he nodded silently and
stepped closer to him, his eyes still closed.

“Bine, prințul meu Severus” - “Good, my prince Severus”, whispered Vlad softly in his ear.

“E doar un sarut. Nimic mai mult, nimic mai puțin.” - “It's just a kiss. Nothing more, nothing less.”, as he deepened the kiss and Severus stopped resisting the domination of the older man. Unconsciously he opened his eyes again and looked into the eyes of his intruder. Vlad's right hand started to caress slowly the body of his intended, while the left still cuddled Neville to his side.

“Doar da. Da, asta e, sufletul meu, inima mea viața mea.” - “Just give in. Yes, that's it, my soul, my heart, my life.”, he smiled as he realised the light flush on Severus' face and his eyes were glazed over with lust. They dilated more and more and even started to flicker between onyx and red as an automatic reaction on the Romanian language.

“În curând veți înțelege.” - “Soon you will understand it.”

“Vei fi a mea pentru restul eternității.” - “You will be mine for the rest of eternity.”

“How sweet, you seem to react to my native tongue, Severus.”, murmured Vlad as he kissed him again, ignoring the seething Draculabunny, who had been forced to watch it helplessly.

“I would like to share some of my blood with you, just say yes, and it will happen, my prince.”, whispered he in Severus' ear, shamelessly using the thrall on him, too. It would not only prevent further resistance from his stubborn mate, but make him more open to any suggestion from Dracula himself.

Luckily before Dracula could go any farther, they were interrupted by Severus' neighbour, Mr. Jardin.

“Bonjour, Alain.” - “Good Morning, Alain.”

“Tout va bien avec toi et le jeune Neville?” - “Everything alright with you and young Neville?”

“Qui est cet étranger?” - “Who is this stranger?”
“Oui, monsieur Jardin, tout va bien.” - “Er, yes, Monsieur Jardin. Everything is fine.”

“Est-ce que vous êtes sûr, je peux appeler la police, si vous voulez Alain.” - “Are you sure? I can call the police, if you want to Alain.”

“Non, cela n'est pas nécessaire, je vous assure Monsieur Jardin.” - “No, there is no need for that, I assure you Monsieur Jardin.”

“C'est une vieille connaissance de la Roumanie.” - “He is an old acquaintance from Romania.”

“Merci beaucoup pour votre aide précieuse.” - “Thank you for your kind assistance.”

“Avez-vous bien dormi, vous êtes très pâle, Alain!” - “Have you slept well? You're very pale, Alain!”

“Oui, j'ai eu des cauchemars, hier soir. Rien à s'inquiéter de Monsieur Jardin.” - “Yes, I had nightmares, last night. Nothing to worry about Monsieur Jardin.”

“Ma femme et moi serions ravis de vous voir, vous et le jeune Neville demain pour le déjeuner. Ce sera bon pour vous deux.” - ”My wife and I would be glad to see you and young Neville tomorrow for lunch. It will be good for both of you.

"Nous aimerions venir. Puis-je vous appeler plus tard Monsieur Jardin? Passe une bonne journée, salut.” - “We would like to come. Can I call you later Monsieur Jardin? Have a nice day, bye.”

"Bonne journée aussi, Alain. - “Have a nice day, too, Alain.”

Vlad lost the control over his thrall and Severus shoved him instinctively away from him, while Neville with a bit help of accidental magic landed in the arms of his father.

“You should better go, or I'll call the police.”, said Severus calmly. He never let his eyes wander
far from the intruder. He didn't trust him, not to do the same thing again to him and his son.

“Are you sure, Severus? Do you really think, I would let you call the police, without any resistance? Besides, you can't use any magic, I have heard everything. You wouldn't dare to risk a relapse, am I wrong?” replied Vlad teasingly.

“Let us go inside, and you can ask anything you would want to know about me, and maybe we'll find some common ground.”, suggested the vampire relaxed.

“Of course, I have no trouble in snogging you in front of your neighbours. Your choice, Severus.”

“I want you to leave, now.”, growled Severus. He didn't feel well and without the adrenaline, he wasn't far off from another relapse. Something he wanted to avoid, should it be possible at all.”

“Come on, Sev. I'm not half so bad as other people. Your grandfather is looking for you, too. And at the moment you can't win a fight against anyone. Be reasonable, Severus.”, argued Vlad.

He had kept a close eye on his intended and noticed the harsher breathing and the buckling of Severus' legs. Before he even crushed on the ground, had Vlad accioed him and Neville in his arms. He pressed Severus to his body and whispered:

“Sometimes you are much too stubborn for your own good, Severus.”

However he soon realised that Severus didn't answer him, as he had lost his consciousness again. He turned with his valuable treasure in his arms and kicked the door open with his foot to lay them on the couch.

Ignoring the Draculabunny and the toddler as his whole attention was focused on Severus. Neville didn't like it at all. This man was responsible for his Daddy's accident. And he would pay for it. He willed his magic to hit the intruder in the back with some of his harder toys, to show his displeasure.

“Ouch, you really shouldn't do such things, Neville. Not everyone is as patient as I am.”, growled Vlad. He grabbed the toddler, conjured a playpen and sat the toddler in it, after magically tying the child to the playpen. Only he could take him out of it.
“Now, be a good boy, while I try to figure out, how to best help your daddy, Neville.\textquotedblright, explained Vlad.

Voldemort has hopped to the small bathroom on the ground floor. He wanted to use the toilet and walked a bit in his normal renewed body. He changed back and after finishing his ablutions and a quick shower, changed into casual clothing before walking out of the bathroom and to the small playpen, where the sulky toddler waited.

He sat down in front of the boy and accioed the small ball to him, which was one of Neville's favourite toys.

“Hello Neville, you can call me Tom. I'm an old friend of your Daddy.\textquotedblright, hissed Voldemort to the boy.

“You can speak it, too?\textquotedblright, asked the toddler astonished.

“Indeed and you can understand me, not everyone can."\textquotedblright, smirked Voldemort. “Do you know someone else who can speak to snakes?”

“Daddy can speak it, too.\textquotedblright, replied the toddler smilingly.

“How interesting. You're such a smart boy. I'm sure your Daddy is very proud of you.”

“Why are your eyes red?\textquotedblright, inquired Neville curiously.

“Side effect of a ritual, some years ago, Neville. Do you want to play with me? I'm sure your Daddy will wake up soon.\textquotedblright, assured Voldemort the small boy.

“Why have you come back, Tom?\textquotedblright, asked Vlad from his guardian post near the couch.

“Personal reasons, Severus is my soulmate. Surprised, bloodsucker? There exists a very old spell, who can show you the soulmate of a certain wizard or witch. Why don't you try it. And shouldn't you be his, than you can finally left us alone.\textquotedblright, answered Voldemort coldly.
“You'll forget something, a vampire can always tell if somebody is his true mate. And I know that he is mine.”, grinned Vlad.

At Hogwarts Minerva had surprised the students and decided that today shouldn't be held any classes, instead S-Unit would take all students through one of their standardised fitness tests. Or has S-Unit had joked “A day in hell”.

All students have to change into sports gear and be at the Quidditch Pitch at 9.00 a.m – any student who wouldn't be on time have to scrub floor of the Great Hall with a toothbrush and of course without any magic. Argus Filch the Squib-caretaker would supervise this detention with some of the house elves, Sneaky had offered to be one of them.

The Slytherins were the first on the pitch, already clothed in their standard sports gear, that they always wore for their daily exercises with their head of house. They smirked at each other and began their stretching, everyone know how important this was, to avoid any injuries. As they were used to this, they were finished before the other 3 houses came to the pitch. The last one were Harry, Ron, Hermione & the twins, as they had forgotten the time and didn't make it one time.

“And we have a winner. You lazy bones will have the dubious honour of scrubbing the entire floor of the Great Hall with toothbrushes.”, smirked Wolf.

“What, but we...”, cried Hermione.

“Save your breath, Missy.”, growled Wildcat. “Everyone besides your group managed to be here on time. We even have one complete house that had already finish their warm-up-exercises, before most of you were even at the Pitch.”

“Don't worry, we'll start easy, 5 times around the lake. What are you waiting for, start running.”, screamed Marten at the students.

The teacher sat on their usual places and watch the fitness test. Some of them were surprised how fit the Slytherins were.

“It's astonishing, don't you agree Aurora. Those Slytherin kids doesn't even breath heavily.”, observed Lupin.
“Why are you so surprised, they practice twice daily with Severus. Before the breakfast and in the
evening after dinner. There is a reason, why he started his evening detention not earlier than 8 p.m.
so he can run with his snakes and even take a short shower, before taking care of any miscreants.
And should he didn't have to supervise a detention he either grade the Potions' essays or brew for
the infirmary. At least once a week he had a meeting with his students and then he had his usual
Head of House Duties.”, explained Aurora patiently.

Sinistra looked at him and added: “I don’t think you would even be able to manage a quarter of his
normal workload, Remus.”

5 hours later only the Slytherins looked relaxed, while the other houses lay heavily panting on the
Quidditch pitch.

“That’s enough. It’s a shame that the majority of you can’t even manage a standard training.”,
screamed Wolf at the students. “We will meet here tomorrow at 7.a.m. for a morning run around
the lake – five laps per student. You will get 30 minutes to absolve all laps. Everyone who didn't
manage this within the time, will get detention with one of us and learn how to clean something
with a toothbrush. I’m sure your caretaker had some places that could use a thorough cleaning.”

Tigress nodded to the Slytherins and Wolf agreed: 200 points for Slytherin House. The only house
who didn't shame their Head of House and is really fit for a normal work out. Who is your head of
house, Malfoy?”

Draco hid a smirk and answered, as he had learned it from his father and godfather: “Professor
Severus Snape – Potion Master and Head of House Slytherin, Sir.”

“He had trained you quite well, dismissed!”

“Yes, Sir.”, replied the Slytherins before the saluted to S-Unit and walked to their Common Room.
The Heads of House, except Severus meet with Poppy in Minerva's office to be informed about the necessary facts and latest news about Severus and the DE. What secrets will be shared between them during this special meeting? The Golden Trio met secretly in Moaning Myrtle's bathroom to brew a Shrinking Solution. Why are two toddlers alone in the bathroom and why had Ron run from the room in a hurry?

The next morning, 5th October 1993, after the disappointing trainings performance of ¾ quarter of the Hogwarts' students found a certain trio unusually early out of their dorms in Gryffindor tower. S-Unit was as true as their word. The quintet of golden trio and Weasley-Twins had been forced under the watchful eyes of Argus Filch and some house elves to scrub the entire floor of the Great Hall after Dinner. And because of Ron's mouthy attitude they have to scrub all tables and benches, too. Two men of the S-Unit had watched them closely and told the unlucky quintet, that as an extra punishment, they have to run for the rest of the day 5 laps around the lake, before breakfast. Should they not make it on time, this punishment would be doubled and a letter would be addressed to their legal guardians.

Not all members of S-Unit were already in Hogwarts, Raven and Snow Leopard had been on another surveillance mission in the US and would be expected to arrive at Hogwarts on the 6th October. Not one of their male team member would ever underestimate their female partners, they were deadly, when you got on their bad side. It was quite the surprise that Severus had never any problems with them. Tigress, Raven & Snow Leopard had accepted him into their inner circle without any problems and it was no wonder, that he shared with them secrets, he wouldn't tell any of the other guys.

Wolf may be the official Team Leader, but Snow Leopard was his second in command and answered directly to Colonel Merryweather. It was the suggestion of the ladies, that they should offer Severus further assistance at Hogwarts. S-Unit was unique and kept their secrets very close, you couldn't even say for sure, which of their members were magical and which weren't able to use any kind of magic.

As agreed upon the three Heads of House had met with Poppy in Minerva's office where Filius and Pomona had been told anything, that they need to know about this dangerous situation. Poppy had confirmed that Severus was a male bearer and that Albus had personally destroyed all records about this, that should normally be send to the Ministry. He wanted this knowledge for himself. Nobody else should know about it. And he swore Poppy to secrecy, she was allowed to treat Severus, should it be needed, but she wasn't allowed to get outside help for the boy. Everything had to be granted by Albus, she counted herself lucky, that Severus didn't had any allergies, as far as she knows it or it would have been even more difficult to get the necessary help for him.
But that wasn't the end of it. She shocked her colleagues as she told them, how often she founds Albus night for night at Severus' bedside, whenever he had been forced to spend time in the Hospital Wing. He was heavily sedated each time, and she had seen, where Albus touched the sleeping boy and she was sure, that he even tried to kiss him twice. After that observation she had always spelled each and every potion that she had to give to Severus, just to make sure nobody had tampered with it contents. Over a dozen times was she forced to get rid of the potions after one of this dubious night time visits and to get a new one from her private stores in her bathroom. She wasn't willing to risk anything, when it came to Severus' health and well-being.

“I have never thought about it before, but on the day, as Severus was tricked to go in the Shrieking Shack, Albus had ordered another check-up for the boy and afterwards, I should escort him to his office and leave them alone. You do not think, he would have tried to harm him,…?”

“Did Severus know about it?”, asked Filius.

“No, but I remember as a young student he tried to spend never anytime along with the Headmaster. Abraxas Malfoy has even gifted him an emergency-portkey that hung at a silver necklace around Severus' neck.”, replied Poppy thoughtfully.

“He wouldn't force himself on Severus, or would he do even that?”, asked Pomona scared. She cared for her young colleague, who rarely let anyone seen behind his carefully crafted masks.

“I don't know, Pomona. However Albus know Severus' weaknesses and he can be rather ruthless, when he wants to be.”, answered Minerva. “We have to ensure that Severus isn't at anytime alone with Albus, when we can prevent it. He will need another emergency-portkey just to be on the safe side. And we shouldn't forget that the same has to be taken into account for his snakes.”

“Don't worry, they have already each one. I have seen them on the last mandatory health exam. Minerva, you have to send your lions to me, too. I haven't seen them for ages. And the deadline is always 2-3 months before the next term starts.”, said Poppy.

“That is the same time, where Albus always buried me in his paperwork, do you think this is a coincidence?”, asked Minerva.

“No, not when it happens again and again.”, commented Filius angrily.
“You should use the protean charm – Filius can you charm us a necklace with it, so that Minerva only have to touch it, when it would be time for the next medical check-up?”, suggested Poppy.

“That would be the best solution, I can even hid it with a notice-me-not charm and tie it to your magical signature, Minerva. “, agreed Filius.

“Good, I think we have act even more cautiously as before. And we have to find a way, to ensure that Albus won't harm Severus or any of his students.”, concluded Minerva.

“Another meeting would be good, Muggle Edinburgh as he would never guess us venturing there for a simple meeting.”, added Pomona her two knuts.

“I can even create some extra Protean charms for us four, so that we can send us messages, without him being any wiser. We will protect Severus and the students against anyone, as long as we can.”, said Filius and left the office, followed by Pomona.

Poppy and Minerva looked at each other, both had agreed to keep in touch with the Malfoys, before Poppy left too.

The golden Trio has secretly meet again in the abandoned bathroom, where the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets has been hidden. Hermione had been forced to spend almost a whole week in the Hospital Wing with nothing much to do.

And thanks to her and Harry latest bout of craziness, both were faced with long and tedious detention under supervision of Professor McGonagall and Madame Pompfrey. Ron didn't even dared to sneak into the Hospital Wing with Harry for a little visit. He may be brave and reckless as most Gryffindors, but he wasn't suicidal.

He had still had a very hard time to accept the truth about Hermione. When anyone asked, he denied it vehemently. Hermione a pureblood, not bloody likely and a daughter of Bellatrix and Rodolphus that was totally and utterly mad.

But now where she officially free from the Hospital Wing and willing to ignore the rules once again. Together with Harry and Ron had she decided to brew a shrinking solution. The needed ingredients bought via owl-order, as they didn't been able to steal once again from Professor Snape's storages.
After their theft of the boomsling skin in their second year, he had used a huge variety of wards in languages none of them were even capable of speaking, much less understanding it. And only his magical signature would open the storages for any students during classes. Even then it was so charmed and secured, that you could only removed the ingredients for the potion that was written on the board for this lesson.

Ron may not be a fan of brewing potions, but even he was bored out of his mind, with being treated like a toddler in class. Not even the replacement teacher had changed anything of this arrangement. When asked, she only huffed: “Your Professor know best.”

A shrinking solution should be doable, when they followed the instructions to the letter, alas they ignored completely the fact, that none of them have ever brewed it or that two of them were very accident prone. As they never bothered to read anything in their Potions book, instead wasting their time and copied the homework from Hermione. Harry had sometimes re-written passages in his own words, but Ron copied it 1:1 not caring that the Professors would know, that he didn't have such a good grasp on the English Language.

Nothing had helped, although Severus had written some letters to Molly & Arthur Weasley to warn them about this lazy behaviour of their youngest son. He had told them politely, but very blunt, that with this attitude Ronald wouldn't be able to receive even an OWL in Potions. He concluded the letter that Ronald isn't stupid, but very lazy and they have to do something new, or he would never change his work ethics. He suggested that both should ask Ronald, what he want to do later in his life and what are the requirements for it. It would be the only way to stop this self-destruction.

10 years ago had Augustus Rookwood and some other acquaintances of him, establish a tiny school in Knockturn Alley. They have all been angry that Dumbledore refused those children an adequate education and used the money to support his own followers and their offspring. The teachers could even openly teaches dark arts, as nobody of the Ministry knows anything about the school or their students. The wands were a gifts from rich Slytherins, who supported the old ways.

The basement was a highly frequented DE hot spot for the most ruthless of them. The Lestranges had send a message to Rookwood and Dawlish that their prey had managed to escape, but they had already developed a new scheme to get Severus back into their clutches.

This school would helped them to create new eager Death Eaters who would carry the war into the homes of the sheeple, all those weaklings who looked the other way and ignored the suffering of the inhabitants of Knockturn Alley.

Therefore the group was surprised to receive a message from their master, who told them to leave Severus alone. He was with Severus and will personally ensure that he will came back to his side. They shouldn't even dare to interfere with it. Instead they should ensure to capture the most important member of the Order of the Phoenix, even when it was officially disbanded, these people
have to be getting rid of, before they could come out into the open.

Rodolphus, Rabastan & Bellatrix should capture Alistair Moody and interrogate him as he had done it with their brethren in the past. When Voldemort returned to them on Samhain, they would judge Moody for his crimes against their group, before they would kill him mercilessly. He had planned to have his mate with him, not forced but because Severus wanted it himself to be with him again. Proud at his side, he didn't need to have Neville with him for that tribunal, but he would refuse it, when Severus really wished Neville to witness it.

He still haven't decided how to deal with this new situation. He had learned that Vampires always are able to recognise their mates and they have often preferences, which can be used to control them. Should Vlad be his true mate, then he would have to share his precious with this aggravating bloodsucker. Alas Voldemort wasn't willing to let the vampire have the first night and to take Severus' virginity. Maybe he can influence him, that he offers this special event for him. It has been years since he tried a threesome, but the vampire will learn to submit to him, he wouldn't budge on that condition.

Nagini will be over the moon, that she can talk to two other speaker besides himself. How had Severus managed to keep this a secret. A vial of Veritaserum and both Malfoys will be forced to answer some questions about it. He needed absolute loyalty from his followers and he have to be more subtle to gain control over Wizarding Britain.

Nymphadora Tonks had been called for her monthly report to Hogwarts. Kingsley Shacklebolt and herself were the new official connections to the Auror Department. Both of them were former protégés of Alastor Mad eye Moody and unofficially integrated into the Order of the Phoenix as Harry Potter started Hogwarts on the 1st September 1991 for additional safety.

Her job was report regularly with Kingsley about anything important that they have discovered in the DMLE or in one of the other Departments, where DE Activities could be assumed.

Should it be necessary one of them would be called to Dumbledore via his Phoenix Patronus or in rare occasions he send his Phoenix Fawkes with a message to their flats. Constant vigilance did her old boss preached and nobody could deny it that Alastor had reason to be always on the watch.

She had already passed the bathroom which Moaning Myrtle haunted as she stopped and surprised turned her head. Nymphadora hesitated only a few seconds before she ran into the room with her wand in a classical duelling stance.

She couldn't believe her eyes as she saw two toddlers – no older than two years, a boy and a girl crying with a fallen cauldron besides them and spilled potion on both children. And before she
could even asked what had happened, a red-headed teenager fled the scene.

“Looks like a Weasley.”, shot her through her mind as she crouched down, her wand still in her right hand and tried to calmed both children. Totally ignoring everything else and therefore not even realising as Tigress entered the room and sighed as she observed the chaos.

“Hey, it's okay. No need for tears. What's your name?” asked Nymphadora softly. “I'm Tonks and you are?”

Harry hiccupped, before replying quietly: “Fweak, Auntie Tuney said I'm a bad boy.”

“She is wrong, you're not a bad boy, and you're not a Freak.”, answered Tonks as she carefully embraced him and hugged him closely, while she hummed “Twinkle, twinkle little star.”

Tigress had asked the girl after her name and was very surprised about her answer.

“My name is Lyra Bellatrix Lestrange. Have you seen my mother or my father?”

“No, I'm sorry, but we can find them. We just have to make a detour to the Hospital Wing and asked the Mediwitch if she can help us to find them, young lady. Should I carry you?”

“Yes, please.”, replied Hermione and accepted the placement on Tigress' right hip so that she could carry her easier to the Hospital Wing.

“Can you follow me, with the boy, too? It's easier when we do not separate them. And maybe she knows how to help them? We still have to find the red-head who run away from this bathroom, so that we learn what they have done before this happened.”

“Sure, I have to meet the Headmaster, but the toddler are more important in the moment. Madame Pomfrey can help us to identify them at least and we shouldn't wait to long. Some potion accidents have to be treated as soon as possible or it could be bad for the involved students.”, explained Tonks.

“Yes, I remember that I have read something similar in one of Panther's books about this subject.”,
agreed Tigress. “One of the reason, why he wanted to teach it as an elective instead of a core class.

Both women have reached the Hospital Wing and put the children on the same bed and sat down besides them, so that they can't fall down, while they waited on Madame Pompfrey.

“Can I help you? What has happened to them?”, asked the mediwitch baffled.

“A potions accident, Poppy. Can you identify them first? Before you treat them?”, commented Tonks.

“Yes, I can do that, Nymphadora. But I will firstly inform, Minerva. We will need her, before we should take further steps.”, answered Poppy calmly.

She went to the floo and informed the Deputy Headmistress, who silently observed the two toddlers and their companions, before she remarked: “Well, it seems, as if Severus was right and we would have given them too much leeway. What has happened to them Poppy?”

“It looks like a potions accident, Minerva.” - a quick scan showed the result: Shrinking Solution. “They have tried to brewed a Shrinking Solution and somehow managed to doused themselves with it. Do you want to inform the Headmaster?”

“No, it is better, when we keep it under wraps. And I will have to look for Mr. Ronald Weasley, as I have the slight suspicion that he was somehow involved in that crazy scheme. Afterwards I will have to write another letter to his parents. It is more than enough, that they will stop their clemency in regard to Ronald, Poppy.”

“As you wish, Minerva. We will have to bath them and they will need other clothes. It's the only way to ensure that they will not have any long term damage from this folly. And when we can't re-age them we will have to find suitable caretakers, for their second childhood.”

“Should I contact their guardians?”, wanted Minerva to know.

“No, don't forget that we are quite sure that Hermione isn't a muggleborn and therefore we can't send her back to the Grangers. But you should inform Andromeda Tonks and Narcissa Black, we could need their expertise and experience for this delicate problem.”, suggested Poppy.
“Fantastic, I'll inform them. Have you heard anything from Severus since he had left with Neville?”

“No, it is disturbing. I do hope that they won't find him and that both are well.”, answered Poppy Minerva's question.

“He can be so infuriating. Maybe we should follow Narcissa's advice and either put a leash on him or stick him to a bed, until he has recovered from his latest stunts.”, commented Minerva aggravated.

It is possible to re-age Harry & Hermione or will they need to find suitable caretaker for them? What punishment will be waiting for Ron and how will his parents react to this latest folly?
Abducted Toddler

Chapter Summary

Albus Dumbledore used his phoenix to abduct Neville and forced Severus to come back to Hogwarts. What will he do to them?

Abducted Toddler

In his office Albus was still fuming, Fawkes doesn't seem to have found Severus or maybe he tried to disobey him. This could be easily fixed and he knew the best leverage to get his wayward snake back into his arms.

He looked at his sleeping familiar and before Fawkes could even flashed away he hit him with a dark spell – “Obedire—obey” that he had bound to his blood. When hit with this spell Fawkes didn't have a choice, but have to do all that his dark master wanted him to do.

“Listen to me, Fawkes, you will find them and abduct the toddler. And you will left a message for Severus behind, that he will have to come on his own, without anything, that could be used against me, when he wants his brat safe.

Severus, my dear boy.

You have disappointed me very much. I'm sad to say, but you didn't left me any other choice. When you want to see your brat again, come alone without your wand or anything else, that you could use against me in my office on 10th October at Midnight.

Should you even speak with anyone about this message, will your brat pay the price for it. Call for Fawkes and he will bring you directly to me.

This is your last chance. Stop your defiance, it won't end well my boy. Or I will destroy anyone who you have ever cared about.

Albus Dumbledore
He went to the secret bedchamber, where he planned to incarcerate both hostages and conjured a special toddler bed with a deadly weapon hanging over it. He planned to put Neville in this construction, it would be the first tableau that Severus would see, before entering the room, and when he tried to rescue his son, the trap would snapped shut.

The ingrained magic in this room would ensure that Severus couldn't leave before Albus was satisfied with his complete and utterly submission. Still smiling stroke Dumbledore tenderly over two freshly plugged feather from his phoenix familiar. This was the most important key element in this dark potion, that he had found hidden in one old tome about dark lust potions.

It was only be usable on male bearer and would befuddle their senses in such a way, that they would be at the complete mercy of their captor. A light contact to the skin of the victim was more then enough to start the effect of this dark potion.

Soon he would be his and he would enjoy every single minute of it. No matter how much Severus would hate it, he would never risk the toddler and therefore he would submit to Dumbledore's unspoken wishes.

He pulled on the candelabra near the door and a hidden door swung open, that led into his secret Potions Lab. He would never brew in the Dungeons, oh no, why should Dumbledore walk down, when he could used this hidden gem for his sinister plans.

A quick glance showed him that all potions were right on schedule. One cauldron was filled with liquid imperio, a forbidden potion, but one that he used without any scruples during important Wizengamot sessions e.g. the one who had declared him for the only executor of the will of James and Lily Potter, the regent of their seats and of course the magical guardian of their only child and heir Harry James Potter.

He couldn't care less that Sirius Black rotted innocent in Azkaban Prison, he deserved it because only his stupid thoughtless prank in their sixth year had cost him the chance to took Severus' virginity on that night.

“But Poppy didn't let me near Severus, claimed he was shocked for almost being killed or turned by Remus.”, growled Dumbledore angrily. “Maybe I shouldn't have tried to blackmail him, so that he keep his mouth shut about this incident, but I couldn't afford to lose that quartet, even when they weren't as useful as he once had thought. Abraxas was already willing to send Severus to another school abroad, how could that stupid cow handed the custody over to that slimy snake.”

Humming an old classic from the Rolling Stones – *Sympathy for the devil*, began Dumbledore to
brew the dark potion that would help him confused Severus' senses so that he could do with him, whatever he wanted to do, as long as he didn't flush this potion out of Severus' body.

Please allow me to introduce myself
I'm a man of wealth and taste
I've been around for a long, long years
Stole many a man's soul and faith

And I was 'round when Jesus Christ
Had his moment of doubt and pain
Made damn sure that Pilate
Washed his hands and sealed his fate

Pleased to meet you
Hope you guess my name
But what's puzzling you
Is the nature of my game

I stuck around St. Petersburg
When I saw it was a time for a change
Killed the czar and his ministers
Anastasia screamed in vain

I rode a tank
Held a general's rank
When the blitzkrieg raged
And the bodies stank

Pleased to meet you
Hope you guess my name, oh yeah
Ah, what's puzzling you
Is the nature of my game, oh yeah
(woo woo, woo woo)

I watched with glee
While your kings and queens
Fought for ten decades
For the gods they made
(woo woo, woo woo)

I shouted out,
Who killed the Kennedys?
When after all
It was you and me
(who who, who who)

Let me please introduce myself
I'm a man of wealth and taste
And I laid traps for troubadours
Who get killed before they reached Bombay
(woo woo, who who)

Pleased to meet you
Hope you guessed my name, oh yeah
(who who)
But what's puzzling you
Is the nature of my game, oh yeah, get down, baby
(who who, who who)

Pleased to meet you
Hope you guessed my name, oh yeah
But what's confusing you
Is just the nature of my game
(woo woo, who who)

Just as every cop is a criminal
And all the sinners saints
As heads is tails
Just call me Lucifer
'Cause I'm in need of some restraint
(who who, who who)

So if you meet me
Have some courtesy
Have some sympathy, and some taste
(woo woo)
Use all your well-learned politesse
Or I'll lay your soul to waste, um yeah
(woo woo, woo woo)

Pleased to meet you
Hope you guessed my name, um yeah
(who who)
But what's puzzling you
Is the nature of my game, um mean it, get down
(woo woo, woo woo)

Woo, who
Oh yeah, get on down
Oh yeah
Oh yeah!
(woo woo)

Tell me baby, what's my name
Tell me honey, can ya guess my name
Tell me baby, what's my name
I tell you one time, you're to blame
Oh, who
woo, woo
Woo, who
Woo, woo
Woo, who, who
Woo, who, who
Oh, yeah

What's my name
Tell me, baby, what's my name
Tell me, sweetie, what's my name

Woo, who, who
Woo, who, who
Woo, who, who
Woo, who, who
Woo, who, who
Woo, who, who
Oh, yeah
Woo woo
Woo woo

He added the last ingredient, the two forcefully plugged phoenix feathers, after which it only have
to simmer for 2 days, used a shielding charm on the cauldron and sealed his lab again.

In the meantime flashed the controlled phoenix to the house, where he could sense both beings, his
dark master wanted in his clutches. It doesn't matter how old or wise Fawkes was, he couldn't fight
against these compulsions and he realised soon that Severus was still unconcious, but the toddler
was in reach. Therefore he lost the letter on the unconcious man and grabbed the toddler, before
any of the other two men in the house had the chance to react on that ambush.

With the toddler in his claws, he flashed instantly back to his dark master, even when he knew that
this wasn't justified behaviour.

Albus Dumbledore waited already in his office, he always knew when his familiar came back from
a mission for him. And this time he had the feeling that he was successful. He was right the
phoenix flashed into the office with the toddler in tow. And dropped him into the waiting arms of
his Master.

“Well done, Fawkes.”, smirked Albus as he grabbed the toddler cruelly and went to the hidden
room, where he put him in the modified toddler bed. “You can cry as loud as you want, brat. Nobody
will hear you. And I will soon have your Daddy in my clutches, Neville. He will never be able to run
from me ever again. I know Severus. He would never risk you or any of the other brats.”
Severus had woken up, soon after Fawkes had abducted Neville and before Vlad or Voldemort had even a chance to react, had he summoned his magic to show him, who had the audacity to abduct his son. He ignored the letter and run from the house, while he used his cell phone to cancel the lunch with his neighbours on the next day.

Only one thought was important for him. “I have to find my son. How could he do something like that?”

Severus focused for some seconds, as he led his magic find his son, he was at Hogwarts with the Headmaster. He didn't care that he should take it slowly or that it wouldn't be good for his health, only Neville was important for him. Without any hesitation apparated he to Hogwarts and used the hidden passages to reach within 15 minutes the Office of Albus Dumbledore.

Of course Dumbledore had sensed it the moment as Severus crossed the border of the Forbidden Forest, that his Potions Master was back. He would be here very soon and then he will have no other choice, but to submit, when he wanted to save his brat.

“Open, I have not much time left.”, cried Severus to the Gargoyle who guarded the entrance. It was surprisingly that the stone guardian jumped aside to let the man pass. However before he even entered the room directly, the voice from Dumbledore made him literally jump once again.

“My dear boy, why are you in such a hurry? You should slow down and take one of my lemon drops, they are very good for such occasions.”

“Where is he. What have you done to him, old man?”

“Tsk, Tsk, Severus. Do I really have to teach you a lesson first, before you obey me once again.”

“I don't have time for these games, old man.”, growled Severus.

“As you wish, my dear boy. Maybe you should risk a look in that room. But don't say, I haven't warned you.”, replied Dumbledore while he stroked his long beard.

Severus had already entered the other room and stood frozen as he took in the scene. Neville in the modified toddler bed with a murderous weapon, that aimed for his son.
The toddler looked up, tears flowed from his eyes and he recognised his father, “D-Da-Daddy”

“I'm here, Neville. I won't let anything happen to you.”

“Oh, how sweet, my dear boy. How will you keep that promise?”, whispered Albus in his ear, as he drew Severus in his arms. The geas didn't react, as Voldemort had de-activated it temporarily, after the first nightmare in Roscoff/France.

“Let him go. He hasn't done anything.”, pleaded Severus.

“We'll see. What would you give me for it? I can vanish this weapon, so that your precious son will be safe. But this would cost you something.”

Severus gulped heavily and asked: “What do you want, Headmaster?”

“You're still a virgin, my dear boy, am I right?”

Silently nodded Severus, he couldn't really meant that he wanted sex with him, before he removed that weapon. Not even the headmaster would be so cruel, but Severus wasn't certain that he got it right.

“Remove your clothes and lie down on the bed. I wouldn't wait, if I were you, Severus. Sometimes those weapons can fall down quite easily.”

“Please, remove the weapon first, I will not fight against you, but he shouldn't be in danger any longer. You can do whatever you want to do to me, as long as Neville is safe.”

“As you wish, my boy.”, smirked Albus as he vanished the weapon.

Grateful Severus stepped to the toddler bed and cuddled Neville to his chest. He breathed in the sweet fragrance of his son. “I love you, Neville.” he whispered to the toddler. “Don't be afraid, but this is the only way for me.”
Neville nodded, he could feel that his Daddy wasn't happy, but he trusted him. “Lady Hogwarts hear my plea. Please transport him instantly to the Slytherin Common Room, so that he will be safe. So mote it be.”, he kissed him softly on his hair, before the sentient castle teleported the toddler to a safer environment.

Relieved looked Severus in the cold eyes of Albus Dumbledore. Neville wasn't in danger any longer. He didn't care for anything else. Although he knew exactly that he will pay for this dearly.

“That was unusual, Severus.”, commented Dumbledore and before Severus could defend himself, had he hit him with a “Divesto”, followed by a Crucio to show his displeasure.

Severus bit on his lip, he wouldn't scream, even when the pain was worser than anything else he had felt before. No, he wouldn't give him that pleasure, too. Five minutes later did Dumbledore end the spell and levitated Severus on the bed, where he magically bound him to the bed, so that he was spread-eagled for Dumbledore's personal pleasure.

“I have waited so long for a chance to do this, my dear boy.”, grinned the old man, as his hands shamelessly caressed Severus' body. “You won't give me any further trouble, am I right, Severus? It would be such a shame, when your son or even Harry Potter would have to pay for it in this room.”

“W-Wh-What do you mean, Headmaster?”, asked Severus, he had a bad feeling what would come next.

“Quite easy, they would pay the price with their own bodies, when you do not do, what I want you to do.”, answered Dumbledore as he pinched one of Severus' nipples hard.

“No – please leave them alone.”

“Severus, you still haven't understand your situation. You are my pet, and you have to do, what I want, or I'll punish either you or those who you love.”, grinned Albus before he hit Severus hard on his jaw. “You will call me Master, or you'll regret it, Pet.”

Severus glared at him, but didn't say another word. It wouldn't help him at all. Nobody knew that he was here and he didn't like that insane look in the eyes of the headmaster.

“You have said, you would do whatever I wanted from you, pet.”, began Albus, who enjoyed the
minuscule flinching of Severus’ body, as far as the magical bounds permitted it. “Then it should be easy for you to prove it, pet.”

“How, Master?”, asked Severus.

“Easy, you just have to drink a potion for me – completely harmless.”, answered Dumbledore.

“A Potion? I don't understand.”, murmured Severus.

Albus hit him again, as he had forgotten to add Master to his thought and Severus hissed.

“Yes, I will have to punish you, for this disobedience, pet.”, said Dumbledore as he grabbed Severus' hair roughly and pulled strongly, before he let it go.

“But, what should I use for this step of your education, pet?”, questioned Dumbledore rhetorically. He opened a hidden drawer on the left side of the bed and took a small box out, that he put on the bed, near his unwilling guest.
Anal Plug with Skull (gold)

He removed a cock cage, that was sculpted like a hissing snake and an anal plug, decorated with a golden skull, that would vibrate on a word from Albus as well as nipple clamps, decorated with a dragon and a spiked ball gag from the box and showed them to a visible shaking Severus.

A wordless *accio* brought a strong lust potion and a vial filled with lube in Albus' outstretched hands. Albus relished the horrified look of his prisoner as he fixed the cock cage on Severus' cock and balls, before he lubed the anal plug and pushed it mercilessly in Severus' anus. It hurts like hell and this time Severus couldn't prevent his screams of pain, alas Albus wasn't finished yet.

He forced him to drink the lust potion and afterwards fixed the spiked ball gag around Severus' mouth and clamped both nipples with the nipple clamps. He tugged on it, which elicited a moan of pain from his bound captive. He wanted to hear him beg for release, even when the ball gag would make this difficult for the young man. The cock cage would show him once and for all, that Albus was the only one who could grant him release or deny it. And the anal plug would force him into one dry orgasm after another, until he had learned his lesson. He belonged to Albus Dumbledore, no one else had the right on Severus' body, except Albus himself.

“*Vibrato* – I'll see you in two hours, my dear boy. Relax and enjoy it, pet. *Nox*”, said Albus as he left the room and closed the door behind him. This time he would be able to enjoy his dinner at peace, while his elusive snake undergo his punishment and would soon enough be more than willing to sacrifice his virginity to his benevolent old mentor and headmaster.

“Life can be so good.” Sure it galls him that Severus had managed to send his adopted son to
safety, but he was still at Hogwarts. He could always use one of his more devoted house elves to
get the toddler back and to threaten Severus with his well-being, should he tried to rebel against his
new and true Master.
Severus held an important discussion with his darker side "Emrys" - as he is still imprisoned in the hidden chamber of Albus Dumbledore at Hogwarts. After a vow on life and magic both agree to merge with each other, as this would allow Severus/Emrys to personally deal once and for all with Dumbledore. In full control of his magical abilities Severus destroyed both rooms and apparated to his chambers to choose a suitable outfit for the final confrontation with the old coot.

The Slytherins are surprised as Neville appeared suddenly in the Slytherin Common Room, but after Draco calmed him down, they decided to take him with them to dinner. Dracula & Voldemort agreed on a truce and apparate to Hogwarts to help their mate against the old coot. Severus/Emrys is willing to shock them and isn't willing to hold back any longer.

The enclosed picture shows the *young Voldemort* (for this story) after the successful ritual in Budapest/Romania.

Apparition at Hogwarts - yes, normally not possible, when you not very powerful - like Severus or his adoptive son - stromdragons are the most powerful magical beings, that ever existed - only the Gods and Goddesses of ancient times are more powerful than them.

But, thanks to Severus' decision to apparate directly to his rooms - he had destroyed by accident the anti-apparition wards, that prevent apparition from everyone else at Hogwarts. The magic of House elves worked differently, and they can pop up, anywhere they want to be.

Luckily, no one else had realised it, yet.

"Let me out, or will you really allow this old man to get away with it", heard Severus a voice in his mind.

"No, leave me at peace.", replied Severus. He hurts and he don't even want to think what would happen to him, when Albus would come back. Dumbledore was insane, there was no doubt about it. Who else in their right mind would threaten children and tried to rape someone against their will.
Only someone who didn't care about anyone else would even consider something like that.

“Will you really let this old man rape you, because of your morals, Severus?”, nagged him the voice again. “Merge with me and we can ensure that he will never harm anyone again. You have waited for so long, it's a pity. You could be really powerful and they would grovel in the dirt before you, my friend.”

“I don't care for power. Only a fool wants power.”, stated Severus calmly.

“You can protect your students and your family much better. Listen to me. Together we would be a force to be reckon with. Ask Moody, he will not forget our lesson anytime soon.”, tried the voice again.

“No, it's not right.”, hissed Severus.

“I can take your body over without your consent. This lust potion which he had forced you to drink, weakened your mental barriers, Sev. I can break free easily, and you can do nothing to stop me. However should you merge with me, you could stay in control and maybe even prevent some damage to any innocent by-stander.”, mocked the voice him once more.

His eyes flickered again between red and onyx a visible sign that his darker side would be emerge soon and then anyone who would have harmed him, would be pay dearly for it.

“Sooner or later you will merge with me, Severus. Why do you try to prevent it? Are you scared? I am you. Your other half? Dumbledore would kill your son, when he could destroy you with this action. Don't be a fool, Sev! I can free us both and you can avenge your son.”, commented Emrys. “It is your destiny to become me, why stop now? Nobody would be stronger or would even dare to harm anyone who you cared about, when it means to wake your wrath.”

“And if we merge? How should I now that this isn't a trick for you to take over my body?”, asked Severus.

“I am not able to lie to you, Sev. It is my biggest weakness, they will never notice it. Only our eyes will be changing. When you in our battle mode our eyes will be red with a ring of onyx around them. But most of the time they will be onyx with a minimal red ring around them. Most will not ever be able to see the difference, Sev.”
“Swear it one your life and your magic. What should I call you?”

“I am **EMRYS**, Lady Magic has seen that I will be born, when the magical world needs to be in balance once more. We are stormdragons. No magical being is more powerful than us.”

“Will you swear it?”, asked Severus once more.

“I swear it on my life and my magic, that it will not harm you. We will be **EMRYS & SEVERUS**. Together we will be unstoppable. And you will have two mates who will help you and never waver from your side. We are always special and unique, Severus. After finding our true mates, we will be immortal after consummating the bond between us three. We need two mates to ground us, one is already immortal – the vampire and the other will it be after he has gotten it sanity back and consummated the bond with us, too. You are even able to carry their children. You will never be alone again.”, explained Emrys patiently.

“What about Neville? He isn't immortal. So I will lose him, someday?”

“Don't worry, he will get a chance to become immortal, after coming fully into his magic.”, soothed him Emrys.

“He will be safe, when I merge with you?”, asked Severus again.

“Yes, he will be safe and so will be your little snakes. I promised it, Severus. You won't notice me most of the times. But I can protect you better in duels as before, we will both benefit from it.”

“I accept it. I do hope I don't regret it.”, decided Severus as his eyes changed once again to their new colour – red eyes with an onyx ring around it. Emrys was back and he will make sure that Dumbledore will never harm any other living being ever again.

A non-verbal command dissolved the magical restraints that kept him on the bed. Another command vanished the cock cage and the annoying anal plug, that Albus had shoved brutally in him as a sign of his power over his captive. He ripped the nipple clamps from his chest, without any sign of discomfort and vanished the spiked ball gag also.

“What about the potion?”, asked Severus his other half.”
“I did mention that they're side effects for us, regarding lust potions, didn't I?”, asked Emrys amused.

“Yes, what kind of side effects?”

“Greater blood lust, what did you expect when amateurs tinker with potions. The old coot has a potion lab hidden near this room. You should destroy it completely. He used dark potions to control the light and neutral factions in the Wizengamot.”, said Emrys.

“Why not the darker faction, too?”, wanted Severus to know.

“Quite simple, they're the only ones who had used spells on their goblets at the Wizengamot sessions to ensure that nobody can add anything else to their drinks.”, answered him Emrys.

“Clever and necessary when you have to deal with him on a regular basis.”, commented Severus as he stretched himself. “I need a shower and clothes that will be suitable for duelling. Not a robe, but a shirt and trousers, as well as dragon hide boots will be required for this confrontation.”

“True, a combination would be good – a red shirt, a silver-green sash and black trousers to your normal black dragon hide boots.”, suggested Emrys.

“So I need my wand?”, inquired Severus.

“No, we do not need a wand at all. You are fully capable of using wandless magic. Our merging had filled your magical core once more. You aren't depleted any longer and do not have to hold back at all.

“Good, my wand is still in France. I really have to retrieve it afterwards.”, groaned Severus.

“I don't think that this will be a problem. Knowing your two mates, they will probably bring it, when they come to support your fight against the old coot.”

“Why them?”
“Sorry, Sev. Lady Magic had chosen the best matches for you, okay Lady Fate and Lord DEATH had probably a hand in it as well, but they would never really harm you.”, tried Emrys to calm his other half.

“Have you forgotten what the vampire tried to do to me. He used his powers to enthral Neville and me. And the Dark Lord used a ritual to bind me to him and he used a geas so that no one else can caress me without his consent.”, growelled Severus angrily.

“I haven't said that they act always rationally. Tom is a bit insane – blame his Horcruxes, but it is much better than 13 years ago. He got over 50% of his soul back, after the diary has been destroyed. I'm sure Sneaky will be more than willing to help him to merge with the last parts of his soul, so that he will not longer be insane anymore. And he never completed the ritual with you. He couldn't rape you, even at the height of his insanity. The bond between you, as your true mate, stopped him. You can only consummate the bond willingly. Anything else won't work.”, explained Emrys the actions of the dark lord.

“It doesn't excuse his actions.”, muttered Severus frustrated.

“True, but they will have to court you, before any further steps can be taken and you are allowed to get even with them. I should point out that the vampire has spend a lot of time in researching how to remove the Dark Mark and the geas from you. He has found a ritual in one of the lost libraries in Romania. I guess he will use it as one of his courting gifts to you.”, smirked Emrys.

“Really? That's sounds like a fairy tale to me.”, snarked Severus to his dark half.

“Believe me. And when you really want to get even with the old coot, take both with you to the Great Hall and let them kiss you in front of the shocked audience. I guarantee it will silence him faster than a Silencio.”, replied Emrys grinning.

“Can we froze all in the Great Hall, besides the old coot with one command?” , inquired Severus interested.

“Indeed, it's quite easy, Let's offer them a show that they won't forget soon.”, laughed Emrys.

“Good, I would prefer that nothing stop us, before we got a chance to play with him a bit. We can
always decide afterwards, who will get him next. As we do not need a wand for it, we are on the safe side, as the won't figure out which kind of spells we used. I do not plan to speak any spell loud. The fear factor is bigger that way. However I will summon a athame for a bit light carving or do you have a problem with it?”, suggested Severus.

“Oh no, I would appreciate it.”, agreed Emrys.

“What about apparition? Can we use it now, or do we have to use the floo. I really need a shower and a change of clothes, before I can play with the old coot.”

“It shouldn't be a problem any longer. And the backlash of this unauthorized apparition will rip through his wards and result in a heavy headache for the old man.”, smirked Emrys.

“Best news I have heard in a long time.”, grinned Severus. “Show me the way to his lab, we should destroy it, before leaving to my rooms.”

Emrys guided him to the hidden lab, that they destroyed with Fiendfyre, before sealing it up. The merging was the right decision as he could control his magic much better then ever before and he didn't felt tired any longer. His core wasn't magically depleted any longer and should he now be able to apparate at will, it would make his life so much easier.

“I want to destroy this room as well, but the toddler bed should be transported to the Great Hall, so that they will be all confronted with his true face.”, growelled Severus.”

“Fantastic, ask Lady Hogwarts to let it re-appear exactly as you seen it the first time. Not even he would be able to talk his way out, as his magical signature is all around this toddler bed.”, suggested his dark counterpart.

“Lady Hogwarts, hear my plea. I will show all the true face of Albus Dumbledore. Can you please transport the toddler bed exactly as it was to the Great Hall, invisible before I enter the Great Hall to confront the old coot.”

“It would be my pleasure, Severus. Don't worry your students, the staff and guests, including your son will be protected from harm. You do not have to hold back any longer, when you deal with him.”, replied Lady Hogwarts in his mind.
“Perfect.”, smirked Severus as he used Fiendfyre to reduce his prison cell to ashes, before he apparated directly to his bathroom. He accioed the clothes and boots, he will be wearing for this final confrontation, before stepping into the cold shower. He wasn't willing to left even one trace of the greedy fingers of Albus Dumbledore on his body.

At 6 p.m. all Slytherin students jumped surprised up, as suddenly Neville appeared in the midst of the Slytherin Common Room. The toddler cried and called for his Daddy. Carefully bend Draco down to the small boy and asked him:

“What's the matter, little man?”

“Bad Man has Daddy. He is mean. I want my Daddy.”

Theo and Blaise looked at their classmate, but Draco shrugged helplessly, he doesn't know what the toddler meant.

“Do you want to come with us to dinner, Neville?”, tried Draco again. He have to find a way to calm the toddler down and maybe even inform one of the other professors, about Neville's statement.”

“You will not let him take me?”, asked the toddler, who still hiccuped, before the tears stopped.

“Never, Neville. I'm going to protect you and the other Slytherins will help us, too.”, assured Draco the toddler as he carefully placed him on his hips. In the same position as he had it observed by his Godfather, when he carried Neville.

“We should go now, or we will be late.”, warned Marcus Flint. A quick grooming charm on all Slytherins later and they stand in their usual formation before leaving the Common Room. Theo was on Draco's left side and Blaise on his right side. Crabbe and Goyle walked behind them, glancing quite often around to ensure that nobody can surprise them.

As they reached the Great Hall the Slytherins walked silently to their table, completely ignoring everyone else, while their whole attention was focused on the toddler on Draco's hip.

Dumbledore had arrived a few minutes earlier and fumed inwardly as he see the toddler protected by the Slytherins. “Oh Severus will pay for this stunt. After he return to the chamber, he will show him, why he should never defy him again.” Suddenly his hands flung to his temples as an
unexpected headache almost split his head. He didn't know what was the cause for it, but it couldn't be anything good for him.

Vlad and Voldemort had looked frozen at the place where Severus had vanished, the only one that was still there, had been Severus' wand. Angrily pocketed Vlad the wand, while Voldemort scanned the letter and silently handed it over so that Vlad read the message, too.

“I would suggest a truce, until we have solved this new problem. Severus is probably already in Hogwarts. Let's go, and deal with the old coot once and for all.”, snarled Voldemort frustrated.

“Deal, we let him decide. But I won't submitting to you. I'm older and far more experienced, Tom.”

“We will speak about this later.”, sneered Voldemort as he grabbed Vlad's arm and apparated them directly to Hogwarts. Both men were surprised as they landed in front of the Great Hall.

As they looked up, they were met with a very delightful sight. Severus was striding in their direction. Clothed in a red satin shirt, with a silver-green sash combined with black leather trousers and black dragon-hide boots. His eyes glowed red and he smirked amused as he saw his two mates standing on alert.

“It's time to deal with the old coot. But let's see if we can shock him first. Open the door and you both have one French kiss free.”

“With pleasure.”, smirked Vlad and handed Severus his wand back. He stored it in his usual hiding place and let the door swung open with a mighty crash, which caught the attention of all people already in the Great Hall.

The three men entered silently and Voldemort used the chance to kiss Severus first as he swung him around and devoured his mouth with his eagerness.

“I agreed to kissing, not sucking out my tonsils.”, quipped Severus, as Vlad turned him around for his kiss. Dominating the kiss and shamelessly caressing the lean body in front of the shocked audience.

“That's enough.”, growled Emrys, as he shoved the Vampire away.
“I do agree.,” sneered Voldemort who hugged his mate close to himself and stared suspiciously at the third member of their future triad. “He agreed to one kiss not to a making out session in front of minors. After all, there is no need to traumatise them at the moment.”

“Oh, Tommy boy, don't take away my fun.”, replied Vlad amused.

“Oh, shut up, bloodsucker.”, snarled Voldemort “Don't forget why we're still here.”

“You mean, instead of enjoying the time with our mate? Alright, we wanted to deal once and for all with a certain old coot. And as I see it, you will bottom the next time when we have sex.”, grinned Vlad.

Neville had looked up from his place on Draco's lap as he heard the voices of the three men and a small smile was visible on his face. He practically bounced on Draco's lap as he cried happily:

“Daddy” “Tom” “Bad Vampire”, before he apparated directly in his father's arms.

“Why am I a bad vampire, when he calls you by your name?”, sneered Vlad.

Still smirking ruffled Tom Neville's hair and replied amused:

“Well, I didn't enthral him or his daddy, not to mention that I didn't stuck Neville into a playpen, because of a little display of accidental magic.”

“Just stop it!”, interrupted Emrys both men, before they could start a real fight. “I'm glad that you're okay Neville. However you can't just apparate everywhere on a whim. You would only endanger yourself, when you're not cautious enough, little one. “

“Kay, Daddy. “, agreed the toddler and apparated back to Draco, while the audience in the Great Hall were still too shocked to react to anything that had happened in the last 15 minutes.

“I have warned you once, old man. But it seems as if you're unable to listen. What you have done to my son, is nothing I am willing to forgive nor to forget. Therefore you will learn, why nobody should wake my darker half. I will teach you a lesson, which you will never forget for the rest of
“However, we should start small, oh yes, this spell will be nothing you would enjoy, old man. **Delère familiaris vinculum – destroy the familiar bond**, you will not longer be able to control the phoenix for anything. He is now free to choose a better master. And you can never bond to another phoenix again for the rest of your life.”, smirked Severus, as Albus cried, because of the immense pain while the bond to his familiar broke completely.

“Maybe we should impale him on a very long stake, directly through his anus?”, suggested Dracula, “I may be a bit rusty, but I'm sure when one of you two conjured a long stake, I would manage to ensure that he will suffer very long, before he dies. Even when I haven't used it for some centuries.”

“We could transfigure and lock him into a small rodent and feed him to my familiar?”, suggested Voldemort lazily, his fingers running over Severus' back, while he nuzzled Severus' neck.

“I do not think that your familiar deserves indigestion from the old coot. We do not want to kill him yet, just make him suffer.”, vetoed Severus against their plans. “But, we can try a vivisection on him and look how long he will survive it. And the students would get an anatomy lesson for free.”

“Shouldn't we ensure that nobody of them can stop us, before we have finished with him?”, inquired Dracula his eyes glazed over with lust.

“The bloodsucker has at least one good idea.”, agreed Voldemort nuzzling Severus' neck again as he tried to distract the third member of their future triad from his actions.

“Would you stop that, it's distracting.”, muttered Dracula as he spun Severus on his axis so that he would rest in Vlad's arms instead of Voldemort's.

“Oh, are you jealous, bloodsucker?”, smirked Voldemort

“May I?”, asked Dracula ignoring the annoying Dark Lord completely, as he licked slowly over Severus' neck.

“Be my guest.”, answered Severus as he closed his eyes and leaned back into the embrace of his dark lover.
“With pleasure, my prince Severus.”, said Dracula before he drove his canines into Severus’ neck and started to drink without hesitation. “Delightful, Sev. I never had anything better than your blood.”, groaned Dracula after licking the wounds so that they would healed instantly.
Emrys, Voldemort and Dracula have decided to call the magical triad of DEATH, Magic & Fate to the Great Hall. Severus/Emrys was very angry, that because of DEATH's carelessness 3 powerful magical artefacts was left behind on Earth. He destroyed the Elder Wand and showed once more, why nobody should want to be on his bad side.

Voldemort bonded a bit with Neville and have realised a bit to late, that he will be in very deep trouble should Severus realised, that the Draculabunny is nobody else than Voldemort in his Animagusform. To distract them he summon Lady Magic and Lady Fate to the Great Hall, while Severus get a scolding by his own house elf Sneaky.

Chapter Notes

Why does DEATH, always speak in CAPITALS? - DEATH is almost 100-% deaf, as he is one of the older deities. Normally he should wear a special pair of Magical Hearing-Aids. Alas, he had lost them some aeons ago and never bothered to replace them. The rest of the magical and non-magical world just have to deal with it.

His typical modus operandi to placate the ones, he cared about is to bribe them with special gifts. And it doesn't matter, if you do not want them, when DEATH decides, that he will give you a gift, you're forced to keep it. He is worser than Hagrid, as he likes to gift his chosen rare and extremely dangerous magical creatures. He is the culprit who once gifted Salazar Slytherin with his first Basilisk egg, as an apology for destroying a very valuable and highly volatile potion by accident. This potion should enable were-creatures (were-wolves, were-cats, etc.) no longer be forced to transform to certain times, but instead using their alternative form as a new animagus, with their human mind completely in control. Sadly, DEATH managed to destroy all of Salazar's notes, too.

This had Salazar neither forgiven nor forgotten. He began to curse DEATH every day, he still spend at Hogwarts and decided to create his new and better hidden Potions lab, which included wards, that should keep nosy deities at bay.

Dumbledore couldn't believe it, not only had Severus somehow managed to escape the room, but his two companions enraged him further. “How dared he to let anyone else touch him like that? Oh, he would like to break his stubborn snake once and for all. And when the others would see it, why should he care. Afterwards they would be too cowed to defy him again. Maybe he could summon Severus' brat to him and force the young man to do what he wants once more.”
He hadn't paid attention to anything that had happened in the Great Hall and this was a mistake as a silent wandless “Expelliarmus” from Severus threw him out of his majestic chair and against the wall behind the dais, on which the professor's table stood.

Severus caught the wand with ease and a two silent commandos later - “Incarcerous” “Levicorpus” found Albus Dumbledore upside down and bound in strong ropes, helplessly in the middle of the Great Hall.

And as if this wasn't humiliating enough, now the young man ignored him completely and he could focus his whole attention on the wand, which he had ripped from Albus’ grasp.

“Elder wood, how interesting!”, remarked Emrys as he twirled the infamous wand in his hands. Too bad, we won't have another choice, as to summon Lord DEATH to this place. Why can the old bag of bones not be more careful with the artefacts he handed out at the most inopportune moments.”

“LORD DEATH I SUMMON THEE. COME HERE AT ONCE, OR I'LL GUARANTEE THAT I WILL DESTROY WITH GREAT PLEASURE THIS USELESS WAND! SO MOTE IT BE!”, intoned Emrys, while he still twirled the death stick in his hands.

“WHO SUMMONED ME?”, asked DEATH as he materialised in the Great Hall and looked surprised around.

“Three guesses, you useless bag of bones.”, sneered Emrys his eyes glowing bloodred as he glared at one of the most feared entities of the universe.

“AH, WHAT A SURPRISE! I HAVEN'T THOUGHT TO MEET YOU SO SOON AGAIN. ARE YOU DONE WITH BEING MORTAL YET, MY PRINCE SEVERUS? OR WAS IT EMRYS, I HAVE SUCH A BAD MEMORY FOR NAMES, IT'S A CURSE, DON'T YOU AGREE? AND HOW DID YOU LIKE THOSE TWO, WHICH WE HAVE CHOOSEN FOR YOU? YOU STILL LOOKED A BIT STRESSED. I HAVE THOUGHT THEY WOULD HAVE ALREADY BEDDED YOU WITHIN MINUTES, AFTER MAKING YOUR ACQUAINTANCE.”, replied DEATH unashamed.

Neville had heard enough and decided to teach this meanie an overdue lesson. He apparated once more in the arms of his father and raised his tiny hands to slap DEATH hard in the face: “YOU'RE A DUNDERHEAD!!”, cried the toddler annoyed, before he turned his head and kissed his father softly on his cheek.
“Well done, Neville!”, hissed Tom, “Why don’t you throw him a dessert in his face? I'm sure your father would enjoyed it very much.”

Neville nodded, he enjoyed the idea to do something to get even with this meanie and within seconds two treacle tarts and a huge bowl filled with chocolate pudding hit DEATH in his face.

“That's low even for you, Tom.”, growled Dracula. “Did you really have to corrupt a toddler to do your bidding?”

“Oh, let it be.”, sneered Voldemort back. “You're just angry that he likes be more than you, bloodsucker.”

A loud snap could be heard, which turned the attention of the audience and of Dumbledore back to Severus, who had snapped the elder wand in two parts. He throw both parts in the air and burn them wordless to ashes, before he vanishes the ashes with another wordless commando.

“That's enough!”, sneered Emrys his eyes glowed a darker red as ever before and he secured Neville on his hip before facing DEATH once more.

“How often did we need to tell you, not to let any of those artefacts lying around. This is not a game, even when you seem too bored to use your brain to really think. Summon the other two and remove them forever from this plane. Or I guarantee, I will use your bones to create a new xylophone for my son.”

“YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT, SEVERUS. YOU'RE MUCH TOO NICE FOR SUCH THREATS!”, replied DEATH.
“My name is EMRYS! And don't forget it! You have no right to use my other name! I'm done with playing nicely. Count yourself lucky, that I have another one to finish first, before I'll deal with you!”, sneered Emrys angrily.

“I wouldn't aggravate him. He wanted to vivisect Bella for a minor insult. You're already on very thin ice, DEATH.”, smirked Dracula as he drew his mate back into his arms and tried to calm him down. “Although the duel was very interesting to watch!”, this time he will leave at least one Hickey on Severus' neck.

Voldemort watched their behaviour and decided to summon the other two entities, instead of getting once more on Severus' bad side. He wanted him to forgive his earlier mistakes, which
means he have to kept a tight reign on his emotions, even when he would rather attack the smug vampire who have made everything harder then before.

“Lady Magic and Lady Fate, hear my Plea and come to us, we need your guidance and wisdom!”, intoned Voldemort politely. Anyone who tried to summon one of them and wasn't polite, had regretted it soon afterwards, as they weren't the most merciful or patient persons.

Seconds ticked by as students, staff and S-Unit looked at the tableau in front of them. Would they really come? The two most powerful women who reigned over magic and fate? And what would happen with the headmaster? Most of the students would have denied that their beloved headmaster would do such evil deeds, but the Slytherins and the most reasonable of the Ravenclaws know it better.

Again and again darted the gaze of one of the students to the trio of men and to the toddler on the men in the center of the group. Was this really their Potion Professor, Severus Snape? And who were those two men who had kissed him quite thoroughly in the middle of the Great Hall without a single care?

“As we have to wait a bit longer, would it be possible to retrieve my familiar?”, asked Voldemort his companions. “I'm sure she is very displeased that I haven't retrieved her in the meantime and not even send her a message through our bond.”

“Scared, that she would chew you out?”, inquired Dracula amused. He would enjoyed it to see how this female snake scold the self-styled dark lord in front of so many witnesses.

“Don't listen to him. I'm sure you're not the only one who will have to deal with certain consequences. Let just hope that the Black sisters don't work together or we will regret it sooner or later.”, commented Severus. “Can you not send one of your house elves to fetch her?”, he had stepped out of Dracula's grasp and moved more in the center of the Great Hall so that he could better focus on their next tasks.

“No, I wasn't on one of my estates here, since I had arrived in Britain some days ago.”, admitted Voldemort sheepishly.

“Have you confirmed your titles?”, asked Severus. He was trying to avoid Sneaky, he knew exactly that his house elf wouldn't be pleased with his actions. And she was very creative in punishments, most of them getting approved by Narcissa.
“I have 3 magical titles – Slytherin, Peverell & Gaunt. And surprisingly one mundane one - Baronet Riddle – after my deceased Grandparents. My parents were married before I was born, therefore I inherit everything after their demise.”, explained Voldemort.

“How did you manage Peverell, you're not the only descendant from that family?”, wanted Dracula to know. He had crept slowly nearer to Severus and wanted to try his luck once more. He would really enjoy to leave a clear mark of his ownership on his delicious mate and it would infuriate Voldemort, another reason to do it.

“True, but I am the direct descendant from the second son, and nobody else had claimed it, which makes me head of house of some other families as well. The eldest son didn't have any children, therefore the title could only get to my branch of the family or to the children of the youngest son.”, replied Voldemort, still looking warily at the third member of their future triad. He planned something, he could practically feel it.

“Why don't use one of the Hogwarts' elves?”, suggested Dracula “There is a very eager one, who could help you.”, smirked the vampire.

“We do not call Dobby for anything.”, interrupted Severus him angrily. “Fine, you can use mine, she is already displeased with me. Why not add anything else on top.”

They got once more interrupted by Sneaky, who had suddenly apparated in the Great Hall and looked very displeased at the trio. Her little hands on her hips and scowling threateningly, she began her tirade:

“Bad, very bad, Master Severus. You do not sneak away, when you're core is magically depleted. Should I stick you to your bed again, or let Mistress Narcissa decide over your punishment?”

“I'm fine, Sneaky. As is my magical core, no need to treat me like a naughty toddler.”, growled Severus. “And the name is Emrys, not Severus.”

Sneaky ignored her Master and hit him with one of her own diagnosis spells, which confirms Severus' claims. She looked warily at him and asked disbelievingly:

“How did you manage that, it was almost empty 4 days ago, Master Severus?”

“I won't tell any of my secrets!”, smirked Emrys. “But you can help me with something. The castle
would like to transport a special surprise for our esteemed Headmaster to the Great Hall. Can you please check, if it's already here, Sneaky?", asked Severus, even the biggest Dunderhead in the school couldn't overhear the sarcastic wording of esteemed Headmaster, which he had used mere seconds ago.

“Bad Bed, Daddy?”, asked Neville with a quivering lip.

“Indeed, Neville. We have to show them, what he did to you today, little one. Don't worry, he won't harm you ever again.”, replied Severus as he calmed his son down.

“Well, you can also use her to get the pet of your son back. We had to forget to bring the Draculabunny with us.”, smirked Dracula. “Don't you agree Tommy-boy?”

“Let's talk about this later, much much later.”, murmured Voldemort, while a slight blush tainted his ears red. “How could he have forgotten it, he had gotten access to them in his animagusform. What should he do now? He needed more time so that he can conjure a replica of his animagusform and infuse it with enough of his magical signature, so that neither Severus nor his son would realise that he had tricked them. Severus wouldn't be pleased, when he figured it out. And he couldn't come clean to him, with so many witnesses. I should have obliviated this damned bloodsucker as we were alone in France.”

“Too bad and he had really wanted to use his animagus to get closer to Severus, maybe ogle his mate, when he was naked in the bathroom or slip under his shirt, when he was sleeping.”

“I can bring it back later. You just have to give me the coordinates for your summerhouse, Severus, than I can retrieve it this evening. Would that be an option for you?”, asked Voldemort.

“So selfless, really it's a miracle.”, smirked Dracula. “Are you sure you can trust him enough for such an important errand?”

Neville had turned his head into Voldemort's direction and looked at him with big puppy-dog eyes and quivering lips.

“Or I can go now, really, it's no hardship at all.”, murmured Voldemort. “Please do not cry, now. Be a good boy and do not cry.”, pleaded he silently to the toddler.

Luckily for Voldemort at this moment appeared Lady Magic and Lady Fate into the Great Hall and
drew the attention on themselves. Elegant, but deadly, nobody with an ounce of common sense would even think about aggravating both Goddesses. Those who had dared to do so in the past, have died extremely slowly and in agony.

Emrys left his two mates and kneeled in devotion in front of both breathtaking women. A rare smile was visible on his lips as he greeted them:

“It’s a pleasure to meet you two again, Lady Magic, Lady Fate. How can I serve you once more?”

“You have merged, successfully? Are you willing to be our loyal sentry once more, Emrys?”, asked Lady Magic gracefully.

Lady Fate added: “I do hope you're not too angry with us, Severus. We wanted to do your justice and looked for the best matches for you and your inheritance. We value you too much, to let any mere mortal gets his hands on you, my dear prince Severus.

“It was a shock, I’ll admit it, and time will show if those two are the right ones for me.”, replied Severus as he kissed both on their lilly-white hands, before he raised again.

“And how did you held your control over your magic, Emrys?”, inquired Lady Magic interested.

“It's fine, Occlumency helps, at the moment we don't have the urge do go on any killing sprees or destroy this planet with a single thought, yet.”, smirked Emrys, as the rest of the Great Hall gulped heavily about those implications.

“What have the old coot tried to do to you, Severus?”, wanted Lady Fat to know, she recognise his anger, even as he had concealed it well.

“Why don't I just give you the basic facts of this day, my fair ladies.”, growled Emrys his eyes glowed redder as ever before. “He used his phoenix to abduct my son, put him into a specifically modified toddler bed, just look for yourselves.” The bed appeared out of thin air in the Great Hall, exactly the same as it was in the secret chamber, including the deadly weapon above it.

“I managed to send my son to safety with the gracious help of Lady Hogwarts. He bound me to a bed and wanted to rape me, after force feeding me a lust potion, and used some sex toys on me to get my obedience. The only result, which he will get, was a higher urge of blood lust, and nothing
more. I have used Fiendfyre twice to destroy the chamber and his hidden potions lab, no great loss at all. And I have destroyed his familiar bond to his phoenix, too. I would gladly rip him apart, limb by limb for anything he has done to my son and to me. And no one will stop me for achieving my revenge on him. Be it a mortal or an immortal magical being. He will pay for it!

"sneered Emrys angrily. An Arctic wind swept through Great Hall and solely focused on the old man, he didn't left him alone, before Dumbledore cried out and brought the attention back to him once more.
Dumbledore's true face

Chapter Summary

It is time to deal with the old coot - but nobody of them would have thought something else could happen.

Dumbledore's true face

Silence and anticipation could be felt in the Great Hall. What would happen next? Would they really kill Dumbledore? And would the Headmaster step so low and tried to rape a member of his staff and abduct a toddler?

“Stop, you can't kill me. You need me. I'm the only one, who Riddle feared. Without me, he would attack the school.”, screamed Dumbledore. DEATH had removed the silencing spell, that had been placed on him a few minutes earlier.

“You're wrong, old man.”, smirked Voldemort. “I can guarantee, that he wouldn't even think of attacking the school. After all, why should he attack his real home?”

“He would only have a reason to attack, when you would be so stupid and tried to keep the only person away from him, that could stop this war. The question is, are you such a big oaf, who would risk a war, so that you can deny your own past mistakes?”, asked Voldemort rhetorically.

“Hey Buddy, I'm not sad to say it at all. I have never feared you. However I had other priorities than to deal with you personally, old coot. You know the really important ones, balancing magic, which you almost managed to wipe out. Securing my rather stubborn mate. Researching rituals. And bonding with his son.”

“W-Wh-WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT?”, croaked Dumbledore aghast.

Tom smirked impishly and laughingly announced to the Great Hall: My Name is Tom Marvolo Riddle jr. I am 35 years old and have spend the last few years abroad, because of the misguided war of my beloved late father LORD VOLDEMORT. I am Lord Slytherin, Lord Peverell and Lord Gaunt, not to mention that I am Baronet Riddle.”
“My eyes are this interesting colour, as the result of a ritual going astray. I have come back to Wizarding Britain to finally claim my mate after ensuring the safety of my father's devoted followers. Those who you have demonised. Did you ever had any real proof or was it just your usual modus operandi to getting rid of darker families? Newsflash – it is not forbidden to have a magical tattoo or to still follow the old ways, old man. I have my father's journals who have written everything down. How you have send him willingly back to an abusive orphanage during the Blitz as the Germans dropped bombs on London and other British cities.”

“Justice will be served and we will mete it out, old man!”, stated Lady Magic hauntingly. “But before we do this, I have one question. Neville did you really use your magic to throw desserts on DEATH?”, asked the goddess, while a slight smile was visible on her face.

Neville still securely on his father's hip, smiled impishly and nodded twice to confirmed that he really have flung different desserts on DEATH.

“And why have you done it, child?”, wanted Lady Magic to know. She had a certain assumption, but she wanted it confirmed, before she would let her emotions running wild.

Neville looked her openly in the eyes and said: “He was a big meanie to my Daddy. Nobody is mean to my Daddy! Tom suggested, that I should use some of the desserts to teach him a lesson.”

“Really? I am not surprised at all. Tom you should know better than to encourage a child to do something like that. How old are you? This is childish, my dear child.”, chided him Lady Magic.

“She is right, you shouldn't teach young ones to play pranks with magic. And I have the slight feeling it wasn't accidental at all.”, admonished them Lady Fate who included all persons who are at the moment in the Great Hall in this warning.

“I like Tom. We can speak in our secret language and nobody can understand what we say, except Daddy.”, interrupted them Neville happily.

“Why should this be a big deal, who want to communicate with snakes and dragons?”, muttered Vlad annoyed. He was bored and he would like to ravish his mate rather sooner then later, but first they had to deal with the old coot, before he could ensnare Severus once more.

“And that's from someone, whose name can be either translated with Dragon or with Devil.”, taunted him Voldemort. His pride and ego was very happy after the public declaration that Neville liked him. Maybe he can convince the little boy to say, he would like him best from all other
besides of his daddy. Anything that would ensure that Severus forgive him his past transgressions.

Dumbledore still tried to get free from this binding and cursed inwardly. This shouldn't be happening. Severus should have been his, and no one should ever learned the truth. He remember the time, after he had killed Ariana, it was just his luck, that nobody of the light side ever know the truth. And Aberforth couldn't tell it, he had cursed him so badly, that he would be unable to convince anyone about the true personality of Albus Dumbledore.

He had agreed to be the vessel of one of the most dangerous demons of hell—\textit{Malphas} — he would be able to change the tide to his favour once more. Why should he care that he will lose Hogwarts, when he only got his prize. Yes, it was time to became one with the demon and then nobody would be able to stop them.

Severus had softly spoken to his son and asked him to go back to Draco, so that he would be save from any magical backlash. Neville agreed after kissing his father once more softly on his cheek and apparated back on Draco's lap.

A mighty roar could be heard in the Great Hall and instead of the old man – stood a young man in his 30s, a cruel smile on his face, with cold blue eyes and in his hand a demonic fire whip.

“Have you already forgotten me, I have just bought my time, dearies. Now I will get my prize and you will learn the real meaning of fear.”

“\textit{MALPHAS},” growled DEATH he had recognised his old enemy as soon as he had changed in his usual form.

“Yes, I'm back! Do you really think, I would be defeated so easily? My dear boy, what have I told you, would happen, when you dared to defy me? Doesn't matter, you will learn the consequences of your folly, soon enough, my dear boy.”, cackled the demon as his whip slung itself on Severus' neck and draw the young Stormdragon to the demon. Acidic claws destroyed his shirt and his trousers, while the demon relish in the fear of his hostage.

“I think I will take you right here, in front of them all. It's your own fault, and maybe I'll take your godson next. As part of your penance, my dear boy. Scream for me, and if you're lucky I could be merciful to your snakes. You will never be free again. I will kill your mates in front of your eyes, before you even know that you lost them forever. I should have taken you decades ago, as I have done it with Tom, as he attended this school. But Sirius Black had destroyed my chance. Azkaban was not to mild for this transgression, my dear boy.”
This was a nightmare and it should end now, in that point was Severus & Emrys in agreement. Which sort of spell could be used on a demon, yes – that could even work. He kicked the demon into his groin and used a non-verbal *Aguamenti* on the whip, that was still slung on his neck. She cooled off and Emrys apparated a few meters away from the still raging demon. He removed the whip and banished it. He held his empty hands in the direction of the fiend and screamed one word – which shouldn't be used lightly, as nothing else was so destructive—“**DESTROYARE**” - and it hit the demon direct into his heart. He exploded in minor shards, which had been collected by the Triad of Magic, Fate & DEATH in an indestructible jar. They would ensure that he will never come back ever again and would suffer for the rest of his life the full rage of the triad.

The young stormdragon – Emrys – was overtired, yes they have finished the old man, but he would have no problem to let his other half Severus deal with the aftermath, he want to go back to sleep. Severus felt, how his darker half drew back deep inside in his mind and his eyes changed their colour once more – a deep onyx, with a light ring of red around the iris, showed that the Stormdragon gone back to sleep once more.

He stumbled and would have fallen, but his mates react quickly and stabilised him from each side. Both had been worried, that the demon would harm their mate, but Severus had spectacularly dealt with this risk.

“Sleep, Sev. You have done more than enough.”, whispered Tom in his ear. Tiredly nodded Severus and closed his eyes.

“I will bring him to his chambers, as I'm sure you do not know where they're located.”, told Tom Dracula.

“As you wish, just ensure that he will sleep without nightmares. Dreamless sleep should be best.”, agreed Dracula. They had almost lost their mate to this demon. How had he managed to fight against him and win? He had only come in his powers shortly ago and he wasn't completely grounded, yet. He knew that they would have to wait. Thanks to this old coot – who would have thought, that he would be the vessel of a demon? - Severus was back at square one – mistrusting anyone, who tried to get into his pants.

Tom waited patiently as Dracula placed their precious mate in his arms and then turned to left the room. As Minerva stopped him:

“One word of warning, Tom. Hurt him and I will end you.”, growled Minerva angrily.

“I'm touched, Minnie. Why should I hurt him? He is my Precious. I would destroy this world, should he wish it, but I have no intention of hurting him. You have my word, old biddy.”, smirked Tom.
“I know who you are, Tom.”, said Minerva with clenched teeth.

“Really? And who am I?”, asked Voldemort rhetorically.

“A wannabe Dark Lord, who needs a special appointment with a wooden spoon.”, replied Minerva. “Who had declared that you're the right choice of him, had to have lost his mind.”

“Hm, interesting – so you would say that Magic, Fate & DEATH are a bunch of lunatics?”, commented Tom drily. He enjoyed to rile up his old classmate. He had enjoyed it during his school days and now it was even more hilarious.

“Apologise, Tom. Or we will punish you for certain trinkets.”, admonished him Lady Magic.

Tom's face lost his colour and he answered: “Yes, my Lady. I apologise, Professor McGonnagall. It wasn't justified to make fun of you. Can I go now? I want him to rest proper, without having my stubborn mate bound to his bed.”

“You can go, but heed our warnings, Tom.”, dismissed him Lady Fate.

“Always, my fair ladies. Goodbye.”, said Tom as he left the Great Hall with his precious cargo in his arms. He could apparate directly to Severus' chambers, hm better only nearby, to avoid unfriendly surprises.

Voldemort was surprised as he could enter Severus' chambers without any troubles, maybe the castle had sense his goodwill and chosen to help him a bit. Whatever he was just glad, that they would never see Dumbledore ever again. He laid him softly on his bed and accioed a healing cream and a dreamless sleep to help his mate over the aftershock of his latest ordeal.

He could have lost him, when Malphas/Dumbledore would have gotten their wish. However Severus had dealt so quickly and finally with him, he was still in awe, what for power slumbers into his precious mate.

“I will protect you, Severus. I will never let anyone else harm you ever again.”, whispered he in Severus' ear and kissed him softly on his lips, before he switched off the lights. He went back to
the living room and laid down on the couch. Sleep would be nice, and maybe after they have both rested, they could talk about their future.
Chapter Summary

How will Hogwarts deal with the aftermath of the duel & the demise of Albus Dumbledore? Who will be the new headmaster of Hogwarts? And will they be able to prevent Dolores Umbridge from taking Severus and Neville away from Hogwarts? What had Peeves planned for the pink toad and her companions?

Chapter Notes

A/N: Standard Disclaimer is still valid - I only own the plot of my stories, some of the spells & Potions & of course my OCs. I do not own HP, or it would have ended differently.

Who will be the new Headmaster after the unexpected demise of Albus Dumbledore? And how will S-Unit and the students and members of the staff react on these revelations? What sort of punishment will be Narcissa Black doling out for the rebellious Potions Master?

Aftermath

The Great Hall was still in shock about everything that had occurred in the last hour. It was too much to digest for them. Dumbledore had been the host for a demon? Who were the two companions of their Potions Professor?

Marten had whispered to Wolf, that he would inform Colonel Merryweather and ask him to come as soon as possible to Hogwarts. Only the Colonel would be able to make a wise decision. They would have try to find a new Headmaster or Headmistress before someone informed the Ministry about the unexpected vacancy.

And what should happen to the two toddlers in the Hospital Wing. Hermione Granger and Harry Potter were now de-aged, nobody could say if it was permanent as it had happened to Neville Longbottom. And if they had to grow up once more. Should that be the case, then they would need suitable guardians for those de-aged students.
It was pure chaos, hopefully their superior had a solution for these problems. Tigress hadn't been with them, instead she had spend time with Poppy and the two toddlers in the hospital wing.

“What a mess”, groaned Wolf. He would have preferred to ensure that Panther get a full check-up by one of their Meds, before the Colonel lectured him once more about unnecessary risks and there like.

Filius had recognized as one of a few the demonic whip, which Dumbledore had used on Severus. His Goblin clan had a very broad knowledge about weapons of any kind, which came in handy, he would need to contact his clan and ask for a medical remedy. Severus had been injured by the demonic whip, those whips were the worst of all weapons a demon can use on his opponents. Oh, he had almost forgotten that Severus had been injured as well by the acidic claws of the demon - what was his name – Malphas – that didn't bode well.

Wolf had silently ordered Draco to him. And the teenager obeyed, still carrying the toddler on his hip.

“I want you two go directly to the Hospital Wing and report to Tigress. And ensure that the little one will get a check-up from the nurse, too.”, commanded Wolf calmly.

“Aye, Sir. We’ll go at once.”, replied Draco automatically saluting to Wolf with his right hand, while the left hand hold the toddler on his hip, before he left the Great Hall. He was very worried about his Godfather. As the whip slung around Severus' neck his heart had stood still. He realised after everything was over, that he could have lost his godfather to this demonic fiend.

At the Ministry Dolores Umbridge had followed the instructions of her old and new Master – Lord Augustus Prince - she should take a couple of Aurors and bring Severus Snape to the Ministry as soon as possible. He and his son have to be taken at once in protective custody, while Minister Fudge would contact Lord Prince so that he would have the chance to talk with his stubborn grandson and heir on neutral ground.

She and Fudge should used the next session of the Wizengamot to propose a new law, that would automatically gain custody of all male bearer in Wizarding Britain for the Minister, when their Head of House haven't got access to them. The Ministry had the most important task to find the best spouse for each and every male bearer. And to place an invisible and eternal tracking charm on all Male Bearer for their own protection.

Dolores couldn't stop herself from giggling like a school girl, as she imagined how grateful the
young Potions Master would be, after they showed him the error of his ways. He shouldn't be anywhere near the old coot.

Marten had in the meantime successfully contacted Colonel Merryweather and the Colonel had agreed to come at once to Hogwarts. He wanted to get a clearer picture from this mess and to speak with his team and of course with Severus.

“We will go immediately to Hogwarts. Marten, you will brief S-Unit about the new orders. I want either the doc of S-unit or the mediwitch at Hogwarts do a very thorough check-up of Panther. You and Wolf will sit together and make a surveillance plan, and at least 2 of you will patrol the grounds and the castle, to ensure the safety of staff and students.”

“Yes, Colonel. Should I fetch the doc, as well? Panther could never stand him, he hated his regularly check-ups, Sir.”, inquired Marten.

“Fetch him, I'm sure the mediwitch will be pleased about the additional support. Hopkins is a good man, most of the times. Especially when she have to tend for two toddlers. Who have supported her with those little ones?”, asked the Colonel interested into learning more about the accident.

“Tigress, Colonel. She always had a talent for child care.”, smirked Marten.

Colonel Merryweather nodded and was already on the way to the apparition spot, while Marten fetched Hopkins and his medical bag. Everyone of them had a special portkey, that brought them directly to the Great Hall. Should the colonel be worried about it, then he didn't tell it his subordinates.

“Hey, Colonel. Everything is under control.”, grinned Wolf. “What a pity, that you couldn't see the dinner entertainment, which Panther had provided for us.”
Peeves floated into the Great Hall and was accompanied by the portrait from Phineas Black, which he had carried in his arms.

“Pink Toady is coming to Hogwarts to take away Potions Master and little Master. She is working for evil Lord Prince. He controls Pink Toady and Minister with dark spells. He had them signed a contract with a blood quill.”

“I can confirm everything, Colonel. I have heard them talk about their plans. Augustus Prince would like to control Potions Master Snape and he isn't willing to give up. He was never a nice nor a good man. His own children have feared him. I know that his daughter Eileen had even used a spell, that had cost her dearly, just to ensure that he wouldn't be able to track Severus.”, reported the former Headmaster Phineas Black.

“That's not good at all. How is he at the moment?”, asked Colonel Merryweather aggravated.

“He was overtired, Lord Slytherin had suggested that he will dose him with dreamless sleep, after the duel, that happened earlier in the evening, Colonel.”

“I do not want him to be left alone. At least two of you, should stand on guard near his chambers. As I know him quite well, he will have some tricky wards in place. Wolf, take a couple of men and guard the infirmary as well. Where is his son?"

“I have send him with Peacock's son to the infirmary, Colonel. He looked a bit shaken. He's a good kid, but not used to our line of work, yet.”
“All students have return at once to their common room, where their dinner will be served. All common rooms will be placed under lock down, until the danger is stopped. The adults will accompany us to the teachers’ lounge for a war council. Peeves, you got free hand to welcome the Pink Toady. Nothing lethal, but the message should come across.”

Peeves somersaulted 3 times loudly whooping, before he left the Great Hall, leaving the portrait of Phineas Black behind. He wanted to use a prank, he had seen in a movie some years ago. In the late 1980s a small group of Ravenclaws and Slytherins have managed to adapt a room in the lower dungeons, so that you can watch TV or listen to music. Instead of electricity, it runs with the help of advanced runes and magic. This room was a hidden jewel, where Slytherins and Ravenclaws could meet and spend time with each other. Only those who have passed their entrance tests, got the secret password and the access to a whole new world. The Poltergeist spend many days and nights in it, he enjoyed the horror films, but the comedies as well. And “Carrie” was his all-time favourite followed closely by “Drop dead Fred”.
This was the reason, why he flew to the kitchen to convince the house elves to fill him at least two buckets with red food dye. He would place it over the entrance, and when the pink toady enter, it would hit her and trench her distasteful clothes in food dye. Maybe he could get one of the house elves on his side, so that he got pictures from this remarkable prank. It was worth a try.

Colonel Merryweather looked up and saw the strange trio near the dais of the professor's table. “Who are you three? You look very suspicious.”, asked the Colonel.

Lady Magic and her two companions smiled, before she replied:

“You do not need to know, Colonel. Au revoir!” , and the trio vanished suddenly from the Great Hall. Only a slight breeze could be felt, which left the Colonel fuming, but he couldn't do anything do at the moment. Panther aka Severus Snape-Prince, couldn't be interrogated at the moment. They would have to wait for this until the next morning.

And those magical folk, don't care to give any straight answers, when they could speak in riddles, sometimes he just wanted to scream and rant. But he had a better control about his own emotions. And he wouldn't sink on their mediocre level. He swore under his breath as he pinched the bridge of his nose. Yes, it was a bad day and who knows what comes next. They would need a new headmaster or headmistress, before the Ministry learns about the unexpected vacancy.

Colonel Merryweather growled as he walked into the teacher lounge, and he was suddenly enclosed in a bright light, and a happy female laughter could be heard, that greeted him:

“Welcome, Headmaster Merryweather. I wish you good luck with this job, you're going to need it.” - Lady Hogwarts had made her decision and she was final. The sentient castle know, that Minerva enjoyed teaching too much, to become Headmistress and the other heads of House wouldn't want to
let their students without guidance in this trying time.

Remus Lupin could be eventually trained to become Head of Gryffindor, after he had proven himself worthy, but this would be a long way. He would have to take his Wolfsbane on his own, without reminding from a third person – be it professor or house elf. Stop bullying, no matter the house and openly admitted his own shortcomings and crimes as a student at Hogwarts.

They interrogated Dracula, but the vampire smirked and refused to tell them much, except the fact, that Severus was his true mate. This was the reason, why he tried to protect him, with more or less success. Normally he had opted for a classical courting, but the actions of the Death Eaters have complicated it unnecessarily. He had grown up in Romania and had attended a military school in his youth. He may belong to the Romanian nobility, but he seldom used his title, anything else wasn't he willing to answer, except to confirm that he was a vampire and followed a special diet.

After the interrogation they discussed for the next hours about the steps to ensure the safety of Hogwarts, the staff and the students. As the chime could be heard, Minerva and Colonel Merryweather left the teacher lounge to go to their hiding place near the entrance Hall. And Dracula greeted them politely, before he used his bloodtracking to find the way to the chambers of his mate. He was overjoyed, even as he didn't showed it outwardly, as the wards allowed him to enter.

Vlad walked into Severus' bedroom and sat down on the bed, where his mate lay asleep. Without a moment of hesitation he removed his shoes, his shirt and his trousers and laid them on a stool beside the west wall of the room. He went into the bathroom, finished his ablutions before coming back and cuddled his sleeping mate to his chest. He calmed himself down as he hummed a Romanian lullaby and stroke softly over Severus' body.

Draco and Neville had reached their destination – the Hospital Wing at Hogwarts and were greeted happily by the two toddlers Harry and Hermione. Tigress and Madame Pomfrey have very carefully managed to convince little Harry, that he wasn't a freak, but a lovely little boy, who deserves happiness as much as any other child. He and Hermione had been seated on a very comfortable, colourful baby mat and played with blocks. Hermione or Lyra, as she wanted to be called, had chosen blocks with big letters on it. She tried to create words, although Draco gulped heavily as he read which word the little girl have managed to spell out CRUCIO, where had she even heard this word? He was baffled and a bit scared. In her current age the similarity to his slight insane aunt Bellatrix wasn't possible to overlook, but it still left open questions. How had she ended up with Muggles? Did his Aunt and his Uncle knows about it? What would happen to her, shouldn't they be able to re-age them properly.

She talked about “Mummy”, “Uncle Tom”, “Uncle Rab” and “Secrets”, which worried Draco. What did she meant with it?
Harry played with the simpler blocks, built houses and towers, but he was very happy, that nobody scolded him for being a bad boy, nor take away the toys. They had been fed well and both women hadn't hold back with praises, when they toddlers did what they have been told to do.

As a shadow fell on the play mat, the little boy looked up and saw a bigger blond boy, who had a toddler on his hip. He smiled at him and ruffled his hair softly, before he asked the toddler, if he wanted to play with Harry, while Draco would talk with the grown-ups.

The teenager drew his wand and erected a silencing spell around the three children. It would be better when they couldn't eavesdropped on their conversation. As Draco couldn't be sure how much of their old life they could still remember. Better safe then sorry thought the young Slytherin.

“What has happened in the Great Hall this evening, Mr. Malfoy?”, asked Madame Pomfrey. She had already with Tigress' help fed the two toddlers and handed a plate with apple slices to Neville, followed by a sippy cup of cold milk. The toddler thanked her politely before he munched on his
snack. He was a bit worried about his daddy, but he did trust Draco and Tom to protect him.

Draco opened his mouth to answered, as the floo flared up and Tom stepped out. With the help of a vial of dreamless sleep he had gotten his future bondmate to sleep, after he had bathed him and changed his clothes to a pair of green pyjama bottoms, which covered his black boxershorts. Only after he had ensured that he couldn't fell out of his bed and slept without any sign of discomfort, did he left him to retrieve Neville.

“Oh, excuse me. I only wanted to retrieve Neville, so that he can sleep near his daddy.”, murmured Tom embarrassed. He hadn't expected so many people in the Hospital Wing.

Lyra had heard his voice and looked up at the strange man, before she squealed happily and toddled to him. With the help of his leg, she managed to keep her balance. She fixed him with a glare and demanded:

“Up, Uncle Tom. Now!”, and tossed her arms in his direction.

Speechless stared Tom at the little girl. How did his goddaughter ended up here? She should be in her teens now, but somehow she had become a toddler once more. Did Bellatrix know that her daughter was here? “Great Merlin, what a mess.”, thought Tom as he automatically obeyed and flung her twice in the air, before he cradled her to his chest.

“Er, where would those two slept for the night?”, asked Draco, he was glad over the short break, and he didn't want to discuss anything, when the toddler were still nearby.

“Hm, why do we not take them to the chambers of your godfather, Dragon?”, suggested Tom, after adjusting the little girl on his hip.

“Is that wise? After all that happened, Uncle Sev should get the time to rest.”, said Draco doubtful.

“No need to worry, Draco. He is asleep at the moment. I have dosed him with a vial of dreamless sleep and will spend the night in his chambers. And I'm sure that the vampire will soon come to us, after their discussion. We only need to transfigure or conjure some toddler beds, I have his bed already warded, so Neville could sleep with him, should he wished it.”, explained Tom patiently.

“Maybe that would be the best solution. However all 4 of them have to be here tomorrow at 8 a.m sharp for a check-up. And I want a complete report of what happened this evening in the Great
“As you wish, Madame. Can we bath them here? It would save a lot of time, and it would be better if we eat with them dinner, first, before we used the floo for the trip.”, asked Tom.

“I'll order something to dinner for us and the toddlers. One of you can conjure the table and anything else we need for our little get together.”, proposed Tigress as she went to the floo and ordered food and beverages for 3 adults, 1 teenager and 3 toddlers to be delivered to the Hospital Wing as soon as possible.

Madame Pomfrey nodded approvingly, in the short time as she had known Tigress, she had really liked what she saw. This young woman seems to know what to do and didn't shy back from any menial task. She has told her a bit about herself, S-Unit and of course her friendship with Severus. She conjured a table and 7 chairs - 3 high chairs and 4 normal ones. Draco helped her to prepare the table and the chairs, before he seated Neville in a high chair on his right and Harry Potter in the high chair on his left.

Tom had put Hermione in the last free high chair and sit down beside herself and Neville. After a quick nod, Draco took his place between Harry and Neville, while Madame Pomfrey sat on Harry's other side and Tigress took the last free place at the table.

They enjoyed a peaceful dinner and afterwards they embrace their fate and bathed the three toddler. This task fell to Tom and Tigress, who had their hands full with lively toddlers, while Draco informed Madame Pomfrey about anything that had happened at Hogwarts during the day.

After hearing that Severus had been injured by the demonic whip, which Dumbledore or Malphas as he had called himself has wielded, Pomfrey couldn't suppress a shudder. Her determination was unbroken, she wanted to give him a through check-up on the next day and told Draco it was his task to convince his stubborn godfather to agree to it. He should invite his mother as well. Woman Power could be the only solution to convince Severus to be reasonable about it.

Especially as Poppy was very sure, that Narcissa would give him her two knuts about his disappearing act, the interaction with those two strangers and not to forget, that he tried to duel a powerful demon only a few days, after he had almost completely emptied his magical core. Oh yes, it was overdue, that they read the Potions Master the riot act.

Peeves and the Bloody Baron had hidden near the entrance to the Castle. The new headmaster and his deputy waited in an alcove on the other side of the hall, while the rest of the teacher and the second stranger (Dracula) were still cooped up in the teacher's lounge.
The Baron had made himself invisible he would only act, after Peeves had started his prank. He had given his own task to ensure that the pink toad failed. Severus Snape and his son would stay at Hogwarts and the ministry wouldn't be able to change it.

They didn't have to wait long, as the pink toad entered with the squadron of Aurors at 9 p.m – Amelia Bones had delayed the warrant, which allowed to take Severus Snape-Prince and his son Neville into protective custody for as long as possible. However more than 12 hours weren't possible, or the pink toad would realise that they tried to hoodwink her and her goons.

With the loud sound from the clock tower, which had been located near the Astronomy tower, the game was on. Dolores Umbridge entered the school, gleeful, without knowing that she would only enter the stage of her biggest humiliation in her entire career. The content of the two bucket hid the pink toad fully, and splashed partly on her entourage.

Dolores screamed like a banshee, while the baron used the distraction to remove the warrant from her robe and flew invisible to the nearest fireplace to burn it to ashes. She hadn't even realised that somebody had taken the important document from her.

Peeves somersaulted at least 2 dozen times in the air, he hadn't had so much fun in ages, and the red food dye could only improve the looks of the pink toad, when you asked him for his opinion.

Colonel Merryweather and Professor McGonnagall stepped into the entrance hall and looked silently at the result of Peeves' latest prank in front of them. Both have hidden a smile behind their strict façade, although they would cherish this memory for years to come.

“Good evening, may I learn, why you consider it important to disturb us to this late hour?”, asked the Colonel politely.

“Who are you?”, inquired Madame Umbridge annoyed.

“This is headmaster Merryweather, the former Headmaster Albus Dumbledore has suddenly met his demise. Therefore he would have been chosen to take the leadership for our school.”, replied Minerva coldly.

“What? Why haven't we been informed about this?”, screeched Madame Umbridge.

“As I said it was very sudden. It has occurred a few hours prior to this meeting, Madame.”, 
answered Minerva.

“Why are you here, Madame?”, asked the Colonel.

“I have come to take Potions Master Severus Snape-Prince and his son into protective custody. After hearing the news, that those garish Death Eater and their despicable leader once more trying to destroy our home country, it isn’t safe for him here anymore. The Minister in his vast wisdom had decided that it would be better for Professor Snape and his son to be hidden at a safe location, which will be only known to a small circle of insider.”, explained Madame Umbridge.

“I don’t think so, or do you really are as daft as you look, Madame?”, refused the Colonel her wish.”

“Who do you think you are?”, screamed Dolores. “I haven a warrant to take them both with me. Look for yourself you brute.” But as she tried to find the warrant, she only touched empty air inside the pocket of her robe.

“If I were you, Madame, then I would leave, before Hogwarts will evict you and your goons violently. Severus Snape-Prince and his son will stay here, except they want to leave of their own free will. This you can tell your precious Minister, Madame. Go, before I sic our Poltergeist on you. I will count on three and should you still be here, he wouldn’t hold back any longer. 1 … 2….”

“How dare you. You will pay for this audacity. I will come again and then you will all obey the Ministry.”, threaten Dolores them, before she turned in a huff and left with the Squadron of Aurors Hogwarts.

“Well done, Peeves. We should go to bed. It was a long day.”, decided Colonel Merryweather. Minerva agreed and both went separate ways.

After bathing the toddler and changed them into their nightclothes, they had brought the three toddlers via Floo into Severus’ chambers. Lady Hogwarts had already expanded the bedroom and even prepared three toddler beds for the little children. Tom and Tigress put them to rest, while Tigress left soon after.

Tom closed the floo for the night and changed into his nightclothes, before he snuggled into the bed on Severus’ other side and snuggled closer to him. Within minutes he slept as well, and you could only hear a soft breathing from the occupants of the bedroom.
A/N: What will happen next? How will Severus react to finding not only three toddlers into his bedroom, but the two men, who claimed to be his mates – one dark lord and one vampire in his bed and at his side? Will Minerva be a part of the group of women who read Severus the riot act? And how will they punish him for his latest antics?
Chapter Summary

Ron gets an Howler from his Mother. Will he learn from his mistakes or is it hopeless? How react the student and staff on Peeves' prank against the pink toad? Who are the two shadowy figures who eavesdropped on the conversations in the Great Hall? And for whom do they work?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 37 - A Howler for Ron

At the next morning Ron sat with Ginny and the twins at breakfast in the Great Hall, as he gulped heavily. The elderly owl, Errol, from his family flattered into the Hall a red envelope in his beak.

The young boy began to shake, he had thought, he would have gotten clemency and that Madame Pompfrey and his Head of House wouldn't inform his parents about the latest episode of the Golden Trio.

His mother has threaten him with her wooden spoon should he ever again dare to brew secretly in the abandoned girl's bathroom on the 2nd floor. He had ignored it and was responsible that Harry and Hermione were deaged to toddlers. Nothing that Madame Pomfrey and Tigress had tried, had been successful. Even as they had managed to save a sample of the potion, it wasn't clear if it would be enough.

Their Potions Professor would study it thoroughly and St. Mungo's would do the same, to ensure that nothing could be missed to solve that dilemma.

Errol dropped the howler in front of Ron and slumped on the table, where the twins gave him to eat and to drink. They would need a new owl, but they do not have the financial means. The trip to Egypt has almost cost the whole prize-money that Arthur Weasley has won by the Daily Prophet, not to mention the fine he had to pay for the unauthorised tampering with their old family car.

Before Ron could even grab the letter, had it opened itself and strongly amplified could everyone hear Molly Weasley's shrieking.
RONALD BILIUS WEASLEY, HOW DARE YOU TO ENDANGER YOU TWO BEST FRIENDS. REPEATEDLY ILLEGAL BREWING IN A GIRL'S TOILET AT HOGWARTS. HOW COULD YOU SHAME ME AND YOUR FATHER SO MUCH, RONALD?

DO YOU NEVER LISTEN TO THE LECTURES OF YOUR POTIONS PROFESSOR. POTIONS ARE NO GAME, RONALD. I HAVE WARNED YOU AGAIN AND AGAIN, BUT YOU SEEM NOT BE ABLE TO LISTEN TO ANYTHING I HAVE SAID TO YOU.

THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING, THE NEXT TIME YOU STEP ONLY ONE TOE OUT OF LINE, YOU WILL BE REMOVED FROM HOGWARTS AND SHIPPED OF TO YOUR AUNT MURIEL. SHE COULD NEED A NEW MANSERVANT AND THE FEW HOUSEHOLD SPELLS SHOULD EVEN YOU BE ABLE TO MASTER WITHIN TIME.

YOU HAVE INJURED YOU TWO BEST FRIENDS, RONALD! BOTH ARE DEAGED AND SHOULD THEY BE UNLUCKY IT COULD BE PERMANENT. WHY CAN'T YOU BE MORE LIKE PERCY, CHARLES OR WILLIAM. THEY HAVE NEVER BE SO TROUBLESOME. SHAPE UP, RONALD OR YOU WILL BE LIVING WITH AUNT MURIEL."

AND WHEN I ONLY GET ONE MORE NEGATIVE RESPONSE FROM ONE OF YOUR PROFESSORS REGARDING YOUR ATTITUDE, THEN YOU WILL MEET ONCE MORE WITH MY WOODEN SPOON.

IT SEEMS PROFESSOR SNAPE HAD MADE THE RIGHT DECISION NOT TO TEACH ANY MORE VOLATILE POTIONS IN CLASS, WHEN YOU ATTEND IT. BEHAVE RON OR I WILL PUT YOU OVER MY KNEE!

Percy, I am very proud on your performance as a prefect, keep up the good work son. Fred & George, your Potions Professor have written that you have managed to create your first own potion, and he found it adequate. Ginny, lovely greetings from your father and myself. Goodbye, Mother.

The Howler greeted nicely the other Weasleys, before it destroyed itself. Ron groaned, it couldn't be glossed over. His mother was furious and when he wouldn't be very careful than she would really come to school with her feared wooden spoon.

He didn't need another encounter with it. Why did she single him out? The twins pranked almost everyone at Hogwarts and experimented with Potions as well, but she didn't send them any howlers. Life was so unfair. Even when it wasn't one of his glorious moments, to run away from
the scene of crime, as the botched potion deaged his two best friends.

He wasn't like Hermione, he wouldn't be able to stop it, but that's no reason to send him another howler. Or threaten him with sending him to Aunt Muriel. Ron tried to calm his conscience, without much success as he stuffed his face full of food. He had always feared Aunt Muriel, she was a hag and enjoyed to work them to the bone. Whenever one of them had gone too far, they would be send to her to be sorted out once more. And she had often complained about their high number of siblings. And offered to take one or two as her servants. She would buy them for the sum of 100 Galleons, each, and ensure that they would be perfectly educated menservants, after 3 years.

Aunt Muriel was a demanding and dominating elderly woman. She demands that everyone should be able to read and write. Basic knowledge of household charms and potions. And not to forget, perfect manners. Anyone who overstep boundaries got punished severely. The servants got 1 day each week free for their own leisure, when they have been good. Even a guest would have been observed closely. And as a servant you have to own the right to carry a wand. Misbehave and the wand would be taken away for the rest of the week, while extra chores would be added to the daily list.

Ron would do anything to avoid that fate. Even snogging one of those slimy Slytherin cows. He could only hope that his mother would soon forget her anger and let him from the hook once more. As Aunt Muriel demand her menservants to be clad in short maroon tunics. The hair have to be cut in military style and the servants have to follow her diet plans.

The twins couldn't believe their ears. They have never seen their mother so furious. Not even as they tried to get Ron do make an unbreakable vow, had she been so angry. And she would do it, that wasn't even a question for the twins. Ron was on very thin ice, and either he learned from his mistakes, or he would ended his school career in his third year. Aunt Muriel was a real house dragon and very unforgiving even for minor transgressions.

She would work him to the bone, Ron should call himself lucky, that she wouldn't consider sending him to one of the Magical Military schools on the continent. Uncle Bilius had it once recommended for them, as he meant they were all unruly hellions, except Charlie, Bill & Percy.

“Should we speak with him about it, Forge?”, asked Fred his twin brother.

“Dunno, Gred. The howler was very clear – let's hope Ron had gotten the message. Or dear Ronniekins, will end up either as a manservant for dear Aunt Muriel or as a new student for the Magical Military Academy at the end of the term.”, replied George.
“She was so furious, Ron should be lucky, when she hasn't informed Charlie & Bill, or they would blow a gasket. I haven't forgotten second year. Charlie was so angry, you could literally see the smoke steaming from his ears. As he had learned that Ron's idea was to flew to school with Dad's car, instead of using Harry's owl to send a message.”, admitted Fred warily.

“No wonder, maybe we can make him see the light at the end of the tunnel. Hey, we should ask, if Pomfrey was able to re-age them.”, suggested George jovially.

“Dunno, they would have both been here, when she was successful. We should pester Professor Snape to allow us as witnesses, while he take a closer look at the sample of the potion.”, grinned Fred slightly.

“I don't think, that it will work, Gred, those two guys from yesterday wouldn't let anyone near him, without a very good reason. They give me the creeps.”, shuddered George, as he remembered their icy glares at the audience.

“Yes, you're right. By the way, Lee, have you heard what Peeves have done to this pink toad, yesterday?”", inquired Fred.

“No, I haven't heard anything. Spill the beans, Gred.”, replied Lee interested in the latest gossip.

“Well, that pink toad, Umbridge, Umbitch or something like that, had come with a group of Aurors to take our Potions Professor and his adopted son into protective custody. When you want to believe such crap.”, explained Fred Weasley smirkingly.

“And what happened?”, asked Angelina, who sat next to the twins, as the rest of the Gryffindor Quidditch team, with the sole exception of their deaged seeker.

“Peeves had filled two buckets with a red liquid, I can't even said, what it was. But it was very slimy and sticky. As she entered the castle, she was hid directly and trenched in the red stuff. Peeves laughed so much, that he developed a hiccup, that wouldn't left him for hours. While the bloody Baron had turned invisible and snatched the warrant from her bag and flew with it to the next fireplace, where he burned it instantly. And as she tried to get her will, the new Headmaster denied the request, as she didn't have anything written with her and told her, she should go, before he would evict them forcefully.”, told George, who hadn't gotten so much fun for ages.

“She screeched like a banshee and threaten to come back soon, and he shouldn't even dare to refuse the Ministry. The Minister would know what would be best for our Potions Professor. And nobody
have the right to interfere with the Ministry.”, added Fred, as he imitated the pink toad.

“I wished, that I could have seen it.”, said Alicia dreamily. “It's too bad, that we can't get a memory from this happy occurrence and project it this evening during dinner in the Great Hall, so that we all can have our fun with it.”

“Why not? We only need the memory, a pensieve and a sort of projector to throw it on the wall of the Great Hall. I'll go and speak with Professor Flitwick and Professor McGonnagall about it.”, murmured George as he stood up and went over to the dais to speak with the two heads of house.

“Cool, a movie night, let's ask the house elves for snacks and drinks.”, grinned Fred, which got shouts of joy from his fellow Gryffindors, except his still moody looking brother Ron.

10 minutes later George came back to the table and said joyfully:

“We got the permission for it, they had already secured the memory and Professor Flitwick will prepare anything for tonight. This will be fantastic. I can't wait to see it. Dad can't stand the pink toad and he would be more than happy to never see her ever again.”

The bell rung and showed the end of the breakfast period. All students stood up, grabbed their school bags and satchels and left for their classes. Tonight would be very interesting and they didn't know that Professor Flitwick had with the help of S-Unit and of the two mysterious companions of Severus plan something else, too.

It was just too bad that nobody had seen the two shadowy figures, who had eavesdropped on this conversation.

“Master will be very pleased. We can slip in tonight and abduct his grandson.”, smirked the first shadow icily.

“Indeed, how lucky for us, that he had been injured the day before and will be weakened a bit longer. Should we grab his brat, too?”, asked the second shadow.

“Would be better. A leverage to ensure that he will follow our instructions. You have the sedative with you? And the cuffs? We shouldn't underestimate him or it could be our downfall. The Master wants him on the estate on Samhain at the latest. We won't fail our mission.”, growled the first shadow aggressively.
“Exactly, failure is no option. Inform the others, we have still to find his quarters, to ensure that we can grab both, before anyone can stop us.”, confirmed his partner.

“Let’s go scouting. The dungeons are tricky to manoeuvre.”, warned the first shadow warily.

Both men nodded and vanished into the shadows once more.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Who are those two shadowy figures and who is their mysterious master. Will they be caught, before they can fulfil their mission?
Dealing with unwelcomed bed guests

Chapter Summary

Severus wake up in a very unusual situation and planned to teach these two infuriating men a lesson, they wouldn't be able to forget anytime soon. After receiving a message from an old friend, he planned a little trip with the 3 toddlers to his friends.

As they eat in the kitchen of Hogwarts, they encounter Lady Hogwarts, who informed them about the medical check-up for Severus and the toddlers and warned him, that he wouldn't be able to escape it. Sometimes Severus really hates his life.

Dealing with unwelcomed bed guests

Severus awoke early on the next morning as two erections poked his body. He sat up and looked around. He couldn't believe his eyes. On either side of him lay his infuriating mates. He hadn't invited them to his bed and they needed to learn a certain lesson. No one slept beside him, without his explicit permission.

But what should he do? He would have to ensure that they wouldn't wake up too soon, while he have a bit of fun with them. Well that was quite easy. A non-verbal accio landed two syringes and a very strong sedative in his hands. He filled the syringe with the sedative and injected it carefully in the sleeping men.

He wriggled carefully from their embrace, so that he was able to left the bed and went to the bathroom for his morning ablutions. He dressed casually in dark jeans and a white button down shirt and his usual pair of dragon hide boots. He went to his kitchenette and prepared a pot of strong black coffee. Knowing his elf, she would once more restrict his access to coffee, as a result of his latest antics. At times she behaved too much like his late mother. Sneaky even insisted on full body frisks, whenever he returned from one of his shorter journeys around the world. She didn't trust him not to try to smuggle any illegal ingredients or other artefacts into the country. Sometimes it's not good for his personal freedom, when she knows him too well. Only because he had done it once or twice, doesn't mean that she had to treat him like an unruly teenager.

Severus kneeled in front of his bed and drew a hidden chest into the light. This chest contained a series of sex toys and camouflages, which had been gifted to him for the last 2 decades by Tigress' brother Angus, who owned a sex shop. He had enjoyed to spend time with Severus, when he and Tigress didn't have to work for the SAS and had often hinted, that he should feel free to browse his store for any inspiration. He would pay him well, when he was willing to spend 1-2 hours in his shop, so that new customers could be lured in.
Angus even had an escort service and had over the years lend Severus to special customers of both genders. Seth Prince was his idea, when you need someone special, the sole heir to Prince Industries and the yellow press loved the shy sophisticated gentleman. They often speculated who would be able to win his closely guarded heart and as he appeared with red-rimmed eyes two weeks after Lily's murder, everyone had noticed it. The press even pressured for answer and he commented softly, that he had lost a good female friend of his to tragedy. Her family had been murdered brutally, only their little son had survived and the killer could flee without a trace.

It took some time and effort, but before the clock chimed 7 – both men looked like drag queens, complimented with make-up and garish wigs: flaming red for Tom and green for Dracula. He had arranged them in a tight embrace, after slipping very wicked cock rings (Gates of Hell with 7 rings) on their morning woods. He carefully pressed their lips together, so that they would end up kissing each other, after the potion had worn off. He clothed them in two bondage tie jackets and tied them together. Perfect, now he needs only to adjust the camera, to ensure that she would take many pictures from the sleeping couple.

“Revenge could be so sweet.”, smirked Severus as he drank his second cup of coffee. A buzzing sound from his nightstand got his attention. He walked over and open the drawer. It was his pager, magically adjusted so that Angus could reach him, should it be necessary. He should call him back – or come over as soon as possible. It had been ages since he had seen him. And Angus was always good for cheering him up. Severus consider to take Neville with him. It would shock his old friend, what a tempting thought and it would bring him and his son far away from Sneaky's retribution.

Yes, she would probably furious, that he sneaked away once more, but he was an adult and he really didn't need any other medical check-ups or groundings. Knowing his elf, this was only the start of her punishment for her naughty master.

Although the sound of giggling roused his curiosity and Severus stepped into the former guest room, which somehow during the night had been transformed into a nursery with 3 toddler beds.

“Daddy”, greeted him Neville, who had pulled himself upright with the help of the railing, that kept him inside of the toddler bed.
“Neville, have you slept well? Who are your friends, little one?”, asked Severus as he carefully helped him out of the bed and cuddled him close to his chest. He was so grateful that the Headmaster hadn't hurt Neville, before he arrived at Hogwarts. Or he wouldn't be able to forgive himself for endangering the little boy, who had captured his heart within minutes.

“Harry and Lyra, Daddy. We have met yesterday as we waited for Auntie Poppy.”, answered Neville, who cuddled closer to his Daddy.

“Interesting. Are you hungry? I had planned to visit an old friend of mine. If you wish you three could come with me.”, suggested Severus. He had quickly changed and clothed the three toddlers and even prepared for each of them a sippy cup with warm milk – so that they wouldn't be too cranky.

“Hungry, Daddy. Why do you not call Sneaky?”, asked Neville.

“Better not – she is still very angry with me, we should left her alone, until she calmed down, little one.”, grinned Severus. “But, we could eat in the kitchen, when you're willing to wait a bit longer.”

All 3 toddlers nodded happily. This was more than enough encouragement for Severus, who told them to wait a bit, while he looked for the baby stroller, that he used as Draco was the same age as the three toddlers. A quick spell later, he had modified it to a triple stroller and secured the lively infants in it.

Severus kneeled in front of the stroller and looked seriously at them, as he put a finger on his lips.

“We have to be very quiet, so that nobody will catch us. Can you three do that for me?”
All of them nodded happily. Severus decided to trust their luck and carefully left with the toddlers his chambers. He was still on alert, but everything stayed calm on their trip to the kitchen.

After reaching the portrait with the fruit bowl, he didn't tickle the pear, but instead blew softly on it, which activates the hidden door to swing up, and he used the opportunity to pushed the stroller inside. The house elves looked up and smiled widely as they saw the little ones.

“How can we help you?”, asked the head elf as he popped in front of Severus.

“A light breakfast would be nice, something that they can enjoy, but not too much sugar. Would it be possible, that one of you can transport us to a friend of mine? It may be better, when I didn't have to overtax my magical core again.”, asked Severus politely.

“Yes, Master Potions Master, Sir. We can do that.”, agreed the Head elf and seated them at once at one of the tables in the kitchen – the toddlers in comfortable high chairs and a cup of coffee in front of Severus.

“Anything else, Master Potions Master, Sir?”, asked one of the other elves. Severus had always treated them with respect, he didn't enjoy certain antics of them, but he know that without them Hogwarts wouldn't be able to sustain itself. House elf magic was very powerful and they could be fierce warriors should the need arise. Therefore it was much better to find common ground, as to get them as enemies.

“Actually – yes, I need one of you to go to my chambers at 9 a.m and wake my guests, before they overslept.”, smirked Severus.

The elves shared a look, they knew his moods just too well. It seems as if he wanted to teach someone an overdue lesson. It was well known how much he had suffered because of the Marauders, the Death Eaters and Albus – he wouldn't overstep his boundaries, but he was capable of making people pay for it nevertheless.

“Of course, we can do that. Should we take pictures, too?”, asked one of the kitchen elves.

“No, a camera is already set up for the next stage. Thank you very much for your kind assistance. Have my snakes behaved well during my absence? I hadn't had a chance to speak to them, since we returned.”, changed Severus the subject.
“Yes, snakes behaved quite well, all students have been ordered to run each morning with the guests. Lions don't like it and always complained about it loudly.”, replied one of the elves who was responsible for taking care of the Gryffindor Tower.

“Indeed – I'm not surprised. Did they run before or after the breakfast?”, inquired Severus interesting in learning more.

“It was thought, that they should run before breakfast is served, but the professors disagreed. Snakes always eats a light snack and drink water before their morning run, therefore it was ordered to offer this to the other students, too.”, explained one of elves who cared for the grounds.

“But Master Potions Master have to stay – Madame Poppy had ordered a check-up for you and the three little ones at 8 a.m – informed him Gracie – Poppy's personal elf. This message drained all colour from Severus' face, he didn't want to go for another check-up. Poppy was at times more than a bit fanatic and she had spend a lot of time to perfect her wandless sticking charms. No, he didn't want to go anywhere near the formidable mediwitch, when he could avoid it.

“I do not need one. I'm fine.”, tried Severus to distract them, without success.

“You're not fine. You will not skip this appointment, Professor.”, admonished him Lady Hogwarts, as she materialised in front of the little group in the kitchen. She looked like the perfect mix of the 4 Hogwarts' founders. Her hair was red and blond, while her eyes shimmered blue, green and black. She was very lean and had a similar body size to Helena Ravenclaw.

She touched his check and caressed it softly, while she reminded him at the same time, that he had been injured during the last fight. It isn't a weakness to ask for help and he wasn't completely grounded, yet. The check-up was overdue and should he refuse, than he would be handed over to the Black-sisters for a complete restyling. Bella would enjoy to teach him all the special rules of courting, that were used by the Ancient and Noble House of Black, smirked Lady Hogwarts.

“You're evil. That's not necessary at all. I have no need for any fashion tips, or do I want to spend any time with them alone. I am not suicidal nor do I have a death wish most of the time.”, growled Severus.

“Well, in that case, my dear Professor. Don't forget your check-up and listen to your house elf. Sneaky wasn't pleased with your latest antics or with those two guys, who wanted to stake a claim on you. Or do you want to tell me, why this big snake, which has been transported to one of my gardens, murmured about hatchlings and stubborn mates?”, inquired Lady Hogwarts amused.
“Snake, which snake?”, asked Severus baffled. The only big snake, which he remembered was Nagini, but she couldn't be at Hogwarts, yet?

“I can transport you directly to Poppy, after all we do not want you to get lost on the way, don't you agree, Professor?”, suggested Lady Hogwarts. He was one of her favourites and she knew exactly, that he hated those check-ups, but this time he wouldn't been able to skip it.

“Do I have a choice?”, asked Severus rhetorically.

“No, not really.”, answered Lady Hogwarts.

“And if I cooperate, will I get some leeway afterwards for my personal visits with a good old friend of mine?”, tried Severus to barter.

“It depends on the results, Professor. But, it is quite possible, that a little visit would be advisable, as long as it isn't too stressful for you – and you wouldn't use any magic.”, offered Lady Hogwarts as a compromise.

“Well, in that case, my dear lady – who am I, to spoil Poppy's pleasure. She couldn't pick on me for a few weeks, she has probably already withdrawal symptoms.”, smirked Severus.

He knew, that he would have face her sooner or later, but he wouldn't need to accept anything, except a standard check-up. However he still hoped, that it was only Poppy, and maybe Tigress and not anybody else. Dear Merlin, Doc Hopkins would be a disaster. He had never forgiven him his self-medication, after he had had a mission with S-Unit in South America some years ago and he had been hit by a bullet from the enemy. Instead of waiting on the medical team, Severus had taken his knife, heated it in the fire and cut the bullet out on his own. He bandaged the wound, and didn't even bother to wait, before he went back into the heat of the battle.

Doc Hopkins had been furious and would have kept him in the hospital for the next fortnight, luckily Colonel Merryweather had intervened, as they couldn't find the bullet wound any longer. And Severus didn't even get a fever from his stunt.

The Doc had threatened, the next time, he wouldn't let him go, until he hadn't undergo a complete and thorough examination, and had given the okay by Doc Hopkins. Why didn't they arrest him for a fortnight, it would have the same effect on his mood?
“Is she alone?”, inquired Severus warily.

“No, a man and a woman are in the hospital wing, too. They belong to S-Unit.”, retorted Lady Hogwarts.

“Great, just great – let me guess – one of them is a doctor, whose name is Hopkins.”, growled Severus.

“Indeed. You shouldn't let them wait, Professor. Or he will ground you for some time.”, smirked the female embodiment of the castle. She used her vast magical powers to transport all 4 of them, with their luggage to the infirmary, where Poppy and Hopkins were already waiting impatiently.

And both had an unholy gleam in their eyes as they saw their next victims. Severus cursed inwardly, but he knew that wouldn't have a choice as to cooperate. Oh they will both pay for this audacity – a Slytherin can hold a grudge for a very long time and will attack, when their guard is down.

Before he could even complain, they had him and the toddlers stick to 4 different beds and prepared everything for the looming medical check-up. Tigress, who stood near his bed, couldn't contain her laughter, which earned her a death glare from Severus. He really hated those check-ups and would do anything to avoid them.

“Maybe I should count myself lucky, that Sneaky isn't here, or I would never hear the end of it.”, thought Severus. He hoped that his elf wouldn't look for him in the Hospital Wing and instead harassed some of the other inhabitants of the castle – namely the two stubborn men, who consider seriously to claim him. Dear Merlin, when had his life became so insane?
Severus should against his will undergo a medical check-up and the trio of Poppy, Doc Hopkins & Tigress planned to do the same to the three toddlers. Neither of them know that Augustus Prince had already set his plan in motion to get Severus into his clutches. Umbridge will return with some of her goons to Hogwarts to fulfil her mission for Augustus Prince.

Severus had learned long ago that you should never show your fear, even when it was hard, but it was often the only way to survive. He hated such check-ups. Mostly they didn't end well for him. Poppy had even the audacity to added a warning to his medical file, which she had send to St. Mungo's too – Hight Flight Risk – how dare she, to inform anyone about his dislike of healers.

Be it as it may, he won't have another choice, but to deal with this whole farce stoically, while he will plotting his revenge. At least a little silver lining was visible – he would meet his old friend Angus later and when those two infuriating men would awoke with their new looks, it would grant him blackmail material for years. He had purposely chosen a waterproof make up for a bigger effect.

Which remind him, that he had to send one of the house elves to his chamber to wake his guests with a good aimed Aguamenti, but who could it do? Maybe this overeager house elf, who have made such a ruckus last year - Dippy, Dummy - no, Dobby. Typical for Lucius to go much too far in his acting. And had once owned one house elf, who had been born in the Potter line and had been a wedding gift by Dorea Potter née Black. Beware any Blacks bearing Gifts, it was as true for them as it was for the Ancient Greeks, as Severus as learned painfully.

Before Severus had entered the infirmary with the toddlers he had called Dobby and gave him clear instructions regarding his two guests, including a wet wake-up call. Dobby promised to follow the instructions and popped away. At least this part of his revenge would be fulfilled without a hitch.

He may be forced to undergo this check-up, but they couldn't do anything to him. And when they even consider to give the toddlers any shots, then they would be regretting it. Since they wouldn't let him out of their clutches he would used this forced break to ponder, why Angus had send him a message on his beeper. Angus knew, that he worked as a teacher, therefore he wasn't bookable during the school year, except for emergencies. What could be so important that he tried to reach...
Unfortunately, Severus didn't know that the minions of his estranged grandfather had been very successful in digging up his past, including his time at the military and his connection to Angus, Tigress' brother and his escort services. Augustus Prince was no man, who would put all his eggs in one basket. Even when he had send a part of his elite to Hogwarts and Hogsmeade, he would although consider other options to get his chosen prize.

After learning that Severus had often worked in the Muggleworld under an alias for a very exclusive escort service, he had adjusted his plans. He will do anything to ensure that he get Severus back into his clutches. It would be hilarious, when his heir would come willingly to him, without sensing a trap, before Augustus would ensure that he would never leave him ever again. The deadline granted him a short reprieve until the 11th March 1994, when the next blood moon would be visible over the British isles. However Augustus wanted to claim his stubborn heir much earlier and he was willing do to anything in his powers to force his stubborn grandson into submission.

Augustus would enjoy to tame him, even when he had to break him for his own good. It was all Eileen's fault. She should have handed his heir over to him, after he had turned 3 years old, but no – she wasn't willing to obey her father. It has been so satisfying to let his minions grab her hubby and ensured that he would experience a very thorough and lasting character change. They had only forgotten to plant the compulsion to hand the boy over to him on his next birthday, after they let Tobias go – and he had punished them harshly for it.

Lord Prince spend most of his free time in his study, where he enjoyed to watch in the pensieve the memories of a teenager Severus, as he showered alone in the Slytherin bathrooms. He had often stepped behind the ghostlike figure and traced every scar, every part of Severus' body with his hands, while whispering him soft commands in his ears and fantasising, over which surface he should take him first.

He could easily use a ritual to enslave him or even one of the darker potions. As he had already planned to use one to impure the dirty blood, that was the unwanted part of the human animal, with whom Eileen had eloped.

He may have raped his daughter a few times, before she escaped to the Muggleworld, but nobody would be able to prolong a pregnancy over 5 years. Although there was an ancient ritual which could be used to replace Severus' sire should Augustus wished it. A ritual which would at the same time repressed any further opposition against his plans, as the ritual placed the new child under the direct rule of his new head of house.

Be it as it may, he would enjoy to claim Severus to see the fear in his eyes, as he took his virginity,
before he would ensure that Severus accept his fate at his side without further fight. Fear had always turned him on. They’re weren't many rules which you have to follow, should you be able to capture a male bearer, although one of them was very important - it has to be consensual or you would be punished severely by Lady Magic. Luckily there were many ways to ensure that a male bearer would be able to give his consent, before lust overwhelmed his attacker.

But it would never pleased him so much, when Severus wouldn't submit to him on his own free will, without any additional help. He had to admit that he would enjoy the sight of Severus naked and spread wide just for him, while he will be shackled to the bed and he would give him two choices – submit or seeing his son be killed. Knowing the weakness of any potential enemy or ally and you can't lose.

Nobody could say Augustus Prince would left anything he had planned without one or two contingency plans. There was a reason why he had send his loyal dark elf to retrieve the special cuffs from his family vaults at Gringotts. Those cuffs would ensure that the wearer can't use anything against the will of the owner. Or in other words, after forcing his stubborn heir to wear them, he wouldn't be able to attack him in any way or form. Not without paying a high price for it. Severus would keep his free will, but he would be unable to escape his destiny and the cuffs would ensure that he would be bound to the estate and the words of Augustus would be the only law, he would submit to for the rest of his life.

Yes, he could force him, after putting the cuffs on Severus that he would pleasure him orally, while the adopted son would be send to another estate far away from Prince Hall. Threaten him, that he would only be able to see little Neville, when he had proven his absolute loyalty and submission to his new master. Lord Prince smirked viciously as he consider where he would place his mark of ownership on Severus' naked body. Thanks to the pensieve he had a very good idea, what he wanted to do to the unmarked body parts of his only living heir. A few piercings in strategic places would send the message across.

How lucky for Augustus that one of the most vulnerable and most erogenous zones of a male bearer were his nipples and of course, his neck and the pleasure spots behind his ears.

There was only one pesky little problem – before he could really play with his heir, he would need to remove this tedious geas and the Dark Mark. Nobody besides himself has the right to mark Severus. A thorough research would be needed to find the right ritual, and to remove the last traces of the ritual, which his rival had used on Severus on the 19th January 1977. But he would be successful and Severus would learn his rightful place very soon. Especially when he cared for any of those annoying little brats. He had a vast library with many books about arcane knowledge, and at least 3 other vaults at Gringotts with books about dark and light magic, in one of those tomes would the answer be hidden.

It was times like these that he missed his half-brother Mathias. He had been loyal to their cause
until his death and Augustus had even planned to let him father a child with Eileen so that only the best traits of their family would live on. It was just bad luck that Eileen fled her destiny, before their plan bears fruition. Mathias had been killed during a battle with some of Dumbledore's most loyal men in January 1974. Shortly after he had found a lead, where Eileen could have hidden his heir.

The three healers worked fast, even Severus had to grudgingly admit it – as soon as Hogwarts had transported them to the Hospital Wing, he and the toddlers were all placed on different beds, and in Severus' case – stick to the bed with a very strong and lasting sticking charm, only clad in his boxers and without his wand or anything else, which he could use as a weapon. Needless to say the dour man was fuming inwardly, how dare they to ambush him like that. He was fine more or less.

“We should first focus on the toddlers, before concentrating on Severus – as I have a feeling, we will need much more time to check him thoroughly.”, decided Poppy, ignoring his death glares, as she had done so for the past few years.

“I agree, it was very helpful that your colleague gave us this valuable information from the goblins above the after care for injuries that had been caused by a fiery whip.”, added Doc Hopkins. He was very giddy to check one of his most irritating and problematic patients without any real difficulties.

Tigress had watched her fuming team mate and asked, “What about his classes? Should I instruct them for the next few days, we never know what we can find and the 3rd years Slytherins/Gryffindors are not on par with the curriculum? I can give them an extra session with a potion, they should have learned in this term and see, how they far...”

“Don't you dare”, growled Severus angrily. Forcing him to accept an (un)necessary check-up was something he could at least grudgingly accept, but nobody has the right to take over his classes, as long as he was still physical able to do it himself. Who did she think she was? Even when she got an O on her Potions NEWT, it was his class for Merlin's sake.

“Not going to happen, I have an appointment to keep.”, tried Severus once again fruitlessly to skip the medical check-up.

“So, which appointment could be more important than your health, Sev.”, inquired Tigress doubtfully.

“Would you let me go, when I told you, whom I have to meet, Tigress?”, snarled the Potions Master unimpressed.
“Not a chance in hell, Sevvy.”, commented Tigress.

“Why am I not surprised? Feel free to inform you dear brother, that it is your fault, that I can't meet him. He rarely calls during the school year. Must be a very important customer, who had personally wished for my services.”, smirked Severus.

“What? Why did he contacted you?”, asked Tigress baffled.

“How should I know, as some noisy busybodies prevents me from meeting him, I won't be able to answer this question.”, retorted Severus as he relaxed on the hospital bed. “Maybe you should ask him, if you're so curious about it.”

“That doesn't matter, we should really start with the check-up.”, interrupted Doc Hopkins. It was really typical of Severus to play mind games with the medical staff. But he wouldn't accept defeat, no not this time. He would ensure that he would check him very carefully and thoroughly. It was necessary to avoid long term damage for his most stubborn patient.

However, before they could start a two blood curling screams could be heard during the whole castle. Severus' smirk widened, it seems that Dobby had woken his two guests. Poppy swung around and eyed him suspiciously, this screams like one of his retribution acts.

“What have you done this time, young man.”, asked she strictly. Anytime he looks innocent, she knew he had successfully enacts his revenge on an unsuspecting fool.

“Me? Nothing at all. As you may remember, we had been transported here, because of a mere whim of the castle, Poppy.” smirked Severus. He enjoyed to make her squirm, a few more barbs and she would decided to check it on her own. What a pity, that he has forgotten to ask Dobby to left a wet surprise for anyone, who is nosy enough to look on their own. Well, maybe next time he would add this to his mental list.

Poppy's gaze stated clearly that she didn't believe anything he had said, before she made a decision. Not knowing that she did exactly what Severus wanted her to do.

“I'll go and look what you have done this time. Is it possible to access your chambers or have you once more warded the floo, Severus?”, asked the mediwitch.
“No, be my guest, Poppy. As long as you're willing to share your discoveries with the rest of us mere mortals, you can floo directly to my quarters. I still have to reset the floo wards, therefore you shouldn't have to face any troubles, Poppy.”, answered Severus.

“Keep a close eye on him. I do not trust his good behaviour for one second.”, addressed Poppy the other two adults in the Hospital wing. Both nodded silently. It was a good advice, when you have to deal with Severus on a regularly basis.

Tigress and Doctor Hopkins focused their attention on their unwilling patients, as suddenly, only minutes after Poppy had flooed to Severus' chambers the floo flared again and Madame Umbridge entered the Infirmary, accompanied by a trio of grim looking Ministry personnel.

She had had a secret meeting with Augustus Prince one day after her fiasco to retrieve Severus for her Lord and Master. He gave her the cuffs, the compulsion potion and clear directives, which she should follow, another failure wasn't acceptable in his eyes. A short nod and the trio stunned the other adults in the Hospital Wing, while Severus was still stuck on the bed and had been forced to watched it helplessly.

He didn't like it, especially as they come much too close to his son and the other two toddlers. It didn't bode well for any of them.

“What a nice surprise, Professor Snape. Let's talk, as long as nobody else would disturb us. I do not think, that you would try to oppose me, not when you care for those brats.”, simpered Dolores while she let her gaze wander over his naked body.

“And if I'm not interested?”, asked Severus rhetorically. He had no other choice, but to talk to the pink toad, unless something bad happened to the 3 toddlers.

“Well, little children are so fragile. Accidents can happen within seconds, even deadly ones.”, grinned Dolores Umbridge.

“NO. Leave them alone. I'll accept as long as they're safe.”, gave Severus in. He hated it, but his hands were bound. Dolores knew exactly that she had cornered him, Lazily strolled she over to the bed, where Severus still stuck on and said:

“I have here two items, which I should ensure, that you will receive them today. A harmless potion and a pair of cuffs, which we will fixed on your wrists at once, my dear Professor. If I were you,
than I would desist any form of rebellion against it. It is for your own good, Professor.”, gloated Umbridge, as she took the Potion injector out of her robe pocket.

She would only need to inject it in his bloodstream and the strong compulsion would do the rest. It would be impossible to escape his fate, as long as the Potion was active in his blood. And the true beauty of this special compulsion was, there existed only one antidote, which could flood the potion out of Severus' system and only Augustus Prince knew the original receipt for brewing it.

Quick as a rattlesnake did she inject the strong compulsion potion into Severus' wandarm and she saw it with delight as his eyes glazed over, which showed that the potion had now been activated. His eyes flickered between red and onyx, before they once more returned to onyx. He only breathed shallow and she used the opportunity to whisper in his ear.

“Good boy, give me you wrists, Severus. It is almost over. You will be feeling so much better, when you'll be following my directions. As soon as they're on your wrists, you will awake and you won't remember anything except a friendly little chat, where I informed you, that custody had been granted to your grandfather. He will meet you as soon as possible and you will accept it, without any further fight. You're his property after all, this rune shows it clearly as day.”

Severus tried to fight against the compulsion, but without any real success. Dolores enjoyed the view of the shivering male in front of her. It was such a pity, that Augustus had already staked his claim on him, or she would be tempted to test his skills in that special area.

“Time to wake up, Professor and to accept your destiny.”, grinned Dolores, as she caressed softly his lean body.

Severus' eyes regain a bit more focus and he looked aghast at the quartet who stood threateningly near the toddlers.

“What have you done to me?”, asked he unbelievingly, while Dolores enjoyed her moment of triumph and harshly gripped his hair, before letting it go again.

“Nothing much, my dear Severus. Just a little gift from your loving grandfather. We should bring him the brats, so that you have time to consider your options. Ta ta, Professor.”, replied the pink toad.

“NO, please leave them alone. I can't lose them.”, murmured Severus weakly.
“Why so gloom, Professor? You will see them soon, after your submitted to the new directions of your Lord and Master. He won't demand too much, just your loyalty, your submission and your life.”, taunted him Dolores.

“Why not take me instead? He wants me, and there is no need to involve them into this mess.”, tried Severus once more to appeal at her better side.

“Yes, that is true, Professor. But as I can see it, you're still stuck to the bed, whereas the brats aren't in that predicament. No need to worry, I'm sure they will be treated like they deserve it. It is up to you, what will happen to them.”, said Dolores as she mockingly rubbed soothing circles on his naked skin.

Neither Umbridge nor her goons had wasted a thought on the Doc and Tigress, the attack may have surprised them, but their military drill ensured that they weren't knocked out for long. Both rose silently and communicated via hand signs their next course of action. They had only one chance to beat their opponents without endangering Severus or the toddlers.

And both had to admit, that it was a stupid idea to stuck Severus to the bed, were he was at the mercy of those goons. Merlin knows what they have done to him, while they were knocked out.

3 non-verbal stunner, combined with Expelliarmus sorted the goons out. Dolores turned unwilling her head, her eyes widen as she saw the result of the successful counter attack. However her shock wasn't for long, she drew her wand and added acidly:

“ Seems like you have to learn a lesson, and so needs the Professor, **crucio!**”

Severus hissed, it hurts like hell, and he wonder why his darker half doesn't wake up and freed him from this predicament. Not knowing that the compulsion potion, which had been injected into his bloodstream, works like a strong sleeping aid for his inner stormdragon. Only his grandfather could awake the sleeping dragon once more, after purging the compulsion from his blood. Until this time he was completely at his mercy. The only part, which could still be accessed were the changing eye colour, anything else had been bound tightly.

Umbridge sashayed to the floo and left Hogwarts, while Severus tried to control his breathing, he should count himself lucky, that she kept it so short for the time being. This wasn't good. The pink toad was working for his grandfather. Severus may have never met him personally, but his mother had been terrified of him even years later, after she had successfully escape his grasp. She would report back, that he had been cuffed and that the compulsion potion were now in his blood. The
rest would lay in Augustus Prince's hands.

Severus sat defeated on the bed, his head buried in his hands. What should he do now? How can he even protect his son and the other two toddlers against this new threat. At least now he knew on whose order he had received the rune on his collarbone. And he may not like it, but he will have to talk about this as soon as possible with Dracula and Voldemort. They have to develop a strategy to ensure the safety of the children.

For himself, he didn't see a way out of this mess. He didn't even know what those cuffs could do for harm. And the Potion, that had been injected into him by that cursed pink toady wasn't harmless either. Knowing his grandfather from the tales of his mother, this SOB would have ensured that only one potion would work as an antidote, and the receipt would be in his property.

He needs more time to get rid of those cuffs and to find a way to battle the potion, before Augustus Prince decided to come and get him. Should the Minister really be so stupid and granted custody to his grandfather, then Severus would need all his wit and cunning to escape him. Maybe he would really need to hide for some time in the Muggle world with those toddlers. No matter how bleak it may look at the moment, Severus wasn't willing to give up and to submit to a powerhungry old man, just because his morals were more than a bit screwed.
Oops, I did it again

Chapter Summary

The aftermath of the visit of the pink toad. How will react Dracula & Voldemort on Severus' prank? What sinister plans has Augustus with his wayward heir? Tigress had planned a special potion lesson to give the 3rd Slytherin/Gryffindors the chance to return to the normal Potion curriculum. But will they all behave? Severus used the opportunity to left with his young charges the castle to visit Angus. Why did he wanted to talk with him?

Chapter Notes

A/N chapter 40 – wow, I have never thought, that I would reach this number so soon. To celebrate this little jubilee correctly – we will return to a special Potions lessons once more under the direction of Tigress. Beware Toddlers underfoot. Honestly, some students should never take Potions.

Parseltongue will be written in italics – and Nagini hissed his name like this — “Sssssssssssseverusssssssssssss”

Oops, I did it again

Dobby had followed Severus' instructions and woke Tom and Dracula with a well aimed Aguamenti. Wisely the elf had disillusioned himself and enjoyed the creativity and the horrified screams of the two males, who were still trapped on the bed.

Dobby enjoyed the view and he would later tell it to all other elves who worked at Hogwarts. And he had even gotten the permission of the Potions Master to distribute the photos at strategic places throughout the castle. Yes, this shows clearly why stupid wizards shouldn't annoy the Potions Master.

They couldn't even free themselves, and laid helpless on the bed. Voldemort had known that Severus didn't enjoy to share his bed with anyone, when he hadn't given his permission. But he was a dark lord, so he had once more ignored his common sense, and now he had paid for it. It was humiliating, but it shows once more how perfect his mate was for him. He wouldn't lose him to anyone else – and certainly not to this vexing blood sucker.
Voldemort needed only time and the perfect place to convince Severus, that they belonged together, but nobody knew Hogwarts better as himself. Maybe Nagini would be willing to support his plans. She would be overjoyed that he had found his mate already and had no problems to made Severus see the light. A smirk was visible on his face, as he remember the perfect spot to claim Severus – the long lost chambers of Salazar Slytherin. Only accessible for a Parselmouth, and when you have Salazar's blood running in your veins. In those chambers Severus wouldn't be able to fight him any longer. While Voldemort could do what he had been longing for years, officially claiming his mate and to finish the ritual, that he had begun on a cold new moon night in Winter 1977. As a natural submissive the chambers would ensure that he submit to his dominant mate, while their bond would be strengthen, before they would leave it again.

However there was one other problem – Augustus Prince – the Head of the Ancient and Noble House of Prince, wouldn't accept it and had probably already plans for luring Severus into his arms. Voldemort needed to be quicker, when he wanted to protect his mate from the dangerous Prince Patriarch.

Dobby had invisible popped around the castle and stuck the photos at strategic places – the Common room, the teachers' lounge, the kitchen and of course he didn't forget the infirmary either.

In Gryffindor Tower the twins were the first, who discovered the photos that stuck over the fireplace in the common room. Both couldn't keep back a grin, this showed clearly the handiwork of their Potions Master. The Twins admired him greatly and they had been proud as he had given them the chance in first year to get additional tutoring from him. In exchange of getting any notes of their planned pranks, and what they planned to use for it. So that he could develop a counter-potion should it be necessary. Severus made sure, that both know, the difference between pranking and bullying. He taught them the golden rule “treat everyone exactly, as you wanted to be treated yourself” and the twins had take it to heart.

In the Infirmary Doc Hopkins and Tigress had tried to find a solution for the latest development. Poppy was still away, but would probably return soon. It was most important to ensure that Severus regain his equilibrium, although none of them could explain how the pink toad and her goons managed to enter Hogwarts. Normally the floos were closed off, with a few exceptions in the headmaster's office, and of course the offices of the heads of houses, but even then you'll need a password and the personal permission of one of the said persons to floo over. It didn't bode well.

Tigress was more worried, that her brother Angus had tried to contact Severus. Something was amiss, but she wasn't sure about the reason. She would try to convince him to teach one Potions class to the youngsters. After the ordeal and the failed abduction of the three toddlers, Severus needed to spend time with them, so that he can be sure, they have survived it without side effects. At the moment, he wouldn't be able to instruct a class. She knew, that they have no lessons on the weekend, but an exception could be made. She glanced at Doc Hopkins. Decoding his look, as he stared at Severus, she was sure, that he wouldn't let him or the toddlers out of his sight, before the check-up was over.
The 3 toddlers didn't like the anxiety in the infirmary and using their accidental magic to their own benefit, all 3 landed in Severus' lap, who smiled sadly at them, before cuddling them close. The sticking charm prevented him from leaving the bed, but he had enough wriggling room, so that he could stretch himself out on the bed, which Severus had found out by accident a few years prior and had since them used it quite often. Poppy tended to go overboard in her check-ups, whenever she managed to stick him to one of her beds.

Softly humming an Irish lullaby to them Severus managed to calm them and himself down, while he focused his whole attention on the three little children, who never lost their strong grasp on his body.

Poppy had stared motionlessly at the scene on the bed. The two males, who had came to the castle the day before, dressed like drag queens completed with make-up and forced together in a position, where they had to kiss each other. Yes, this was a prank and a lesson from Severus Snape. She didn't even want to know what they have done between yesterday and today to came on his bad side, but she could always ask them later. A flick and swish from her wand, freed them from their predicament, although the make-up and the clothes, including the cock ring wouldn't budge. She would berate him after her return to the infirmary, because she had the slight feeling that she needed to show both males how to remove make-up without further trouble.

Dracula wasn't sure how to react, it had been embarassing to wake up in such clothes and to kiss his rival. At the moment he wasn't even sure, whether he should congratulate his mate for this act of retribution or deliver a spanking to his naughty backside. Voldemort had no trouble to decide, what he wished to do with his naughty mate. He would whisk him away to Salazar's hidden chambers in Hogwarts, where he ravish him and teach him a lesson, not to annoy his dominant mate ever again. No matter what, he wants to see him.collared and only clothed in a pair of shorts, while he showed him, that lust can be a very good motivator for submitting to him.

Tigress had carefully came closer to the bed, she wanted to try her luck again. One Potions class for the 3rd years Gryffindors/Slytherins. She had learned that they had been punished by him harshly for their actions over the last 2 years. The group has no longer the right to be taught by the curriculum, instead they are only allowed to prepare potions, which toddlers and preschoolers learned with the potions kits for beginners. And should they act out, then the magic in the class room, which had been modified by Severus would act instantly and clothed them in toddler outfits, including a soother.

Tigress had visit the class room and looked stunned at the wall. Posters with stars and the name of the students take up a whole wall of the class room. Silver and golden stars for following the rules and made a good potion were rewarded. Being naughty and trying to sabotage the potions of others will lose stars and if you're were unlucky then you'll end up in a toddler outfit, while an invisible wizard camera made pictures, which will send directly to the heads of house.
She should had known it, Severus was always a perfectionist, when he taught someone a lesson. Could she really convince him to allow one lesson with a third year potion? Tigress knew which Potion she would like them to try – a shrinking potion, normally they should be able to do it, but to convince Severus wouldn't be easy. He could be rather stubborn, maybe the toddlers could help? It would be a bit left-handed, but Tigress would do it, just to get the chance to teach those youngsters.

They could only getting rid of those attachments (harness and cock rings), when they sincerely apologised to Severus and to promise, that they wouldn't do it again. Not sleeping in the same bed with him, without his explicit permission.

Tigress decided to try her luck, but before she could start to speak, the Doc stopped her and backed away from the bed. A huge snake had coiled around it hissing threateningly at them, before fixed her gaze on the 4 occupants of the bed.

Severus opened his eyes and recognised the snake. Of course, it was Nagini the familiar of the dark lord, who had somehow find her way to Hogwarts and now in the infirmary. Ignoring Doc Hopkins and Tigress he smirked, while he adjusted the toddlers better.

“Sssssssssssseverussssssssssss”, hissed Nagini, before looking at the toddlers. “Hatchlingsss”

“Hello Nagini. Long time no see. Yes, my son and some of his friends. They are not to be harmed.”, replied Severus in the same Language. Shocking both, as they hadn't registered that he was a Parselmouth.

“Where isss Tommy”, asked Nagini.

“Still in my chambers, learning a lesson.”, answered Severus. He had no problems with the huge snake most of the time. She had liked to mother him, coiled around his place at the table, when they had forced him to the endless Death Eater meetings. Nagini had been the reason that most of those thugs left him alone. It was always amusing to see her scolding the Dark Lord. She was one of a few, who had a chance to be listened too, even at the time when Voldemort was completely off the rocker. Although she could be a real pain in the neck, too with her demands of Hatchlings, but she saw herself as mother of Tommy and it wasn't as if she would lock them into a brooms closet until the deed was done.

Nagini coiled around the bed, her head resting on Severus' legs, and encouraged the toddlers to pet her, after they had looked with big eyes at Severus, who nodded shortly, before he laid back and closed his eyes. Since he wasn't allowed to left the infirmary, before the check-up was finished, he
could sleep a few hours, trusting Nagini to keep them safe. It was just a pity, that she wasn't here, as the pink toad and her goons had create a disturbance. She could have quite easily getting rid of them permanently. And there wasn't even any stomach trouble for the loyal familiar to fear. Severus had already create a special stomach soother for her, and had always two phials in his frock coat.

“Er, Severus.”, began Tigress hesitantly. Gathering her courage to ask him again for the chance to teach one Potions class for the 3rd years Gryffindors/Slytherins. Rationally she had no reason to fear him, although with the giant snake and the recent events, it was better to tread extremely carefully, when she wants to be furthermore on his good side.

“What do you want, Tigress?”, growled the Potions Master.

“Please, let me teach them one lesson, Severus. One Potion from the normal 3rd year curriculum - a shrinking potion. You have said, they should get a chance to return to the normal curriculum. I will be very attentive and keep an eye on all of them.”, tried Tigress to appeal at his good core.

“When do you want to hold that lesson? Knowing you, it will not be a simple lecture, but you will even let them brew this potion, Tigress.”, asked Severus.

“I would like to brew with them after lunch, at 2 pm – they will be informed this morning about the potion and have to read about it, as well as writing a short essay about the preparation of the potion. It is Saturday so most of them will not have any plans, as the next Hogsmeade-weekend is scheduled for 15th October 1994, please allow it, Severus.”, pleaded Tigress.

“Very well. But only a simple shrinking potion. I'll write you a list, how you have to pair them up. And this isn't debatable. Should only one of them act out, then they will be treated like toddlers for the rest of the school year in Potions. This is their only warning, tell them that, Tigress.”, agreed Severus.

“As you wish and thank you for your permission.”, replied Tigress, before she stepped away from the bed. She would try to talk with Colonel Merryweather later, so that he could inform the students about the extra Potions class today.

Doc Hopkins watched surprised, and consider the odds that Severus would be willing to cooperate at all, when he now even has a giant snake on his side. It doesn't bode well for them. And he was quite sure that Severus knew it, even when he didn't show it outwardly.

“So you made her happy, time for your check-up, Severus.”, growled the Doc as he tried to take
control over the situation.

“No, I do not think so, Doc.”, smirked Severus.

“This is for your own good, Severus. A simple check-up to ensure that the last days haven't caused any side effects on your health.”, tried Doc Hopkins to made him see sense.

Severus looked at him mockingly and then replied still smirking:

“I would agree to a check-up, when you manage to convince Nagini, why it is necessary. Good luck with that, Doc.”, while he petted the loyal snake who enjoyed the attention of the toddlers and of Severus, who still watched the Doc closely.

Dracula and Voldemort had looked at each other, before nodding once, silent communicating, that they would review their rivalry at a better opportunity.

“Madame Pomfrey, could you help us, please. A robe, while we would try to speak with Severus about this predicament.”, began Voldemort suave.

Luckily for them, Poppy nodded and conjured 2 simple robes, which hide the results of the pranks from prying eyes and gestured them to the fireplace. She still need to diagnose a very stubborn Potions Master. And either he would listen to her, or she wouldn't hesitate to call for reinforcement. Narcissa Malfoy can easily convince Severus to do what Poppy and her colleagues wanted him to do. Not even he would be willing to risk her wrath.

Dolores Umbridge had left her goons behind at the Ministry and flooed directly to the meeting place, where she had been ordered to come, after her successful mission. It was an elegant café near the Rialto Bridge in Venice, where Augustus Prince was already nursing a coffee.

“Take a seat, my dear Dolores. I'm interested in your report.”, said the Prince Patriarch.

Without a word, Dolores followed the clear order of Lord Prince. She wouldn't dare to refuse him anything. He was much too powerful for that. And she should count herself very lucky, that she hasn't disappointed or failed him so often as some of his other allies in the past.

“Master, it was a success. We surprised them in the Hogwarts' infirmary. Those nitwits had already
stuck your heir to one of the beds, and even removed his wand from his grasp. Before they even realised that we were on the premise, we could stun the other adults that were in the infirmary. 3 Toddlers were there, too – the adopted son of your heir and a little boy and a girl. I can't tell you any names, but the reaction of Severus were much more interesting, Lord Prince.”, began Dolores her report.

“Go on.”, urged the Prince Patriarch.

“Yes, Sire. I have used his shock to inject the compulsion potion in his blood and then use his weakness, he really loved those little brats, my Lord Prince, to force the cuffs on his wrists. As we threaten to take the children with us, then he surprised me, my Lord. He offered to take their place, not even considering the consequences for himself, but alas he was still stuck to the bed, therefore it wasn't possible, Master. Sadly, while our attention was focused on the brats and him, those 2 vexing adults attacked us. We had been forced to retreat, but I had still managed to fire a crucio on Severus as a clear reminder, why they shouldn't cross us. Have I gone too far, Sire?”, asked Dolores and looked at Augustus with wide eyes.

“No, I had given you permission to use any spell and curse on your mission. You have done well, Dolores. He is very close to his breaking point, when he already is willing to give up his freedom. The cuffs will ensure his compliance to me, and my special compulsion potion will keep his stormdragon under control. I have already set a plan in motion to ensure that he will come to me on his own free will. Your next task is to work on a marriage contract for my stubborn heir. I want him on my estate before Samhain.”, growled Lord Prince.

“As you wish, Master.”, whispered Dolores, before she went back to the Ministry.

“Soon, Severus, you will be back where you belong. And after purifying your dirty blood, I will ensure that you will never remember any of them ever again. You will be mine for the rest of eternity. And if you're a good little submissive, then I would even let you keep those 3 toddlers. After all, I'm no monster. You will wish for my touch on your skin, son. And my will and word will be your law for the rest of eternity. I will tame your stormdragon, until he is eager to do my bidding, exactly like his host. I can't wait, until you will be carrying my heir, Severus. It will be the start of a new golden age, where the Princes will rule over the Wizarding World.”, laughed Augustus, before he apparated back to his estate. Only leaving back a small amount of money for his Italian Espresso.

Gormak would prepare the estate and the special bedroom for Severus, while Augustus would research in his arcane texts a way to break the ritual, that had been partially used on his heir decades ago and to break the geas, which still bound him to the Dark Lord.

Augustus would enjoy to venture in his wine cellar and look for those vines, which made a male bearer open minded for consummation. It was always good to have a well stocked wine cellar and
luckily for him, the world have forgotten that those unique elven wines still exists. But Lord Prince owned them and a few vineyards, where he grows those grapes, by his loyal gardeners. All bound as slaves to his will, and none of them being able to ever left his services.

Ron Weasley, still hadn't learned from his last fiascos, sat on his bed and take a closer look at the treasures, which he have stolen from the twins. Those had over the past few years managed to obtain muggle objects, candies, toys and even explosives. In his hand he hold some cherry bombs, which in his eyes, would made those dreary potions lessons much more interesting.

He would light the fuse with his wand and then throw them in the cauldrons of the Slytherins. Those evil snakes doesn't deserve it any better. And as it was a muggle product, who would be able to blame him for it? It was perfect, chuckled Ron to himself, as he hid the loot again in his nightstand. Five of the cherry bombs die he hide in his school bag for later use. This time he even remember to put on a ward, which only he could remove. Fred and George would do more to him in retaliation, should they figure out, that he had once more stolen from them. And stuck-up Percy would probably inform their mother. Molly would after learning from his latest escapades, come to school and send him straight to his doom, also known as Great-aunt Muriel, but honestly, who should tattle on him? Harry wouldn't betray him, but he was kiddified and Hermione was now a toddler, too – and both hadn't been seen since the day before yesterday.

At first, he had felt bad, it was his fault, that his two best friends had been kiddified, but it was an accident, and most of the times Ron was very good at ignoring his annoying conscience.

True to to their word S-Unit had really started morning runs with all Hogwarts students, but to ensure that nobody would faint, small nutritious snacks and drinks had been available in the Common Rooms, thanks to the House elves and clear instruction to eat and drink, while warming up.
Interestingly it had lead to a bigger appreciation of Slytherin House, they were always fit and eager to absolve their morning runs and even willing to give hints for avoiding accidents, when warming up. Slowly the houses became closer and the rivalry lessened. A rivalry that had been greatly encouraged by Dumbledore to ensure that his influence over the school wouldn't decrease.

The Slytherins had been very amused as they had discovered the pictures, which had been stuck on the notice board in their Common Room. They known a prank of their Head of House, when they had seen this evidence.

“Seems as if they had to learn an important lesson, Draco.”, smirked one of his best friends, Theo Nott as he had noticed the pictures.

“Oh yes, Theo. Let's see if they're fast learner, this was just a warm-up prank and a slight warning.”, agreed Draco. “Any plans for the weekend, Theo?”

“Hm, no, not really. Hogsmeade is in 2 weeks, I would like to study during the afternoon for my arithmancy test. It's an important one, 1/3 of our final grade according to our professor.”, replied Theo as they went for a shower and to change their clothes, before leaving for breakfast again.

Madame Pomfrey had convinced Dracula and Voldemort to accompany her to the infirmary, so that they could speak directly with Severus about their predicaments. Since it was his prank, only he could remove certain items and when they used the floo, they could keep their embarrassment at bay.

But as both entered with the headstrong mediwitch the infirmary, the trio recoiled a bit, after stepping out of the floo. It wasn't normal to see a giant snake, who had coiled around a bed and was petted by 3 little toddlers, while Severus lay on the bed with closed eyes.

“Nagini!”, hissed Tom baffled. He had known that his familiar had found her way to Hogwarts, but he had never even dreamed, that she would be able to find Severus on her own. Really, he shouldn't underestimate her, she was a very smart snake, even when she could embarrass him quite often, when she asked him, when he would have his own hatchlings and tried to cuddle with him.

After he had found Severus, this had been eased a bit, because she had felt the strong connection between them and treated Severus like one of her own hatchlings. Both had learned very fast, not to deny nor to tell her no, when they want to keep their freedoms. A sulking snake isn't anything you want to see ever again. Not to mention that it can be very expensive to bribe her for forgiveness.
Nagini looked up, but then preferred to ignore them. Severus and the toddler needed her much more at the moment. It was just bad luck, that she hadn't been here earlier or the pink toad would already be digested. A grin was shortly visible on her face as she dreamed about eating pink toad, maybe she would even add a certain annoying rat on her menu. As long as Tom didn't learn about it, she would be safe.

Voldemort couldn't believe it, not only had Nagini found her way into the school, but the way she coiled around the bed spelled trouble for any fool, who would aggravate her. Noticing the frown on the face of Doc Hopkins, he was quite sure, that nobody of them had be able to proceed farther as to relive Severus of his wand and to stuck him to the bed. Great, now he has the ungrateful task to convince his familiar to graciously allowing a medical check-up on his very stubborn mate, while she wasn't allowed to bite anyone. Sometimes he hated his life. On the bright side he would enjoy to stuck Severus to any furniture of his, so that he could more easily dominate him, while claiming him at the same time.

Dracula had already observed the scenario and drew some conclusions. Something had happened, which had disturbed his mate greatly. His sharp eyes had discovered a pair of metal cuffs on Severus' wrists, which he certainly hadn't worn before. This could only be one of Augustus Prince's crazy schemes to gain control over his wayward heir. And Dracula wasn't willing to lose Severus to the Prince Patriarch. No, he wanted finally claim his stubborn Potions Master, ravish him, until he submit to his wishes. It would be an added bonus to rub salt into Voldemort's wounds, if Severus succumb to him first, when he could do nothing to stop it, without looking like a complete jerk.

“Severus, can you please free us from these contraceptions? It was a mistake to sleep in the same bed, without your permission. You had your fun, and I will never again repeat this folly. I give you my word.”, began Dracula as he looked him openly in his eyes to convince him of his sincerity.

“Why should I let you get off easy? Both of you have tried to dominate me, against my explicit wishes. It doesn't matter if I wasn’t interested in your advances, only your ego was important and your lust.”, growled Severus annoyed.

“Let us start anew, Severus. With clear ground rules. Since I have seen you on that conference, I wasn't able to forget you. I would have done anything to protect you and your family, no matter who the enemies are. Let me prove it to you, that I'm no liar. You have liked it, as I kissed you, don't deny it. Your eyes have said it clearly.”, replied Dracula suave.

“How far are you willing to go?”, inquired Severus amused.

“Depends, I would try to free you from unnecessary medical check-ups when you're willing to undergo a short medical scan, to ensure that the fire whip hasn't harmed you more as we already
have seen.”, offered Dracula.

Tom had consider his option and suddenly spoke up in Parseltongue:

“I know that I have hurt you, without second thought, Severus. I haven't thought clearly about the consequences, but I couldn't lose you to anyone else. I'm willing to let you top me at least twice, when we consummate our bond for the first time, my dark prince. I would destroy the world for you, just to prove my love to you.”

“And what about Potter? Will you leave him alone, or are you still trying to kill him?”, hissed Severus back.

“I haven't been in my right mind. I do not want to spill magical blood unnecessarily and I'm willing to end my feud with the boy. Instead I would try to made amends and give him a home and a real family. But I can't do it on my own. I need you to keep me under control. You're the sole reason, why I have returned. Please let us start anew, Sev.”, answered Voldemort.

Severus nodded to show that he had understood their offer, even when he didn't really trust them. Should he risk it? If he was honest with himself, than he had felt a pull to both, but he could ignore it quite easily. Both have played with his feelings, hurt him and tried to use him. Never given him a real choice to either say yes or no.

“Alright, I'm willing to let you off the hook for now. Finite Incantatem nox”, smirked Severus. Honestly most of the times wizards and witches can be so daft. Why didn't they have tried a few of the more common spells first, before asking him for help. “Maybe you should ask Poppy or another female how to get rid of make-up without further trouble. Except you're so keen to keep this new look.”

He turned his head and looked at the mediwitch, before he asked her to unstuck him kindly from the bed. Any longer and he would starting to develop cramps in his legs. Poppy did unstuck him, but not without reminding him, that he isn't allowed to leave the infirmary, except for a short trip to the bathroom.

For the rest of the teachers, the new headmaster and the students it was a day full of surprises. Add to it that Tigress stormed into the Great Hall with eyes full of joy and informed them, that today would be an additional Potions lesson for 3rd years Gryffindors/Slytherins with her as the instructor. Their Potions Master had allowed them one chance to go back to the normal curriculum. They would meet at 2pm in the Potions class room after having prepared for class today. Their task would be to create a shrinking potion. Before they even had the chance to utter one word, had Tigress already swung around and left the Great Hall again.
Ron grinned to himself, this was his chance to get even with those slimy snakes and no one would be able to stop him, before it was too late. At the moment he didn't bother to consider the consequences of his planned prank. The only one who could have hold him back, were still stuck as toddlers in the infirmary. Not once had he visited them, mostly due to the fact that he never was good in handling toddlers.

The 3rd-years Slytherins looked at each other. Could it be true that they have an opportunity to end this farce? To go back to the normal curriculum? None of them would be willing to risk it and all of them were eager to show, that you can trust them to do their part in Potions.

“Ok, we need to do the preparation and study of this potion. Is is important that we all know it by heart. My godfather doesn't give second chances easily. And we have to practise our shielding charms again. Let's meet in one of the unused class rooms and bring your cauldrons with you. We have to master this spell. Who knows what some of those Gryffindorks would do otherwise.”, suggested Draco.

“Professor Snape will not supervise us today, it is important that we all be on guard. No sabotaging their potions, even when it would be tempting. We're better as them in that class and now we can prove it, what he is for a good teacher.”, added Blaise.

“You're right Blaise. Shrinking Potion can be tricky, but together we will manage it. Control your equipment, are your knives sharp and your cauldrons without defect. How fresh are the ingredients in your potions kit? This will save a lot of time, when we do it now. Decide now, who of us will pair up, and who will be responsible of gathering the ingredients from the storage cupboard.”, said Theo seriously.

Lavender and Parvati had met early to enjoy a quiet breakfast and to discuss the latest gossip, how hot Professor Snape looks without his robes. Both had always felt a bit intimidated in Potions Class, but unlike most of their Gryffindor yearmates had never gotten in any real trouble with the Potions Master, as they were always prepared for the lessons. The two mysterious strangers, who had openly snog him in the Great Hall had already found their approval.

“We need a petition that male professors aren't allowed any robes during class, Lavender.”, suggested Parvati. “It is a shame to hide such a hot body from us.”

“Exactly, do you think we can convince the Creevey's to make some photographs, which we can magically optimise, so that we can see anything, especially what he would conceal under his robes.”, replied Lavender. “We could even send them to Witch Weekly.”
“It’s worth a try.,” commented Parvati. She had written it down on a list, which they would update later, after meeting with her fellow gossipers. After having crossed this off their list, they took out the Potions book to learn a bit about the shrinking potion. It was never a bad idea to be prepared. And Professor Snape left them mostly alone, when they’re not a danger for his class room. It was one reason, why they’re brave enough to choose a table near his desk in the Potions classroom. Because at times, when he wore a close-fitting robe then you have a very good look on his ass. And his voice was to die for, it always reminded the duo of dark liquid chocolate.

After breakfast the Gryffindor girls from Harry's year met in the library to work on the essay, that was due to Potions class at 2pm. They were excited for finally brewing a normal potion again. Even when the kiddies potion were much easier, as those they brewed during class, it was humiliating to be treated like naughty toddlers. Some of them had even feared to ended stuck to a corner of the classroom, especially those 3-4 dunderheads in their year, who most of the times backtalk to their Potions Professor.

Most basic shields, which students learned to cast during their time at Hogwarts can shield quite effectively against a variety of threats, however when it was muggle objects, then it could easily bypass a magical shield and cause a chain reaction, which is not so easily solvable. And as many wizards and witches haven't much contact with the muggle world or learning about the true dangers, which could arise even from harmless toys, catastrophes can happen.

Severus had because of his origins spend some time in the Muggleworld and he knew about the potential risks. Usually he would have used a special house meeting to update his snakes about the latest developments in the British muggle society. He wanted to ensure that none of them could ever betray, even involuntarily the status of secrecy, which had kept them save for centuries, after their ancestors had gone into hiding. Before the whole fiasco started in September he had planned a series of meetings to educate his snakes about the danger of muggle weapons as a former sniper he knew exactly what he talked about. He wanted to take the whole house to a shooting range, where they could see the impact of a bullet on a dummy. Magic can't protect them anytime and it was better to learn this lesson very early, before their cockiness led to their death.

And he had shared his wisdom with his secret potions club, which were open for all four houses. One of the most eager young aspiring potioniers were the Weasley Twins, who enjoyed the many varieties of potions for everyday use. Even when he made it clear, that should anyone of them ever tried to use the learned skills for bullying other students, then they would be removed from the club forever and he would personally oblivate their knowledge about the club and all learned potions.

But those who managed to be a member until graduation, got a special recommendation for any future apprenticeship, written by the Potions Master. This even includes a list, where they had excelled in, and the skills, which they had refined under his tutelage.

In the infirmary a standstill was still intact, Nagini wasn't willing to let anyone near her hatchling and the toddlers, except allowing Poppy to remove the sticking charm, which she had cast on
Severus to keep him at their mercy. He sat the three toddlers carefully on the bed and walked to the
bathroom for a short break, while the adults sat on the beds, near Nagini. It wouldn't be easy to win
Severus' co-operation and allow them to get a whole medical check-up done today. His stubbornness was legendary and Poppy had even been forced to put the warning “High Flight
Risk” on his medical files, so that the mediwizards and mediwitches at St. Mungo's were
forewarned, should he ever needed medical treatment from them.

“So, how did you want to convince Mr. stubborn that a check-up is necessary?”, asked Voldemort
as he relaxed on one of the beds. “Unless you have very good blackmail material on him, you won't
stand a chance.”

“It is necessary that he accepts the check-up, I have even gotten the medical report from Lady
Malfoy, but this was shortly after he had a relapse, and before those Death Eaters had abducted him
and Neville. It isn't as useful, as it should be. We do not even know what Albus had done to him,
after he had gotten him into his clutches. The old man was not only senile, but completely out of
his mind. Who else would accept to host a demon in his own body? We should count ourselves
lucky, that Severus was able to destroy him, before it gotten even worse. We have to check him for
any unknown side effects of those last encounters.”, replied Madame Pomfrey worriedly.

“If you can convince him, then you would need a diagnosis, which even list this trice-damned
potion, which the pink toad had injected in Severus' arm. But this is only the tip of the iceberg.
You have to take a very close looks at those cuffs. Maybe there is a way to free him from them,
even when I doubt it. Whoever had planned this all, wouldn't make it too easy for Severus. And
thank your lucky stars, that Severus was still stuck on the bed, or we would have lost him today.
They would have taken him with him, without a second glance and they relished in his
helplessness.”, growled Dracula aggravated.

“Who had an interest to weaken Severus enough, that he is ripe for the picking?”, asked Voldemort
rhetorically. “Or do you suspect his grandfather behind this scheme?”

“Possible, he has the means and the ambition to see it through. As my informants have told me, he
got more and more unhinged over the years, since the death of his wife and the loss of daughter
and half-brother. Should it be him, than we need a very good hiding place for the toddlers and
Severus. Augustus Prince wouldn't stop until he had the complete control over Severus. I'm more
worried about the rune, on his collarbone, someone has marked him, and magical runes can be very
tricky to remove.”, answered Dracula warily.

“Fantastic, and who will tell him this?”, groused Voldemort unhappily.

“Not necessary, I've known it already.”, commented Severus, who leaned at the bathroom door.
“And if you'll know what's good for you. Then you will let it rest. I mean it, you aren't allowed to inform anyone about it, and certainly not Narcissa. Or what you have experienced today will be like a walk in the park.”

“Why, what aren't you telling us?”, screamed Voldemort, who had jumped up and looked at his mate with a crazy look in his eyes.”

“Doesn't matter. Excuse us, we still have to keep an appointment.”, retorted Severus, who casually went to the bed, after silently and wandlessly summoned the buggy for the three toddlers and buckled them in. “We're probably back at dinner. Have a nice day.”, smirked Severus. He had already stored his wand in the wand sheath beneath his cuff and used their shock to leave with the trio Hogwarts.

Nagini hissed laughingly, as Severus once more showed his audacity in skipping of scheduled medical check-ups. The three toddlers were just happy to spend some time on an outing with him, especially as he had them already told them the magical word ice cream, which works like a charm on his little charges.

He may not know why Angus contacted him during the school year, but at least he was willing to let him talk about it. Afterwards he can still decide to do the job or refuse it. But he needed time away from Hogwarts, especially, when he now have to dodge his grandfather and his goons again. With some luck Angus could have some tools to help him getting rid of those annoying cuffs. He didn't want to wear them longer as necessary, and he certainly didn't trust his grandfather.

Yes, he had already known that it was a mistake to offer himself instead of the toddlers, stuck to the bed as he was at that moment. However he didn't have another choice, when he wanted to protect his little charges. Severus would have done anything to prevent them from taking his toddlers away. Even when that meant to submit voluntarily to Lord Augustus Prince. His only saving grace had been the sticking charm, which had been cast by Poppy. And that Poppy had modified the infirmary and the beds therelike, that you need her wand to free the patients from the beds. Otherwise they would have abducted him on the spot, and they would have separated him from the toddlers, too. Unfortunately they're not as stupid as they looked.

“He did it again. Ok, enough is enough.”, exclaimed Doc Hopkins loudly. Tigress, I want you to open the floo to Malfoy Manor and inform Lady Malfoy about anything that had happened during the last few weeks with Severus and anyone else at the castle. She should come to the castle and to talk some sense in him. That's an order.”

“Aye, aye, Doc. How bad is it?”, inquired Tigress worriedly. Severus was one of her best friends, and she disliked it strongly how often he neglected his own health. She didn't even want to consider any sort of long-term damage, because of his constant negligence.
“Very bad, we need to made a full medical check-up on him or he would probably even forced to spend some weeks in one of our Military hospitals. Magic is no cure for anything. But I trust that Lady Malfoy will be able to convince him to finally listen to us. I do not want to bury him, and this is going to happen, when nothing changed for the better.”, replied Doc Hopkins drily.

“I’ll call her immediately, but even when she had time to come over, we do not know where Severus is at the moment. Angus and he may only met each other sporadically, but even then it is never the same place twice, Doc. And don't forget I have the practical lesson at 2pm – he had warned me not to take it too easy.”, informed him Tigress coldly.

“Indeed, and what about our guests?”, asked the Doc. He kept a close eye on the giant snake, he could only hope that when they convinced Severus from the necessity of a medical check-up that the snake wouldn't be here any longer. Or it wouldn't happen, as the Potions Master would use her to escape the unwelcomed procedure once more.

“Nagini will accompany me for a tour of the castle. It is overdue to take a closer look at some of the forgotten rooms. We should be prepared for an attack anytime and I would feel much better, when I know that we have a hiding place inside the castle, where most can't enter.”, said Voldemort, who signalled his familiar to accompany him. The Dark Lord knew exactly which chambers he had in mind to hide his stubborn mate and his little family.

Dracula added, “good idea, I have an appointment with my barrister during the afternoon and I will inform my clan about the latest development in regard to this breach of safety. Lord Prince will regret his plotting very soon, when my people will deal with him and his goons.”

The Weasley Twins and Lee Jordan had met with the other members of the secret potions club. It had been founded by Severus in the early 1980s, shortly after he had been forced to started teaching at Hogwarts. It had been his attempt to dampen the house rivalry, because houses weren't important in the club, they all wanted to learn more about potions. And the majority of them held the club in high esteem and looked out for new potential members, while they attend Hogwarts.

Any member who had attended the Potions club, had become a personal written recommendation by Severus for a possible apprenticeship in Potions, be it for the Ministry, an apothecary or even one of the hospitals in the Magical World. He taught them how to mix potions, for pranks, fun, healing or even for food and drinks. At the same time he taught them the sly about the muggle world. Which courses were similar to their own classes, why lab safety were always important and when their own projects went well, he even offered them a special reward for their own choosing. Sometimes they even helped him to brew for the hospital wing and all of them learned to appreciate how much of his free time the professor sacrificed for them.

The twins looked up to him like a beloved uncle. He was one of a small minority (except their 3 elder brothers) who knew about their dreams of opening a joke shop, which sells their own
products. His first advise had been to draft a good business plan, where should the shop be located, what to they want to sell, how do they want to get the needed money for the start of the shop, etc. - because, these were the basics for any business and the twins listened attentive.

As they mentioned about their future prank items, be it sweets or potions, Severus made it clear, that they aren't allowed to test it on anyone without their knowledge. They have to ensure that anything that can be digested are safe for the customers. Students who are willing to test it, must sign a parchment after talking to their parents and getting their written approval as well. Both hadn't understood at first, why he was so strict about it. Therefore he was forced to tell them more, about the potential dangers and risks of mixing unknown substances together, the possible side effects and even lethal dangers. Before testing any of their products on human beings, they should follow the standard procedure or even used golems or dummies for it. And he hammered it into their thick skulls, that they never give any kind of joke item — be it candy or otherwise without having the antidote at hand.

But they had accepted, that Severus knew his craft quite well and it would save them a lot of money, when no angry customers tried to get their money back. Or demanded that their shop would be closed forever. They had already achieved a lot during their early years, a little product range with joke candies and joke equipment, adequate costs for producing and even figured out how many owls would be needed, when their owl-ordering business would be a success.

With their younger siblings they had a lot of difficulties. Ginny may be a bit spoiled by her parents, as she was the first female Weasley child born in generations, but she was a good student and a very gifted Quidditch player, who got good chances to get on the Gryffindor team during the next few years. Either she would play as a chaser or as a second seeker. This would be very helpful for their team, as they wouldn’t needed to forfeit a game as they had been forced to do so in Harry’s first year, after the trio had ventured in the forbidden corridor on the third floor.

Ron was the real problem, he was lazy and eat as if there was no morning. His hate on Slytherin house and any member was very disturbing. He may be a good chess player, but his future plans were quite lacking. And his jealousy doesn’t make living with him much easier. The twins remembered quite well the fit he had thrown, as he started Hogwarts and learned, that he have to go in second-hand robes, using the old wand of Charlie and got Scabbers, while Percy for his nomination to Gryffindor prefect got new robes from Madame Malkin’s and even an owl. Although they had to admit, that Percy sacrificed the majority of his saved pocket money to buy the owl.

He had earned a bit of money, as he tutored children in their neighbourhood, who would go to Hogwarts two years later. He had taught them about the main courses at Hogwarts and the expectations of each professor. But Percy didn’t stopped it at this point, he even showed them how to research information and to write an essay. Molly had been so proud as the other children, who lived with them in Ottery St. Catchpole were looking up to Percy as their personal hero. He helped to ease the change between being homeschooled and the transfer to Hogwarts.

At 1.45pm the 3rd years of Slytherin and Gryffindors had been escorted by two house elves to the
Potions class room. Tigress already expected them and gazed at them coldly. She waited until they have found a seat, as usual split up by house. She didn’t like it, but she remembered that Severus told her about the strong house rivalry between Slytherin and Gryffindor. It didn’t help that Dumbledore had openly favoured Gryffindor, since he he started teaching at Hogwarts. Tigress couldn’t understand how one man could have done so much damage to Magical Britain. Even when most of his followers and the sheeple would deny it categorically.

Tigress waited until she had the attention of the group and began to speak:

“You all know, why you’re here today. This is your one and only chance to return to the normal 3rd-year curriculum. Mess it up and your Potions Professor will let this treatment be continued until the end of the school year. Nevertheless it would be expected from each of you to study the regular Potions, which you should have learned during the year. Neither he nor I do joke about this. It was very difficult to get his approval for your test today. You will be brewing a simple shrinking potion for which you have 90 minutes. Get started and good luck!”

As usual Ron ignored anything that was said by the instructor and had already the cherry bombs prepared, it wouldn’t need long to ignite them and to throw them into the cauldrons on the Slytherin side. It had been the only thing he was extraordinary, Ron could start a fire anytime, because of a latent fire elemental inheritance. The last one, with whom he shared this ability had been his uncle Bilius, whom he had to thank for his middle name. During his early childhood he had spend most weekends with his uncle to learn the basics of magical control. Uncle Bilius was a very dedicated teacher and enjoyed it to fuel the emotions in his favourite nephew as he used to call Ron. He came always first for him, and this was for the youngest of 6 brothers a blessing in disguise.

Why should Ron care, that he instilled prejudices in him, or that he never punish him, when he lost his temper for a minor inconvenience. Uncle Bilius always supported him and his death a day after he had seen a grim, had festered his hate on Slytherins. Because in his mind, only a Slytherin would be so evil and set a grim on his good uncle. Ron never knew that he had it all wrong. His uncle had been highly inebriated and somehow managed to apparate to a muggle neighbourhood near Dartmoor, where he encountered a huge black dog. Bilius Weasley was shocked to met the Grim during the night on the moor and had apparated home instantly, but his intoxicated mind couldn’t take it any longer. He died 24 hours later still murmuring in his delirium, that he had met the grim, before his heart stopped to beat.

The Gryffindor looked up, almost anyone in the class were focused on their cauldrons, as they had reached a critical step in the brewing phase, this was the perfect opportunity for causing a bit of mayhem. He lit 6 cherry bombs and flung them into the cauldrons on the Slytherin side. Alas, he didn’t know what he had caused to happen.

The magical shields, which had been created by the Slytherins were useless against muggle
firecracker and reacted unexpectedly with the shrinking potion. A chain reaction had started and within seconds all cauldrons had been hit by it, the content of the cauldrons swapped on the surprised students, even on Ronald and within moments the class room was filled with the distressed cries of toddlers. Tigress hadn’t been hit, as she had been standing near the black board and looked surprised as Severus’ magic on his class room activated and clothed the crying toddlers in suitable toddler outfits, including soothers in their house colours.

She breathed heavily, before calling 3 house elves and ordered them to inform Madame Pomfrey and Colonel Merryweather about the unexpected predicament, while the 3rd elf should help her in calming the toddlers.

This was even worse than in her worst nightmare, she didn’t even want to imagine how Severus would react on this news. She only hoped, that whatever had happened could be reversed or those rug rats would have the dubious honour of a second childhood.
Dealing with the Aftermath

Chapter Summary

Colonel Merryweather had to speak with Arthur and Molly about a suitable punishment for Ron; together they found punishment, that will hopefully steer Ronald in the right direction again and far away from the slippery road. Unfortunately the other toddlers can't be so easy re-aged as in Ron's case, and nobody can say if the potion will wear off in time or if a specific de-aging potion will be needed. Colonel Merryweather had invited the older Weasleys to spend the weekend at Hogwarts, as it would be helpful for Ron and his siblings, to have a place, where they can find a moment's peace.

Chapter Notes

A/N: Warning: This chapter will contain a spanking-scene. Ronald Weasley will get 10 swats on his clothed bottom by his father Arthur for his wilfully sabotaging of the Potions lesson and the de-aging of his classmates.

Arthur will use only his hand to deliver the spanking – and the corporal punishment isn’t the focus of the chapter, but Ron’s emotions are much more important.

Don’t forget that the Magical World – or mainly the Wizarding society in Magical Britain is historically based on the Victorian Age – at this time it wasn’t unusual to discipline children with such methods.

A spanking shouldn’t leave marks, and will only be used as one of the last disciplinary tools – be it parents or teachers – who had the written permission from the legal guardians to discipline their offspring with this method.

It is rare to be used at Hogwarts, only by endangering your life – or the lives of others will it be taken in consideration. The students had been warned about the consequences and Ron didn’t listen. His actions had consequences and the professors and his parents hope, that he is still able to learn from his mistakes.

He will not lose his family because of his idiocy, but they hoped that he will learn from his experiences and didn’t endanger anyone else.

Anyone who do not want to read this part, is free to skip it, but flames about spankings will be ignored.

Dealing with the Aftermath

Fred and George were the first, who reached the Potions Class room and one look showed them
what was the cause of the explosion. Both knew that only one of those students could have been responsible – their baby brother Ron.

He was easy enough to find and as only a few droplets had hit him, the deaging process could be easily reversed in his case. Unless the rest of the class and the twins vowed to do a good job, as it was partially their own fault for letting Ron ever near their collection of muggle products.

Fred snatched Toddler Ron and used the floo to enter Severus’ private Potions lab. The Potions Club had learned about the password and gotten free access in case of an emergency. Therefore it was the perfect place to reverse the unexpected de-aging of their brat of a baby brother. And afterwards it was overdue that Ronnie faced the music.

George looked around the destroyed lab, he realised at once that the rest of the students had been hit by a huge amount of the botched up potions. Severus had already lectured over de-aging potions in their Potions club and he even allowed them to use his first name in this private setting. As it was a meeting for good friends, and the members of the club had accepted this unexpected privilege with glee.

The twins had learned painfully, how often their mother let their little brother off the hook, even when it was completely justified. At times it seems, as if Ron didn’t even have a brain, or he wouldn’t do all those stunts in the past few years. They couldn’t understand why their baby brother found it smarter to steal the Ford Anglia, instead of using Harry’s owl as neither he nor Harry were able to get on the platform 9 ¾ at the start of their second year. The boys could have even used the time to go back to the Leaky Cauldron and asked the bartender Tom for help to arrive punctually at Hogwarts.

The twins were successful and 2 hours later were toddler Ron re-aged once more. Sadly this solution couldn’t be used on the rest of the class, as unless Ron, they had been hit by much more of the botched potions and the flying debris in the class room. Ron seems to have gotten his personal share of Potter’s luck. How else could this fiasco be explained? Still Fred and George hoped, that this would be the changing point for Ron. It was overdue for him to grow up and to accept responsibility for his misdeeds. Nevertheless the twins dragged their younger brother to the Headmaster’s office. Colonel Merryweather would be the right man to deal with their obnoxious brother.

Colonel Merryweather, the newly appointed Headmaster of Hogwarts hadn’t been pleased as Tigress had called him to the Potions classroom, where he had been confronted with 17 toddlers. Tigress had reported, that this was the result of a very spectacular potions accident, probably one ignorant student, who wasn’t willing to follow instructions.

He had ordered her to bring the toddlers to the infirmary, she could use the house elves for this and let them be checked over by Doc Hopkins and Madame Pomfrey. And she would need to contact
Severus, so that they can decide, if the de-aging process could be reversed. Otherwise they would have been forced to contact the parents and send the toddlers home.

“Headmaster, here is the culprit. Ron had to have stolen one of our muggle goods, which we had been bought for our Potions Club. Professor Snape had ordered us to buy small muggle items for a closer study session during this term. He wanted to heighten our awareness how dangerous the mixture of muggle items and potions can be.”, explained Fred, who held Ron in a strong grip.

“Thank you for your assistance Messrs. Weasley. Would one of you please be so kind and floo your parents. This situation will need them to be present. You both have earned 50 points for your house and it’s not surprising that Severus had spoken so highly about you in the past.”, replied Colonel Merryweather.

George called his parents, who were luckily both at home, as it was a free weekend. None of them knew that Lucius Malfoy had already secretly ensured a promotion with a significant pay raise. He may be very eccentric and often too focused on Muggle items, but he did a good job and his eldest boys were all well behaved and had a good head on their shoulders.

Lucius had promised Narcissa to ensure Arthur’s promotions as an unspoken apology. It had been his folly to place the Dark Lord’s diary in Ginny’s cauldron and the Basilisk had been a threat for the whole school, not only the muggleborns. She had ranted for hours and had asked him, how he would have felt when the insane creature would have attacked Severus. Not many people know how to deal successfully with Basilisk or to survive their encounters with them. As Severus would have refused to leave the school as long as only one student stayed behind, this had been a catastrophe. Lucius had grovelled for months, to get back on Narcissa’s good side.

Realising that Dumbledore didn’t even send for mind healers for any of the traumatised students, he had used an anonymous source to compel the board of Governors to getting active. All students, no matter the house, the blood status or the encountering with this mythological beast received exclusive mind healing sessions. Those who had been petrified received a monetary recompensation and tutors to ensure that they could stay in the same year with their class mates. The parents of the muggleborns had been informed that an old beast had had a lair inside the school and had somehow found a way in the main part of the castle, where it wrecked havoc until a brave student gotten rid of it.

It should also ensure that nothing malevolent from the diary would be left in Ginny’s psyche. As this would not only have opened her mind involuntarily to the Dark Arts and any sort of suggestions and mind control, but also ensured that this displaced soul-piece would continually feeds on her darker side. Even encouraging a special mindset and therefore creating a caricature of a girl, that would always be a slave of the dark. Only the mind healing sessions at St. Mungo’s had helped to prevent such a bad fate for the little girl. In cooperation with Gringotts the mind healers managed not only to locate the last shards of the foreign soul-piece into the depths of Ginny’s mind, but were able to destroy them without any sort of residue.
It hadn’t been easy, but they had managed to do all this without Dumbledore any wiser. The Potter solicitor had been sent to the Dursleys – a half-blood who had been raised in the muggle world and set up a true contract with the Dursleys, it stated the monthly sum that they Dursleys would receive for Harry’s raising, but only when certain conditions would be fulfilled: adequate meals, housing, clothing, chores, etc. - Harry would be allowed to spend a part of his summer holidays with friends, instead of staying at the Dursleys. Therefore they didn’t have to fear any unwanted acts of magic and a threat to their normalcy.

The solicitor even arranged that a maid, a gardener and a cook would be working over the year for the Dursleys – all of them paid by the Potter’s trust fund. A healer would regularly scan Harry’s health and submit the results to the family’s solicitor. Anything amiss would ensure that the Dursleys would face time in prison, whereas Dudley would end up in the foster system and Harry in the care of his solicitor. Not even Albus Dumbledore would be able to save them, as the law firm had ties to both worlds and a very close connection to New Scotland Yard.

Needless to say the Dursleys accepted the deal and as Aunt Marge tried to attack Harry’s honour the cook stepped in and reminded Vernon of the contract, while Harry runs away, his owl, his trunk and his wand already on his person. He spent the rest of the week in Diagon Alley where he met again the family solicitor, who warned him about recklessness and gave him valuable background information. His solicitor invited him over, which Harry accepts as he had finally the time to learn a bit more about his family and about his future duties as Head of House Potter.

Molly and Arthur had been surprised as they had been called by floo from their twins, but they came nevertheless instantly through the fireplace. It had been one of Arthur’s rare free days off and both had enjoyed their peaceful morning in their cosy home.

Molly swept her eyes around the office, she was surprised to see a stranger in Dumbledore’s place as new headmaster, but she would try to get answers later from either Minerva or Poppy. She knew that nothing had been written about it in the Daily Prophet. Nor had Arthur reported any news of this from his contacts at the Ministry.

“Good day Mr and Mrs Weasley. I’m Colonel Merryweather and I have been appointed as new headmaster a few days ago. The reason for calling you both here, had been caused by your youngest son, Ronald. Please take a seat, and do you want tea or biscuits, while I tell you more about it?”, greeted Colonel Merryweather the couple.

He had waited politely after all, including the twins and Ronald (who had been affixed to his chairs with strong magical ropes around his legs) and Mrs Weasley had agreed to his offer before he started anew.
After the house elves had served them tea and sweets, the Colonel looked seriously at the couple. They needed to know the facts, before a suitable punishment could be found for the young miscreant. Expulsion would be wrong, and a suspension was still too strong for his crime, but Molly’s input could be helpful.

“Professor Snape had decided to change drastically his approach regarding the 3rd years Slytherin-Gryffindor class in Potions. There had been a huge series of sabotaging the cauldrons and potions of classmates or even trying to harm students during class. This problem hadn’t exist in any other classes the Professor taught regularly, therefore he had tried a new strategy. He had planned at least for a term to treat them all as toddlers, he had even specifically prepared one of his classrooms for this experiment and the only potions they’re allowed to brew under his sharp eyes are harmless kiddies potions from the junior Potions kit, which you will have already heard about.”, explained the Colonel.

Molly nodded, she remembered the letter, which the twins had send home, after the had learned about this punishment. It must have been really bad, when he had chosen this strategy, and Molly knew that Ron wasn’t a little angel and his prejudices against Slytherins.

“Today had one of my subordinates Tigress offered a Potions lesson, which would have tested the maturity of the 3rd years. They should have prepared a teaching unit about a simple shrinking potion, which is part of the normal curriculum of Professor Snape for this age group. Would it have gone well, then all stipulations would have been cancelled and the students would have been allowed to return to the regular Potions curriculum. They had been warned that should anyone try to sabotage one of the Potions, than this punishment would be active until the end of the school year and the final exams. It would have still been expected that the students learn in their free time about the theoretical and practical knowledge of 3rd year Potions so that they would be well prepared for the exams at the end of the school year in June 1993.”, said Colonel Merryweather.

“What happened, Colonel?”, asked Arthur after drinking a cup of tea.

“Ronald used a muggle item, a cherry bomb to sabotage Draco Malfoy’s potion. Because of certain events during the past years, the Slytherin students had started to cast magical shields about their workstations. Unfortunately those shields can’t protect against certain muggle items, e.g. fireworks. It came to a chain reaction, which affected all cauldrons, that had been used by the students and to a big explosion, which mixed debris from the ceiling into the unstable concoction. All students, except Ronald had been hit by the changed mixture – only Ronald had been hit by a small amount of the tainted potion without the debris. This was the only reason, why your twins had been able to re-age him quite quickly.”, answered Colonel Merryweather solemnly.

“Oh, Merlin…”, sighed Arthur.
“We may use help – either from Severus or from other Potions Master at St. Mungo’s to find a way to tweak the original potion and to discover a working re-aging potion. Severus would probably able to do it within a few weeks, but at the moment he isn’t at Hogwarts. And we have to come to an agreement about Ronald’s punishment. I do not want to expel him or even suspend him for a few weeks, as this would be detrimental for his education and his maturity. But he needs to learn a lesson, not only to stop spouting his prejudices about Slytherins and trying to keep other students away from his closest friends. From what I have heard of the faculty and the prefects, nobody was allowed to come near Harry Potter, as long as Ron hadn’t allowed it. Yes, they’re best mates, but even then it should have been Harry’s decision if he wished to met other students at Hogwarts in a friendly setting.”, commented Colonel Merryweather.

“You have said they have been de-aged, Colonel. How old are they now?”, inquired Molly.

“All of them are toddlers, who are between 14-16 months old and at the moment kept in the infirmary under the watchful eye of Poppy Pomfrey, Doc Hopkins and Tigress.”, replied Colonel Merryweather.

“Ah, I have an idea – let Ronald be responsible for diaper duty. I do not think he would be able to change them all regularly without help, but he can learn the techniques and help to support the adults in charge. We had talked about sending him to my Aunt Muriel, as she has her own methods to deal with stubborn young boys and girls, where Ronald would be able to learn a job, while he still get his studies done.”, suggested Molly.

“Diaper duties, yes that would be helping our faculty a lot, as we can’t say how long it will be until an antidote can be found. Ron could even support Poppy and Tigress by feeding the toddlers. I doubt it would be possible that the parents took in their kiddified children on such a short notice. It would be much better to keep them at Hogwarts, especially when complications could arise. He should have to write a 3000 word essay about the dangers of sabotaging cauldrons in Potions class and during the summer, young Ronald can work in an internship at St. Mungo’s on the Spell Damage Ward. Maybe it will be enough for him to learn his lessons.”, mused Colonel Merryweather.

“I agree Colonel, that’s a just punishment, but I want to add a spanking, too. I will administer it myself. It could help that Ronald realised what he has done. Normally my wife is responsible for doling out justified punishments. And when the children cross a line, she would even use her wooden spoon on their clothed bottom. But this time he will be disciplined by me. He is old enough to face the consequences of his actions.”, declared Arthur.

“As you wish, Mr. Weasley. I will grant you the necessary privacy for this. I still have to take a closer look at our currently kiddified 3rd-years. Should I take the twins with me?”, suggested Colonel Merryweather.
“That would be most helpful, Colonel.”, agreed Molly and accompanied the twins and the colonel as they left the office. She wanted to speak with Percy and Ginny and offered her assistance in the infirmary.

Arthur looked seriously at his youngest son. He couldn’t understand why Ron would do something so stupid and dangerous. Before Ron could protest had his father released the ropes and used a strong sticking charm to place Ronald over his lap, with his clothed bum into the air.

“Ronald I can’t say how much you have disappointed us again. Your mother and I had hoped that the last warning would have been enough and that you showed us the mature young man, that had been hidden inside you.”, began Arthur.

“Sadly this wasn’t the case as you had proven today. Not only has you stolen from your brothers, but you have wilfully sabotaged the potions form your classmates, without wasting a thought what could happen. This is unacceptable, Ronald. We have raised you better. You will get 10 smacks from my hand on your clothed bottom. After talking with the new headmaster your mother and I have decided that you have to write a 3000 word essay about the dangers of sabotaging cauldrons. Furthermore you will spend the whole summer in a special intership at St. Mungo’s – in the ward for Spell damage and potions accidents. You will also spend your free time on diaper duty and if Madame Pomfrey and her assistant think that you’re up to it feeding and even entertaining the toddlers, until an antidote can be found.”, told him Arthur the earned punishment.

He hit 10 times hard on the clothed bottom, while he focused on Ronald’s sitting spots. Arthur ignored the squirming and hissing of his son until the last smack was over. Then did he released him and embraced him, while his hands carded through Ron’s red hair. Carefully coaxed Arthur his son to let it all out, all the pain, the hurt and anything else, while Ron cried loudly like a little child into his father’s shirt.

“It’s okay, Ron. We will find a solution, but you can’t do stunts like this and believe that you won’t be punished. Your actions have consequences, even your smallest ones. And I will that you can thrive in our society and become a man who can be looking at himself in the mirror without recoiling, son. We will always love you, no matter which career you will choose. Take this warning to heart as the wake-up call that it should be.”, spoke Arthur quietly to Ron.

“But it is so hard, Daddy.”, hiccuped Ron. It had been years, since he had called him daddy, but at the moment it seems suitable, as he felt like a small child.

“Growing up is hard, Ronald. You should be grateful that you hadn’t been on probation or the Colonel wouldn’t have another choice as to expel you. This had happened to Hagrid as he attended the school.”, replied Arthur calmly.
“What? I didn’t know this. I thought he had to left the school, because they thought his pet had killed Myrtle.”, murmured Ron astonished.

“No, Hagrid had a problem with following rules, he may have a heart of gold, but certain concepts are strange for him. He had often been snuck into the Forbidden Forest either to wrestle with some of the more vicious inhabitants or at times he had even tried to raise werewolf cubs under his bed. The spider was the reason what had broken the camel’s back.”, answered Arthur as he drew calming circles on Ron’s back.

“Your mother and I will sleep here during the weekend in the guest quarters near Gryffindor Tower, we will give you and your siblings the options to sleep in the guest rooms, too, should you wished it. There is nothing wrong with wanting comfort, Ron. We have already been granted permission by Colonel Merryweather to eat in our quarters, too. Think about it and you can find us at 6pm in the Guest quarters. Your punishment will start tomorrow at 8am so that you have a good night sleep, son. Goodbye, Ron.”, said Arthur as he led Ronald out of the office.

He embraced him again and reminded him to do his homework. Should he had any questions he can always ask either Molly or him. Ronald nodded timidly and jogged to Gryffindor tower. Knowing his punishment helped a lot to stabilise his mood, and especially the knowledge that his parents still loved him unconditionally. He vowed that he would try to think more, before he acted. He had never believed that his father could smack him so hard.
Angus

Chapter Summary

Severus decided with the toddler trio (Neville, Harry & Hermione/Lyra) to visit spontaneously Tigress’ brother Angus. He wants to know, why he had tried to contact him during the school year, which is highly unusual. Unfortunately Severus’ grandfather had learned about Angus and created a trap for his estranged grandson.

Chapter Notes

FYI - now being beta-read by my trusted beta PiffyEQ... (starting with this chapter...)^^

Angus

Severus wanted to meet Angus again for some months, but hadn’t found the time. He had been looking forward to meeting Tigress’ younger brother, who was a specialist in dismantling lockets and cuffs – no matter the material. Severus hoped that he had an idea on how to get rid of those blasted cuffs, which the toad had affixed on his wrists.

At the moment he couldn’t do anything against the potion that coursed through his blood stream, and he feared that this was only the start. Augustus Prince didn’t accept defiance, especially not from his own flesh and blood. To be honest, he had often asked himself why his grandfather had never tried to get him into his hands as he still attended Hogwarts. Lord Prince had known exactly where each of those locations were, and he was ruthless enough to order his men to attack Kings’ cross if it meant that he get Severus into his clutches. So why did he hold back so long?

Lord Malfoy had had guardianship over him since his teenage years, but the Ancient and Noble House of Prince had much bigger sway, which would ensure that Lord Prince would win any custody battle. Had the magical ritual that his mother used to protect their family and their hometown, for which she had to sacrifice the majority of her magical reserves, been enough to make them invisible?

Why had she run from the magical world? Severus couldn’t say, although he remembered that Lucius had told him once about an archaic law, which was strangely still valid today, in regards to compensation of a shunned party. It came into play after a marriage contract had been signed. If either husband or bride runs instead of facing their duties of being married or even bonded for life,
then the Wizengamot had decided in 1250, that the insulted house received the right of compensation and could demand anything to remove the tarnish from their house. They even had the right to demand the firstborn child that had been born from the union between the betrayer and his new partner. The betrayed party had the right to demand justice for 20 years, before he lost his claim on any children born from his unfaithful partner.

To make it even worse, the new owner could do whatever he wanted to his new property without having to fear any repercussions. Severus had never learned who, according to Augustus Prince, had been a suitable partner for his only surviving child. But even before he had learned about his true nature, Severus had feared that someday a stranger would appear on Lucius’ doorstep and demand, in accordance with this archaic law, that Severus had to be handed over immediately. Declaring that they had already met him within this time window and staking their claim on him so that it wouldn’t matter that he wasn’t 20 any longer, he would belong to his new Master and nothing could stop them. It was quite possible, as he had accompanied the Malfoys to many social functions, it doesn’t make him sleep any easier.

Via his invisible spies – glass honeysuckle birds and with the help of a huge magical mirror, Augustus had kept a close eye on his wayward grandson. He was quite amused by Severus’ clearly visible discomfort. One reason why he chose the combination of cuffs and potion to ensure Severus’ compliance.

Patience had really been the key to develop a plan that would ensure his absolute control over Severus. Angus would never know that his harmless little request would doom his old friend to a life of imprisonment and servitude.

Incest, well that would only be partially true, after all, he had caught his first wife in the act by sleeping unashamed with none other than Arcturus Black. Oh, he had really cursed them good for that infamy, and laid an extremely strong memory charm on the couple, aided by an obedience charm for his adulterating wife and her beau. To punish Arcturus, he had cursed him with a long-term curse that would slowly drain his life-force, aggravated even more if any of his numerous and unruly offspring sinned against the Black charter. Sirius Orion Black had been a godsend for him – this boy – a young man in his prime, had unknowingly followed Augustus’ hidden agenda to a T, and would very soon be responsible for the death of Arcturus. The long-term curse, which warped Sirius’ mind, had been cleverly hidden into a broomstick that had been gifted to Sirius’ 6th birthday. Even minimal skin-contact would be enough to anchor the curse in Sirius’ blood.

Honoria, his second wife, had been so much better, even cursed barren by a wrongly aimed curse, she did as she was told and obeyed and honoured him. To be honest, she would have been a good
mother to his heir, but Eileen never accepted her step-mother. He had been surprised when he figured out why he was no longer able to spy or scry any of them. He hadn’t thought that his spoiled child had it in her, but it seems a mother’s love can really move mountains.

In another timeline Sirius would have fallen for Severus as soon as he first set his eyes on him, and stopped at nothing to seduce and claim the shy Slytherin. Establishing a strong dynasty of Prince-Black, which put an end to this pesky war before it even got the chance to get heated, as he wouldn’t let anyone use his husband for their personal agenda.

Even if they would manage to heal the mutt completely, there was no danger that Severus would ever fall for his would-be-murderer. No, too much bad blood between them ensured that Sirius never could win Severus over. Another well-executed plan.

The icing on the cake – any Black who was imprisoned in Azkaban on a case of murder or torture, was unable to inherit the title and wealth of the Ancient and Noble House of Black. Since the possibility exists that Arcturus was Eileen’s sire, it wouldn’t even be incest, should he bed his grandson.

Legally Severus belonged to the House of Prince, born to a daughter of the house and at one time, acknowledged heiress. It was time to take control of Magical Britain and his heir. Before the week was over, he would have Severus back at Prince Hall and submitting to his true Master, before taking Severus’ virginity with gusto.

A little imperio on the unsuspecting fool, and he had been pleased to offer Severus, aka Alan, as escort for the social gathering Augustus had in mind in the muggle world. A family dinner where you should be accompanied by a younger family member, had Mr. A. P. outlined, and sadly he didn’t have any surviving family for this event. His grandson had been missing for decades, stolen as an infant, nobody believe that he was still alive, had he told with a teary brittle voice. He had been the apple in his eye, but Angus had promised to speak with his friend and to convince him for one evening to play the doting grandson, should Mr P. wished for it.

Angus had even told him that Severus had been known in the Muggle world as Alan S. Prince, the grandson of a wealthy CEO who lived in seclusion after the tragic death of his wife and daughter.

The little fool would be his puppet, already having the sedative to knock out Severus and the 3 brats. He should call him directly afterwards, while his minions remove the brats to a remote estate and Severus be informed of the trade with which he could win them back.

Should everything go as he planned it, then his beloved heir would submit to him before the night was over. Offering his body for the safety of the little demons. Soon he would control Severus to his personal delight.
His minions were even able to install a magical surveillance camera in the shop, there was no way to miss either Severus nor the 3 brats. It was time to take back what belongs rightfully to him.

The doorbell chimed as Severus carefully manoeuvred the buggy with the 3 lively toddlers inside Angus’ sex shop. He knew all too well that a sex shop wasn’t suitable for toddlers, but he didn’t plan on leaving them unsupervised. After getting the necessary information, he would enjoy the rest of the day with the toddlers in one of the public parks before returning to school.

“Hey, Sev. Did you really find anyone eager enough to have your kids?”, joked Angus.

“How funny, Angus. Only one of of them is mine. You know that I’m homosexual. Neville is my adopted son. The other boy is called Harry, and the little girl is either known as Lyra or as Hermione. We had found out by accident that she had been abducted and was adopted by well-meaning dentists. It’s a bit complicated as she is Lucius’ niece, and I know just too well that her parents had never given up their search for their little girl.”, explained Severus calmly.

“Ah, why don’t we sit down in my apartment, and I’ll give you the necessary information for your job. And for the little ones, how about a treat – for you, too – I haven’t forgotten your sweet tooth, Sev.”, suggested Angus, as they walked into the back of the shop where a hidden door led to Angus’ private apartment.

“What did you have in mind?”, asked Severus.

“Nothing fancy, ice cream for you and the kids. Milk for the rugrats and coffee for you.”, replied Angus laughingly.

“Alright, and is it possible that you could take a look at these cuffs. They are an unwanted souvenir from my estranged grandfather, but I can’t get them off.”, inquired Severus.

“Sure, I can risk a look or two, Sev.”, agreed Angus.

The imperio would compelled him to mix the sedative with the ice cream. As soon as it did its job, he had to call the given telephone number and let Augustus’ men do their job. The sedative, which he would use for Severus, would cause him a strong headache, while Augustus would exploit this for his personal benefit as he dictates to Severus the new conditions for their future contract. Either he agreed and submits to the vicious lord – or he would never see the 3 toddlers ever again.
While Angus went to his small kitchen to prepare their ice cream, Severus conjured three high-chairs, in green, blue, and red for the three toddlers. Letting Lyra choose first before the boys got a choice, ensuring that they would develop a bit of patience. Lyra wanted the blue high-chair with gleaming stars, Harry decided on the red one with the golden lions, and Neville wanted the green one with the hissing silver snakes on it.

Affixing the toddlers into their chairs, and moving 2 chairs to sit near the toddlers, they were ready for their treat, not knowing that this wasn’t a good one.

Angus, following the compulsion of the imperio, added the sedatives to their bowls, before adding a bit of cream and chocolate sauce, as well as bananas and peaches on top of the ice-cream. Putting all of it on a tray, which contained their drinks and spoons, the man returned to the waiting quartet.

The blonde man observed, fascinated at how patiently Severus helped the toddlers to drink from their cups. Afterwards Severus drank his coffee before starting on his ice cream. Angus had eaten his one portion already, and now waited for the sedative to start to work.

Almost he would have missed it, but the little spoons dropped from the hands of the toddlers as their eyes closed at the same time. Severus jumped up, looking warily at the toddlers, before turning to Angus, as he felt dizziness overcome him.

Weakly glaring at Angus, he tried to regain his senses, but the sedative was too strong. The Potions Master crashed to the floor, which didn’t seem to bother Angus at all. He stood up, hoisted the unconscious man into his arms and used the chains on his bed to affix the sleeping man in a spread-eagled position.

The blonde called the given telephone number, and within minutes a group of men arrived at his flat. Following the order of their Master, they took the sleeping children and removed them to the estate in Whitby.

Augustus Prince entered the small flat and asked his little imperioed slave:

“Where is he?”

“Sedated and chained to the my bed, Master. Do you want to wake him?”

“Indeed, no need to worry, I have anything I need with me. After our departure you will forget
everything that happened. The money will be transferred to your bank account within 24 hours. Go back to your shop until you hear the bell chiming 3 times.”, ordered Augustus.

“Yes, Master.”, bowed Angus as he replied monotonously.

Augustus strode into the bedroom and smirked triumphantly. Finally he had reached his goal. Severus would be his, and this time he had no choice than to submit and obey, or the toddlers would pay the price for his disobedience.

Lord Prince sat on the bed and caressed the lithe body of his heir with one hand, while the other hand palmed and stroke his erection for getting a quick release. He groaned in delight, as he climaxed before he magically cleaned his clothes and removed the spilled cum in his underclothes.

“I can’t wait to claim you my beloved. I will show you real pleasure, and it will cost you practically nothing, my dear Severus. Only your freedom, your submission, and of course consent for accepting my claim. Your virginity is mine, my young heir.”, chuckled Augustus as he kissed the sleeping Potions Master.

“However, there is only one place to take you rightfully – Prince Hall – our ancestral home. And your future residence. I can’t wait to collar you too, the cuffs are a good start, but I want everyone to know that you’re mine, Severus. Soon you will be round with our children and I’ll ensure that you forget that anyone else exists outside our little family, and of course the 3 toddlers. As soon as you submit to me, and sign the absolute contract, you will be reunited with them. Your destined mates are fools, my boy – they shouldn’t have waited to bed you, but well their loss is my gain. And what once was captured by me, I have never given up again.”, commented Augustus joyfully.
Lord Prince had been successful and captured Severus. What will happen to the toddlers and the young Potions Master? Can they be saved?

The toddler wouldn’t be awake for the next two hours, and until then Augustus planned to subdue Severus so that he would agree to at least one public dinner with him – should he want the toddlers to stay safe and healthy.

A well aimed Aguamenti woke his sedated heir, who tried fruitlessly to escape the chains that affixed him to the bed. Augustus looked amused as Severus struggled helplessly, until he made his presence known. He had magically strengthened them, therefore an escape was impossible as long as Augustus wouldn’t allow it.

“That won’t work, my dear boy.”, smirked Augustus as he sat once more down on the bed and relished in Severus’ fear.

“N-No, i-i-it c-c-can’t b-be!”, stammered Severus terrified.

“I can assure you, my young friend, this is not a dream nor a fantasy, but real. And before you ask, the blonde fool in the shop was very helpful, after a little imperio – such a pity that most muggles or even weak wizards can’t fight against it. It had been quite easy to find any information about you and your little visits to the muggle world, Severus.”, chuckled Augustus.

“W-wh-what h-h-have y-yo-you d-d-done to the children?”, asked Severus fearfully.

“Nothing yet, they’re only sedated and secured on one of my other estates. Nothing will happen to them as long as you obey my orders. I’m a man of my words, Severus. Submit to me, be mine, and you will see them again very soon. Stay stubborn, and well, accidents can happen. Toddlers can be so curious, and my estate in Whitby is near a cliff.”, Augustus informed him coldly.
Severus looked down, he felt cold and numb, but the warning was crystal clear.

“You know, my young friend, the cuffs, you’re currently wearing have many different features, which haven’t even been activated yet, and they’re part of a matching set – a nice tasteful obedience collar is still missing around your neck. Do I need my elves to retrieve it from the family vault, or will it be unnecessary as you are finally able to accept my conditions? The choice is yours, Severus.”, smirked the dark wizard triumphantly.

“A-and i-if I a-a-accept?”, inquired the young Potions Master carefully.

“Hm, after I have claimed you, and you have submitted to me on your own free will, I could let myself be convinced to bring them back to Prince Hall. It’s up to you, Severus. Submit to me, sign my contract – or let them suffer. I will let you contemplate this for the next 30 minutes. Should you accept, then you will accompany me to the planned dinner tonight, and you would be on your best behaviour, my dear young friend. It would be tragic, if one of the little children got killed because of your own mistakes, am I not right, Severus?”, replied Augustus, as he wiped away the fresh tears on Severus’ cheeks.

He bowed down and kissed Severus harshly on his lips before he left the room in darkness and silence. Oh, Severus would accept his conditions, he wouldn’t risk the toddlers, and after claiming him, it would be too easy to wipe his memories so that he would be open for all of Augustus’ suggestions.

Since Augustus was in an excellent mood, he would let him keep some of his memories, not the memories about his destined mates, but the ones about the toddlers and some of his family members. Soon, very soon, he would be able to enjoy making Severus’ body sing and fall apart under his commands. What a perfect day!

Severus lay in the dark, his fear kept him alert, but in his heart and in his mind, he knew that he had no choice but to accept Augustus’ offer. It was his fault that the toddlers are endangered at all.

As Augustus came back into the bedroom Severus looked him fearlessly in the eyes and said:

“I’ll accept – under one condition - I don’t trust any of you with the toddlers. Send them to Malfoy Manor in Wiltshire – and I’ll be yours. I won’t run or do anything else to escape from your hands, sir.”
“Do you swear it, my dear young friend?”, inquired Augustus – this was even better. Without the toddlers, Severus’ whole attention would be focused on him. Much easier to mould him into his willing puppet.

“I do.”, replied Severus.

“So be it. A wise decision, Severus. I can’t wait to show you our ancestral home. You will never again have the wish to leave my side. Kiss me to seal the deal,” smirked the older dark wizard.

Severus obeyed, he didn’t really have a choice, at least the toddlers would be safe. His own life didn’t matter. Augustus deepened the kiss and groaned in pleasure as he felt the bliss of his own wishes fulfilled. He dominated the kiss and didn’t stop until Severus submitted to him and moaned submissively – a sound that went directly into Augustus’ cock and made him hard.

Unknown to the older dark wizard, Severus still had an activated contraceptive charm cast on his own person. It was active for a whole week before it needed to be recast. Something which Severus was used to do ever since he attended Hogwarts and learned about his status as a male bearer. Even if someone overwhelmed him and used him for sex, it wouldn’t automatically result in a child.

Only Severus could remove the charm, it had been the first which he had learned at Lord Malfoy’s knees after becoming a member of his household. Being forced to obey Lord Prince wasn’t exactly a wet dream of Severus; however, should he keep his wits and find a way of getting rid of the cuffs, maybe even the strange potion that still runs through his blood, he had a way to free himself.

If necessary, Severus could kill without hesitation. This time it seems he would need to do it; as long as Augustus was alive, he would never leave him alone. The afterglow would be the best opportunity for his plan. Even the risk of failure had settled like a cold fist around his heart.

Should he fail, then he would pay for his audacity, this was obvious to Severus, but he didn’t have any other choice. He has no plans to become a play toy of such a deranged man, grandfather or not. No, he wanted to be free and live his life without fear of the shadows.

Dracula & Voldemort – they should be his mates? Why did fate hate him so much? At the moment Severus had no interest in sex. He wanted to focus on his little family and his job, not spreading his legs for anyone who didn’t bother to ask for his opinion, or even getting pregnant, not for all the money at Gringotts!
Lord Prince smirked deviously. Don’t get him wrong, he knew that Severus wasn’t willing to submit so easily, not at all, but that was exactly how he liked it best. A worthy opponent who fights until the end. Probably trying to kill me after I have claimed him for the first time. It is understandable as I would do the same. He won’t succeed, but I would enjoy pinning him down and taking him again. Yes, he would really enjoy taming his stubborn heir.

Using the bittersweet berries to get answers would be ideal. Those berries had always had a special effect on male bearers, not only as an early known variation for truth serums, but generally to keep your victim under a trance until all questions had been answered. Augustus would feed them to his heir before he took his virginity. The poor boy didn’t know what to expect under Augustus’ laws.

As ordered, Lord Prince’s seneschal placed the basket with the 3 sedated toddlers on the doorstep of Malfoy Manor and rung the bell before apparating away. A note had been stuck on the basket, which would ensure that the Malfoys didn’t dare to interfere at all.

Greetings, Lord and Lady Malfoy

Take those 3 brats as a sign of my goodwill. Severus is in my hands, and he will not leave my estate again, not if he cared for any of your lives and well-being. No need to worry, I will take very good care of him.

Don’t make any trouble, and who knows, you could even be invited to our bonding, should Severus be a good little boy to me. At the moment he is still quite stubborn, but nothing that can’t be corrected.

Ah, before I forget – tell those two vexing cretins that they should stay away from me and my property or I will end them, but not before I punished Severus for their behaviour. That is valid for all of you – any attempt to get him away from me – will be punished severely. You have been warned.

Sincerely yours,

Lord Augustus Prince
Narcissa paled after reading this letter, the toddlers had been checked by their personal healer before calming the Malfoys that they were only sleeping.

“Lucius, what can we do?”, inquired Narcissa worriedly.

He had Severus – letting the toddlers go seems strange, but at the same time it made sense. Augustus Prince had them immobilised before they had the chance to realise something was amiss. Now he has Severus in his clutches, who knows what he planned to do with him?

“We need to talk with them, Narcissa. And if possible develop a plan on how to free Severus without tipping off Augustus. He had probably found a way to convince Severus of his plans. We both know what Severus could do, should he feel himself cornered.”, replied Lucius seriously.

“Lucius, do you think it possible, that Severus would try to kill Augustus when he has the opportunity? We need to talk with Sneaky to ask her some personal questions about Severus. Maybe we have overlooked something, but I don’t like it at all.”, murmured Narcissa.

Exactly as he had announced it, Lord Prince came back with the clothes Severus had to wear during their first public outing. Removing the shackles, he helped Severus up, massaging his hurting wrists and ankles, before ordering him into the small bathroom to shower and dress. Pressing a soft kiss to Severus’ temple he reminded him – not to be late – as he conjured an elegant chair for himself to wait until Severus was ready for his inspection.

Silently, Severus took a quick shower, but washed himself very thoroughly, still shivering if he focused on anything that would happen later. Using occlumency to keep those thoughts at bay, he changed into the new outfit – at least it was mostly black – tied his hair back with another hairband, bundled his old clothes carefully together, and left the bathroom.

Augustus smirked as he watched how shy Severus could be, he had already called one of his house elves to take Severus’ old clothes with him. The elf popped in front of Severus, conjuring a small basket, where he magically placed the clothes in it and popped away once more. Counting on his iron will, he managed to suppress his desire to ravish Severus on the spot, better to do this somewhere quiet, which belonged to Augustus and could be warded against unwanted intruders.

“No need to worry, Severus. We Princes had long ago created a stronger bond with our elves. Only the Master or the Mistress can removing any elf from his services by usage of a special cloth and a special ritual wording. Beautiful, it really suits you, my dear boy. We will be eating in a little restaurant in Italy, before returning to London in the evening. My private flat in London should
offer us the necessary privacy to deepen our relationship.”, informed him Augustus calmly.

Drawing the shocked Potions Master into his arms, Lord Prince activated a personal portkey to whisk them away from Angus’ flat. Leaving a compulsion on the imperioed mind of his unlucky helper behind, that would destroy those memories, Lord Prince never left any evidence behind. His good mood was getting better every second. He got his prize in his arms, and before the day would be over, Severus would be submitting to him. Maybe even carrying his heir. Life was good!
Ron was woken up by Dobby at 7am on the weekend and be popped into the infirmary. The Gryffindor had thought it was a bad joke from his father, that he would be on diaper duty for the near future, but it seems, it wasn’t a joke at all.

His yearmates were now all between 12-15 months old and none of them would be staying with their families; the new Headmaster had ordered that the toddlers would be kept at the castle, until either the tampered potion had worn off – or a re-aging potion could be brewed for the group.

During the week some of the parents were allowed to stay and help with the children, but most of them had their jobs, and therefore certain duties would be shared among the unaffected students. Diaper duty however was solely Ron’s job as part of his punishment, even when Poppy and Tigress were nearby to help.

Ron gagged as he was forced to change a soiled diaper for the first time. It smelled horrible, and to make it even worse the little fiend – it was Seamus – hit him in the face and giggled joyously. Before Ron could even do anything, a magical camera charmed by the twins took pictures that would be shared everywhere at Hogwarts, to the delight of the other students.

Arthur hid his grin behind his hands, before handing a fresh towel to his son, pointing out that this wasn’t unusual for babies and that it would be a good practise should he ever want his own family.

He did not know that Lord Prince’s men were near the castle, observing every step that he took. Even when Lord Prince now had his grandson back at his side, the men were ordered to watch the castle and report regularly back to him.
Ron began to have a period of bad luck, when either the young toddlers would vomit quite regularly on him, bite or even kick him. At times they even managed to smack him with the soiled diapers, that should have been safely stored within the diaper pail. All of them smirked, satisfied with themselves, whenever this happened.

Ron couldn’t believe it, but if he tried to tell this to any adult, none of them believed it. They just stated, that telling such lies, wouldn’t let him be free of his justified punishment. His father even took him aside and told him that if he did not shape up, then he would be sent straight to Aunt Muriel as soon as a working antidote could be found.

The twins had even voluntarily handed over the recipe they used for the potion to re-age Ron, but they also mentioned the time factor, and not knowing how much of the potion had hit each student as the chain reaction took place, were unable to reproduce the potion correctly.

Day in day out, Ron had to be dragged to the infirmary. Food – a bad joke: water and stale bread, and as pudding – a few meagre fruits. His wand had been confiscated, as they believed that he lacked the required maturity to use it. His clothes had either been dyed pink or shrunken during the cleaning process, and they all itched constantly. This was pure hell.

The Gryffindor didn’t even know why he suffered through this any longer. He did not want to cope with it any longer. Not even having to work for Aunt Muriel could be worse than this hell.

The only silver lining on the horizon were the regular talks with his dad, during the evening hours. He was more used to being disciplined by his mother, and now having to answer to his dad, whenever he messed up, had been hard to digest. He couldn’t believe that his father could smack so hard, and he wanted to avoid it for the future.

However, those first days also made it obvious for Ron that he wasn’t cut out to be a caring parent. And knowing about the Weasley fertility, he knew he’d better find a way to ensure he couldn’t sire any children. He could still have fun, but without the fear of ever having to pay for any brats.

He was also glad that the Gryffindor Quidditch team left him alone, as Ginny had proven to be an adequate replacement for Harry. Ron was looking forward to the upcoming Quidditch matches, should Arthur allow him to go to them.

The toddlers were in a strange situation – outwardly they were toddlers, but their minds had been able to save a part of their teenage persona – hidden and inaccessible for the majority of toddlers – which allowed them to conspire together about how to get even with Ron, who had gotten them in this mess.
Starting small and going big worked best. The deaged students immensely enjoyed seeing him struggle thanks to their revenge, not really understanding how they could do it. Still they hoped and yearned to become their proper age again. Having to wear onesies, pull-ups, diapers, pacifiers and other toddler items was rather embarrassing.

Their only hope was that their Potions professor Severus Snape had learned about their predicament and could discover a working cure. None of them wanted to learn to go to potty again or how to walk or even to read and write, while they were limited to the infirmary and the few remodelled classrooms that served as their nurseries.

The only problem was, nobody knew how to reach him. At the moment, it was a secret, that the staff members had only shared with the Malfoys, but how long could you keep it a secret? The three toddlers – Neville, Harry and Lyra/Hermione - had been brought to the Malfoys with a warning letter.

Tom, Dracula, and Nagini travelled to Malfoy Manor for a smaller war council. They wanted to study the letter in depth, and afterwards create a plan about how to save their mate. Lord Prince wouldn’t be an enemy who was easy to defeat. The Dark Lord and the Vampire Prince feared for their mate, as Lord Prince wouldn’t hesitate to use anything at his disposal to make Severus submit to him.

That he had returned the toddlers to the Malfoys was only a small solace, and rather emphasised that the main focus of Lord Prince lied with his grandson. To make it even worse, the knowledge about the location of Prince Hall had been lost throughout the centuries – you needed Prince blood and the permission of the current lord or his heir to enter it.

Should he manage to bring Severus to Prince Hall, then nothing would be able to stop him from finding a way to claim the young Potions Master. Lucius remembered all too well that over the years anonymous letters had found their way to the young Potions Master despite the wards and protections chosen by himself and Severus.

They were short messages, but disturbing nonetheless: **Look at how much you have grown, my little prince – Your lips are just yearning to be kissed, and soon you will be screaming for me. – Our union will be so glorious, you will never dream about another lover in your life!**

“What can we do? How can we stop him, before he harms my little brother even more?”, Lucius asked warily.
There weren’t many people he was afraid of – among them had been the Dark Lord, his wife, Lord Prince and in rare cases even Severus. But given the choice, Lucius wouldn’t dare to duel with Lord Prince, especially not when the prize would be the ownership of Severus. He knew that he couldn’t defeat him. Severus would be able to stand a chance, when his stormdragon wasn’t bound, but it seems that Lord Prince had seen to that.

It also showed that the old man wasn’t willing to wait any longer, and was willing to do anything in his power to claim his grandson. The Malfoy Patriarch only hoped and prayed, that Lord Prince didn’t figure out that Severus had still an activated chastity spell on him, or it wouldn’t end well for him.

“Dear Merlin, what a mess!” moaned Lucius.

He didn’t even know how long they could keep this knowledge away from the 3 toddlers. Lucius and Narcissa feared that someday soon, one of Augustus’ minions would appear on their doorstep and demand the toddlers back, which would be an obvious sign that Severus fully belonged to Augustus.

They were running out of time, and nobody knew how to turn the tides in their favor or how to stop Augustus before he got the chance to claim Severus irrevocably. All of this added to the chaos after they learned that the whole 3rd year Slytherin-Gryffindor Potions class had been deaged to toddlers, and nobody knew how to turn them back. It was unbelievable!
A portkey brought them to Venice, while Lord Prince guided his precious prince to their first destination of the evening. He really enjoyed seeing Severus in clothes that he had been chosen. They really emphasised Severus' assets perfectly. Before entering the restaurant, Augustus dragged his grandson into an alcove, and ward it well.
Wiping away a few stray tears, the Prince patriarch smirked, before carefully lifting Severus' chin and pressing a soft kiss on the pale lips. Severus gasped, allowing Augustus to explore the wet cavity to his delight, while grinding against Severus' crotch. The moans, which Severus tried to suppress went directly to his cock, before he demands that Severus cum.

Shyly the Potions Master looked on the ground, he hadn't felt so humiliated in years and that was including the strange orders from Albus Dumbledore. But the urge to release himself had been too strong, and Augustus had knew it, and exploited it with gusto.

"Hush, my little Prince. You have nothing to be ashamed of; as long as you do not resist my orders, everything will be well,” chuckled Lord Prince, as he magically cleaned them both. “And you will be on your best behaviour, or I’ll be forced to punish you, Severus.”

Severus was confused, he hadn’t expected this, but as long as his grandfather wouldn’t do anything
else, he should be able to endure the rest of the evening without getting into trouble.

“Tsk, tsk, hold still my dear boy. I had almost forgotten to check for something important,” smirked Lord Prince deviously.

Shocked and scared, Severus automatically tried to escape the scan, but no matter his age, Lord Prince was still fast and magically powerful. Two strong non-verbal spells immobilised Severus before scanning him thoroughly while the old man enjoyed the look of dismay and open fear on Severus’ pale face.

“Forgotten to admit something, my little prince. A spell that prevents impregnation and allows you to stay chaste, how disappointing,” growled Augustus, as he lifted Severus’ chin to look him in the eyes.

“How long will it stay active, and do not dare to lie to me. You’re already in enough trouble as it is, my little prince. Maybe it’s time to show you, what those cuffs can also do, should I wish it. Is there a way to cancel the spell or does it have to run its course naturally?” inquired Lord Prince.

Suddenly the cuffs started to heat up and locked Severus’ hands at the wrists together on his back. An invisible force forced the young Potions Master on the knee in front of his tormentor, who had freed his big and long cock from his trousers and ordered him to give his grandfather a blow-job or one of his minions would harm toddler Draco.

Choking and having silent tears running down his face, Severus obeyed, what else could he do? Feeling the amusement of Lord Prince, just emphasised how helpless Severus was, and to make it even worse, the older man did not let him stop, until he had swallowed the whole cum – and it felt for Severus like this ordeal would never end.

“Good boy, so will you answer my question now, or should something happen to your precious godchild, my little prince?” mocked him Augustus.

“A week, it holds a week – I normally cast it on the weekend, S-sir.” replied Severus anxiously. “It can be ended earlier, with a strong Finite Incantatum, please, don’t do it. Please, I’m not ready for sex, yet, Sir.”

He shivered, but the cold calculating look in Augustus’ eyes didn’t bode well. And the cuffs prevented a different position. Lord Prince smirked, as he carded his hands through Severus’ silky locks.
“Do you want to show me, that you’re remorseful, my little prince. That you will never again disobey me! Nor cast any spells without my explicit permission? Kiss my boots, until I tell you to stop”, ordered Augustus, after cleaning his cock and putting his trousers back on.

Did he mean it seriously? A look up, shows that he wouldn’t have any choice but to obey. Miserable, Severus crouched on the floor and kissed the dragonhide boots of his grandfather.

“Let this be a lesson for you, Severus. Reject me, refuse my orders, and it’s not you who pays the price, but your loved ones. This is your final warning. Next time, my men will have no problems hunting down your precious little snakes should you only consider rebelling against me. So, what will it be submission or rebellion, my little prince?” chuckled Augustus evilly, as he non-verbally ordered the cuffs to unlock.

“Stand up”, ordered the older wizard, waiting until Severus stood trembling, before stealing another kiss and magically removing all traces of his punishment, as well as the tears. Hugging him unexpectedly, he whispered in his ear:

“See, I’m a man of my word, my little prince. Play by my rules, and all will be well. Come, it’s time to present you to the public. Just remember, children are so breakable, my Severus.”

The Potions Master nodded silently before following his grandfather’s lead into the restaurant. He felt numb, everything was surreal, but he didn’t dare to do anything against his grandfather’s wishes. The stakes were much too high for that.

Augustus enjoyed the evening, how promising and how enjoyable it had been to discipline his wayward grandson. Not even the chastity spell could ruin his mood; soon he would have Severus at their ancestral home, and then the real fun could start.

Within 48 hours, he would voluntarily submit to him; it was just a matter of time. The Prince patriarch knew already which offer he would make his stubborn little prince. His new protection ward had already been set and would be activated as soon as Severus entered the gate of their estate, a ward that had been used successfully in the past to claim and to tame a male bearer. Leaving the property or even using magic would be impossible against the wishes of the owner, especially after handing over their confiscated wands.

Severus would be bound by his honour and his going by Abraxas and keeping his word to submit to his grandfather. A few memory modifications and those thrice damned pests – Riddle and Dracula wouldn’t count any longer. Only Augustus would play an important part in Severus’ new life.
The Prince patriarch yearned to officially claim his heir, to impregnate him, and turn him into a mummy. He wanted to turn his delicious butt in a livid red, before thrusting again and again into Severus’ tight channel while chanting the bonding chant that would forever bind Severus to him.

Dear Merlin, he couldn’t wait to fuck Severus with his wand or the other wands in his collection to make him pliable and submissive to his true master. Yes, this was true bliss, and Augustus wouldn’t allow anyone else to taint his beloved heir. No, Severus was his, and his alone. It was overdue, that his stubborn heir would accept it, and then it wouldn’t take long until he fell totally under Augustus’ spell.

The cuffs could be taken off, and after their first child was born, their bonding should take place within a month or two, before the blood moon would appear in the sky. Child and bonding spells would keep the stormdragon residing with his beloved little prince dormant and under Augustus’ control – even after his potion had been purged from Severus’ blood.

The blood moon - the Prince patriarch couldn’t wait to see it in all its glory again. It had been prophesied, that the return of the blood moon would signal the Prince family’s successful conquering of the British Isles. The Princes would rule until the end of time. He would be at the helm of the new government, while Severus was kept secure at Prince Hall taking care of their numerous offspring.

Depending how obedient and submissive his future bride was, he could even allow him to reunite him with those 3 brats and let them raise their own offspring at Prince Hall. Ah, that would probably be for the best, as it would not only keep Severus too busy to try to escape, but ensuring his best behaviour, as he didn’t want to risk anything bad happening to those brats.

“Yes, soon you’ll be mine, prepared to accept me, as your dominant, as your true master, my beloved little Prince. I can’t wait to claim you and to impregnate you as often as I want to before the blood moon returns to those isles. How I will enjoy executing the rest of the pitiful resistance, starting with your two destined mates. Dracula will be staked, decapitated and burned, while bound with silver chains and holy water to prevent the fiend from escaping his fate. The Dark Lord will learn to fear me in his final hours – instead of Death, yes, I will show him no mercy, but hours of suffering, pain and humiliation, before the light will finally leaving his eyes, and his soul his body, as he will be executed via the Veil of Death in the Department of Mysteries. But no need to worry, you will no longer remember their names or their looks, after all, they’re not worth it, Severus!”, chuckled Augustus maliciously.

Looking up, he smiled benevolently; the light sedative he had filled in Severus’ drink had taken effect, and now it was time to bring his prodigal son home. Tomorrow he would stake his claim and make Severus an offer he can’t refuse. Ah, soon he could claim what should had been his decades ago, but better late than never.
“Sweet dreams, my little prince. In a few days, you will never remember a different life and gladly submit to me, while yearning to become mine forever and ever,” mused Lord Prince as he apparated with Severus to Prince Hall.

Did those sheeple really believe, that he would ever give up, after setting his eyes on the prize? Never, Severus belonged to him, he had always only belonged to him. His patience had been rewarded with the biggest treasure of all, nothing could destroy this moment of absolute and perfect bliss.

Augustus wouldn’t allow anyone to remove Severus again from his influence and his ancestral home. They had their chance and messed up, and now the Prince patriarch was able to benefit from their idiocy, and he would relish every single second of it, until Severus will be begging for sex and babies and to submit to Augustus.

Carrying Severus to the their suite, he called his elf and ordered him to ensure that nobody would disturb Severus’ dreams, the magic of the estate needed to welcome the prodigal son back and for that it needed at least a night to work its own magic. Severus will understand it someday and then even be grateful for his wise grandfather, who had brought him back to the place where he belonged. As it should be.

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